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*Dedicated to the Music Lovers of America*

# THE BOOK OF A THOUSAND SONGS

*The World's Largest Collection of the Songs of the People, Containing More Than a Thousand Old and New Favorites*

Edited by

ALBERT E. WIER

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## PREFACE

THE purpose of this book has been to assemble within its covers practically every song, old and new, which by reason of its merit deserves a place in the hearts of music lovers. The more than one thousand songs which it contains have been selected with the greatest possible amount of careful discrimination, and it is the sincere hope of the publishers that it will fill a niche all of its own in the domain of musical collections for the home.

In order to compress such an enormous quantity of songs in a book of reasonable size, it has been deemed best to give an average of two verses to each song, experience having shown that a greater number of verses are rarely made use of by the music lover.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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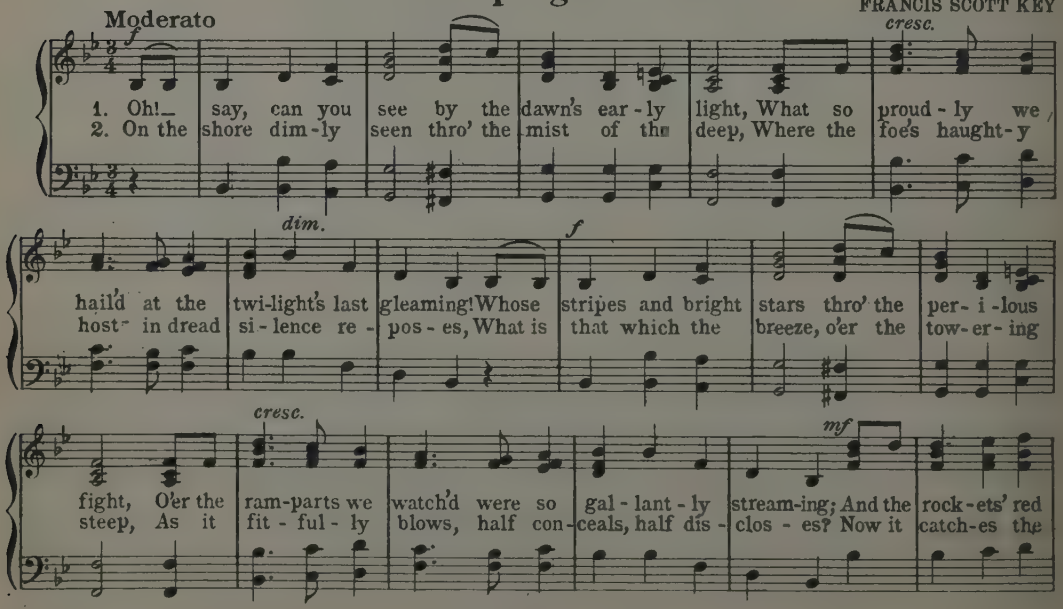
# America

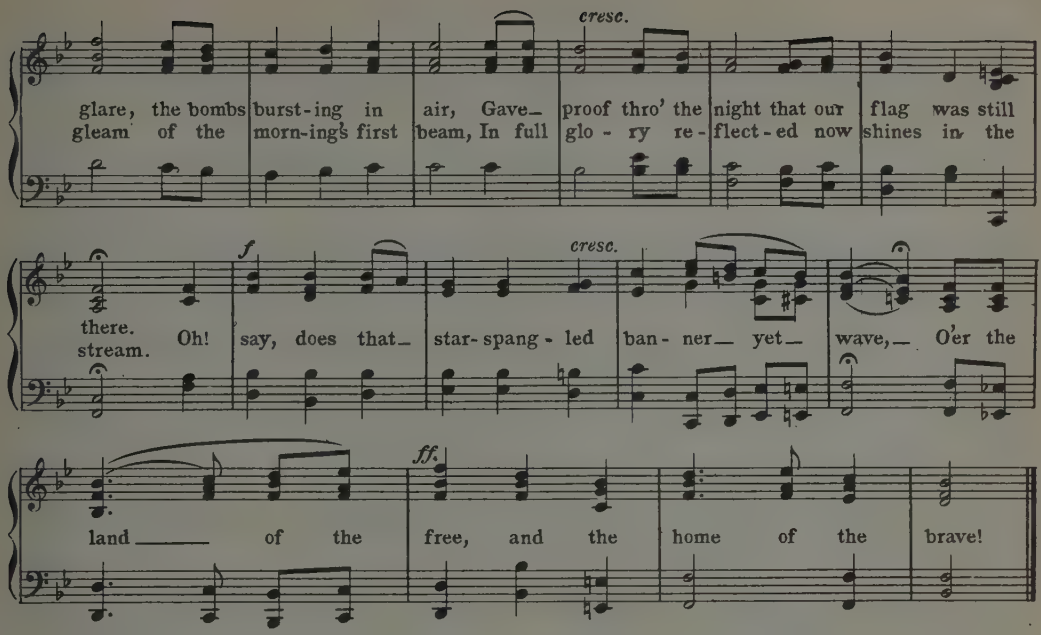
SAMUEL F. SMITH

Maestoso
f
cresc.
1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees,
4. Our fath - ers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
dim.
Of thee I sing; Land where my fath - ers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With free - dom's
cresc.
Pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side, Let free - dom ring.
tem - pled hills, My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
breathe par - take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

# The Star Spangled Banner

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY


Moderato
f
cresc.
1. Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud - ly we
2. On the shore dim - ly seen thro' the mist of the deep, Where the foe's haught - y
dim.
f
hail'd at the twi-light's last gleaming! Whose stripes and bright stars thro' the per - i - lous
host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing
cresc.
mf
fight, O'er the ram-parts we watch'd were so gal - lant - ly stream-ing; And the rock - ets' red
steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch-es the


cresc.
glare, the bombs burst-ing in air, Gave_ proof thro' the night that our flag was still
gleam of the morn-ing's first beam, In full glo - ry re - flect - ed now shines in the
f
cresc.
there.
stream. Oh! say, does that_ star-spang - led ban - ner_ yet_ wave,_ O'er the
ff.
land_____ of the free, and the home of the brave!

3.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more!
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footstep's pollution;
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave.

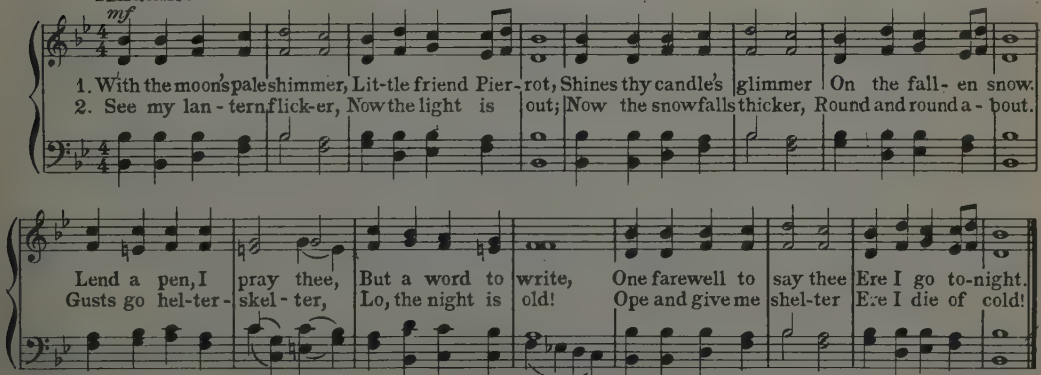
4.

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand,
Between their lov'd homes and the war's desolation,
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land,
Praise the pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation;
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust!"

## At Pierrot's Door

Andante

French Folk Song


mf
1. With the moon's pale shimmer, Lit-tle friend Pier-rot, Shines thy candle's glimmer On the fall- en snow.
2. See my lan - tern flick-er, Now the light is out; Now the snow falls thicker, Round and round a - bout.
Lend a pen, I pray thee, But a word to write, One farewell to say thee Ere I go to-night.
Gusts go hel-ter - skel - ter, Lo, the night is old! Ope and give me shel-ter Ere I die of cold!

# Alice, Where Art Thou?

Andante con espressione

J. ASCHER

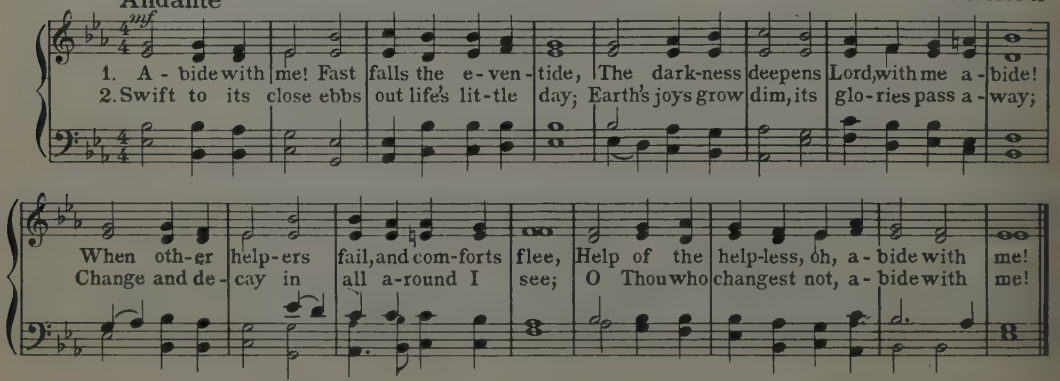
1. The birds sleep-ing gen-tly Sweet Lu-na gleameth bright, Her rays tinge the for-est, And all seems glad to-night. The wind sigh-ing by me, Cool-ing my fev-er'd brow; The stream flows as ev-er, Yet, Al-ice, where art thou? One year back this e-ven, And thou wert by my side, And thou wert by my side, Vow-ing to love me; One year past this e-ven, And thou wert by my side, Vow-ing to love me, Al-ice, what-e'er might be-tide.
2. The sil-ver rain fall-ing Just as it fall-eth now; And all things sleep gen-tly! Ah! Al-ice, where art thou? I've sought thee by lakelet, I've sought thee on the hill, And in the pleasant wildwood When winds blew cold and chill; I've sought thee in for-est, I'm look-ing heav'n-ward now, I'm look-ing heav'n-ward now, Oh! there 'mid the star-shine, I've sought thee in for-est I'm look-ing heav'nward now, Oh! there a-mid the starshine, Al-ice, I know, art thou.

H. F. LYTE

# Abide With Me

Andante

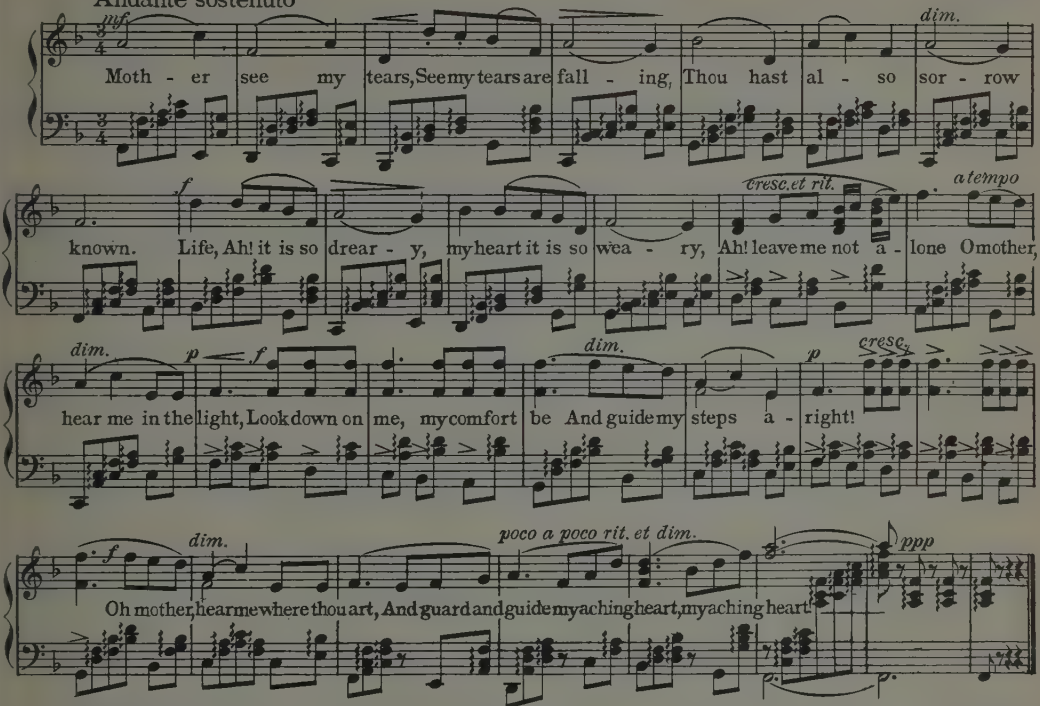
W. H. MONK


1. A-bide with me! Fast falls the e-ven-tide, The dark-ness deepens Lord, with me a-bide! When oth-er help-ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a-bide with me!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a-way; Change and de-cay in all a-round I see; O Thou who changest not, a-bide with me!

# Ave Maria
(Cavalleria Rusticana)

Andante sostenuto

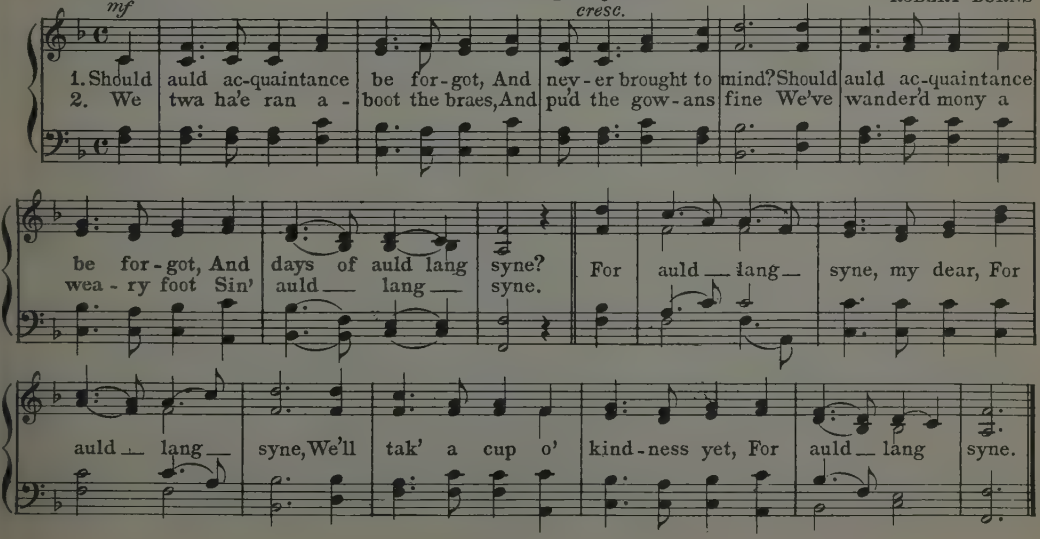
P. MASCAGNI


mf
dim.
Moth - er see my tears, See my tears are fall - ing, Thou hast al - so sor - row
f
cresc.et rit.
a tempo
known. Life, Ah! it is so drear - y, my heart it is so wea - ry, Ah! leave me not a - lone O mother,
dim.
p
f
dim.
p
cresc.
hear me in the light, Look down on me, my comfort be And guide my steps a - right!
f
dim.
poco a poco rit. et dim.
ppp
Oh mother, hear me where thou art, And guard and guide my aching heart, my aching heart

# Auld Lang Syne

Moderato

ROBERT BURNS


mf
cresc.
1. Should auld ac-quaintance be for-got, And ney-er brought to mind? Should auld ac-quaintance
2. We twa ha'e ran a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine We've wander'd mony a
be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?
wea - ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear, For
auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

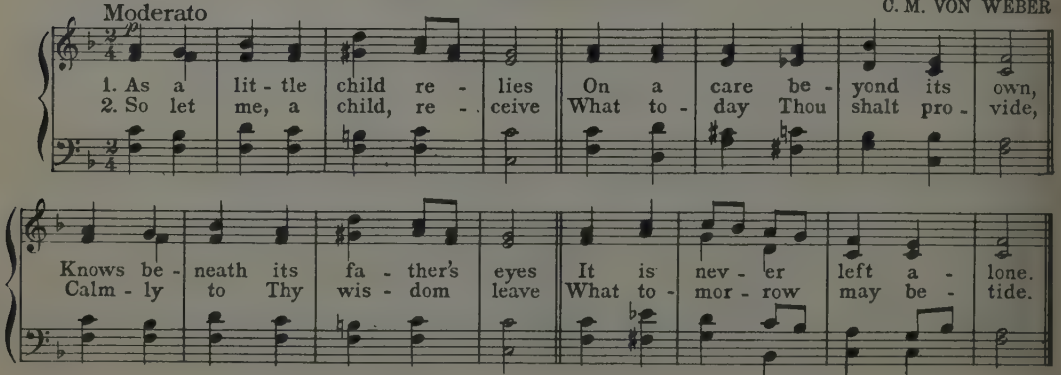
# As Down In The Sunless Retreats

THOMAS MOORE — J. HAYDN

Andante
mf
1. As down in the sun-less re- treats of the o- cean, Sweet flow-ers are spring-ing no
2. As still, to the star of its wor-ship, tho' cloud-ed, The nee-dle points faith-ful-ly
mor-tal can see; So deep in my soul the still prayer of de- vo- tion, Un- heard by the world, ri- ses
o'er the dim sea, So, dark as I roam, in this win- try world shrouded, The Hope of my Spi- rit turns
si- lent to Thee, my God! si- lent to Thee; Pure, warm, si- lent to Thee! So,
trem-bling to Thee, my God! trem-bling to Thee; True, fond, trem-bling to Thee! So,
deep in my soul the still prayer of de- vo- tion, Un- heard by the world, ri- ses
dark as I roam, in this win- try world shroud- ed, The Hope of my Spi- rit turns
lentando
si- lent to Thee, si- lent to Thee, si- lent to Thee, My God, ri-ses si- lent to Thee!
trembling to Thee, trem-bling to Thee, trem-bling to Thee, My God, turns trem-bling to Thee!

# As A Little Child

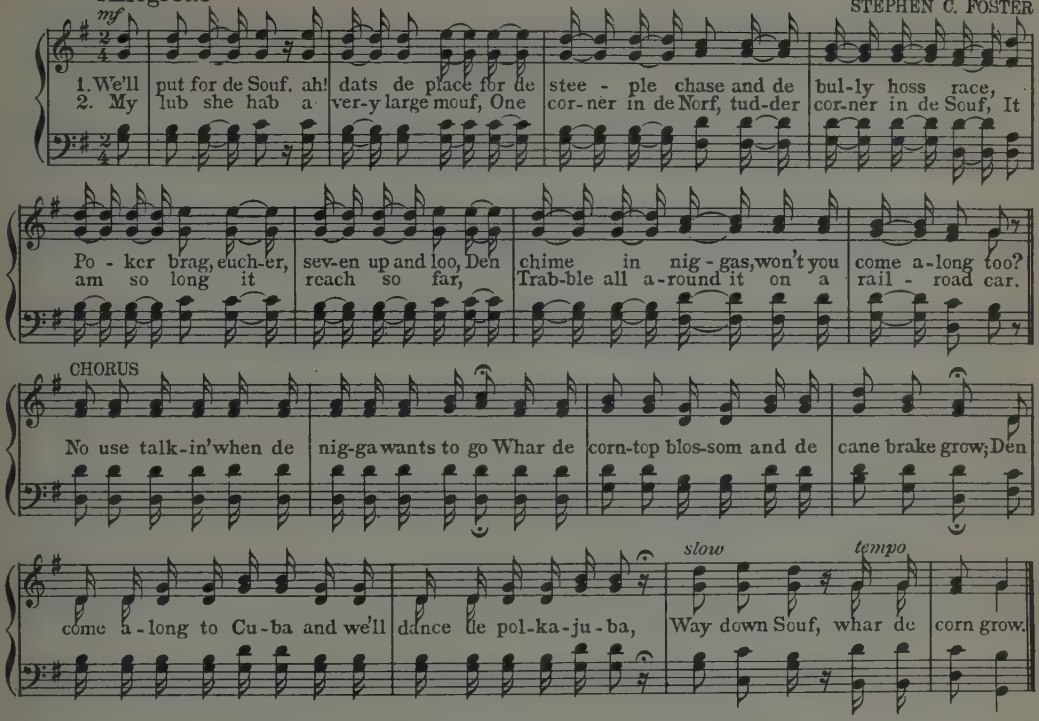
C. M. VON WEBER


Moderato
1. As a lit- tle child re- lies On a care be- yond its own,
2. So let me, a child, re- ceive What to- day Thou shalt pro- vide,
Knows be- neath its fa- ther's eyes It is nev- er left a- lone.
Calm- ly to Thy wis- dom leave What to- mor- row may be- tide.

## Away Down Souf

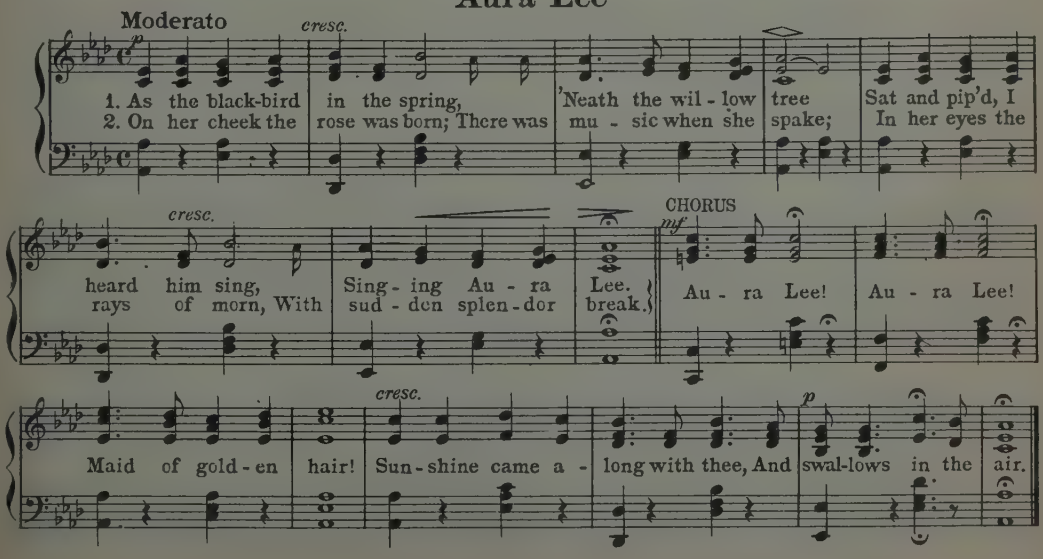
Allegretto

STEPHEN C. FOSTER


mf
1. We'll put for de Souf, ah! dats de place for de stee - ple chase and de bul-ly hoss race,
2. My lub she hab a ver-y large mouf, One cor-ner in de Norf, tud-der cor-ner in de Souf, It
Po - ker brag, euch-er, sev-en up and loo, Den chime in nig - gas, won't you come a-long too?
am so long it reach so far, Trab-ble all a-round it on a rail - road car.
CHORUS
No use talk-in' when de nig-ga wants to go Whar de corn-top blos-som and de cane brake grow; Den
slow
tempo
come a-long to Cu-ba and we'll dance de pol-ka-ju-ba, Way down Souf, whar de corn grow.

## Aura Lee

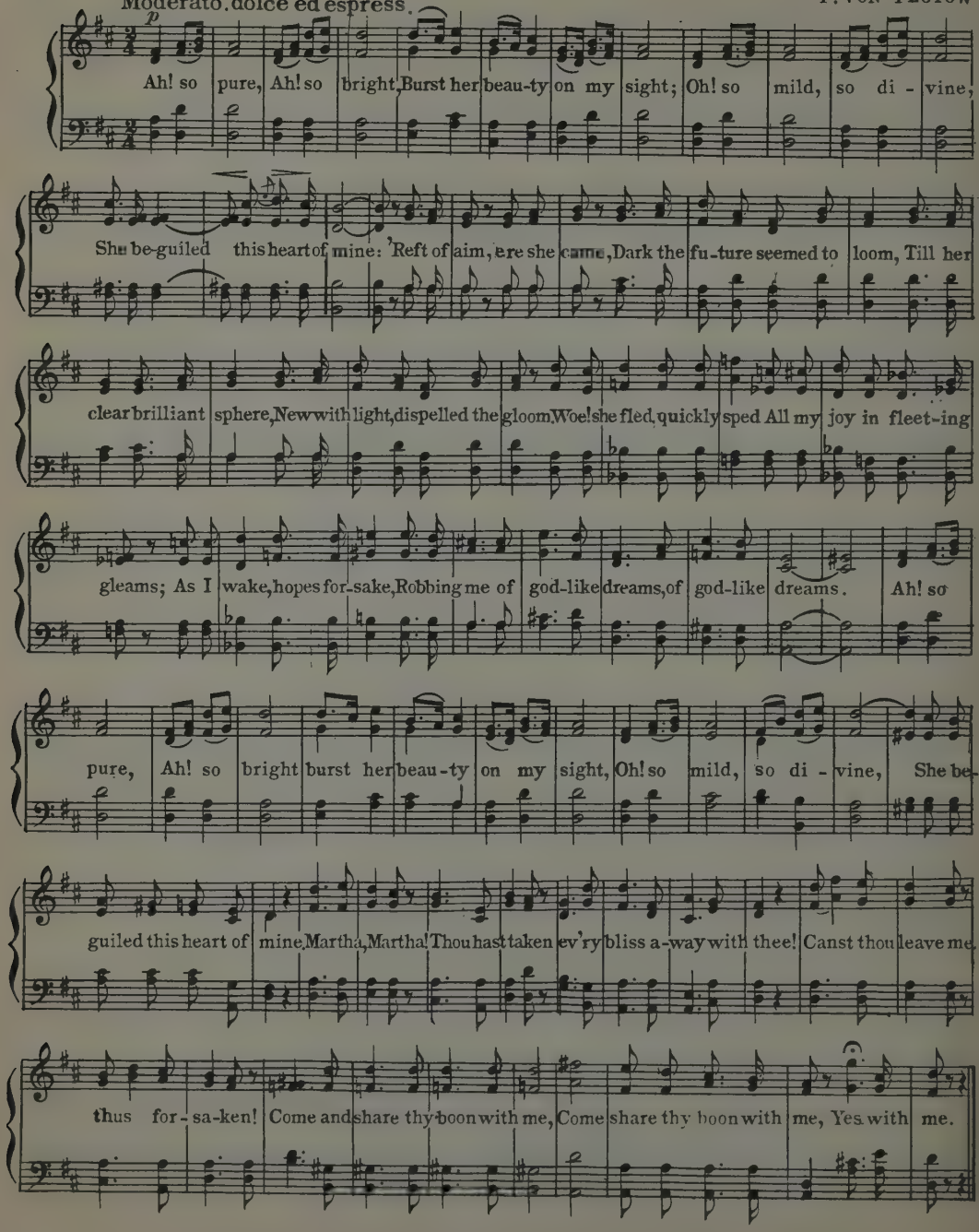
Moderato


p
cresc.
1. As the black-bird in the spring, 'Neath the wil - low tree Sat and pip'd, I
2. On her cheek the rose was born; There was mu - sic when she spake; In her eyes the
cresc.
heard him sing, Sing - ing Au - ra Lee.
rays of morn, With sud - den splen - dor break.
CHORUS
mf
Au - ra Lee! Au - ra Lee!
cresc.
p
Maid of gold - en hair! Sun - shine came a - long with thee, And swal-lows in the air.

# Ah! So Pure

Moderato. dolce ed espress.

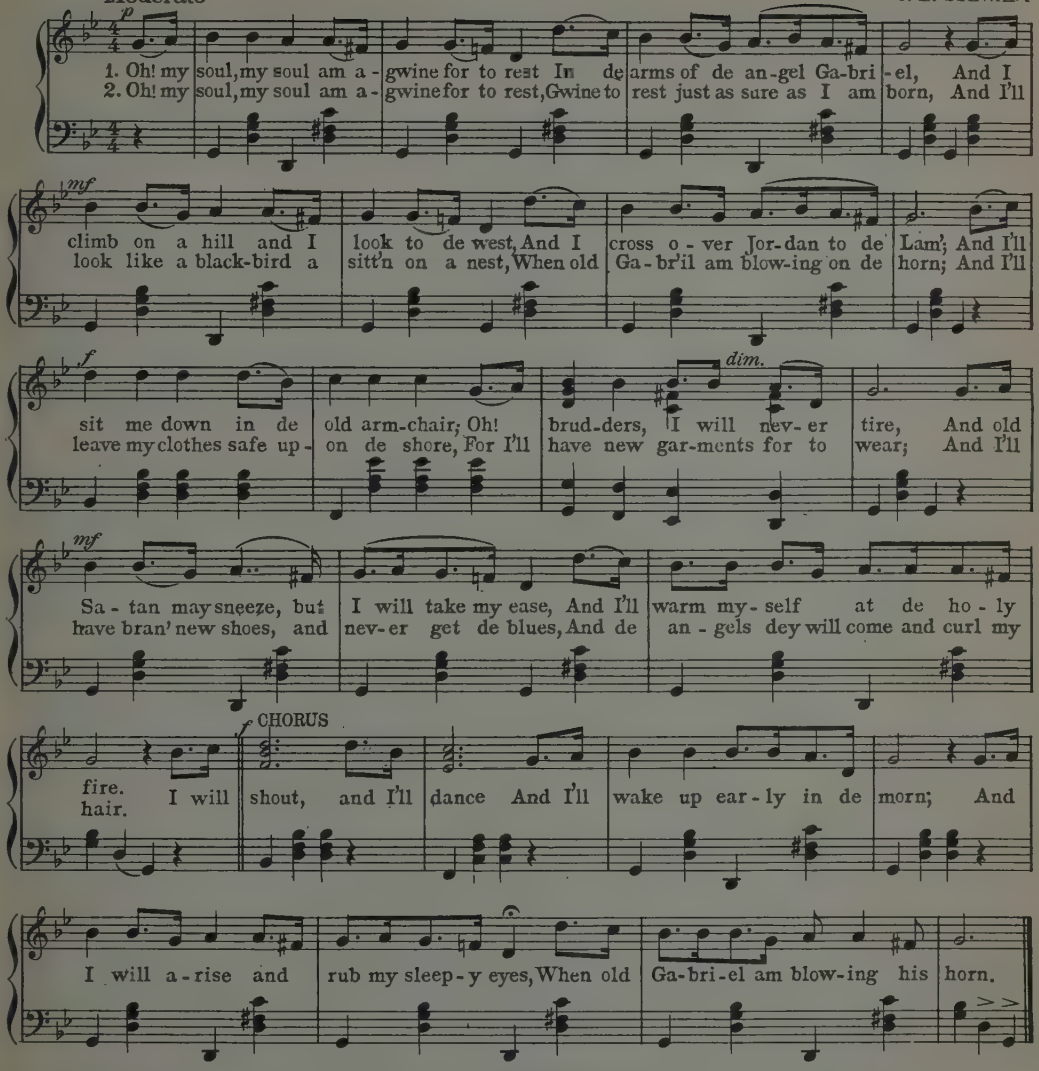
F. VON FLOTOW


p
Ah! so pure, Ah! so bright, Burst her beau-ty on my sight; Oh! so mild, so di - vine,
She be-guiled this heart of mine: 'Reft of aim, ere she came, Dark the fu-ture seemed to loom, Till her
clear brilliant sphere, New with light, dispelled the gloom. Woe! she fled, quickly sped All my joy in fleet-ing
gleams; As I wake, hopes for-sake, Robbing me of god-like dreams, of god-like dreams. Ah! so
pure, Ah! so bright burst her beau-ty on my sight, Oh! so mild, so di - vine, She be-
guiled this heart of mine, Martha, Martha! Thou hast taken ev'ry bliss a-way with thee! Canst thou leave me
thus for - sa-ken! Come and share thy boon with me, Come share thy boon with me, Yes with me.

# Angel Gabriel

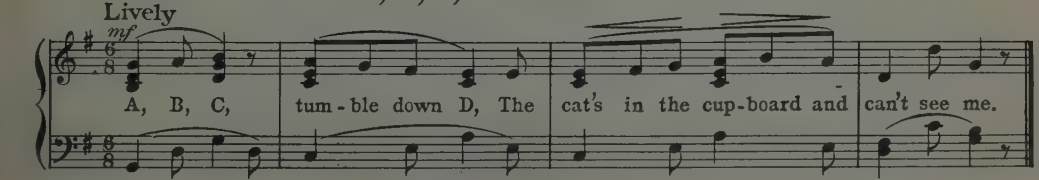
Moderato

J. E. STEWART


p
1. Oh! my soul, my soul am a - gwine for to rest In de arms of de an-gel Ga-bri - el, And I
2. Oh! my soul, my soul am a - gwine for to rest, Gwine to rest just as sure as I am born, And I'll
mf
climb on a hill and I look to de west, And I cross o - ver Jor-dan to de Lam'; And I'll
look like a black-bird a sitt'n on a nest, When old Ga-br'il am blow-ing on de horn; And I'll
f
dim.
sit me down in de old arm-chair; Oh! brud-ders, I will nev- er tire, And old
leave my clothes safe up - on de shore, For I'll have new gar-ments for to wear; And I'll
mf
Sa - tan may sneeze, but I will take my ease, And I'll warm my - self at de ho - ly
have bran' new shoes, and nev- er get de blues, And de an - gels dey will come and curl my
f
CHORUS
fire. I will shout, and I'll dance And I'll wake up ear - ly in de morn; And
hair.
I will a - rise and rub my sleep - y eyes, When old Ga-bri-el am blow-ing his horn.

## A, B, C, Tumble Down D

Lively

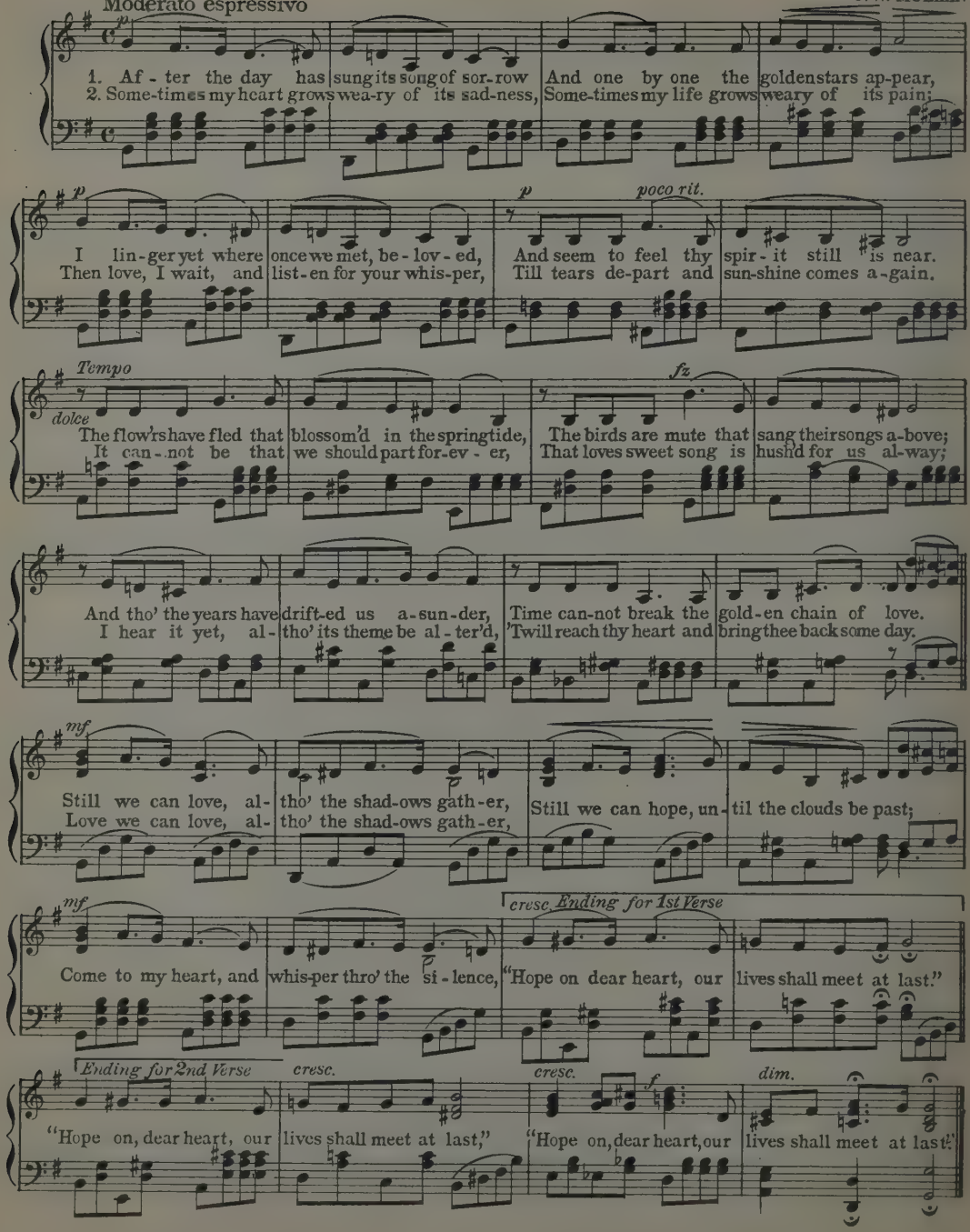


MARY MARK LEMON

# Afterwards

J. W. MULLEN

Moderato espressivo


1. Af - ter the day has sung its song of sor - row And one by one the golden stars ap - pear,
2. Some - times my heart grows wea - ry of its sad - ness, Some - times my life grows weary of its pain;
I lin - ger yet where once we met, be - lov - ed, And seem to feel thy spir - it still is near.
Then love, I wait, and list - en for your whis - per, Till tears de - part and sun - shine comes a - gain.
poco rit.
Tempo
dolce
The flow'rs have fled that blossom'd in the spring tide, The birds are mute that sang their songs a - bove;
It can - not be that we should part for - ev - er, That loves sweet song is hush'd for us al - way;
fz
And tho' the years have drift - ed us a - sun - der, Time can - not break the gold - en chain of love.
I hear it yet, al - tho' its theme be al - ter'd, 'Twill reach thy heart and bring thee back some day.
Still we can love, al - tho' the shad - ows gath - er, Still we can hope, un - til the clouds be past;
Love we can love, al - tho' the shad - ows gath - er,
Come to my heart, and whis - per thro' the si - lence, "Hope on dear heart, our lives shall meet at last."
cresc. Ending for 1st Verse
Ending for 2nd Verse
"Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last,"
"Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last."

# Ave Maria

BACH-GOUNOD

Moderato

*A - ve Ma - ri - - a, gra - ti - a ple - na, Do - mi - nus te - cum!*
A - ve Ma - ri - - a, Thou hap-py moth-er, God is with thee,

*Be - ne - dic - ta tu in mu - li - e - ri - bus! et be - ne - dic - tus*
Bless - ed, bless - ed art thou a - bove all moth - ers, Since in Bethlehem

*cresc. molto*

*fruc - tus ven - tris tu - i, Je - sus. Sanc - ta Ma - ri - a, sanc - ta Ma -*
came to thee the an-gel of the Lord. Hon-ored and bless-ed, hon-ored and

*f*

*ri - a, Ma - ri - a, O - ra pro no - bis, no - bis pec - ca - to - ri - bus,*
bless-ed Ma - ri - a, moth - er of Je - sus, In - fant Re - deem - er,

*nunc et in ho - ra, in ho - ra mor - tis nos - træ! A - ve! A - ve!*
Born to save us from our sins and all our heav-y woes! A - men!

# Ah, 'Tis A Dream

E. LASSEN

Andante espressione

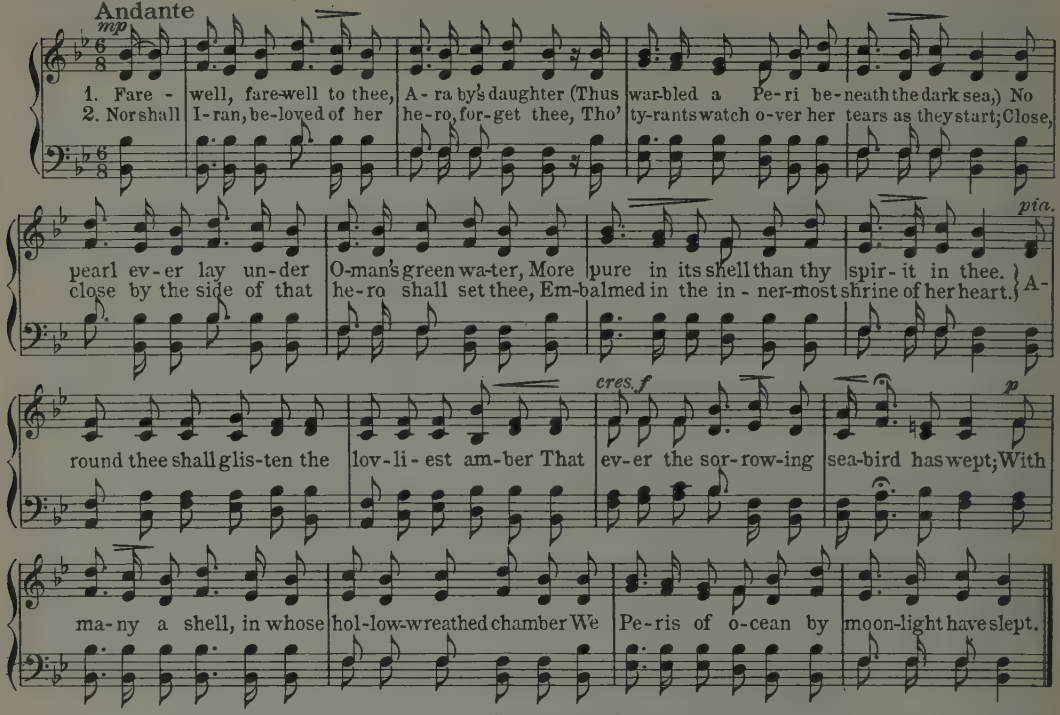
1. My na - tive land a - gain it meets mine eye, The old oaks raise their boughs on
2. I feel the kiss that was in youth so dear, The words, "I love!" fall on mine
3. And now when far in dis - tant lands I roam My heart will wan - der to my

high, The vi - o - lets greet - ing seem, Ah! 'tis a dream.
ear, I see thine eyes' soft beam! Ah! 'tis a dream.
home, But while these fan - cies teem, Ah! 'tis a dream.

## Araby's Daughter

THOMAS MOORE

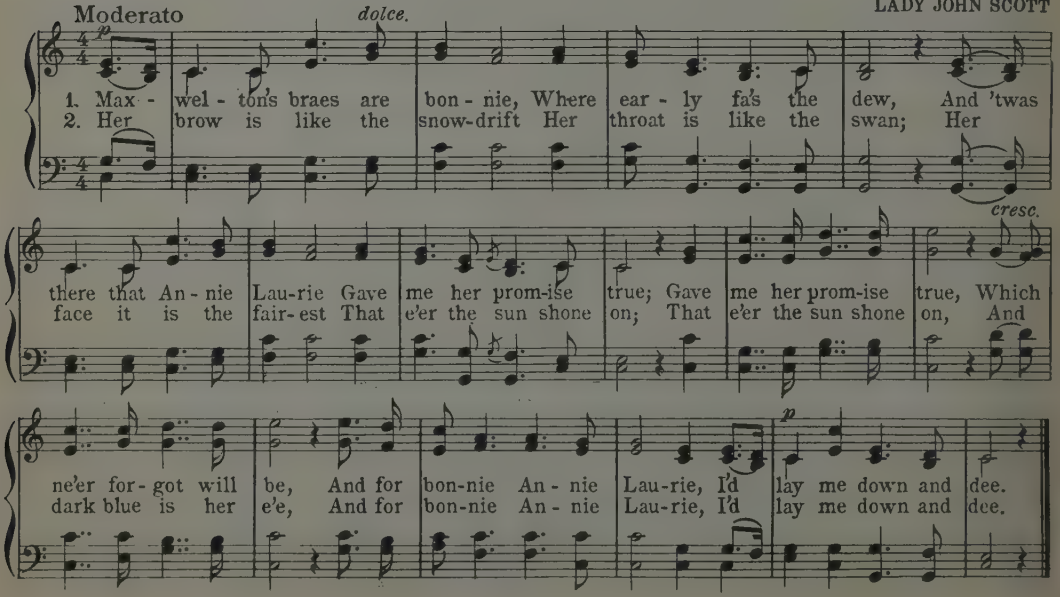
E. KIALLMARK


Andante
mp
1. Fare - well, fare-well to thee, A - ra by's daughter (Thus war-bled a Pe-ri be-neath the dark sea,) No
2. Nor shall I-ran, be-loved of her he-ro, for-get thee, Tho' ty-rants watch o-ver her tears as they start; Close,
pia.
pearl ev-er lay un-der O-man's green wa-ter, More pure in its shell than thy spir-it in thee.
close by the side of that he-ro shall set thee, Em-balmed in the in-ner-most shrine of her heart.
A-
cres. f
p
round thee shall glis-ten the lov-li-est am-ber That ev-er the sor-row-ing sea-bird has wept; With
ma-ny a shell, in whose hol-low-wreathed chamber We Pe-ris of o-cean by moon-light have slept.

## Annie Laurie

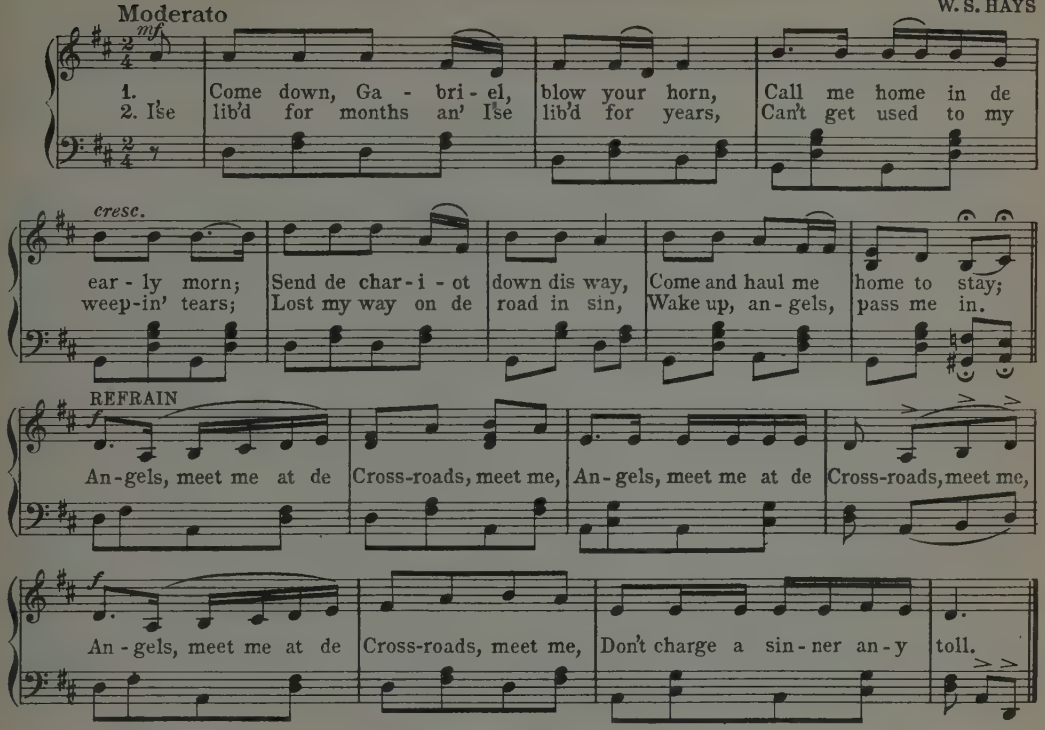
Moderato

LADY JOHN SCOTT

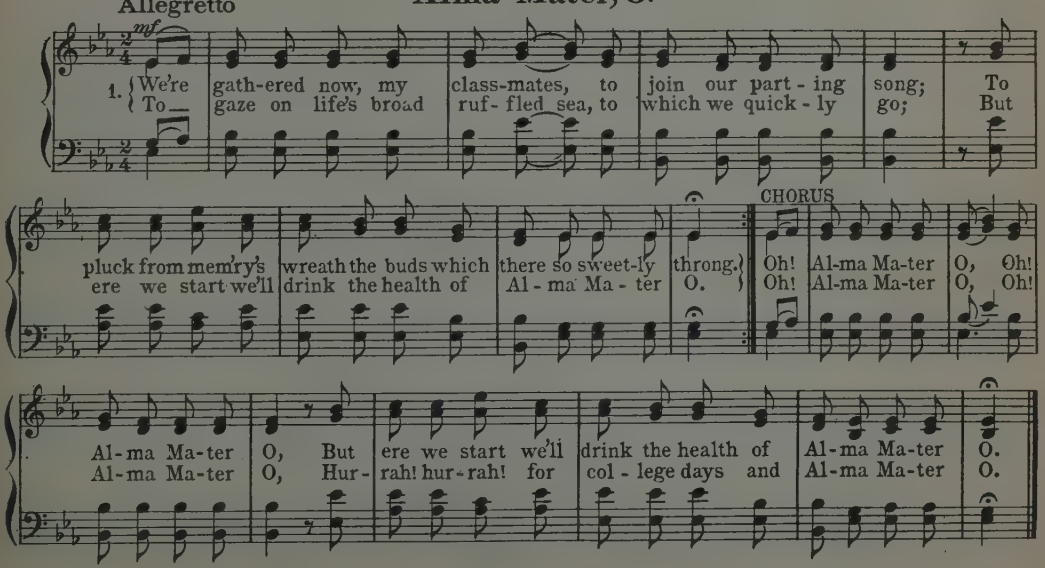

p
dolce.
1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew, And 'twas
2. Her brow is like the snow-drift Her throat is like the swan; Her
cresc.
there that An - nie Lau-rie Gave me her prom-ise true; Gave me her prom-ise true, Which
face it is the fair-est That e'er the sun shone on; That e'er the sun shone on, And
p
ne'er for-got will be, And for bon-nie An - nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and dee.
dark blue is her e'e, And for bon-nie An - nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and dee.

## Angels Meet Me at de Cross-roads

W. S. HAYS

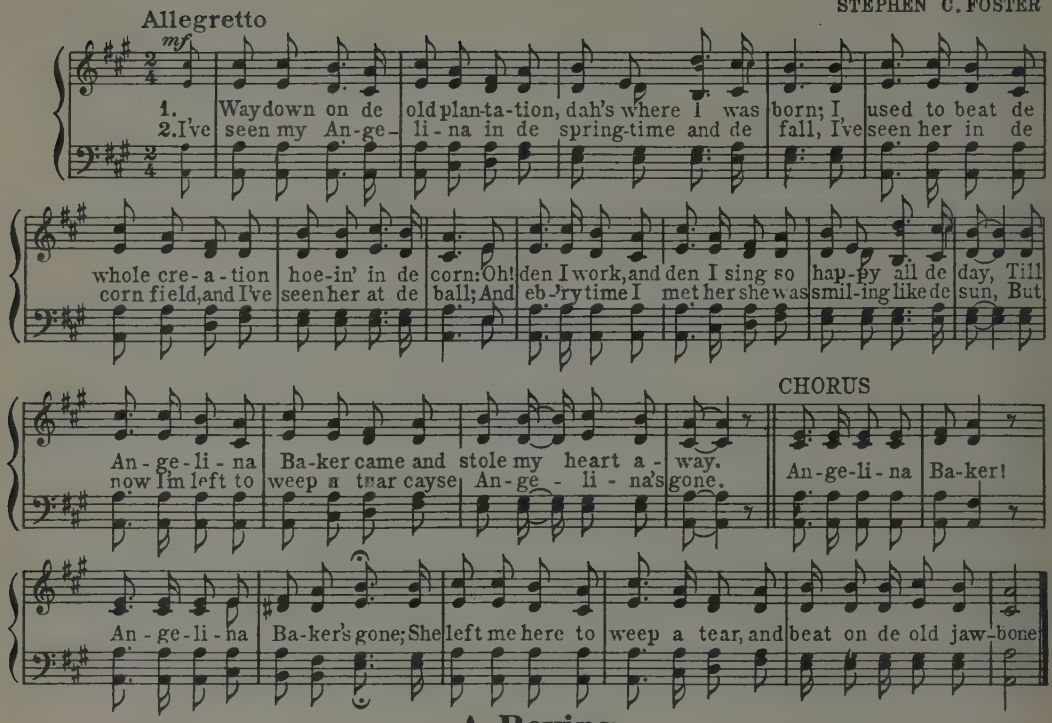

Moderato
mf
1. Come down, Ga - bri - el, blow your horn, Call me home in de
2. I'se lib'd for months an' I'se lib'd for years, Can't get used to my
cresc.
ear - ly morn; Send de char - i - ot down dis way, Come and haul me home to stay;
weep-in' tears; Lost my way on de road in sin, Wake up, an - gels, pass me in.
REFRAIN
f
An - gels, meet me at de Cross-roads, meet me, An - gels, meet me at de Cross-roads, meet me,
f
An - gels, meet me at de Cross-roads, meet me, Don't charge a sin - ner an - y toll.

## Alma Mater, O.

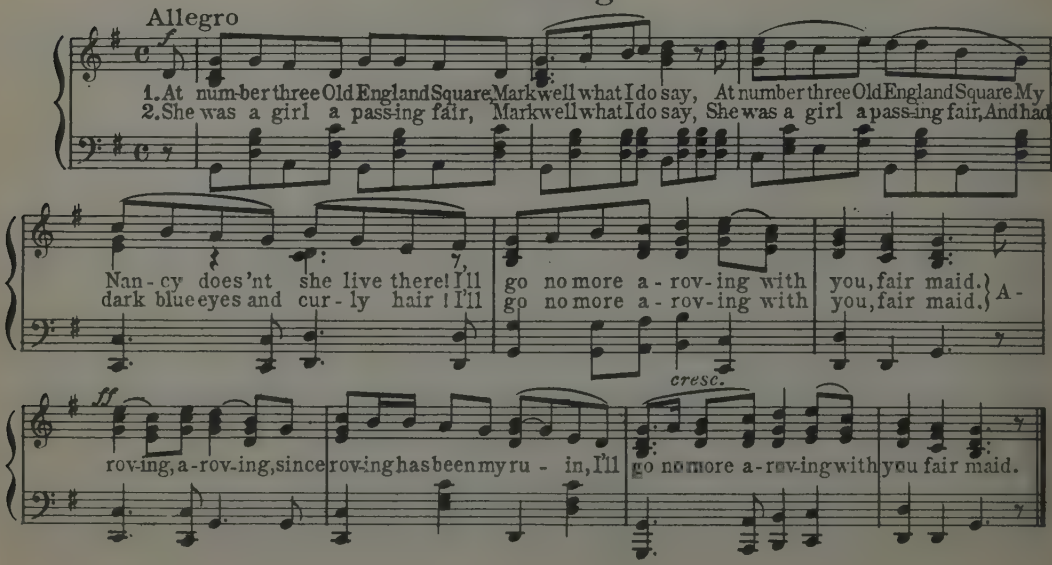

Allegretto
mf
1. We're gath-ered now, my class-mates, to join our part - ing song; To
To gaze on life's broad ruf - fled sea, to which we quick - ly go; But
pluck from mem'ry's wreath the buds which there so sweet-ly throng.
ere we start we'll drink the health of Al - ma Ma - ter O.
CHORUS
Oh! Al-ma Ma-ter O, Oh!
Oh! Al-ma Ma-ter O, Oh!
Al-ma Ma-ter O, But ere we start we'll drink the health of Al-ma Ma-ter O.
Al-ma Ma-ter O, Hur - rah! hur - rah! for col - lege days and Al-ma Ma-ter O.

# Angelina Baker

STEPHEN C. FOSTER


Allegretto
mf
1. Way down on de old plan-ta-tion, dah's where I was born; I used to beat de
2. I've seen my An-ge-li-na in de spring-time and de fall, I've seen her in de
whole cre-a-tion hoe-in' in de corn; Oh! den I work, and den I sing so hap-py all de day, Till
corn field, and I've seen her at de ball; And eb-'ry time I met her she was smil-ing like de sun, But
CHORUS
An-ge-li-na Ba-ker came and stole my heart a-way.
now I'm left to weep a tear cayse An-ge-li-na's gone.
An-ge-li-na Ba-ker!
An-ge-li-na Ba-ker's gone; She left me here to weep a tear, and beat on de old jaw-bone

# A-Roving

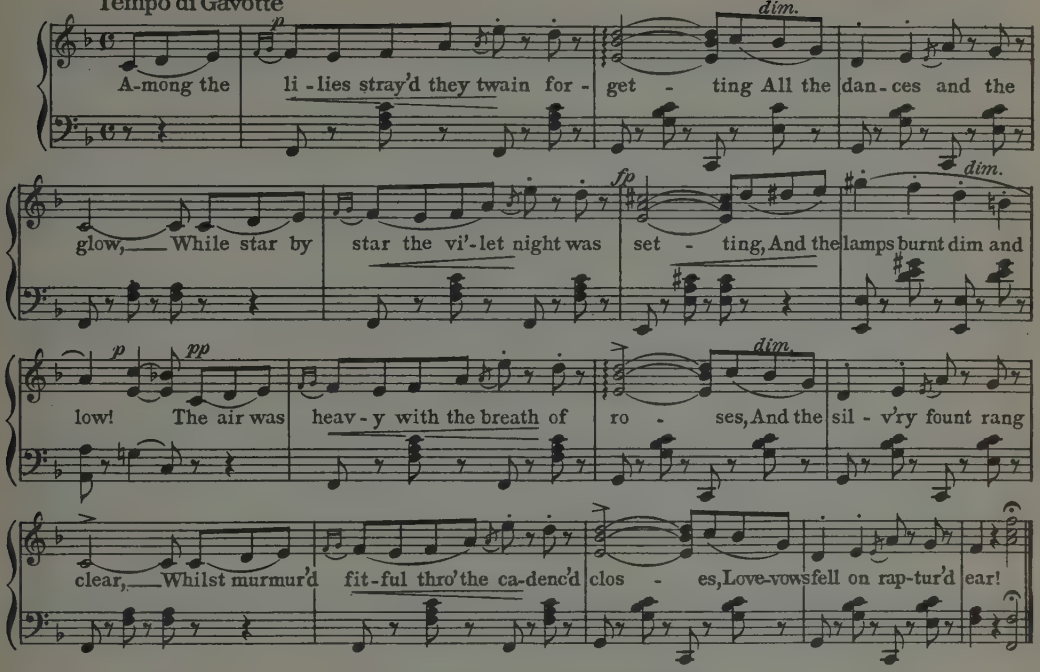

Allegro
f
1. At num-ber three Old England Square Mark well what I do say, At number three Old England Square My
2. She was a girl a pass-ing fair, Mark well what I do say, She was a girl a pass-ing fair, And had
Nan-cy does'nt she live there! I'll go no more a-rov-ing with you, fair maid.
dark blue eyes and cur-ly hair! I'll go no more a-rov-ing with you, fair maid.
A-
cresc.
ff
rov-ing, a-rov-ing, since rov-ing has been my ru-in, I'll go no more a-rov-ing with you fair maid.

## Among The Lilies

H. B. FARNIE

ALPHONS CZIBULKA

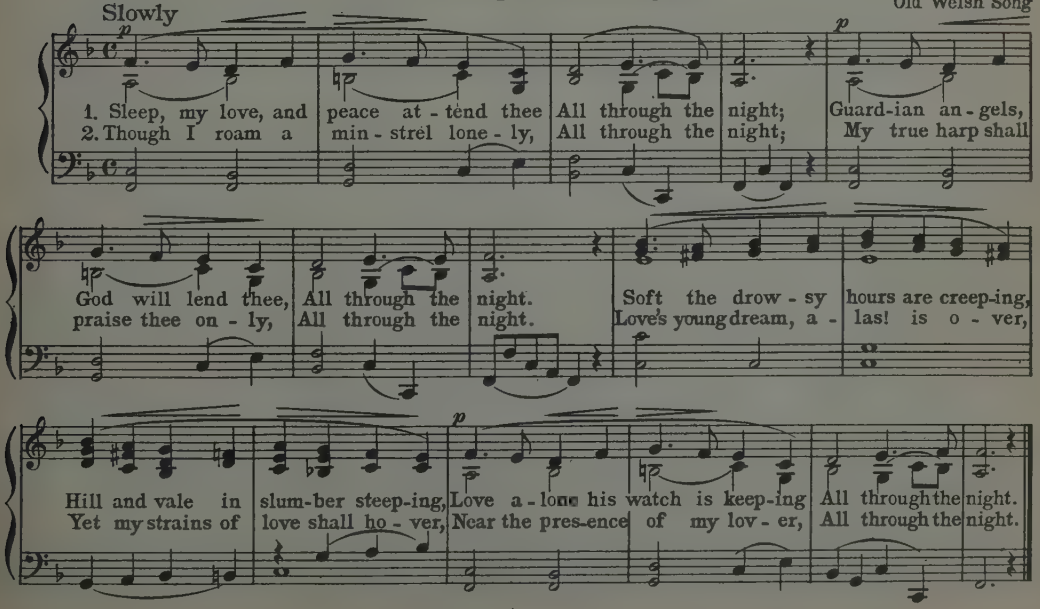
Tempo di Gavotte


p
dim.
A-mong the li-lies stray'd they twain for-get-ting All the dan-ces and the
fp
dim.
glow, While star by star the vi'-let night was set-ting, And the lamps burnt dim and
p
pp
dim.
low! The air was heav-y with the breath of ro-ses, And the sil-v'ry fount rang
clear, Whilst murmur'd fit-ful thro' the ca-denc'd clos-es, Love-vows fell on rap-tur'd ear!

## All Through The Night

Old Welsh Song

Slowly


p
1. Sleep, my love, and peace at-tend thee All through the night; Guard-ian an-gels,
2. Though I roam a min-strel lone-ly, All through the night; My true harp shall
God will lend thee, All through the night. Soft the drow-sy hours are creep-ing,
praise thee on-ly, All through the night. Love's young dream, a-las! is o-ver,
p
Hill and vale in slum-ber steep-ing, Love a-lone his watch is keep-ing All through the night.
Yet my strains of love shall ho-ver, Near the pres-ence of my lov-er, All through the night.

# Ah! I Have Sighed To Rest Me

(Il Trovatore)

G. VERDI

Andante sostenuto

*mf* *dolce*

1. Ah! I have sighed to rest me Deep in the qui-et grave, sigh'd to rest me, But all in vain I
2. Out of the love I bear thee, Yield I my life for thee; Wilt thou not think, Wilt thou not think of

crave. O fare thee well, my Le-o-no-ra, fare-thee-well! Ah! I have sigh'd for rest, Yet all in vain do I
me? O think of

*sf*

crave, O fare-thee-well, my Le-o-no-ra, fare-thee-well!

2.

me, my Le-o-no-ra, fare-thee-

*a tempo*

well! Out of the love I bear thee, Yield I my life for thee. Ah! think of me, ah! think of

me, my Le-o-no-ra, fare-thee-well! Tho' I no more be-hold thee, Yet is thy name a

*cres-cen-do*

spell, Yet is thy name, yet is thy name a spell, Cheering my last lone hour, Le-o-no-ra, fare-well!

# All Glory, Laud, And Honor

M. TESCHNER

Moderato

*mf*

1. All glo-ry, laud, and hon-or To Thee, Re-deem-er, King! To whom the lips of
2. The com-pa-ny of an-gels Are prais-ing Thee on high; And mor-tal men, and

*Fine.*

chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring. Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou
all things Cre - a - ted, make re - ply. The peo-ple of the He - brews With

*D.C. 1st lines, 1st verse.*

Dav - id's roy - al Son, Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and Bless-ed One.
palms be-fore Thee went: Our praise and prayer and an - thems Be-fore Thee we pre-sent.

## Am I Not Fondly Thine Own?

Andante

*p*

1. Thou, thou reign'st in this bos-om, There, there, hast thou thy throne, Thou, thou know'st that I love thee,
2. Then, then e'en as I love thee, Say, say, wilt thou love me? Tho'ts, tho'ts ten - der and true, love,

*mf* *p*

Am I not fond-ly thine own? Yes, yes, yes, yes, Am I not fond - ly thine own?
Say, wilt thou cher-ish for me? Yes, yes, yes, yes, Say, wilt thou cher-ish for me?

## At Evening-Time

Allegretto

C.M. STEADMAN

*mf*

1. The lights fade out of calm-ed sea, Dark shad-ows seam its breast; Flush'd like to pet-al
2. Rest comes at last! o'er pur-ple hills The sheep-bell tin - kles clear. And slow the lov-ing

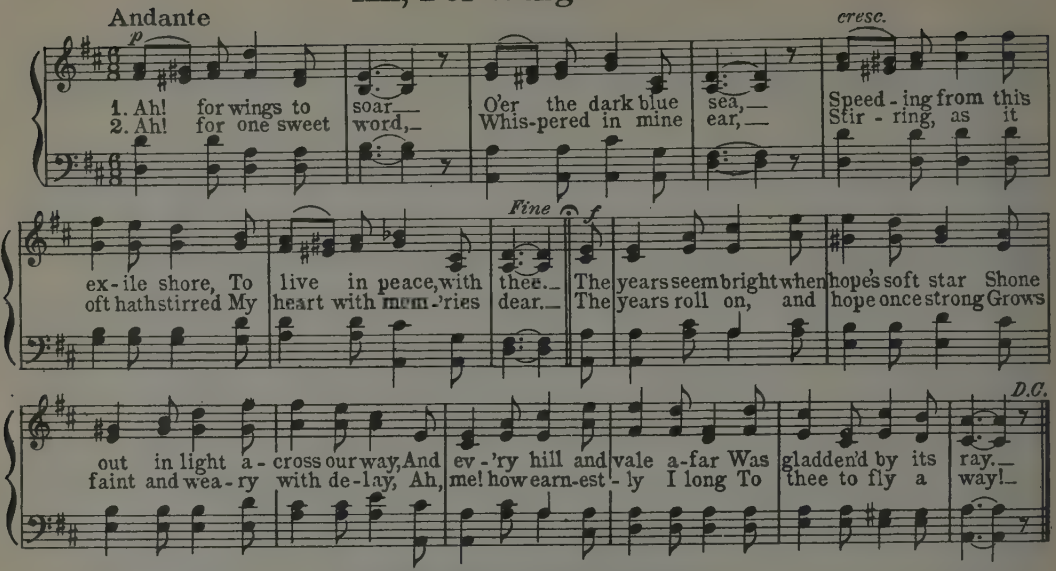
*ad lib.* *Fine*

of a flow'r, The sail fades in the west. Far o'er the blue the wear - y winds Have
kine de-scend The paths, and on the ear Ring joy-ous ech - oes from a - far, The

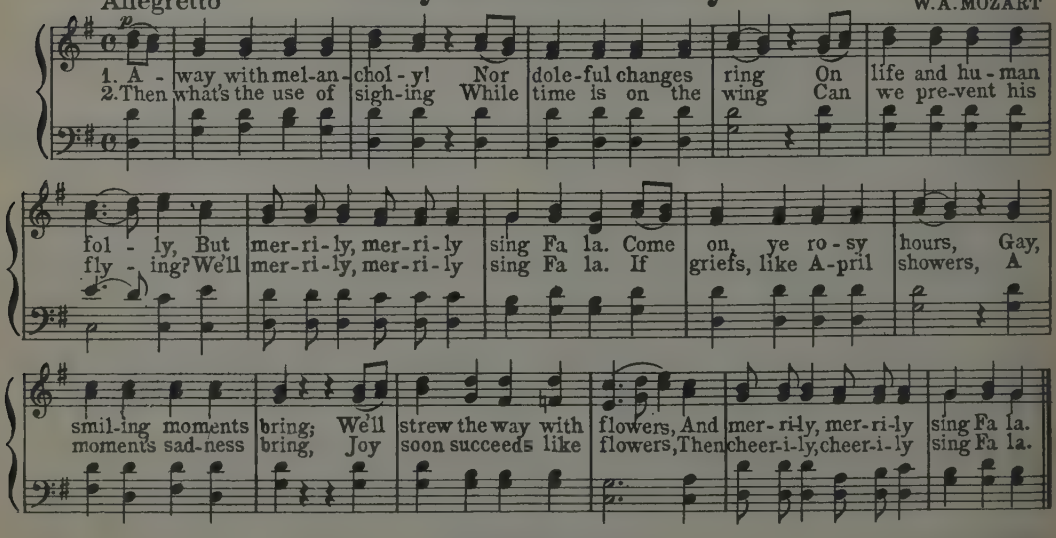
*D.C.*

gone, and swells no more The waves' sad mu - sic, or the break Of rip-ples on the shore.
sic-kles keen laid by; Then all sound dies, and earth and sea Sleep calm 'neath si - lent sky.

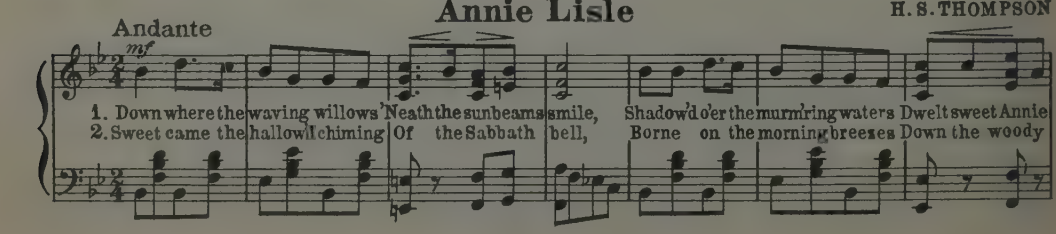
## Ah, For Wings To Soar

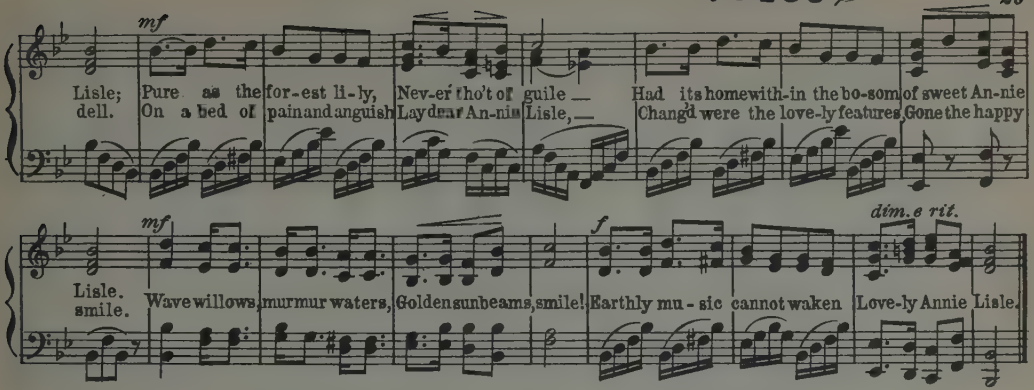

Andante
p
cresc.
1. Ah! for wings to soar— O'er the dark blue sea,— Speed - ing from this
2. Ah! for one sweet word,— Whis-pered in mine ear,— Stir - ring, as it
ex - ile shore, To live in peace, with thee.— The years seem bright when hope's soft star Shone
oft hath stirred My heart with mem-'ries dear.— The years roll on, and hope once strong Grows
Fine
f
D.C.
out in light a - cross our way, And ev - 'ry hill and vale a-far Was gladden'd by its ray.—
faint and wea - ry with de - lay, Ah, me! how earn-est - ly I long To thee to fly a way!—

## Away With Melancholy


Allegretto
W. A. MOZART
p
1. A - way with mel-an-chol - y! Nor dole-ful changes ring On life and hu - man
2. Then what's the use of sigh-ing While time is on the wing Can we pre-vent his
fol - ly, But mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly sing Fa la. Come on, ye ro - sy hours, Gay,
fly - ing? We'll mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly sing Fa la. If griefs, like A-pril showers, A
smil-ing moments bring; We'll strew the way with flowers, And mer - ri-ly, mer-ri-ly sing Fa la.
moments sad-ness bring, Joy soon succeeds like flowers, Then cheer-i-ly, cheer-i-ly sing Fa la.

## Annie Lisle

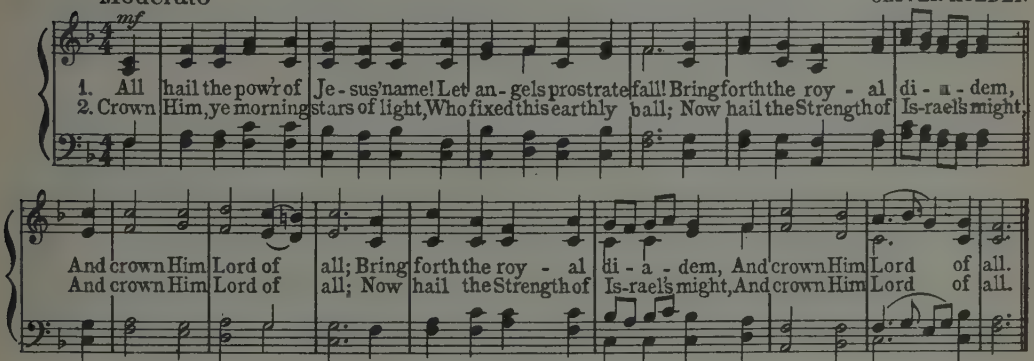

Andante
H. S. THOMPSON
mf
1. Down where the waving willows 'Neath the sunbeams smile, Shadow'd o'er the murm'ring waters Dwelt sweet Annie
2. Sweet came the hallow'd chiming Of the Sabbath bell, Borne on the morning breezes Down the woody


mf
Lisle; Pure as the for-est li-ly, Nev-er tho't of guile — Had its home with-in the bo-som of sweet An-nie
dell. On a bed of pain and anguish Lay dear An-nie Lisle, — Chang'd were the love-ly features, Gone the happy
mf
f
dim. e rit.
Lisle. Wave willows, murmur waters, Golden sunbeams, smile! Earthly mu-sic cannot waken Love-ly Annie Lisle.
smile.

## All Hail The Power Of Jesus' Name!

Moderato

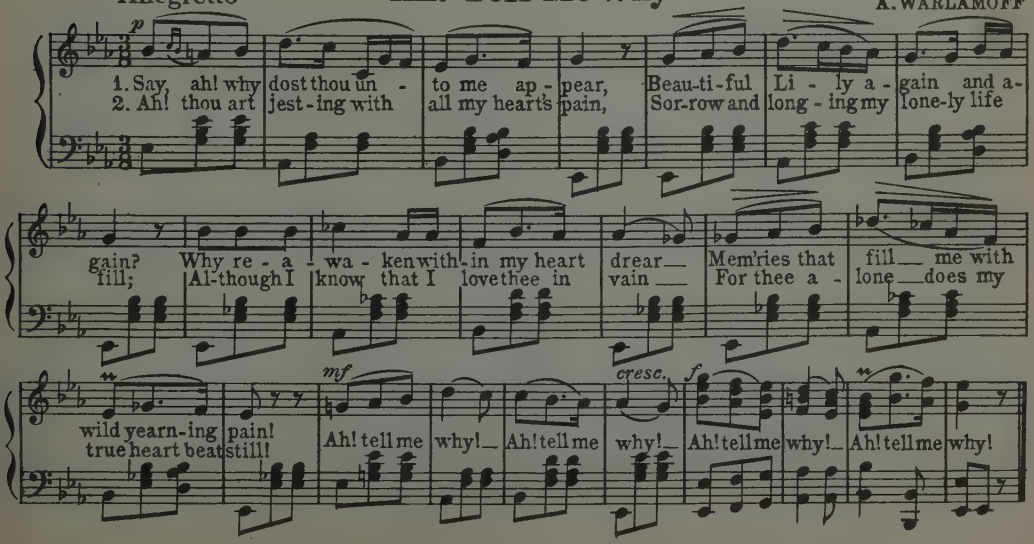
OLIVER HOLDEN


mf
1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall! Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
2. Crown Him, ye morning stars of light, Who fixed this earthly ball; Now hail the Strength of Is-rael's might,
And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
And crown Him Lord of all; Now hail the Strength of Is-rael's might, And crown Him Lord of all.

## Ah! Tell Me Why

Allegretto

A. WARLAMOFF


p
1. Say, ah! why dost thou un - to me ap - pear, Beau-ti-ful Li - ly a - gain and a-
2. Ah! thou art jest-ing with all my heart's pain, Sor-row and long - ing my lone-ly life
gain? Why re - a - wa - ken with-in my heart drear — Mem'ries that fill — me with
fill; Al-though I know that I love thee in vain — For thee a - lone — does my
mf
cresc.
f
wild yearn-ing pain! Ah! tell me why! — Ah! tell me why! — Ah! tell me why! — Ah! tell me why!
true heart beat still!

# Adieu! 'Tis Love's Last Greeting

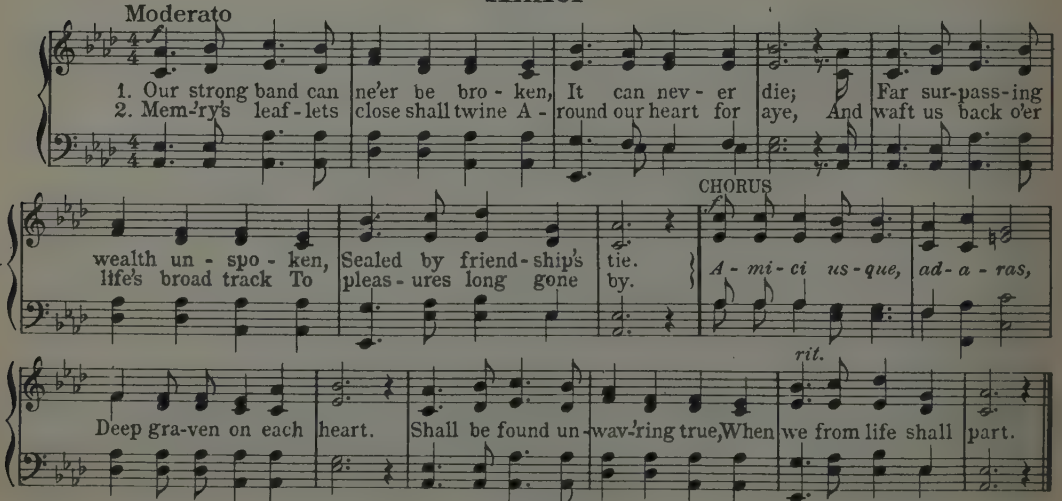
Moderato

FR. SCHUBERT

p
1. A - dieu! 'tis love's last greet-ing, The part-ing hour is come! And
2. A - dieu! go thou be - fore me, To join the ser - aph throng! A
f
fast thy soul is
se - cret sense comes
mf
fleet-ing, To seek its star - ry home! Yet dare I mourn when Heav-en Has
o'er me, I tar - ry here not long! A - dieu! there comes a mor-row, To
pp
bid thy soul be
ev - 'ry day of
free, A life of bliss has giv-en For - ev - er-more to thee! Yet dare I mourn when
pain! On earth we part in sor-row, To meet in bliss a - gain! A - dieu! there comes a
pp
cresc.
pp
Heav-en Has bid thy soul be free, A fair-er life has giv-en For all e - ter - ni - ty!
mor-row, To ev-'ry day of pain! On earth we part in sor-row, To meet in bliss a - gain!

# Amici

Moderato

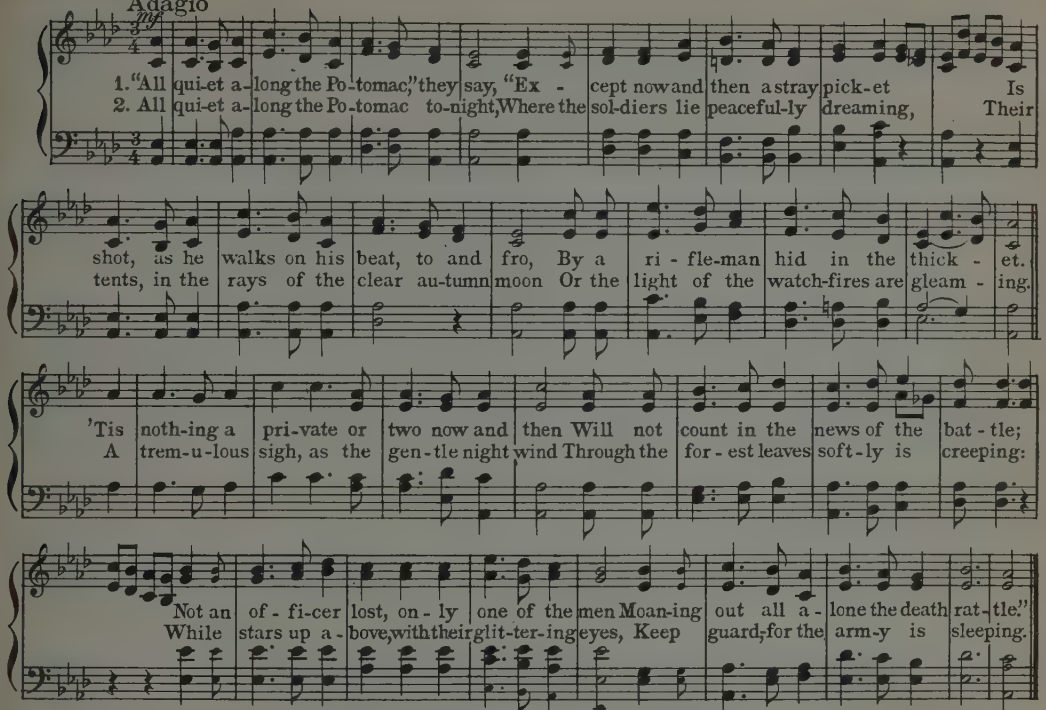

f
1. Our strong band can ne'er be bro - ken, It can nev - er die; Far sur-pass-ing
2. Mem-'ry's leaf - lets close shall twine A - round our heart for aye, And waft us back o'er
wealth un - spo - ken, Sealed by friend - ship's tie.
life's broad track To pleas - ures long gone by.
CHORUS
f
A - mi - ci us - que, ad - a - ras,
rit.
Deep gra-ven on each heart. Shall be found un - wav-'ring true, When we from life shall part.

# All Quiet Along The Potomac

MRS. ETHEL BEERS

J. DAYTON

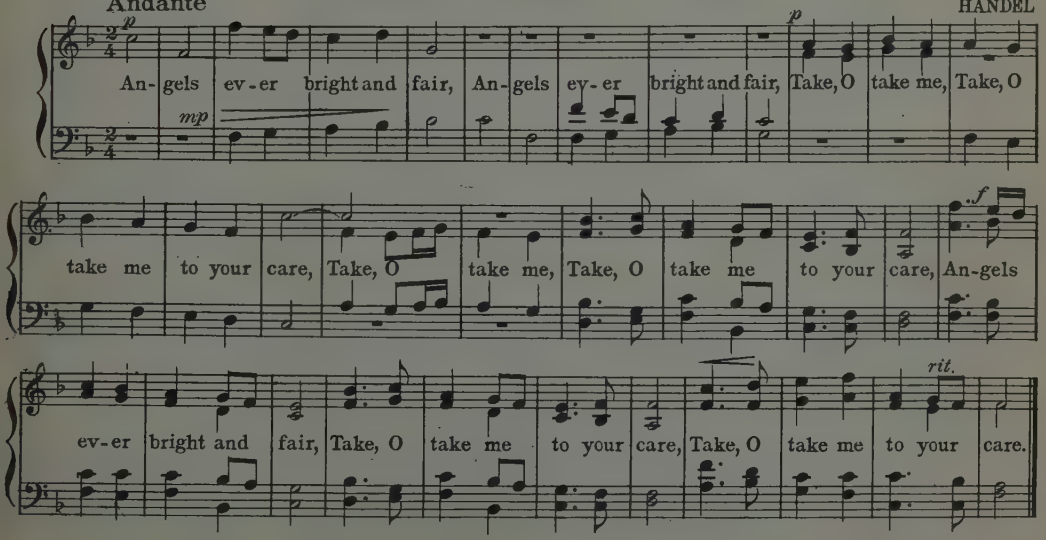
Adagio


1. "All qui-et a-long the Po-tomac," they say, "Ex - cept now and then a stray pick-et Is
2. All qui-et a-long the Po-tomac to-night, Where the sol-diers lie peaceful-ly dreaming, Their
shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro, By a ri - fle-man hid in the thick - et.
tents, in the rays of the clear au-tumn moon Or the light of the watch-fires are gleam - ing.
'Tis noth-ing a pri-vate or two now and then Will not count in the news of the bat - tle;
A trem-u-lous sigh, as the gen-tle night wind Through the for - est leaves soft-ly is creeping:
Not an of - fi-cer lost, on - ly one of the men Moan-ing out all a - lone the death rat - tle."
While stars up a - bove, with their glit-ter-ing eyes, Keep guard, for the arm-y is sleeping.

# Angels Ever Bright And Fair

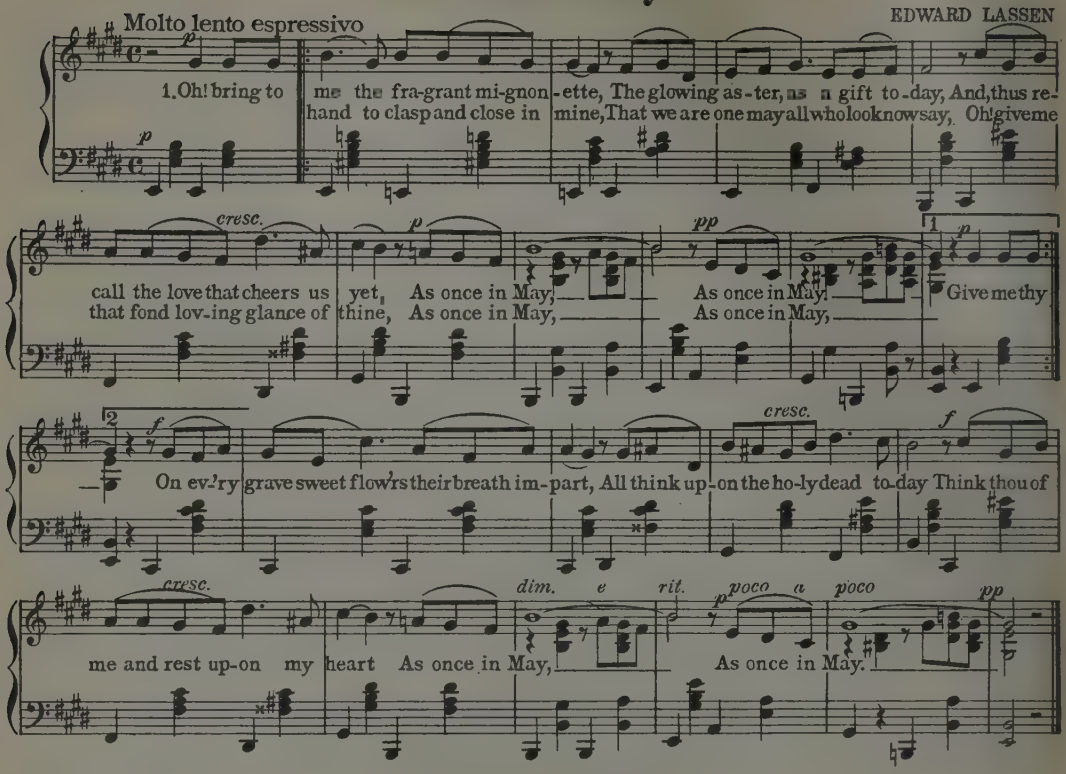
Andante

HANDEL

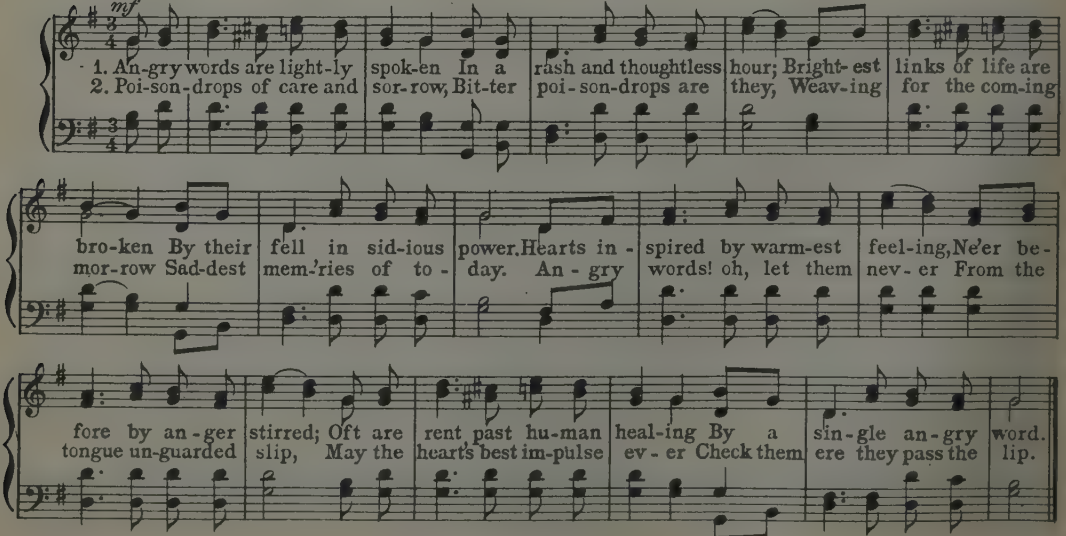

An-gels ev-er bright and fair, An-gels ev-er bright and fair, Take, O take me, Take, O
take me to your care, Take, O take me, Take, O take me to your care, An-gels
ev-er bright and fair, Take, O take me to your care, Take, O take me to your care.

# All Souls' Day

EDWARD LASSEN


Molto lento espressivo
1. Oh! bring to me the fra-grant mi-gnon-ette, The glowing as-ter, as a gift to-day, And, thus re-
hand to clasp and close in mine, That we are one may all who look know say, Oh! give me
cresc.
call the love that cheers us yet, As once in May,
that fond lov-ing glance of thine, As once in May,
As once in May!
As once in May,
Give me thy
On ev-'ry grave sweet flow'rs their breath im-part, All think up-on the ho-ly dead to-day Think thou of
me and rest up-on my heart As once in May,
dim. e rit.
As once in May.

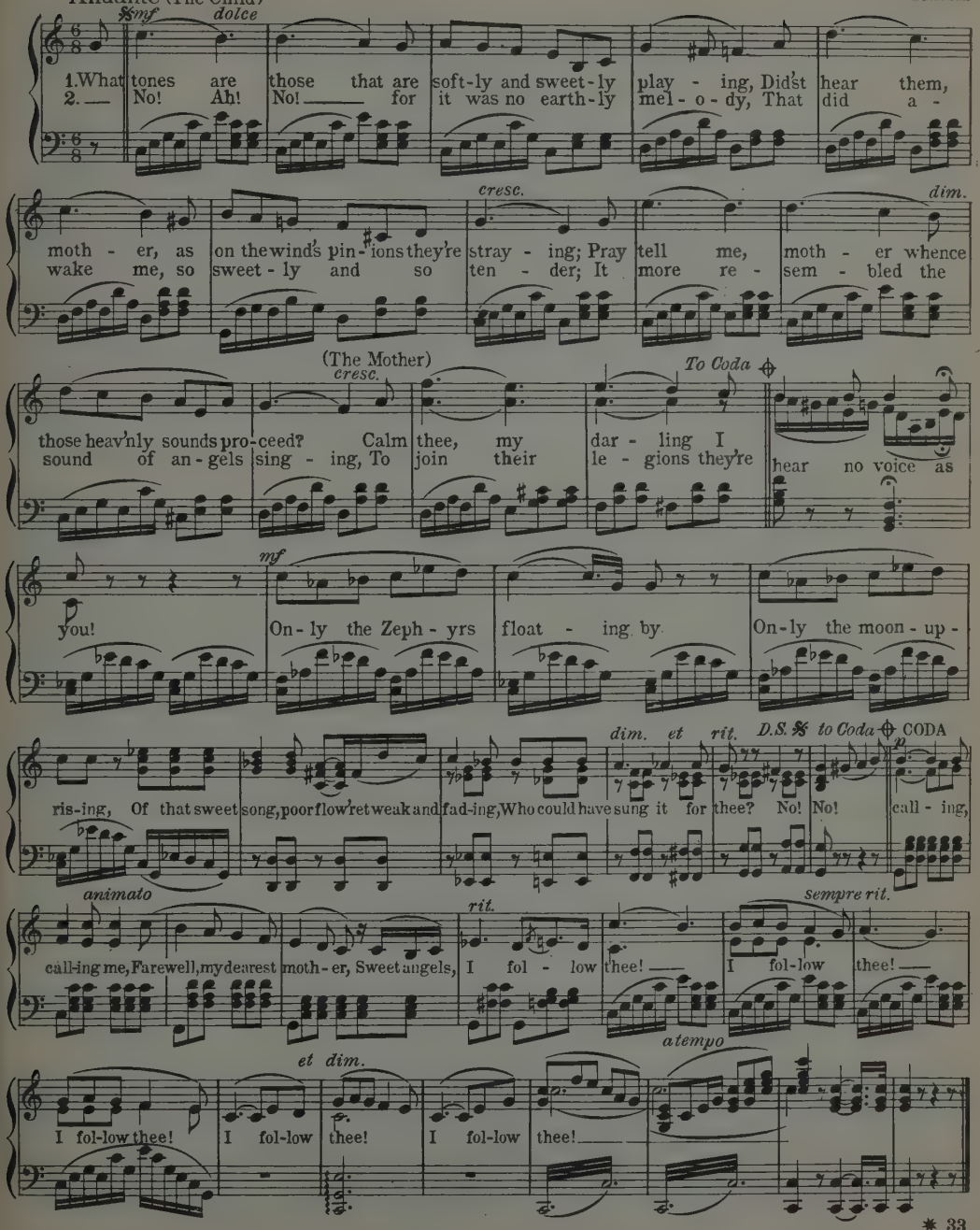
# Angry Words


Andantino
1. An-gry words are light-ly spok-en In a rash and thoughtless hour; Bright-est links of life are
2. Poi-son-drops of care and sor-row, Bit-ter poi-son-drops are they, Weav-ing for the com-ing
bro-ken By their fell in sid-ious power. Hearts in-spired by warm-est feel-ing, Ne'er be-
mor-row Sad-dest mem-'ries of to-day. An-gry words! oh, let them nev-er From the
fore by an-ger stirred; Oft are rent past hu-man heal-ing By a sin-gle an-gry word.
tongue un-guarded slip, May the heart's best im-pulse ev-er Check them ere they pass the lip.

# Angel's Serenade

Andante (The Child)

G. BRAGA


1. What tones are those that are soft-ly and sweet-ly play - ing, Did'st hear them,
2. — No! Ah! No! — for it was no earth-ly mel - o - dy, That did a -
moth - er, as on the wind's pin - ions they're stray - ing; Pray tell me, moth - er whence
wake me, so sweet - ly and so ten - der; It more re - sem - bled the
(The Mother)
those heav'nly sounds pro-ceed? Calm thee, my dar - ling I
sound of an - gels sing - ing, To join their le - gions they're
To Coda
hear no voice as
you!
On - ly the Zeph - yrs float - ing by
On - ly the moon - up -
ris-ing, Of that sweet song, poor flow'ret weak and fad-ing, Who could have sung it for thee? No! No! call - ing,
D.S. to Coda CODA
call-ing me, Farewell, my dearest moth - er, Sweet angels, I fol - low thee! — I fol-low thee! —
I fol-low thee! I fol-low thee! I fol-low thee! —
et dim.
a tempo

## The Blue Bells Of Scotland

Moderato

1. O where, and O where is your High-land lad-die gone? O where, and O
2. O where, and O where does your High-land lad-die dwell? O where, and O

where is your High-land lad-die gone? He's gone to fight the foe, for King
where does your High-land lad-die dwell? He dwelt in mer-ry Scot-land at the

George up-on the throne; And it's oh! in my heart, how I wish him safe at home!
sign of the Blue Bell; And it's oh! in my heart that I love my lad-die well.

## Boat Song

Moderato

C. M. VON WEBER

1. On we are float-ing in sun-shine and shad-ow, Soft are the rip-ples that sing as we
2. Light-ly our boat on the wa-ter is swing-ing, On-ward she floats while the swift oars we

go, Soft-ly they break on the edge of the mead-ow, Woo-ing the grasses with mel-o-dies low.
ply, Gay are our hearts as the songs we are sing-ing, Bright are our hopes as the ra-di-ant sky.

## Blow, Boys, Blow

(A Hoisting Chantey Song)

Lively

SOLO

1. Blow, my bul-lies, I long to hear you, Blow, boys, blow!
2. A Yan-kee ship's gone down the riv-er, Blow, boys, blow! And

CHORUS

SOLO

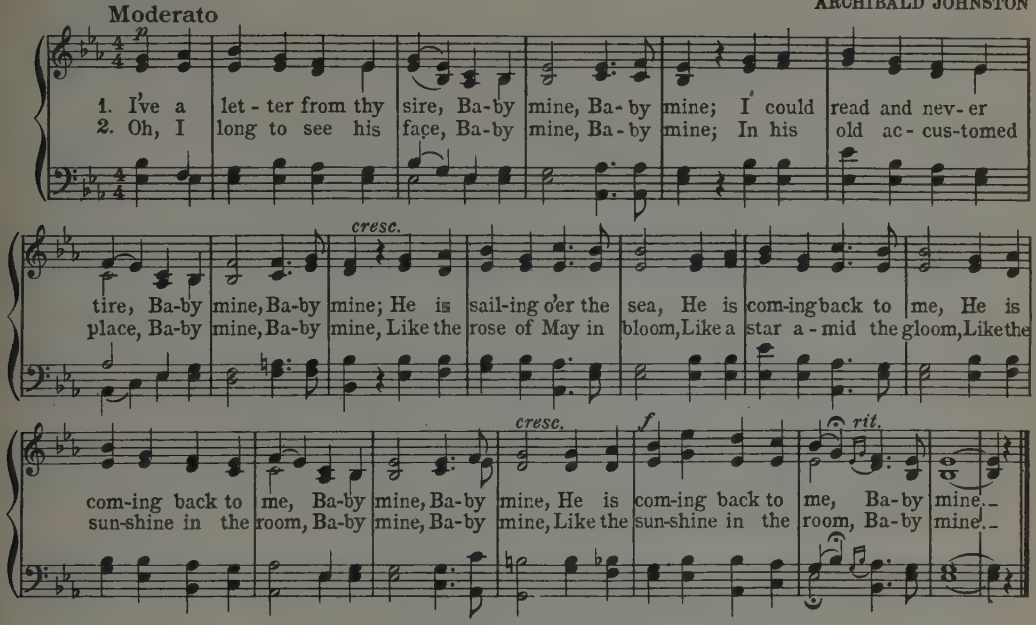
Blow, my bul-lies, I come to cheer you, Blow, my bul-ly boys, blow!
what do you think they got for din-ner? Blow, my bul-ly boys, blow!

CHORUS

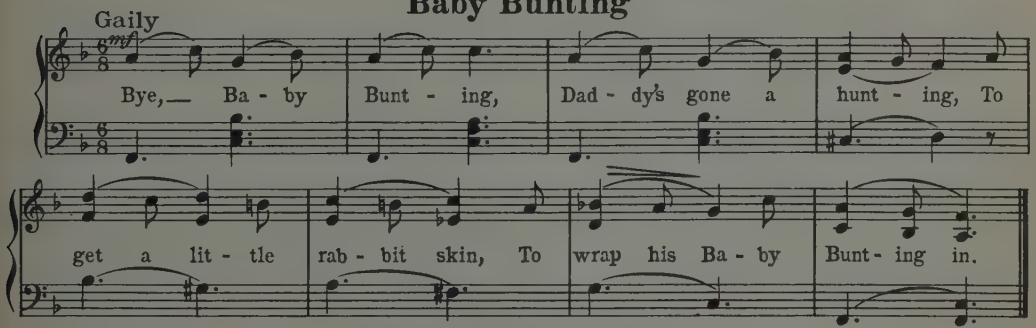
## Baby Mine

CHARLES MACKAY

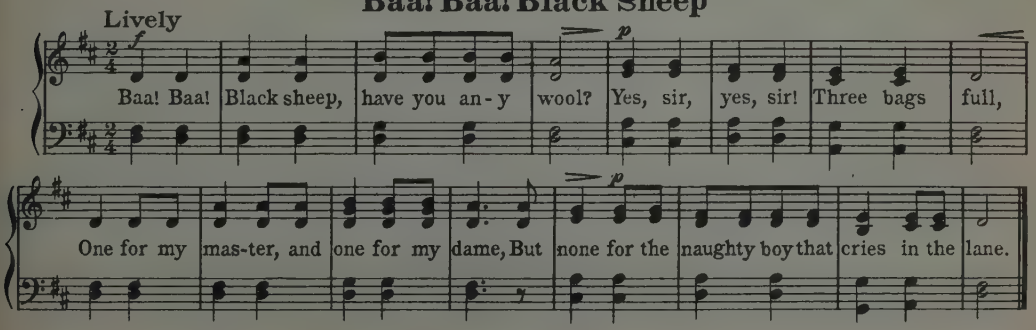
ARCHIBALD JOHNSTON


Moderato
p
1. I've a let - ter from thy sire, Ba-by mine, Ba - by mine; I could read and nev - er
2. Oh, I long to see his face, Ba-by mine, Ba - by mine; In his old ac - cus-tomed
cresc.
tire, Ba-by mine, Ba-by mine; He is sail-ing o'er the sea, He is com-ing back to me, He is
place, Ba-by mine, Ba-by mine, Like the rose of May in bloom, Like a star a - mid the gloom, Like the
cresc.
f
rit.
com-ing back to me, Ba-by mine, Ba-by mine, He is com-ing back to me, Ba-by mine.
sun-shine in the room, Ba-by mine, Ba-by mine, Like the sun-shine in the room, Ba-by mine.

## Baby Bunting

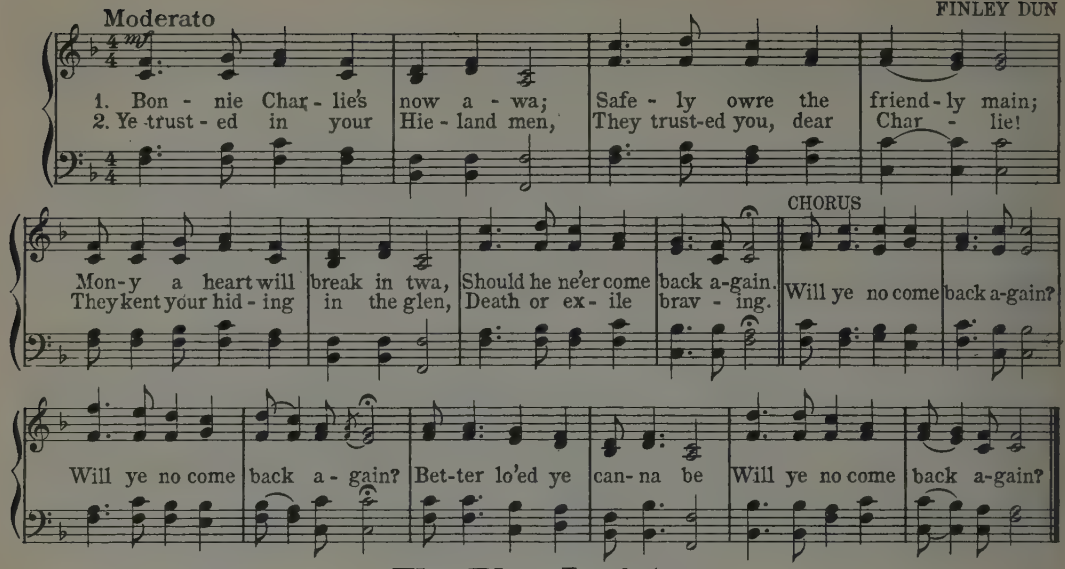



## Baa! Baa! Black Sheep


Lively
f
Baa! Baa! Black sheep, have you an - y wool? Yes, sir, yes, sir! Three bags full,
p
One for my mas-ter, and one for my dame, But none for the naughty boy that cries in the lane.

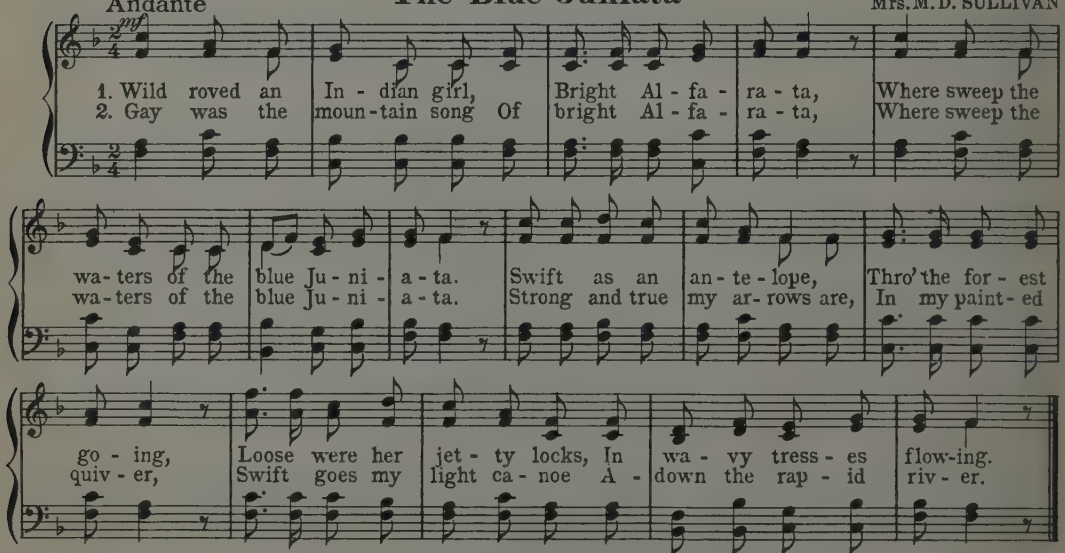
## Bonnie Charlie

FINLEY DUN

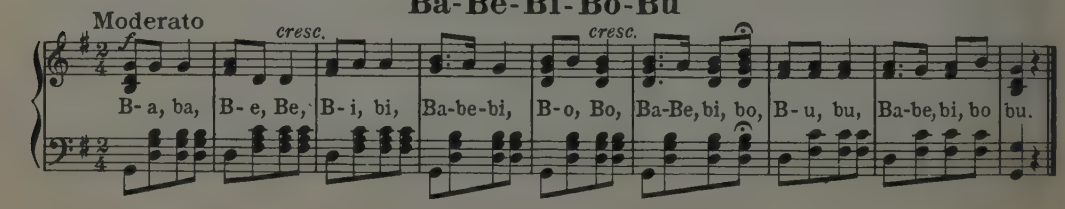

Moderato
mf
1. Bon - nie Char - lie's now a - wa; Safe - ly owre the friend - ly main;
2. Ye trust - ed in your Hie - land men, They trust-ed you, dear Char - lie!
Mon-y a heart will break in twa, Should he ne'er come back a-gain.
They kent your hid - ing in the glen, Death or ex - ile brav - ing.
CHORUS
Will ye no come back a-gain?
Will ye no come back a - gain? Bet-ter lo'ed ye can-na be
Will ye no come back a-gain?

## The Blue Juniata

Mrs. M. D. SULLIVAN

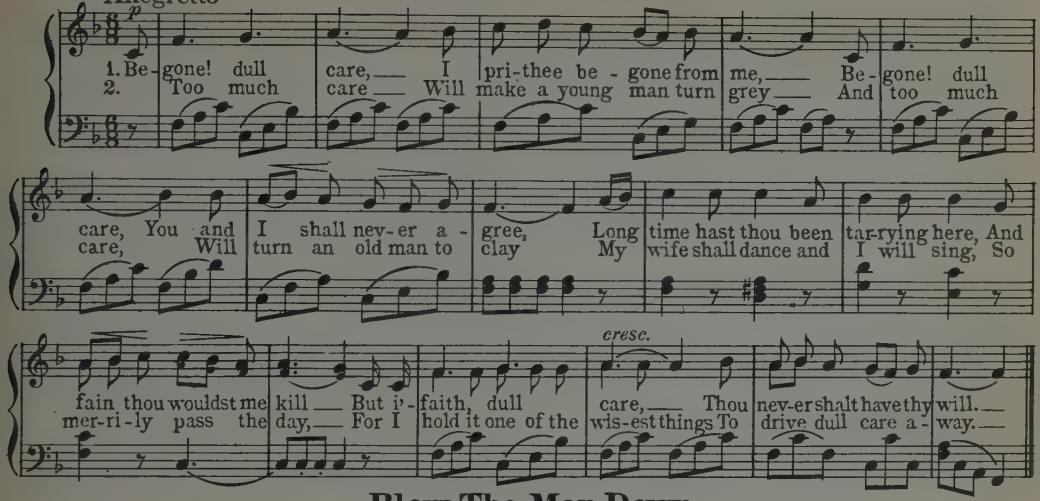

Andante
mf
1. Wild roved an In - dian girl, Bright Al - fa - ra - ta, Where sweep the
2. Gay was the moun-tain song Of bright Al - fa - ra - ta, Where sweep the
wa-ters of the blue Ju - ni - a - ta. Swift as an an - te - lope, Thro' the for - est
wa-ters of the blue Ju - ni - a - ta. Strong and true my ar-rows are, In my paint - ed
go - ing, Loose were her jet - ty locks, In wa - vy tress - es flow-ing.
quiv - er, Swift goes my light ca - noe A - down the rap - id riv - er.

## Ba-Be-Bi-Bo-Bu



## Begone! Dull Care

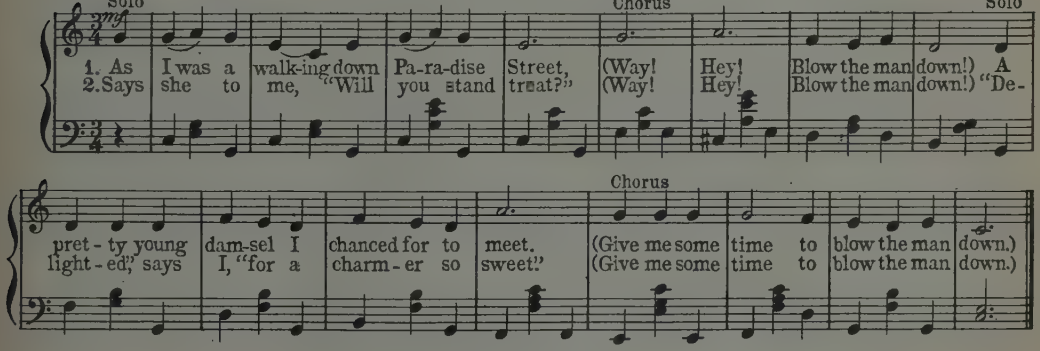
Allegretto


1. Be - gone! dull care, I pri-thee be - gone from me, Be - gone! dull
2. Too much care Will make a young man turn grey And too much
care, You and I shall nev-er a - gree, Long time hast thou been tar-rying here, And
care, Will turn an old man to clay My wife shall dance and I will sing, So
cresc.
fain thou wouldst me kill But i' - faith, dull care, Thou nev-er shalt have thy will.
mer-ri-ly pass the day, For I hold it one of the wis-est things To drive dull care a - way.

## Blow The Man Down

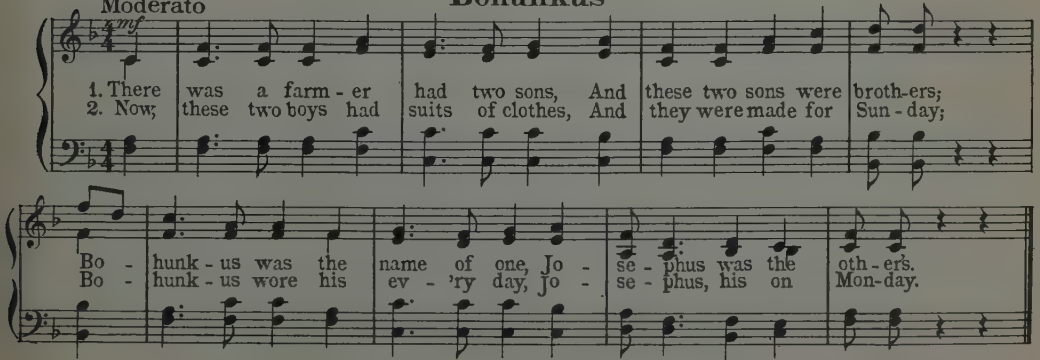
(A Hoisting Chantey - Song)

Waltz Tempo


Solo
Chorus
Solo
1. As I was a walk-ing down Pa-ra-dise Street, (Way! Hey! Blow the man down!) A
2. Says she to me, "Will you stand treat?" (Way! Hey! Blow the man down!) "De-
Chorus
pret - ty young dam-sel I chanced for to meet. (Give me some time to blow the man down.)
light - ed," says I, "for a charm - er so sweet!" (Give me some time to blow the man down.)

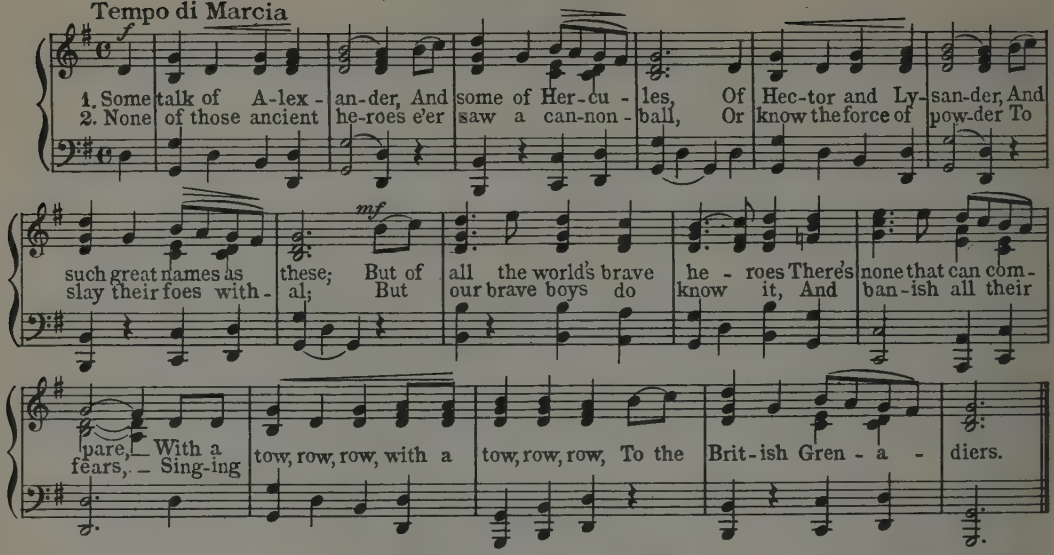
## Bohunkus

Moderato


1. There was a farm - er had two sons, And these two sons were broth-ers;
2. Now these two boys had suits of clothes, And they were made for Sun - day;
Bo - hunk - us was the name of one, Jo - se - phus was the oth - er's.
Bo - hunk - us wore his ev - 'ry day, Jo - se - phus, his on Mon-day.

## The British Grenadiers

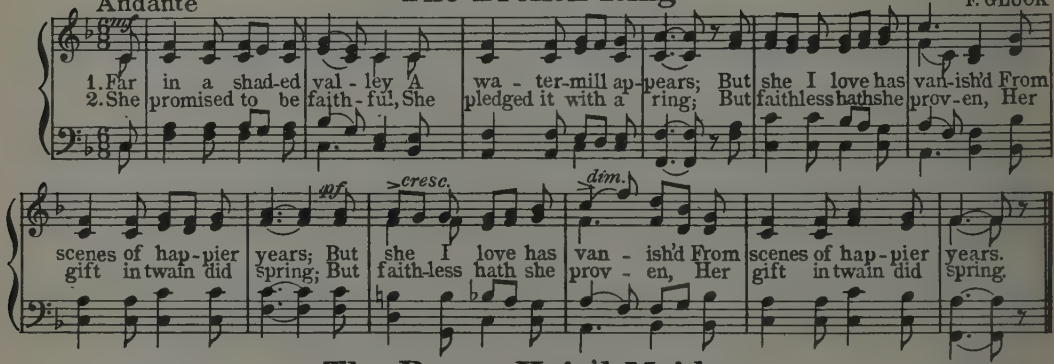
Tempo di Marcia


1. Some talk of A-lex-an-der, And some of Her-cu-les, Of Hec-tor and Ly-san-der, And
2. None of those ancient he-roes e'er saw a can-non-ball, Or know the force of pow-der To
such great names as these; But of all the world's brave he-roes There's none that can com-
slay their foes with-al; But our brave boys do know it, And ban-ish all their
pare, With a tow, row, row, with a tow, row, row, To the Brit-ish Gren-a-diers.
fears, Sing-ing

## The Broken Ring

Andante

F. GLUCK


1. Far in a shad-ed val-ley A wa-ter-mill ap-pears; But she I love has van-ish'd From
2. She promised to be faith-ful, She pledged it with a ring; But faithless hath she prov-en, Her
scenes of hap-pier years; But she I love has van-ish'd From scenes of hap-pier years.
gift in twain did spring; But faith-less hath she prov-en, Her gift in twain did spring.

## The Brown Hair'd Maiden

Moderato

Scotch Song

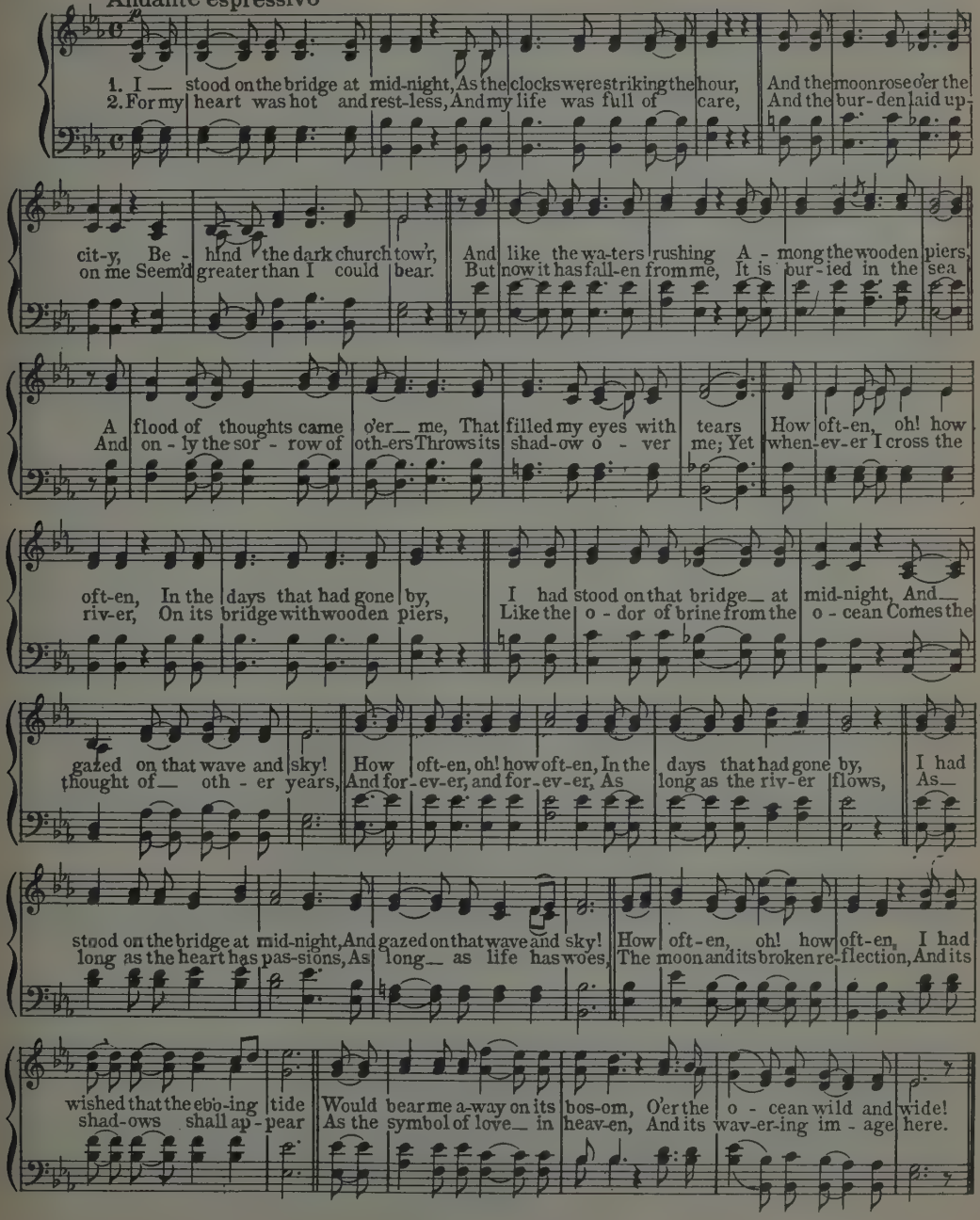
1. Ho-ro, my brown-hair'd maid-en, Hee-ree, my bon-nie maid-en, My
2. O maid, whose face is fair-est, The beau-ty that thou bear-est, Thy
sweet-est, neat-est, maid-en, I'll wed none but thee.
witch-ing smile the rar-est, Are ev-er with me.

# The Bridge

H.W. LONGFELLOW

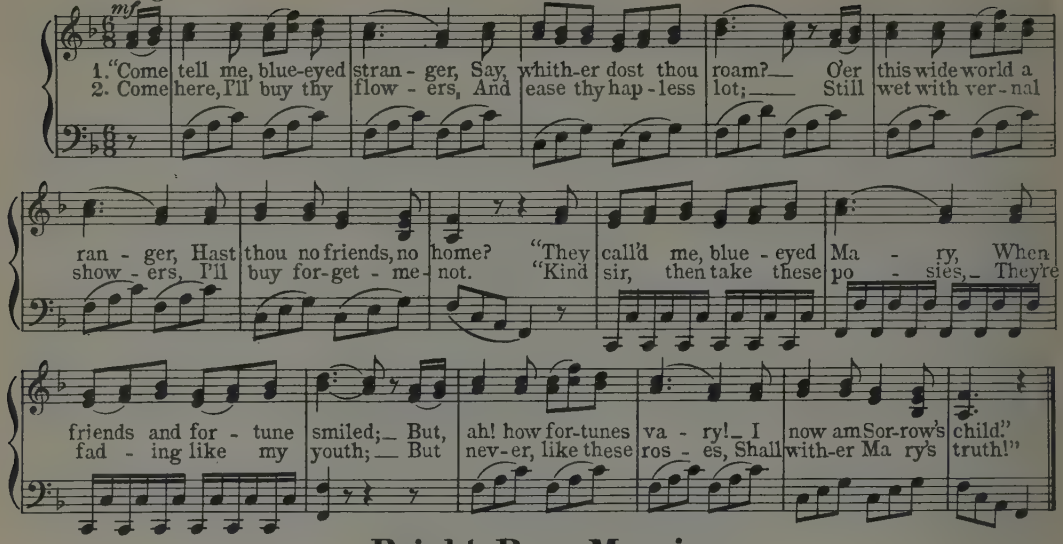
M. LINDSAY

Andante espressivo


1. I — stood on the bridge at mid-night, As the clocks were striking the hour, And the moon rose o'er the
2. For my heart was hot and rest-less, And my life was full of care, And the bur-den laid up-
cit-y, Be - hind the dark church tow'r,
on me Seem'd greater than I could bear.
And like the wa-ters rushing A - mong the wooden piers,
But now it has fall-en from me, It is bur-ied in the sea
A flood of thoughts came o'er me, That filled my eyes with tears
And on - ly the sor - row of oth-ers Throws its shad-ow o - ver me; Yet
How oft-en, oh! how
when-ev-er I cross the
oft-en, In the days that had gone by,
riv-er, On its bridge with wooden piers,
I had stood on that bridge at mid-night, And
Like the o - dor of brine from the o - cean Comes the
gazed on that wave and sky!
thought of oth - er years,
How oft-en, oh! how oft-en, In the days that had gone by,
And for-ev-er, and for-ev-er, As long as the riv-er flows,
I had
As
stood on the bridge at mid-night, And gazed on that wave and sky!
long as the heart has pas-sions, As long as life has woes,
How oft-en, oh! how oft-en, I had
The moon and its broken re-flection, And its
wished that the ebb-ing tide
shad-ows shall ap-pear
Would bear me a-way on its bos-om, O'er the o - cean wild and wide!
As the symbol of love in heav-en, And its wav-er-ing im - age here.

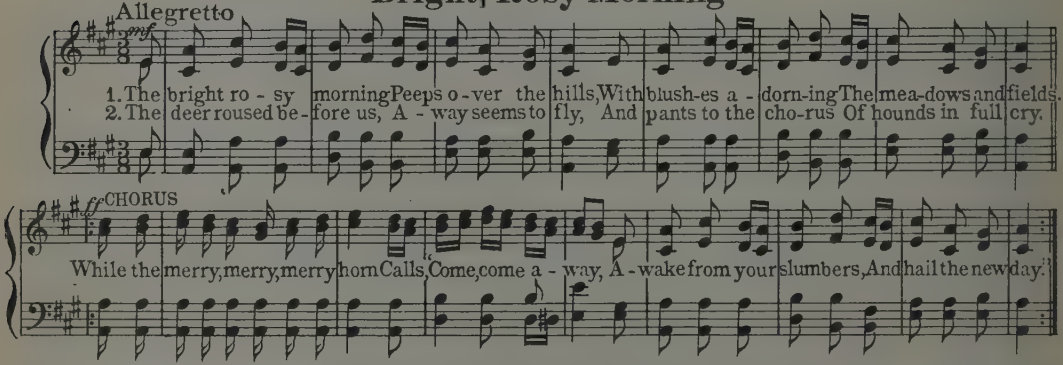
## Blue-Eyed Mary

Allegretto


1. "Come tell me, blue-eyed stran - ger, Say, whith-er dost thou roam?— O'er this wide world a
2. Come here, I'll buy thy flow - ers, And ease thy hap - less lot;— Still wet with ver - nal
ran - ger, Hast thou no friends, no home? "They call'd me, blue - eyed Ma - ry, When
show - ers, I'll buy for-get - me - not. "Kind sir, then take these po - sies,— They're
friends and for - tune smiled;— But, ah! how for-tunes va - ry!— I now am Sor-row's child."
fad - ing like my youth;— But nev-er, like these ros - es, Shall with-er Ma ry's truth!"

## Bright, Rosy Morning

Allegretto


1. The bright ro - sy morning Peeps o-ver the hills, With blush-es a - dorn-ing The mea-dows and fields.
2. The deer roused be - fore us, A - way seems to fly, And pants to the cho-rus Of hounds in full cry.
CHORUS
While the merry, merry, merry horn Calls, Come, come a - way, A - wake from your slumbers, And hail the new day.

## Blest Be The Tie That Binds

Andante

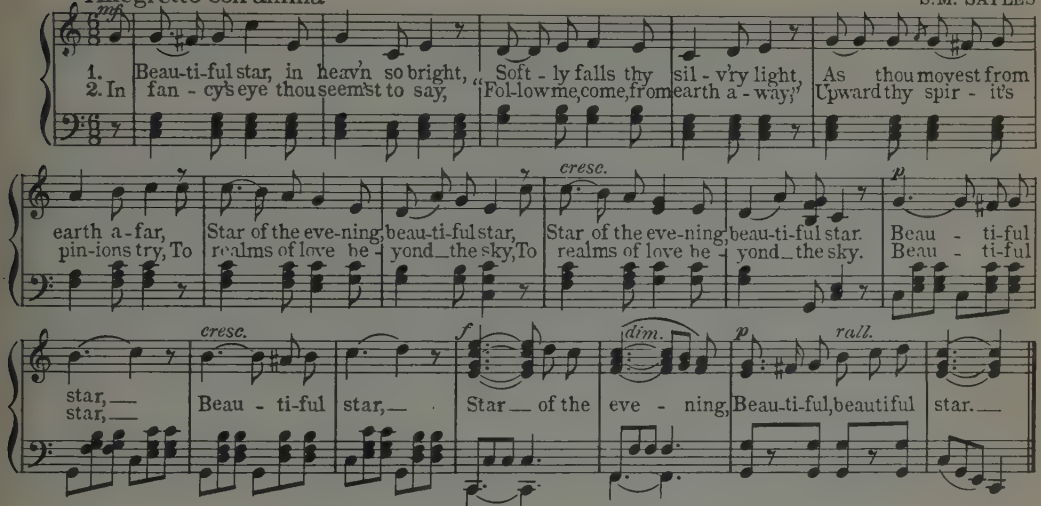
H. G. NAGELI

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers;
The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.

## Beautiful Star In Heaven So Bright

Allegretto con anima

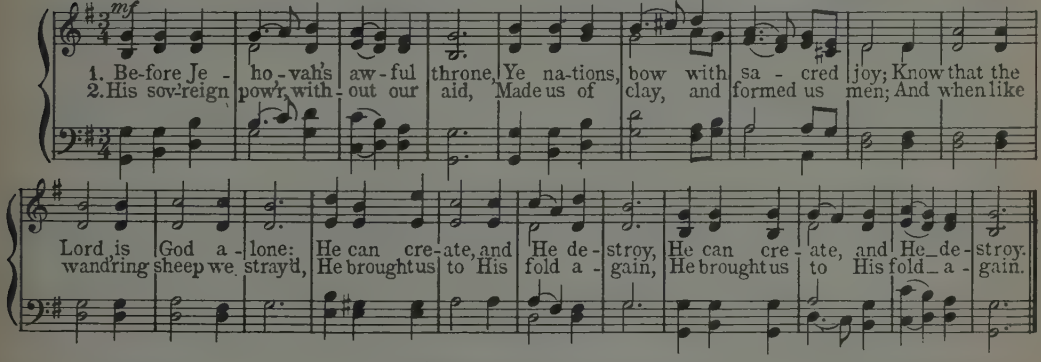
S.M. SAYLES




Moderato

## Before Jehovah's Awful Throne

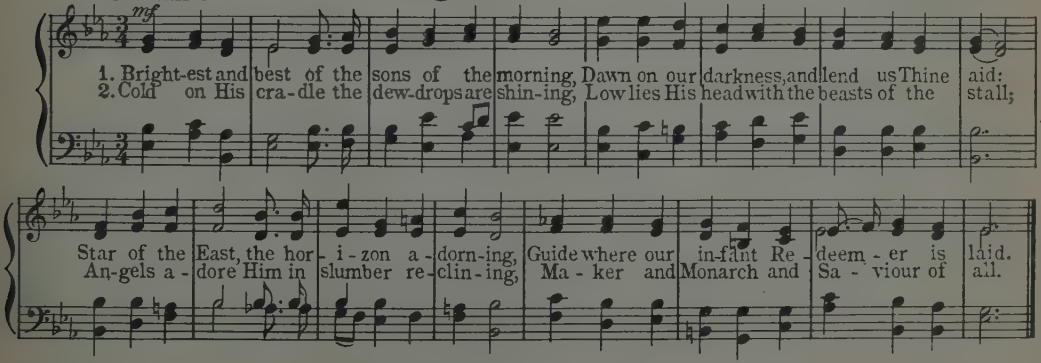
FREDERICK M.A.VENUA


mf
1. Be-fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na-tions, bow with sa - cred joy; Know that the
2. His sov'reign pow'r, with - out our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men; And when like
Lord is God a - lone:
wand'ring sheep we strayed,
He can cre-ate, and He de-stroy,
He brought us to His fold a - gain,
He can cre - ate, and He de-stroy.
He brought us to His fold a - gain.

Andante

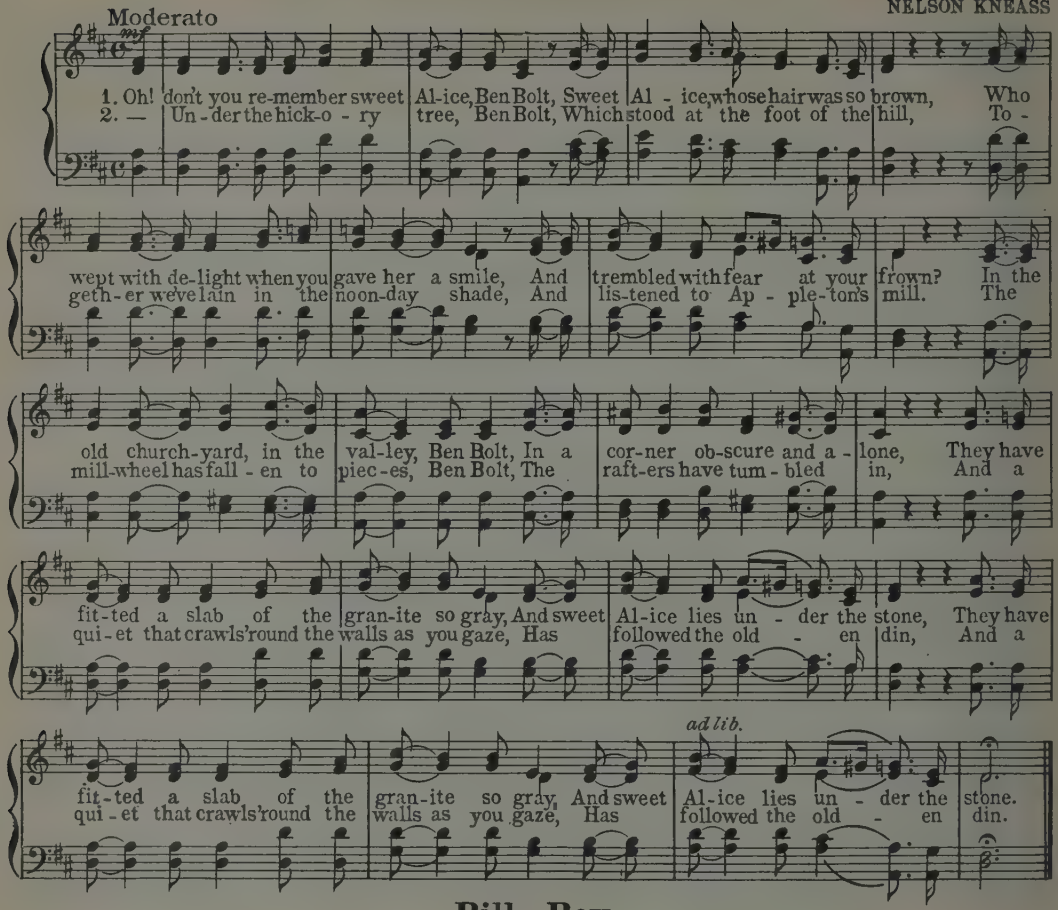
## Brightest And Best

SAMUEL WEBBE

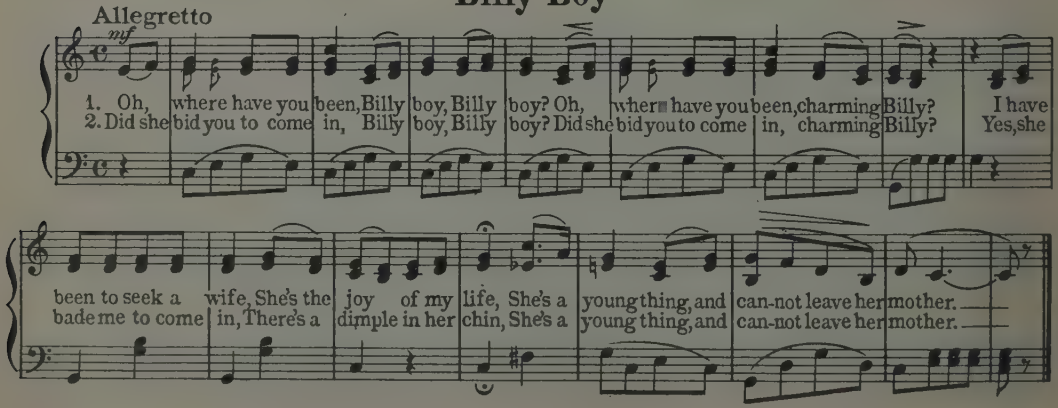

mf
1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid:
2. Cold on His cra-dle the dew-drops are shin-ing, Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Star of the
An-gels a -
East, the hor - i - zon a - dorn-ing,
dore Him in slumber re-clin-ing,
Guide where our in-fant Re - deem - er is laid.
Ma - ker and Monarch and Sa - viour of all.

# Ben Bolt

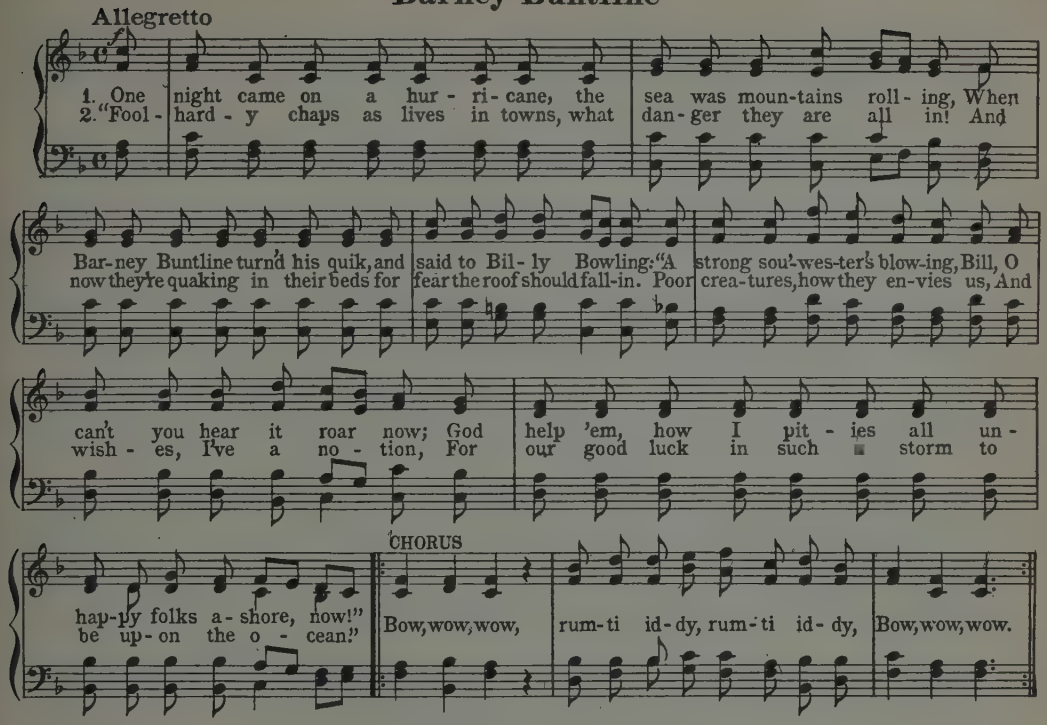
NELSON KNEASS


Moderato
mf
1. Oh! don't you re-member sweet Al-ice, Ben Bolt, Sweet Al - ice, whose hair was so brown, Who
2. — Un - der the hick-o - ry tree, Ben Bolt, Which stood at the foot of the hill, To -
wept with de-light when you gave her a smile, And trembled with fear at your frown? In the
geth-er we've lain in the noon-day shade, And lis-tened to Ap - ple-ton's mill. The
old church-yard, in the val-ley, Ben Bolt, In a cor-ner ob-scure and a - lone, They have
mill-wheel has fall - en to piec-es, Ben Bolt, The raft-ers have tum - bled in, And a
fit-ted a slab of the gran-ite so gray, And sweet Al-ice lies un - der the stone, They have
qui-et that crawls 'round the walls as you gaze, Has followed the old - en din, And a
ad lib.
fit-ted a slab of the gran-ite so gray, And sweet Al-ice lies un - der the stone.
qui-et that crawls 'round the walls as you gaze, Has followed the old - en din.

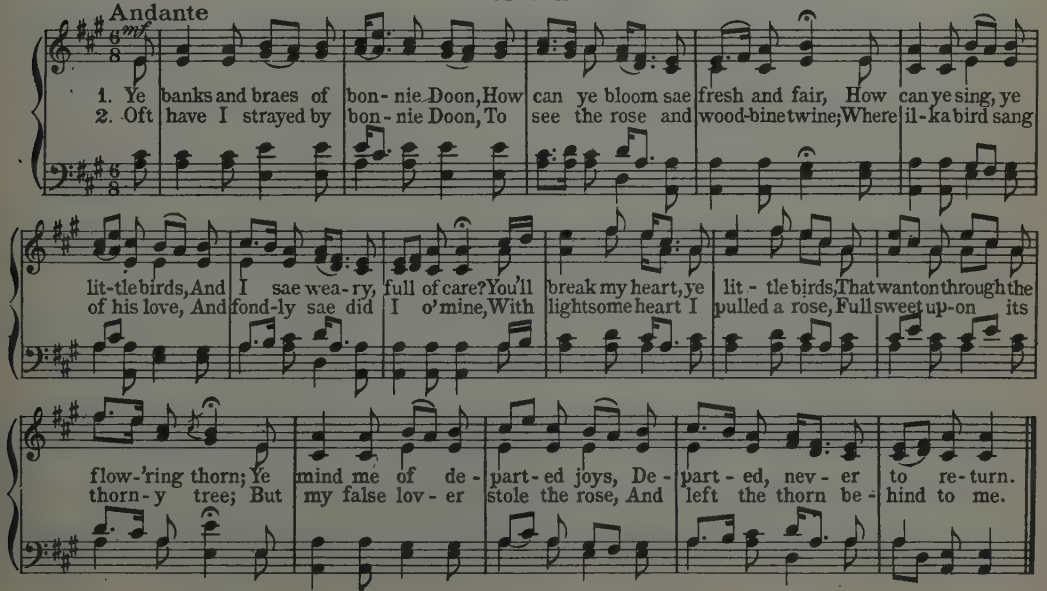
# Billy Boy


Allegretto
mf
1. Oh, where have you been, Billy boy, Billy boy? Oh, where have you been, charming Billy? I have
2. Did she bid you to come in, Billy boy, Billy boy? Did she bid you to come in, charming Billy? Yes, she
been to seek a wife, She's the joy of my life, She's a young thing, and can-not leave her mother.
bade me to come in, There's a dimple in her chin, She's a young thing, and can-not leave her mother.

## Barney Buntline


Allegretto
1. One night came on a hur - ri - cane, the sea was moun-tains roll - ing, When
2. "Fool - hard - y chaps as lives in towns, what dan - ger they are all in! And
Bar-ney Buntline turn'd his quik, and said to Bil - ly Bowling: "A strong sou'-wes-ter's blow-ing, Bill, O
now they're quaking in their beds for fear the roof should fall-in. Poor crea-tures, how they en-vies us, And
can't you hear it roar now; God help 'em, how I pit - ies all un -
wish - es, I've a no - tion, For our good luck in such a storm to
hap-py folks a - shore, now!"
be up - on the o - cean!"
CHORUS
Bow, wow, wow, rum-ti id-dy, rum-ti id - dy, Bow, wow, wow.

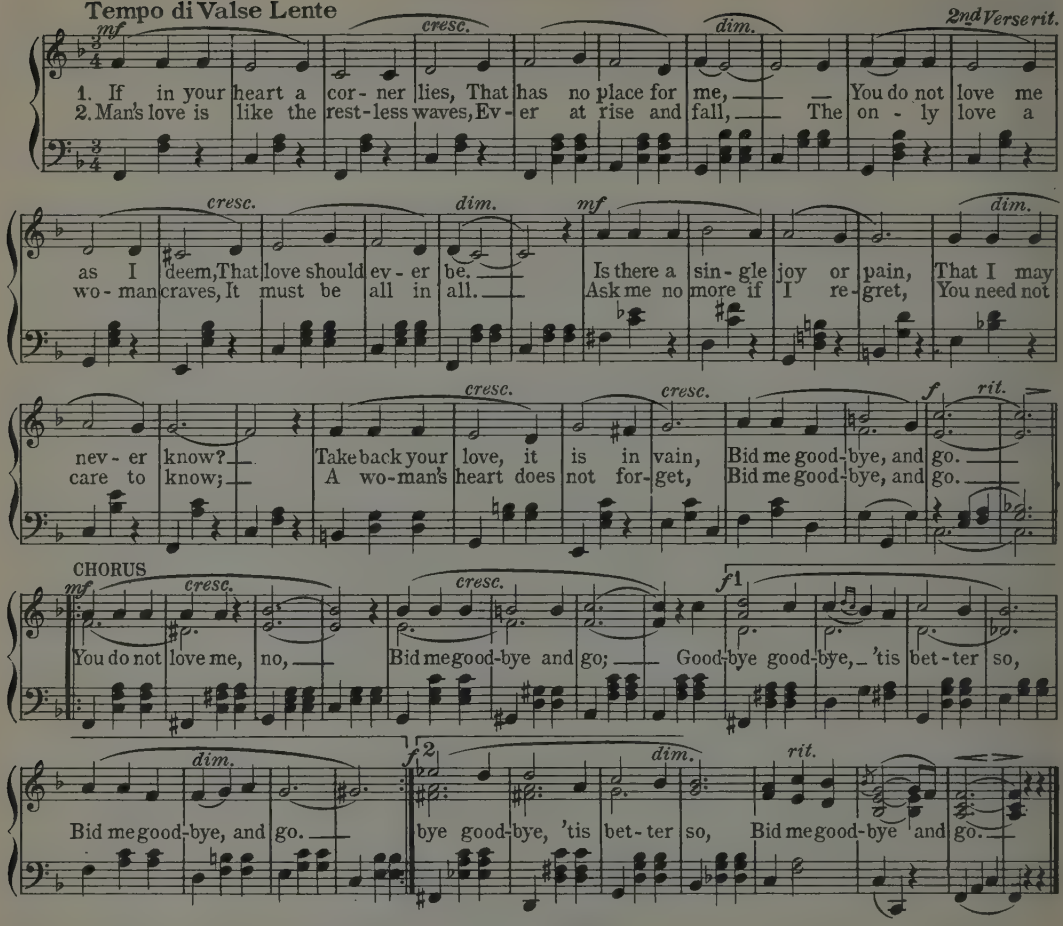
## Bonnie Doon


Andante
mf
1. Ye banks and braes of bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair, How can ye sing, ye
2. Oft have I strayed by bon - nie Doon, To see the rose and wood-bine twine; Where il-ka bird sang
lit-tle birds, And I sae wea-ry, full of care? You'll break my heart, ye lit - tle birds, That wanton through the
of his love, And fond-ly sae did I o'mine, With lightsome heart I pulled a rose, Full sweet up-on its
flow-'ring thorn; Ye mind me of de - part-ed joys, De - part - ed, nev - er to re-turn.
thorn-y tree; But my false lov - er stole the rose, And left the thorn be - hind to me.

# Bid Me Good-bye

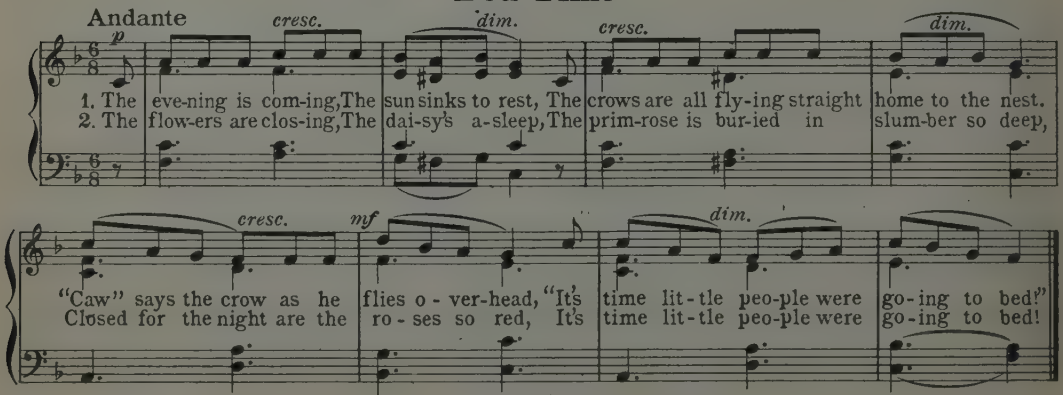
F. PAOLO TOSTI

Tempo di Valse Lente


mf
cresc.
dim.
2nd Verse rit.
1. If in your heart a cor- ner lies, That has no place for me, You do not love me
2. Man's love is like the rest-less waves, Ev- er at rise and fall, The on - ly love a
as I deem, That love should ev- er be. Is there a sin- gle joy or pain, That I may
wo- man craves, It must be all in all. Ask me no more if I re- gret, You need not
nev- er know? Take back your love, it is in vain, Bid me good- bye, and go.
care to know; A wo-man's heart does not for- get, Bid me good- bye, and go.
f
rit.
CHORUS
You do not love me, no, Bid me good-bye and go; Good-bye good-bye, 'tis bet- ter so,
Bid me good- bye, and go. bye good- bye, 'tis bet- ter so, Bid me good- bye and go.

# Bed-Time

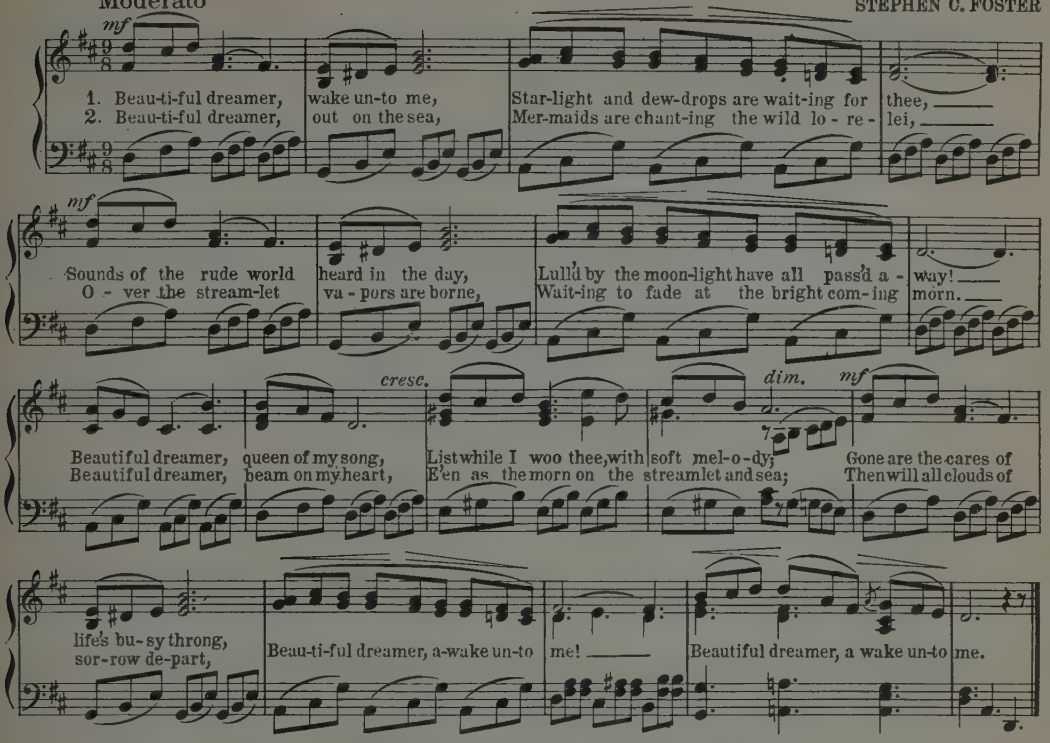
Andante


p
cresc.
dim.
1. The eve-ning is com-ing, The sun sinks to rest, The crows are all fly-ing straight home to the nest.
2. The flow-ers are clos-ing, The dai-sy's a-sleep, The prim-rose is bur-ied in slum-ber so deep,
mf
"Caw" says the crow as he flies o - ver-head, "It's time lit-tle peo-ple were go-ing to bed!"
Closed for the night are the ro - ses so red, It's time lit-tle peo-ple were go-ing to bed!

# Beautiful Dreamer

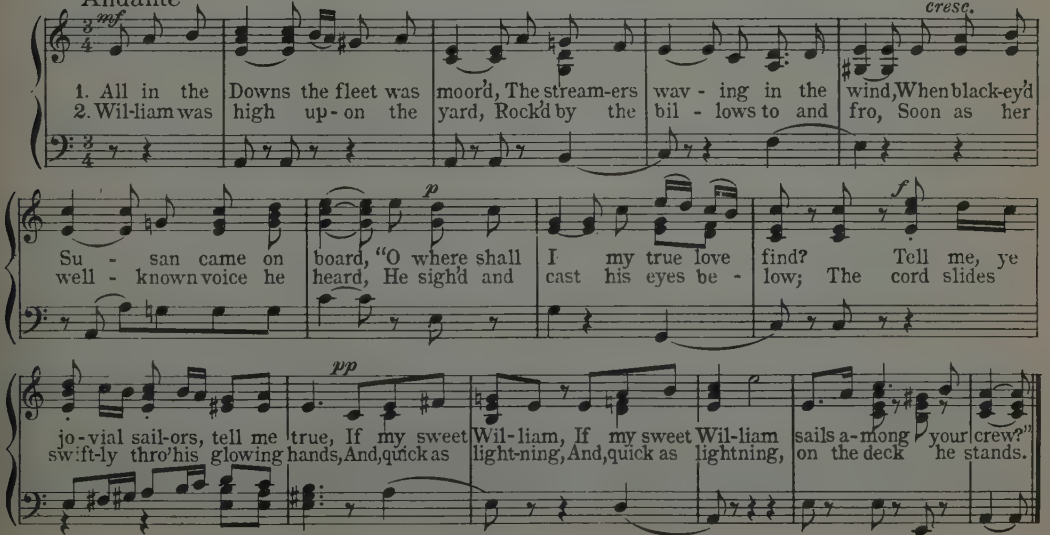
Moderato

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

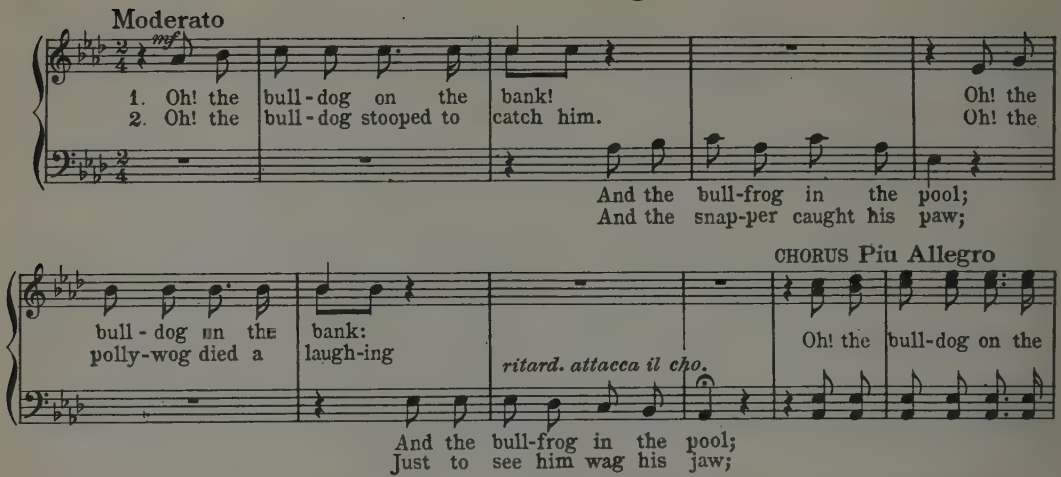

mf
1. Beau-ti-ful dreamer, wake un-to me, Star-light and dew-drops are wait-ing for thee,
2. Beau-ti-ful dreamer, out on the sea, Mer-maids are chant-ing the wild lo - re - lei,
mf
Sounds of the rude world heard in the day, Lull'd by the moon-light have all pass'd a - way!
O - ver the stream-let va - pors are borne, Wait-ing to fade at the bright com-ing morn.
cresc.
dim.
mf
Beautiful dreamer, queen of my song, List while I woo thee, with soft mel-o-dy; Gone are the cares of
Beautiful dreamer, beam on my heart, E'en as the morn on the streamlet and sea; Then will all clouds of
life's bu-sy throng, sor-row de-part, Beau-ti-ful dreamer, a-wake un-to me! Beautiful dreamer, a wake un-to me.

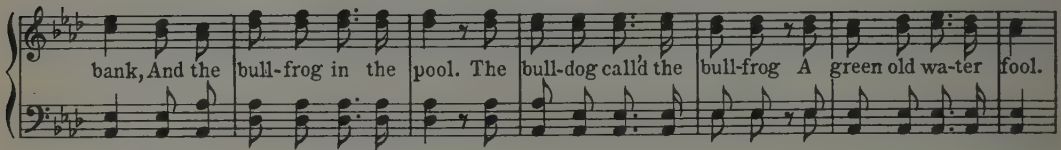
# Black-Eyed Susan

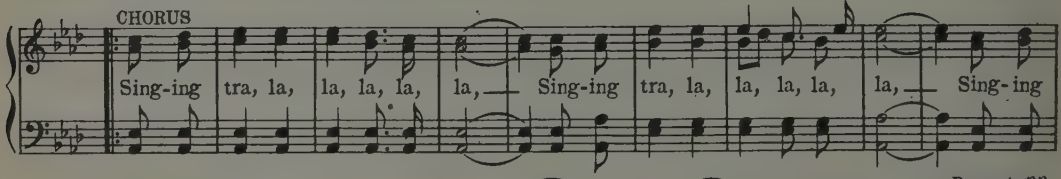
Andante

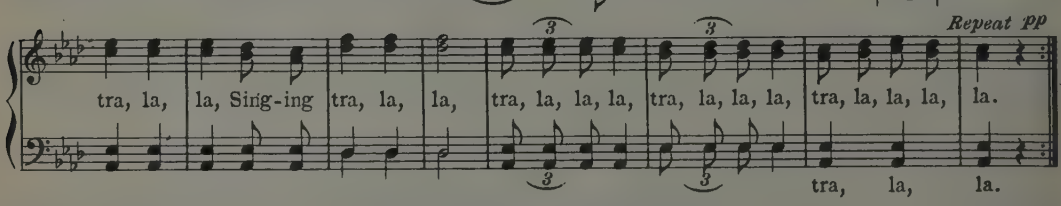

mf
cresc.
1. All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd, The stream-ers wav - ing in the wind, When black-ey'd
2. Wil-liam was high up - on the yard, Rock'd by the bil - lows to and fro, Soon as her
p
f
Su - san came on board, "O where shall I my true love find? Tell me, ye
well - known voice he heard, He sigh'd and cast his eyes be - low; The cord slides
pp
jo-vial sail-ors, tell me true, If my sweet Wil-liam, If my sweet Wil-liam sails a-mong your crew?"
swift-ly thro' his glowing hands, And, quick as light-ning, And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

# The Bull-Dog

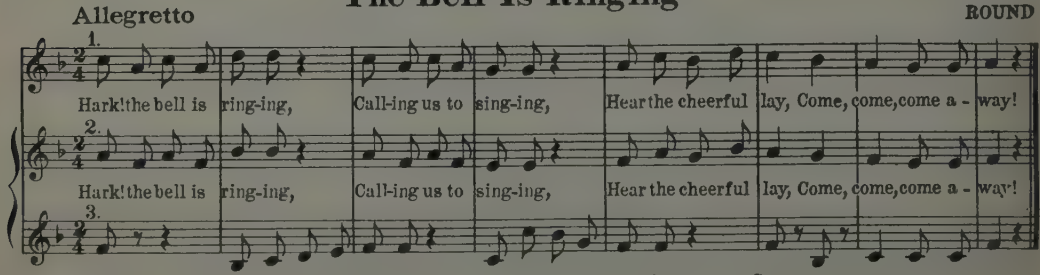

Moderato
mf
1. Oh! the bull-dog on the bank!
2. Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him.
Oh! the
Oh! the
And the bull-frog in the pool;
And the snap-per caught his paw;
CHORUS Piu Allegro
bull-dog on the bank:
polly-wog died a laugh-ing
ritard. attacca il cho.
Oh! the bull-dog on the
And the bull-frog in the pool;
Just to see him wag his jaw;



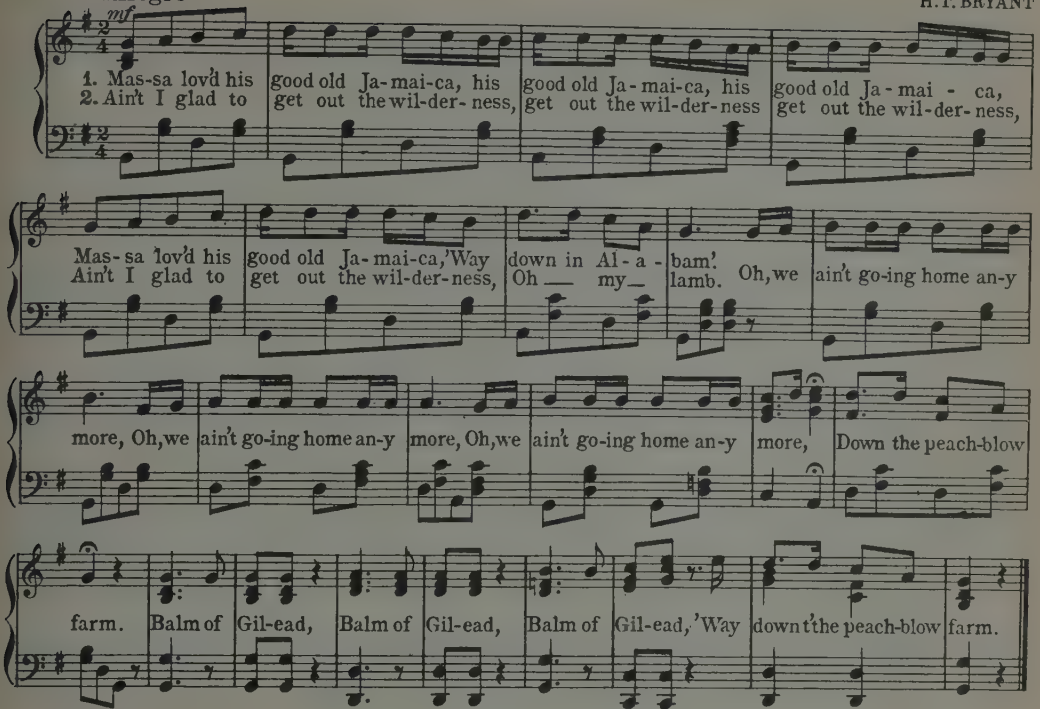

# The Bell Is Ringing


Allegretto
ROUND
1.
Hark! the bell is ring-ing, Call-ing us to sing-ing, Hear the cheerful lay, Come, come, come a - way!
2.
Hark! the bell is ring-ing, Call-ing us to sing-ing, Hear the cheerful lay, Come, come, come a - way!
3.
Hark! hark! the bell is ring-ing, Call-ing us to sing-ing, Come, come, come, come a - way!

# Balm Of Gilead

Allegro

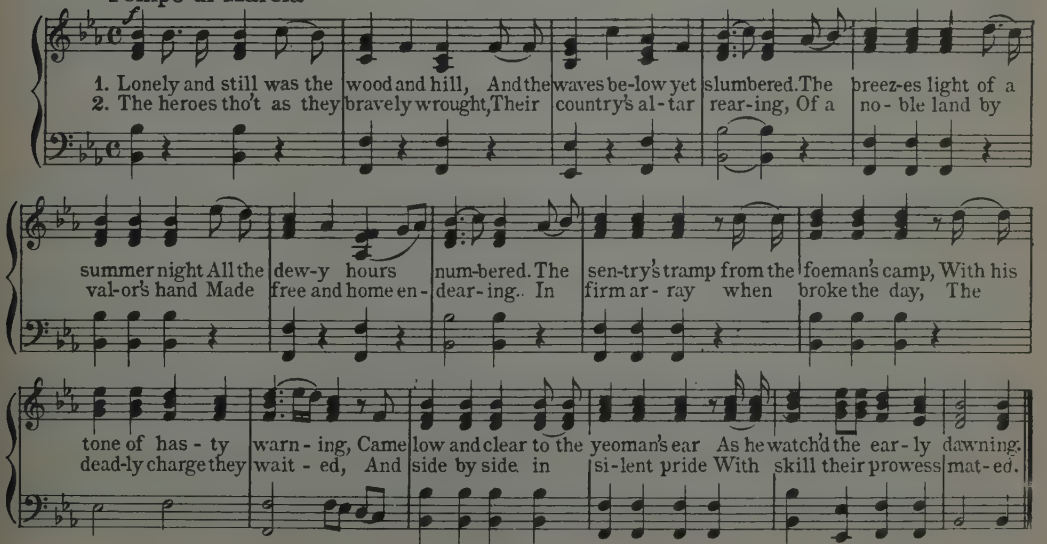
H.T. BRYANT


mf
1. Mas-sa lov'd his good old Ja-mai-ca, his good old Ja-mai-ca, his good old Ja-mai - ca,
2. Ain't I glad to get out the wil-der-ness, get out the wil-der-ness get out the wil-der-ness,
Mas-sa lov'd his good old Ja-mai-ca,'Way down in Al-a - bam'
Ain't I glad to get out the wil-der-ness, Oh — my— lamb. Oh,we ain't go-ing home an-y
more, Oh,we ain't go-ing home an-y more, Oh,we ain't go-ing home an-y more, Down the peach-blow
farm. Balm of Gil-ead, Balm of Gil-ead, Balm of Gil-ead,'Way down t'the peach-blow farm.

# Bunker Hill

Tempo di Marcia

HENRY L. TUCKERMAN


1. Lonely and still was the wood and hill, And the waves be-low yet slumbered. The breez-es light of a
2. The heroes tho't as they bravely wrought,Their country's al-tar rear-ing, Of a no - ble land by
summer night All the dew-y hours num-bered. The sen-try's tramp from the foeman's camp, With his
val-or's hand Made free and home en- dear-ing. In firm ar - ray when broke the day, The
tone of has - ty warn - ing, Came low and clear to the yeoman's ear As he watch'd the ear - ly dawning.
dead-ly charge they wait - ed, And side by side in si-lent pride With skill their prowess mat-ed.

# The Brave Old Oak

Maestoso

H. F. CHORLEY

1. A song for the oak, the brave old oak, Who hath ruled in the green-wood long, Here's
2. He saw the rare times, when the Christmas chimes Were a mer - ry sound to hear, And the

health and re-nown to his broad green crown, And his fif-ty arms so strong. There is fear in his frown when the
squire's wide hall, and the cot - tage small, Were full of Christmas cheer. And all the day to the

sun goes down, And the fire, in the west fades out; And he show-eth his might on a
re - beck gay, They carol'd with glad-some swains. They are gone, they are dead, in the

wild mid-night, When the storms through his branches shout. Then sing to the oak, the brave old oak, Who hath
church-yard laid, But the brave tree, he still re - mains.

stood in his pride so long; And still flour-ish he, a hale green tree, When a hun-dred years are gone.

# Buttercups And Daisies

Allegretto

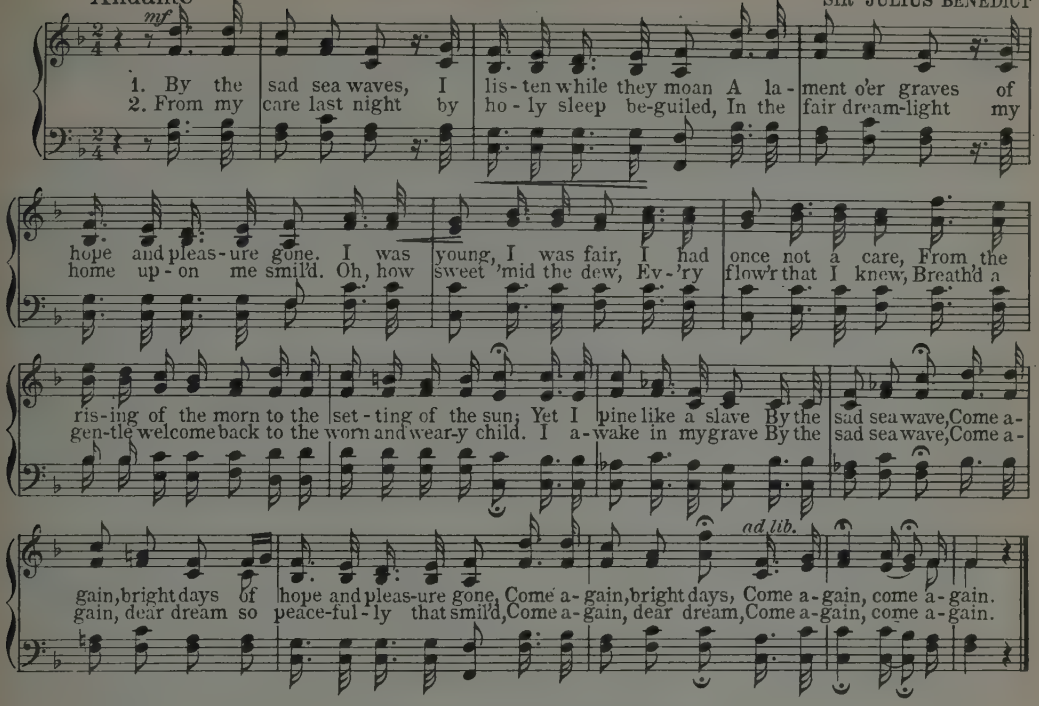
1. But-ter-cups and dai-sies Oh, the pret-ty flowers, Com-ing ere the spring-time, To tell of sun-ny hours!
2. Ere the snowdrop peep-eth Or the cro-cus bold, Ere the ear-ly prim-rose Opes its bud of gold

While the trees are leaf - less, While the fields are bare, But - ter - cups and dai - sies Spring up here and there.
Somewhere on the sun-ny bank But - ter cups are bright, Somewhere in the frozen grass Peeps the dai - sy white.

## By The Sad Sea Waves

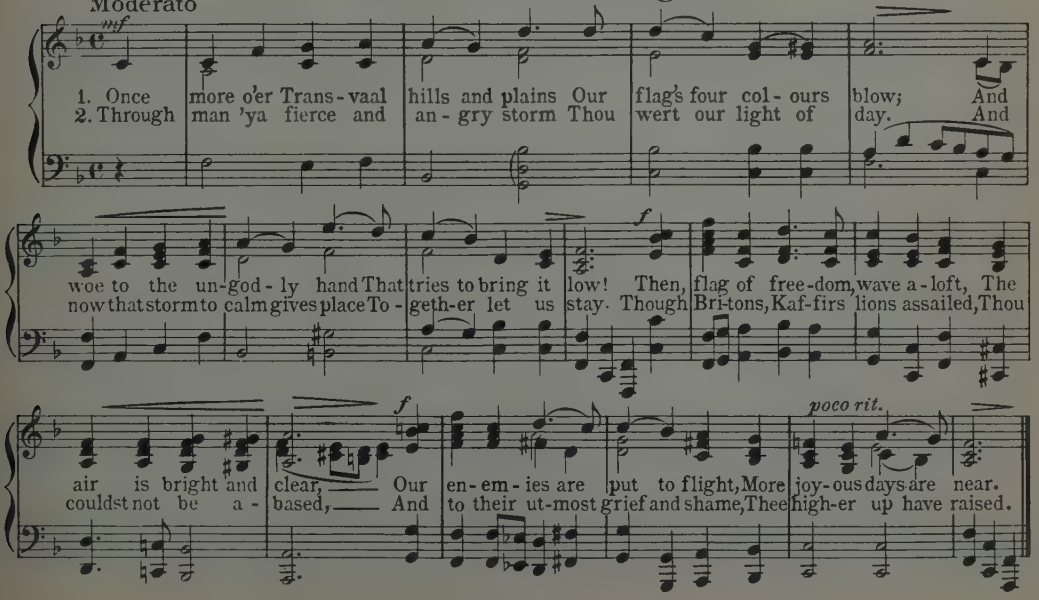
SIR JULIUS BENEDICT

Andante


mf
1. By the sad sea waves, I lis-ten while they moan A la-ment o'er graves of
2. From my care last night by ho-ly sleep be-guiled, In the fair dream-light my
hope and pleas-ure gone. I was young, I was fair, I had once not a care, From the
home up-on me smil'd. Oh, how sweet 'mid the dew, Ev-'ry flow'r that I knew, Breath'd a
ris-ing of the morn to the set-ting of the sun; Yet I pine like a slave By the sad sea wave, Come a-
gen-tle welcome back to the worn and wear-y child. I a-wake in my grave By the sad sea wave, Come a-
ad lib.
gain, bright days of hope and pleas-ure gone, Come a-gain, bright days, Come a-gain, come a-gain.
gain, dear dream so peace-ful-ly that smil'd, Come a-gain, dear dream, Come a-gain, come a-gain.

## Boer National Song

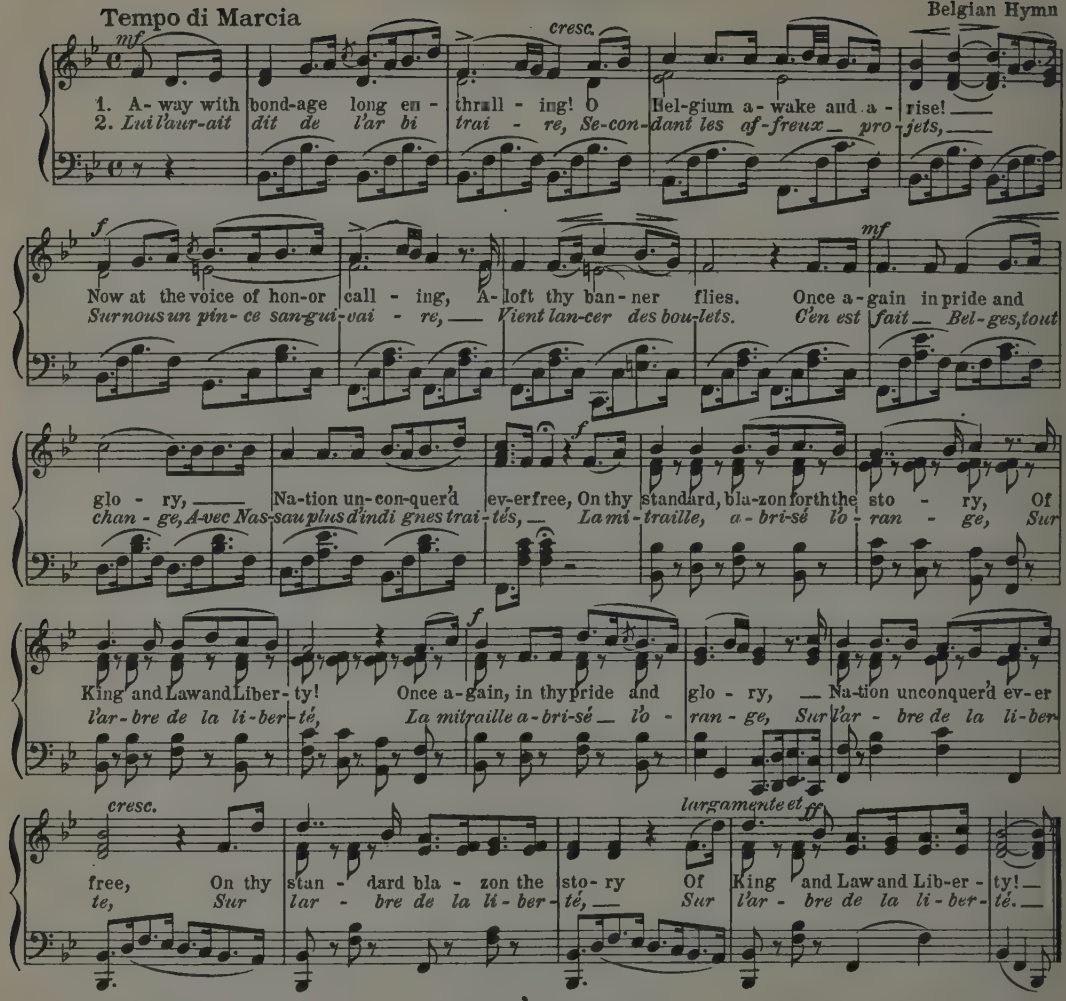
Moderato


mf
1. Once more o'er Trans-vaal hills and plains Our flag's four col-ours blow; And
2. Through man 'ya fierce and an-gry storm Thou wert our light of day. And
woe to the un-god-ly hand That tries to bring it low! Then, flag of free-dom, wave a-loft, The
now that storm to calm gives place To-geth-er let us stay. Though Bri-tons, Kaf-firs lions assailed, Thou
f
air is bright and clear, Our en-em-ies are put to flight, More joy-ous days are near.
couldst not be a-based, And to their ut-most grief and shame, Thee high-er up have raised.
poco rit.

# La Brabançonne

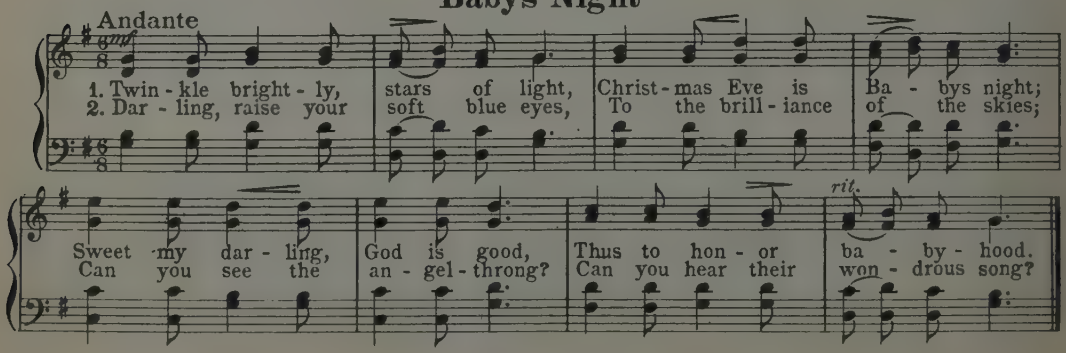
Tempo di Marcia

Belgian Hymn

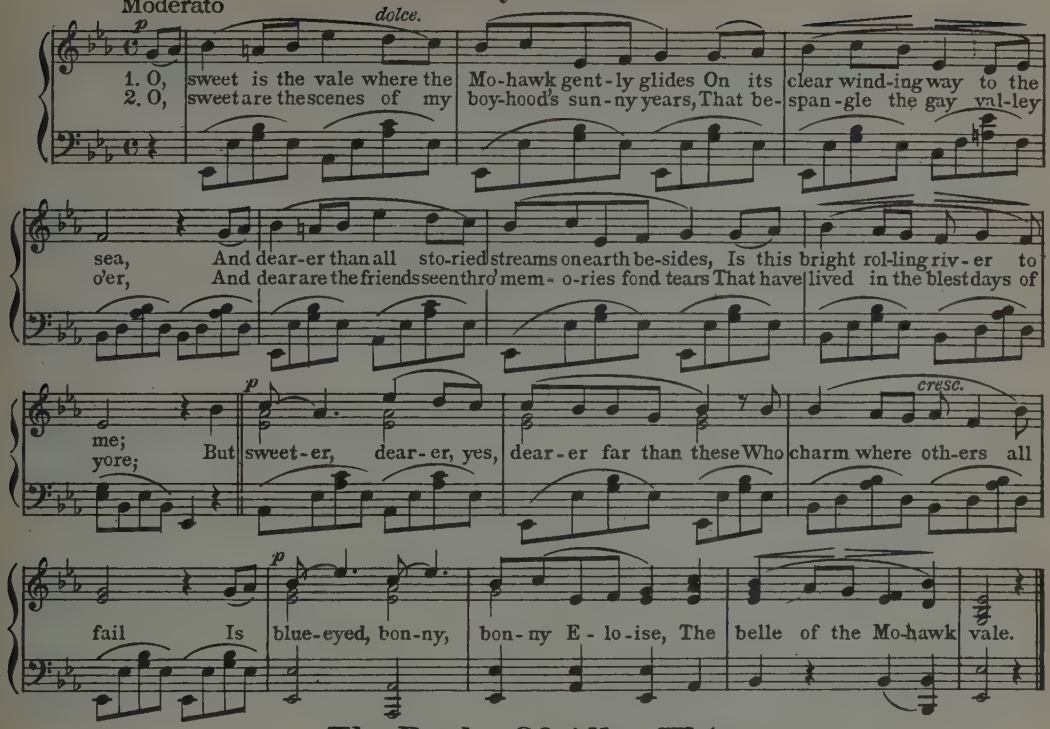

mf
cresc.
1. A- way with bond-age long en - thrall - ing! O Bel-gium a - wake and a - rise!
2. Lui l'aur-ait dit de l'ar bi trai - re, Se-con-dant les af-freux pro - jets,
f
mf
Now at the voice of hon-or call - ing, A-loft thy ban-ner flies. Once a-gain in pride and
Sur nous un pin- ce san-gui- vai - re, Vient lan-cer des bou-lets. C'en est fait Bel-ges, tout
f
f
glo - ry, Na-tion un-con-quer'd ev-er free, On thy standard, bla-zon forth the sto - ry, Of
chan - ge, A-vec Nas-sau plus d'indi gnes trai-tés, La mi-traille, a-bri-sé l'o-ran - ge, Sur
f
King and Law and Liber - ty! Once a-gain, in thy pride and glo - ry, Na-tion unconquer'd ev-er
l'ar-bre de la li-ber-té, La mitraille a-bri-sé l'o - ran - ge, Sur l'ar - bre de la li-ber
cresc.
largamente et ff
free, On thy stan - dard bla - zon the sto- ry Of King and Law and Lib-er - ty!
té, Sur lar - bre de la li-ber-té, Sur l'ar - bre de la li-ber-té.

# Baby's Night

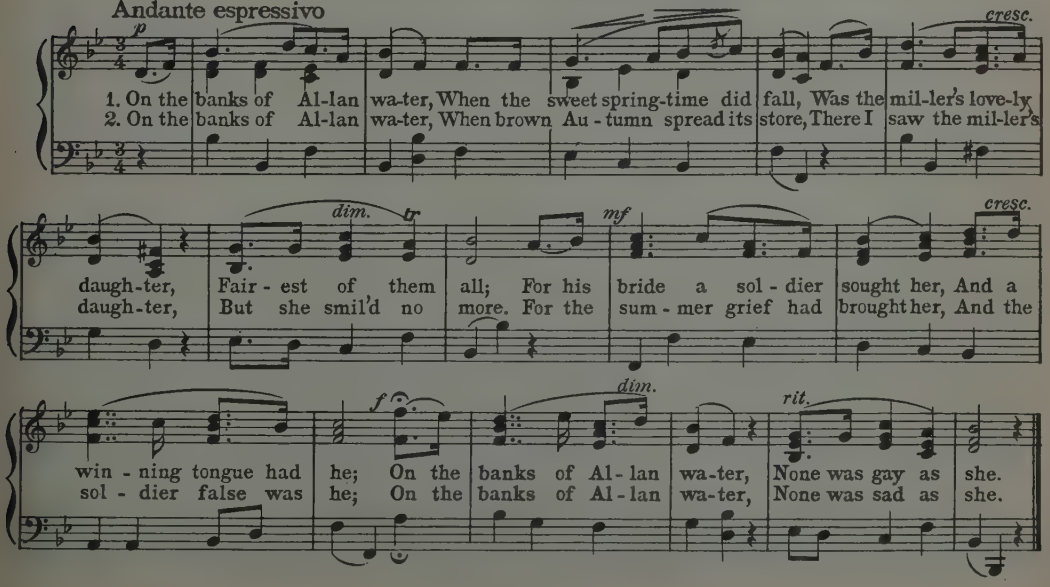
Andante


mf
1. Twin - kle bright - ly, stars of light, Christ-mas Eve is Ba - bys night;
2. Dar - ling, raise your soft blue eyes, To the brill - iance of the skies;
rit.
Sweet my dar - ling, God is good, Thus to hon - or ba - by - hood.
Can you see the an - gel - throng? Can you hear their won - drous song?

## Bonny Eloise


Moderato
dolce.
1. O, sweet is the vale where the Mo-hawk gent-ly glides On its clear wind-ing way to the
2. O, sweet are the scenes of my boy-hood's sun-ny years, That be-span-gle the gay val-ley
sea, And dear-er than all sto-ried streams on earth be-sides, Is this bright rol-ling riv-er to
o'er, And dear are the friends seen thro' mem-o-ries fond tears That have lived in the blest days of
me; But sweet-er, dear-er, yes, dear-er far than these Who charm where oth-ers all
yore;
cresc.
fail Is blue-eyed, bon-ny, bon-ny E-lo-ise, The belle of the Mo-hawk vale.

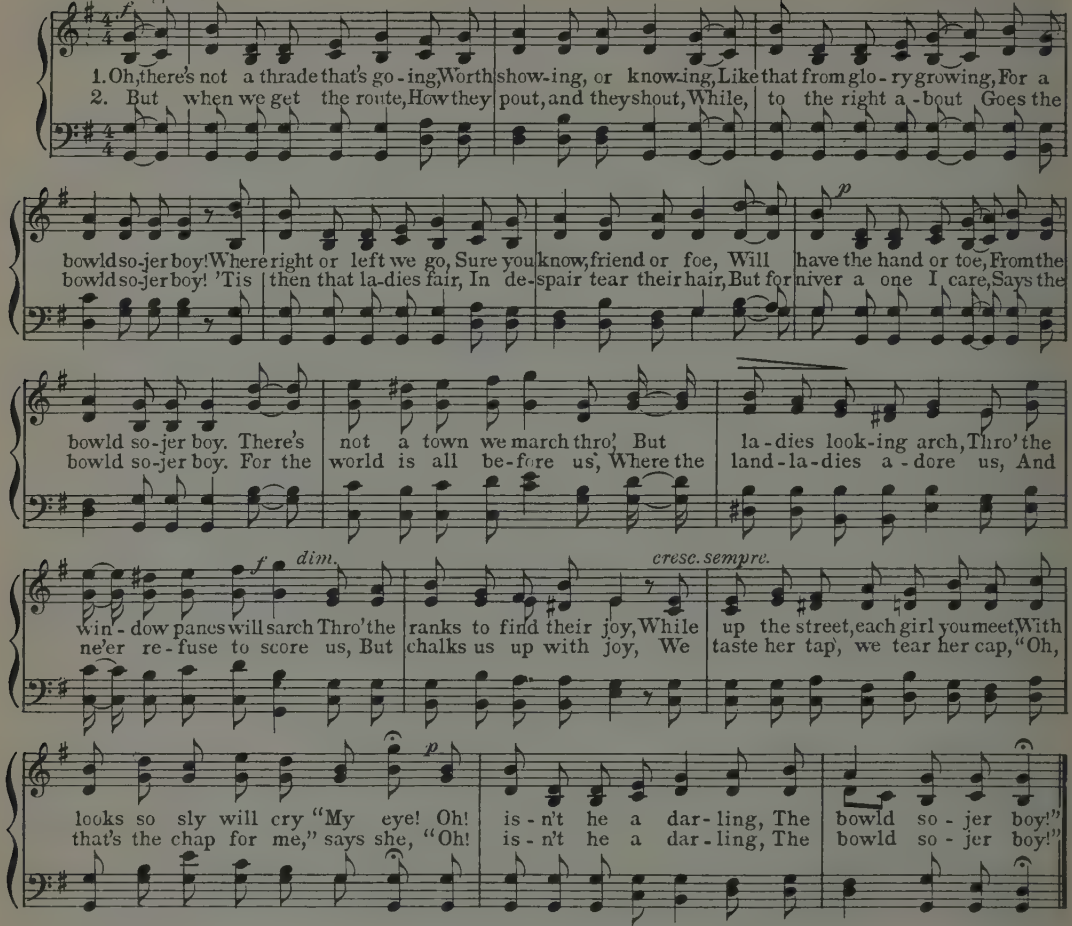
## The Banks Of Allan Water


Andante espressivo
cresc.
1. On the banks of Al-lan wa-ter, When the sweet spring-time did fall, Was the mil-ler's love-ly
2. On the banks of Al-lan wa-ter, When brown Au-tumn spread its store, There I saw the mil-ler's
dim.
tr
mf
cresc.
daugh-ter, Fair-est of them all; For his bride a sol-dier sought her, And a
daugh-ter, But she smil'd no more. For the sum-mer grief had brought her, And the
f
dim.
rit.
win-ning tongue had he; On the banks of Al-lan wa-ter, None was gay as she.
sol-dier false was he; On the banks of Al-lan wa-ter, None was sad as she.

# The Bowld Sojer Boy

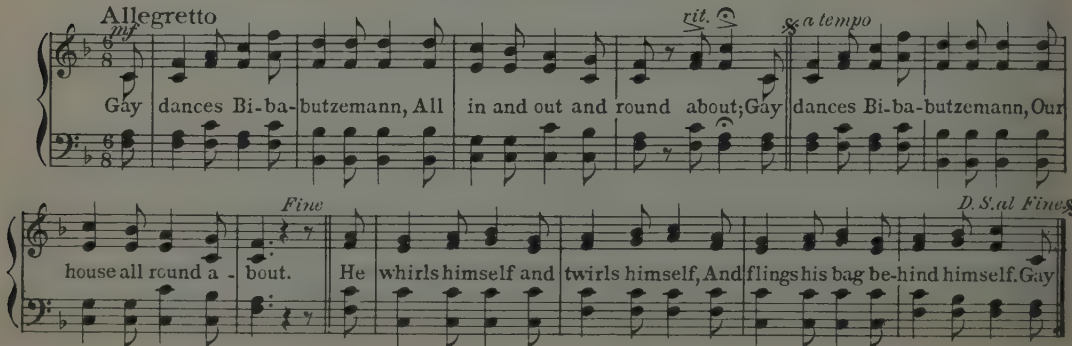
Allegretto

SAMUEL LOVER


1. Oh, there's not a thrade that's go - ing, Worth show - ing, or know - ing, Like that from glo - ry growing, For a
2. But when we get the route, How they pout, and they shout, While, to the right a - bout Goes the
bowld so - jer boy! Where right or left we go, Sure you know, friend or foe, Will have the hand or toe, From the
bowld so - jer boy! 'Tis then that la - dies fair, In de - spair tear their hair, But for niver a one I care, Says the
bowld so - jer boy. There's not a town we march thro', But la - dies look - ing arch, Thro' the
bowld so - jer boy. For the world is all be - fore us, Where the land - la - dies a - dore us, And
win - dow panes will sarch Thro' the ranks to find their joy, While up the street, each girl you meet, With
ne'er re - fuse to score us, But chalks us up with joy, We taste her tap, we tear her cap, "Oh,
looks so sly will cry "My eye! Oh! is - n't he a dar - ling, The bowld so - jer boy!"
that's the chap for me," says she, "Oh! is - n't he a dar - ling, The bowld so - jer boy!"

# Bibabutzemann

Allegretto


Gay dances Bi - ba - butzemann, All in and out and round about; Gay dances Bi - ba - butzemann, Our
house all round a - bout.
He whirls himself and twirls himself, And flings his bag be - hind himself. Gay

## Break, Break, Break

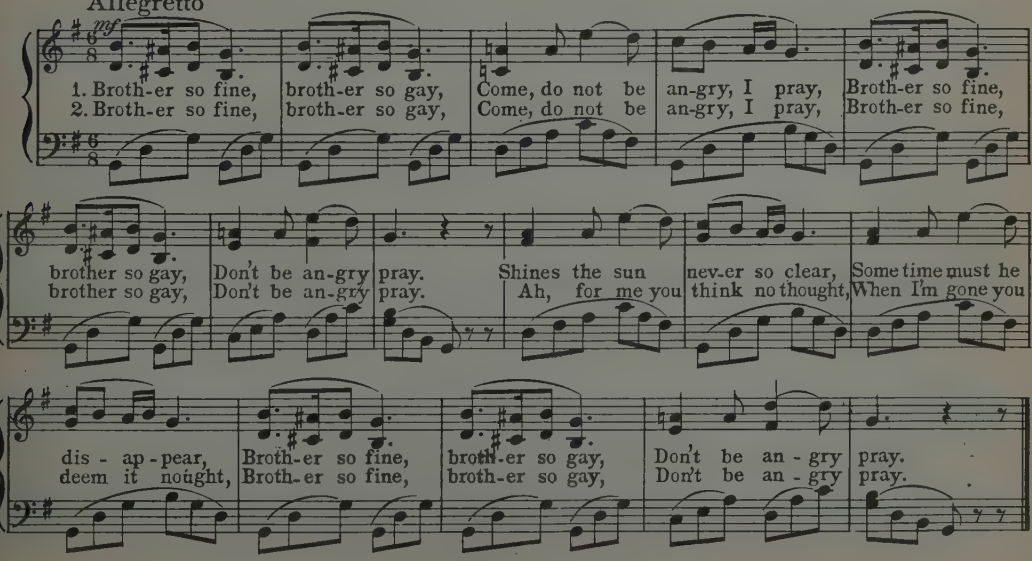
Maestoso

W. R. DEMPSTER

mf
1. Break, break, break, On thy cold gray stones, O Sea! And I would that my tongue could
2. Break, break, break, At the foot of thy crags, O Sea! But the ten - der grace of a day that
ut-ter The thoughts that a - rise in me. O well for the fish-er-man's boy, That he
is dear Will nev - er come back to me. And the state-ly ships go on To their
shouts with his sis-ter at play! O well for the sail - - or lad, That he
ha - ven un-der the hill: But O for the touch of a van-ish-ed hand, And the
sings in his boat on the bay! Break, break, break, On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
sound of a voice that is still! Break, break, break, At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!

## Brother So Fine

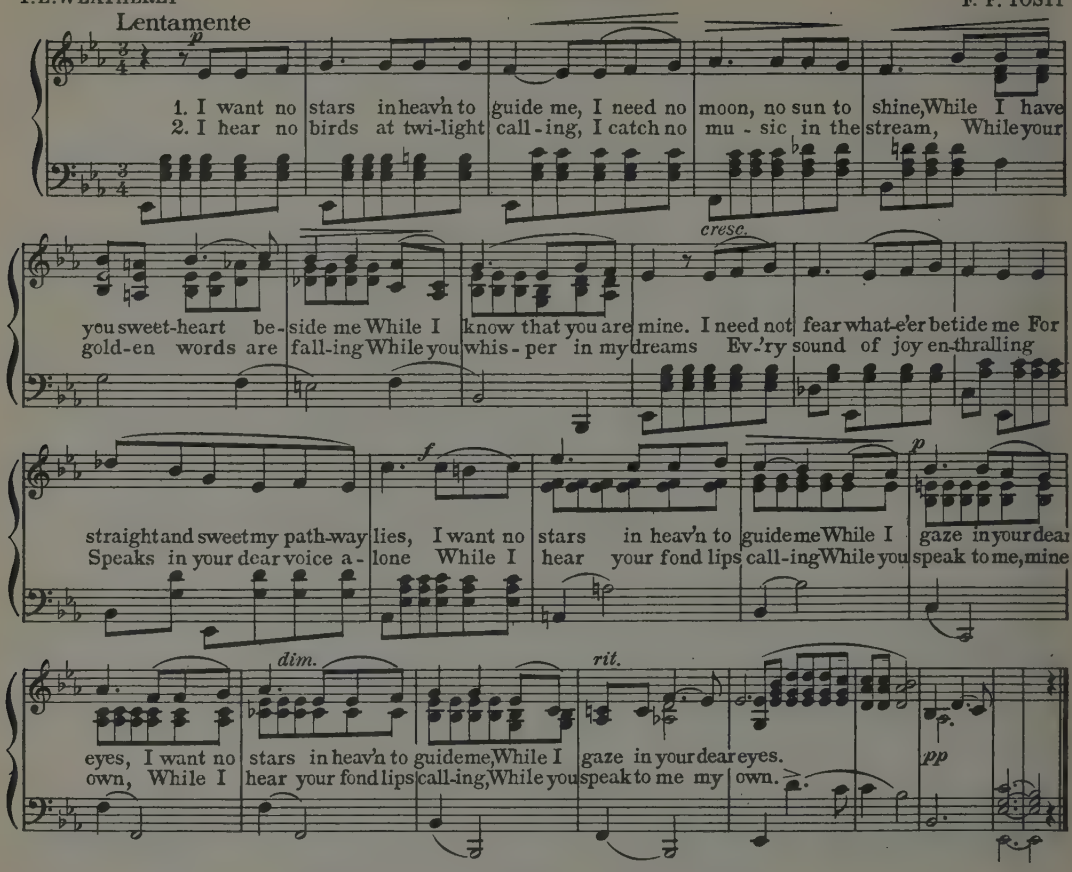
Allegretto


mf
1. Broth-er so fine, broth-er so gay, Come, do not be an-gry, I pray, Broth-er so fine,
2. Broth-er so fine, broth-er so gay, Come, do not be an-gry, I pray, Broth-er so fine,
brother so gay, Don't be an-gry pray. Shines the sun nev-er so clear, Some time must he
brother so gay, Don't be an-gry pray. Ah, for me you think no thought, When I'm gone you
dis - ap - pear, Broth-er so fine, broth-er so gay, Don't be an - gry pray.
deem it nought, Broth-er so fine, broth-er so gay, Don't be an - gry pray.

F.E.WEATHERLY

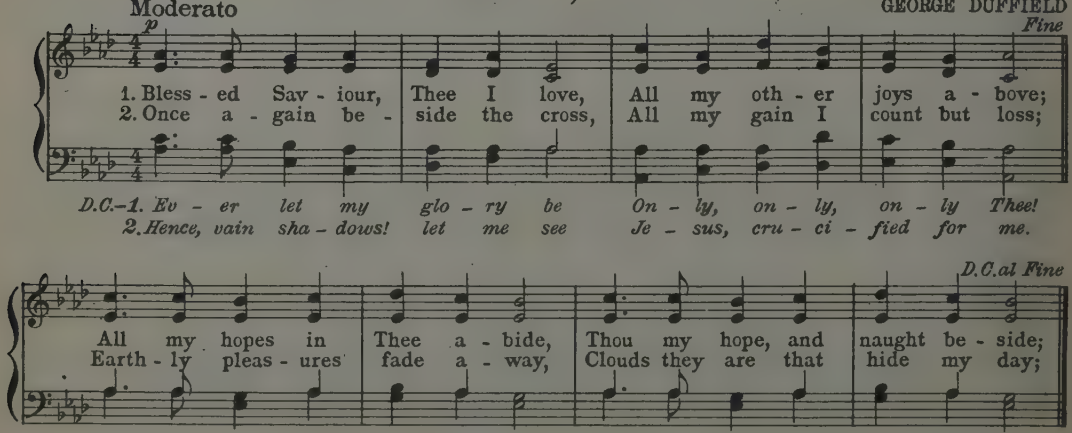
# Beauty's Eyes

F. P. TOSTI


Lentamente
p
1. I want no stars in heav'n to guide me, I need no moon, no sun to shine, While I have
2. I hear no birds at twi-light call-ing, I catch no mu-sic in the stream, While your
cresc.
you sweet-heart be-side me While I know that you are mine. I need not fear what-e'er be tide me For
gold-en words are fall-ing While you whis-per in my dreams Ev-'ry sound of joy en-thralling
straight and sweet my path-way lies, I want no stars in heav'n to guide me While I gaze in your dear
Speaks in your dear voice a-lone While I hear your fond lips call-ing While you speak to me, mine
f
p
dim.
rit.
eyes, I want no stars in heav'n to guide me, While I gaze in your dear eyes.
own, While I hear your fond lips call-ing, While you speak to me my own.
pp

# Blessed Saviour, Thee I Love

GEORGE DUFFIELD


Moderato
p
Fine
1. Bless-ed Sav-iour, Thee I love, All my oth-er joys a-bove;
2. Once a-gain be-side the cross, All my gain I count but loss;
D.C.—1. Ev-er let my glo-ry be On-ly, on-ly, on-ly Thee!
2. Hence, vain sha-dows! let me see Je-sus, cru-ci-fied for me.
D.C. al Fine
All my hopes in Thee a-bide, Thou my hope, and naught be-side;
Earth-ly pleas-ures fade a-way, Clouds they are that hide my day;

# Bonnie Dundee

Allegretto con spirito

*f*

1. To the Lords of Con-ven-tion 'twas Clav-er-hou-se spoke, "Ere the King's crown go down there are heads to be broke; Then
2. Dun - dee he is mounted, he rides up the street, The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat; But the

each Cav - a - - lier who loves hon-or and me, Let him fol - low the bon-nets o' bon-nie Dun-dee."
Pro-vost (douce man) said "Just e'en let it be, For the toun is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dun-dee."

CHORUS

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come sad-dle my hor-ses, and call out my men; Un-

hook the west port, and let us go free, For it's up wi' the bon-nets o' bon-nie Dun-dee."

# Brother, Tell Me Of The Battle

GEORGE F. ROOT

Moderato

*mf*

1. Brother, tell me of the bat-tle, How the sol-diers fought and fell; Tell me of the wea-ry
2. Brother, tell me of the bat-tle, For they said your life was o'er; They all told me you had

*Fine* *f* *cresc.*

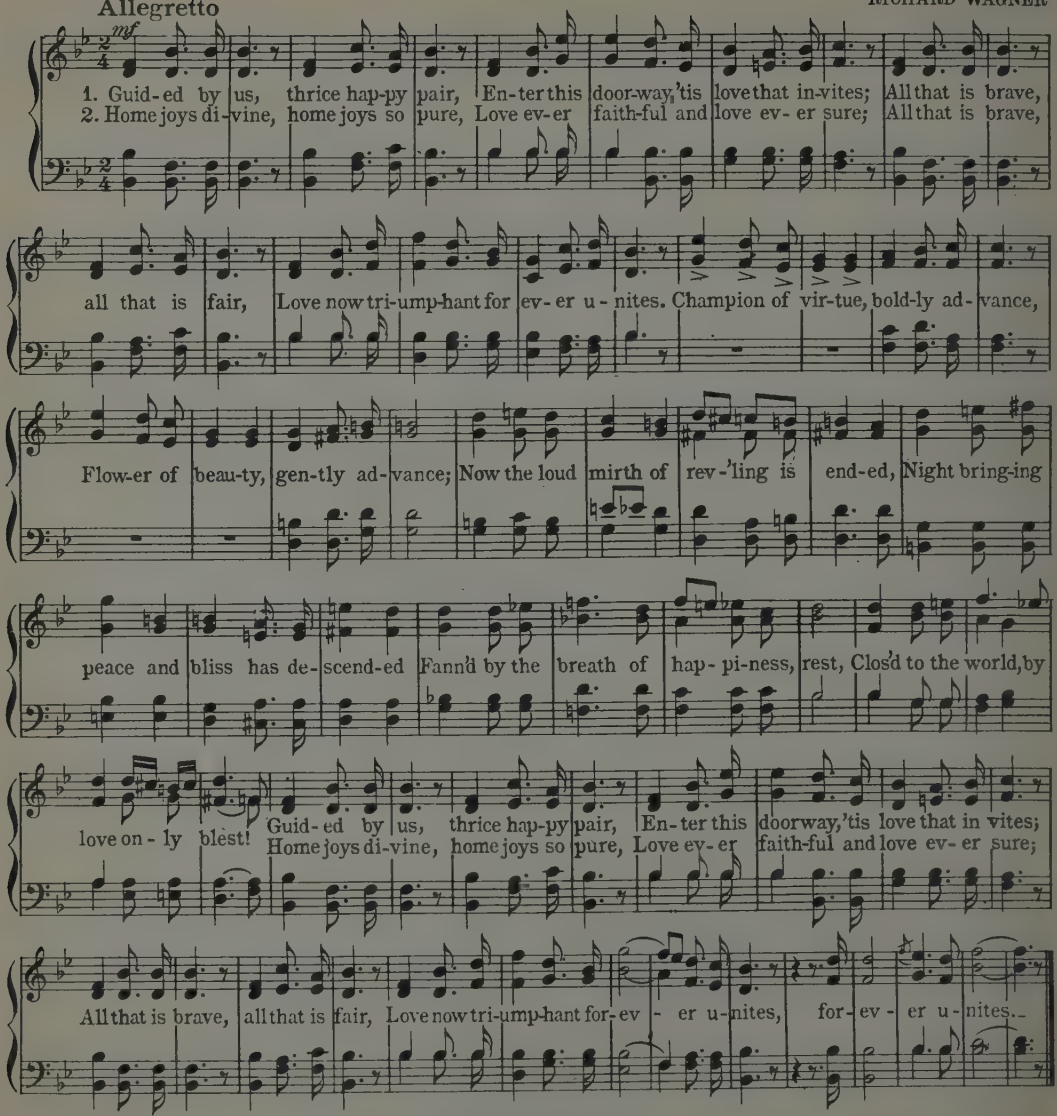
march-es, She who loves will lis-ten well. Broth-er, draw thee close be-side me, Lay your
fall - en, That I'd nev - er see you more. Oh, I've been so sad and lone-ly, Filled my

*dim.* *cresc.* *dim. et rit.* *D.C. al Fine*

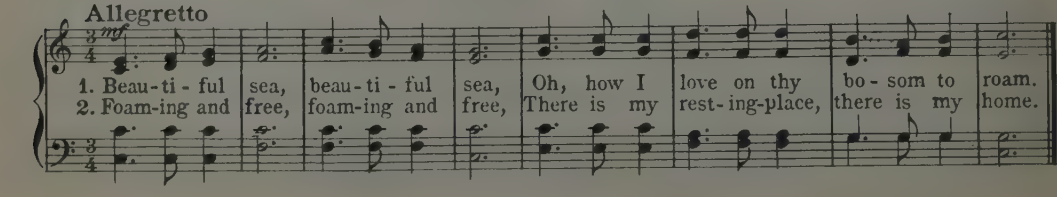
head up-on my breast, While you're tell - ing of the bat - tle, Let your fe - ver'd fore-head rest.
breast has been with pain, Since they said my dear-est broth-er I should nev - er see a - gain.

# Bridal Chorus

RICHARD WAGNER


Allegretto
mf
1. Guid-ed by us, thrice hap-py pair, En-ter this door-way, 'tis love that in-vites; All that is brave,
2. Home joys di-vine, home joys so pure, Love ev-er faith-ful and love ev-er sure; All that is brave,
all that is fair, Love now tri-umph-hant for ev-er u-nites. Champion of vir-tue, bold-ly ad-vance,
Flow-er of beau-ty, gen-tly ad-vance; Now the loud mirth of rev-'ling is end-ed, Night bring-ing
peace and bliss has de-scend-ed Fann'd by the breath of hap-pi-ness, rest, Clos'd to the world, by
love on-ly blest! Guid-ed by us, thrice hap-py pair, En-ter this door-way, 'tis love that in vites;
Home joys di-vine, home joys so pure, Love ev-er faith-ful and love ev-er sure;
All that is brave, all that is fair, Love now tri-umph-hant for-ev-er u-nites, for-ev-er u-nites.

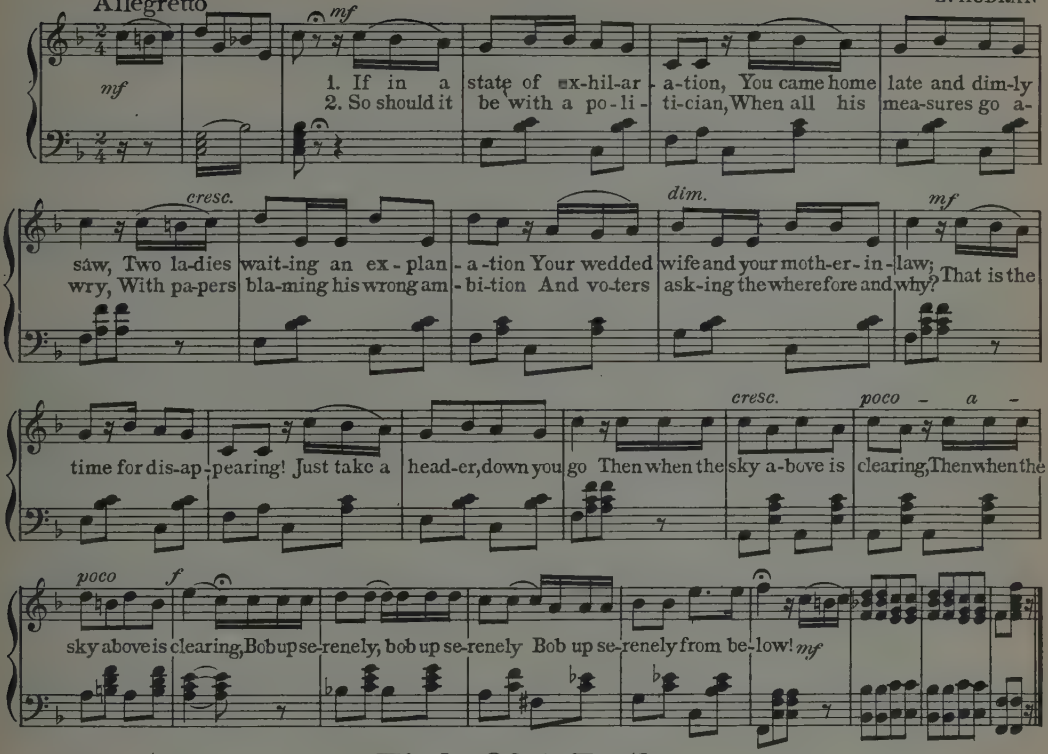
# Beautiful Sea


Allegretto
mf
1. Beau-ti-ful sea, beau-ti-ful sea, Oh, how I love on thy bo-som to roam.
2. Foam-ing and free, foam-ing and free, There is my rest-ing-place, there is my home.

## Bob Up Serenely

"Olivette"

E. AUDRAN

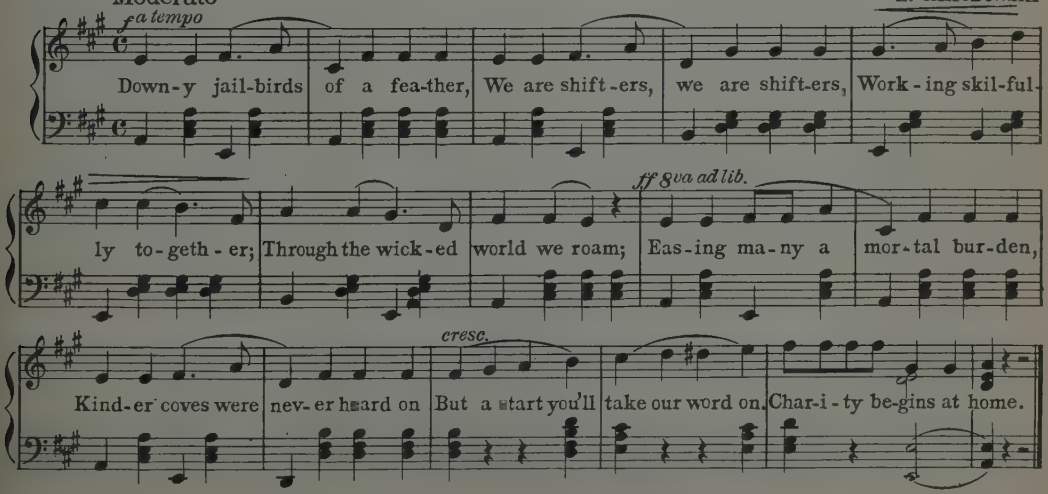

Allegretto
mf
1. If in a state of ex-hil-ar-a-tion, You came home late and dim-ly
2. So should it be with a po-li-ti-cian, When all his mea-sures go a-
cresc.
dim.
mf
saw, Two la-dies wait-ing an ex-plan-a-tion Your wedded wife and your moth-er-in-law;
wry, With pa-pers bla-ming his wrong am-bi-tion And vo-ters ask-ing the wherefore and why?
That is the
cresc.
poco - a -
time for dis-ap-pearing! Just take a head-er, down you go Then when the sky a-bove is clearing, Then when the
poco
f
sky above is clearing, Bob up se-renely, bob up se-renely Bob up se-renely from be-low!
mf

"Erminie"

## Birds Of A Feather

"Erminie"

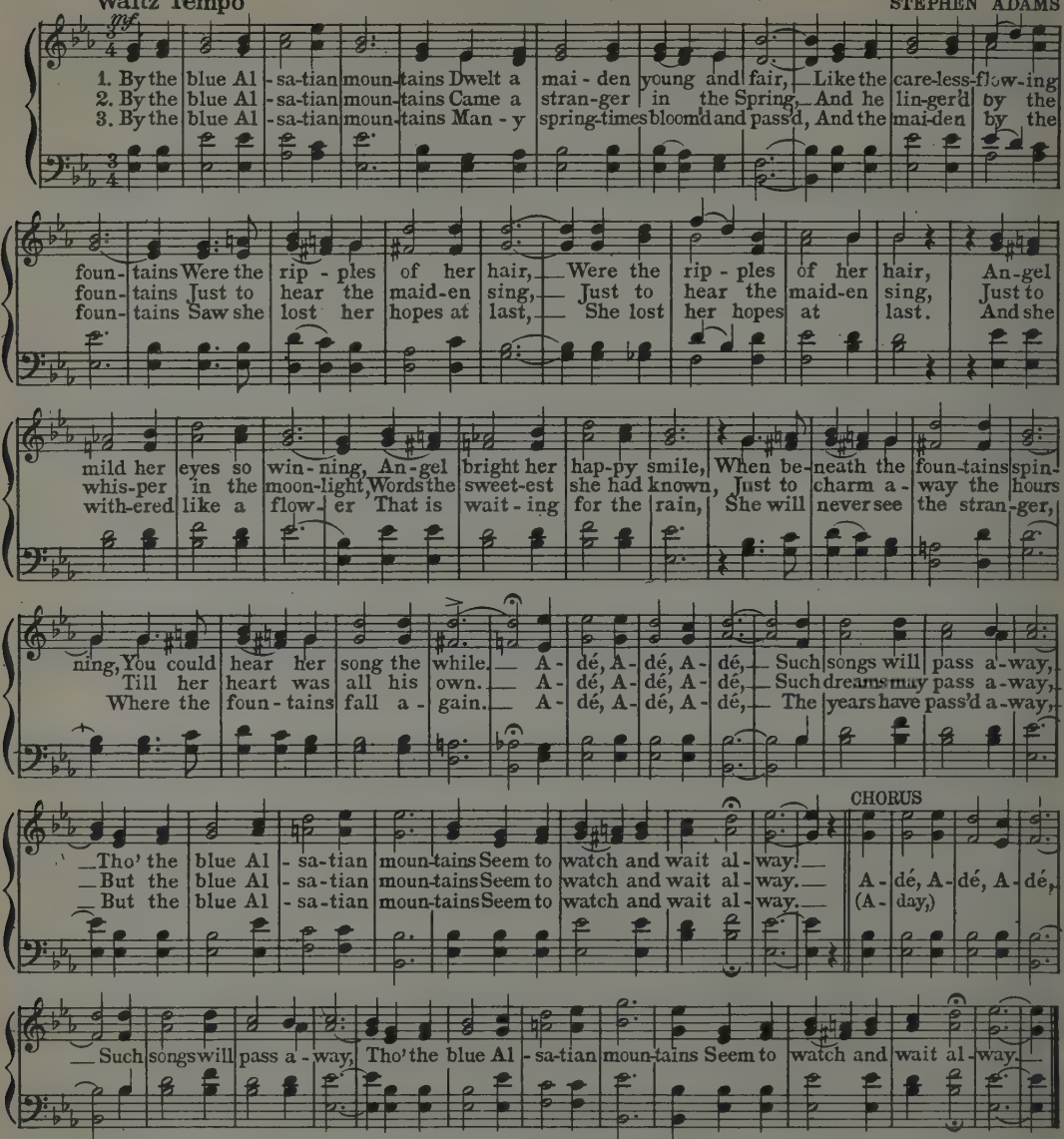
E. JAKOBOWSKI


Moderato
f a tempo
Down-y jail-birds of a fea-ther, We are shift-ers, we are shift-ers, Work-ing skil-ful-
ff 8va ad lib.
ly to-geth-er; Through the wick-ed world we roam; Eas-ing ma-ny a mor-tal bur-den,
cresc.
Kind-er coves were nev-er heard on But a start you'll take our word on, Char-i-ty be-gins at home.

# The Blue Alsatian Mountains

Waltz Tempo

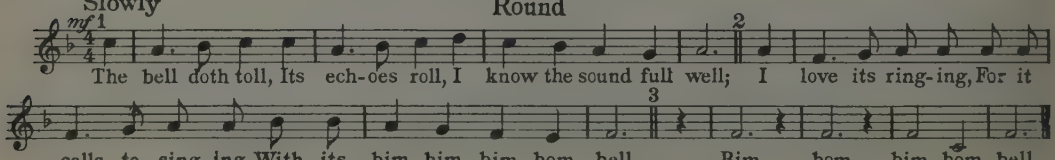
STEPHEN ADAMS


mf
1. By the blue Al - sa-tian moun-tains Dwelt a mai - den young and fair, Like the care-less-flow-ing
2. By the blue Al - sa-tian moun-tains Came a stran-ger in the Spring, And he lin-ger'd by the
3. By the blue Al - sa-tian moun-tains Man - y spring-times bloom'd and pass'd, And the mai-den by the
foun- tains Were the rip - ples of her hair, Were the rip - ples of her hair, An-gel
foun- tains Just to hear the maid-en sing, Just to hear the maid-en sing, Just to
foun- tains Saw she lost her hopes at last, She lost her hopes at last. And she
mild her eyes so win - ning, An-gel bright her hap-py smile, When be-neath the foun-tains spin-
whis-per in the moon-light, Words the sweet-est she had known, Just to charm a - way the hours
with-ered like a flow - er That is wait - ing for the rain, She will never see the stran-ger,
ning, You could hear her song the while. A - dé, A - dé, A - dé, Such songs will pass a - way,
Till her heart was all his own. A - dé, A - dé, A - dé, Such dreams may pass a - way,
Where the foun - tains fall a - gain. A - dé, A - dé, A - dé, The years have pass'd a - way,
CHORUS
Tho' the blue Al - sa-tian moun-tains Seem to watch and wait al - way.
But the blue Al - sa-tian moun-tains Seem to watch and wait al - way. A - dé, A - dé, A - dé,
But the blue Al - sa-tian moun-tains Seem to watch and wait al - way. (A - day,)
Such songs will pass a - way, Tho' the blue Al - sa-tian moun-tains Seem to watch and wait al - way.

# The Bell Doth Toll

Slowly

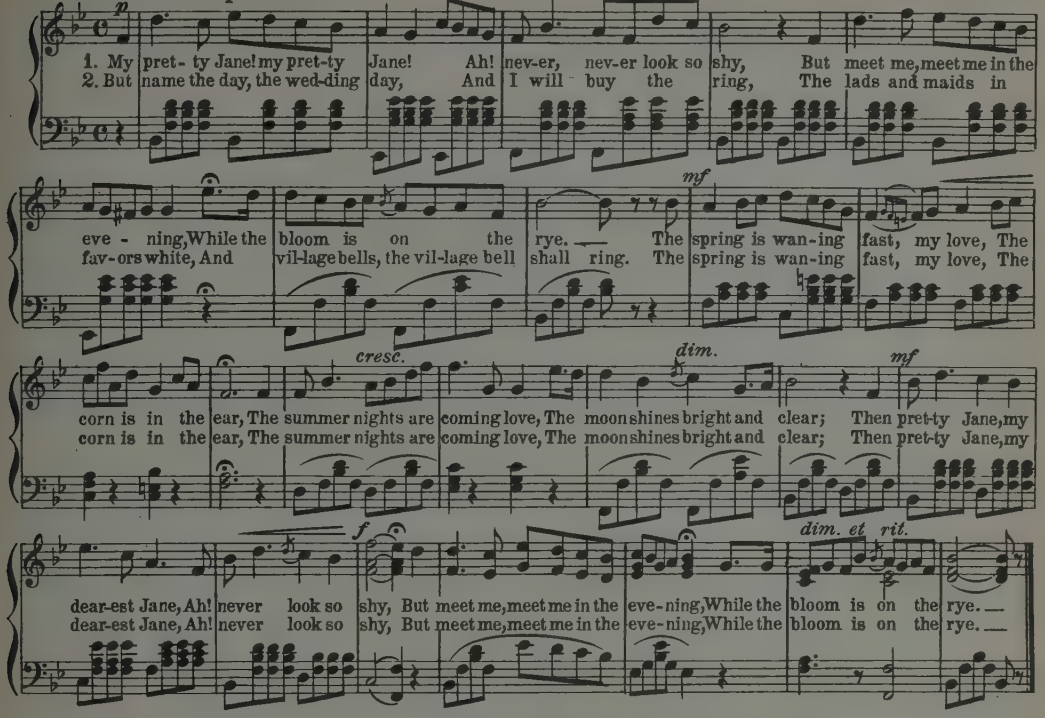
Round


mf
1
2
3
The bell doth toll, Its ech-oes roll, I know the sound full well; I love its ring-ing, For it
calls to sing-ing, With its bim, bim, bim, bom, bell, Bim, bom, bim, bom, bell.

# The Bloom Is On The Rye

Andantе espressivo

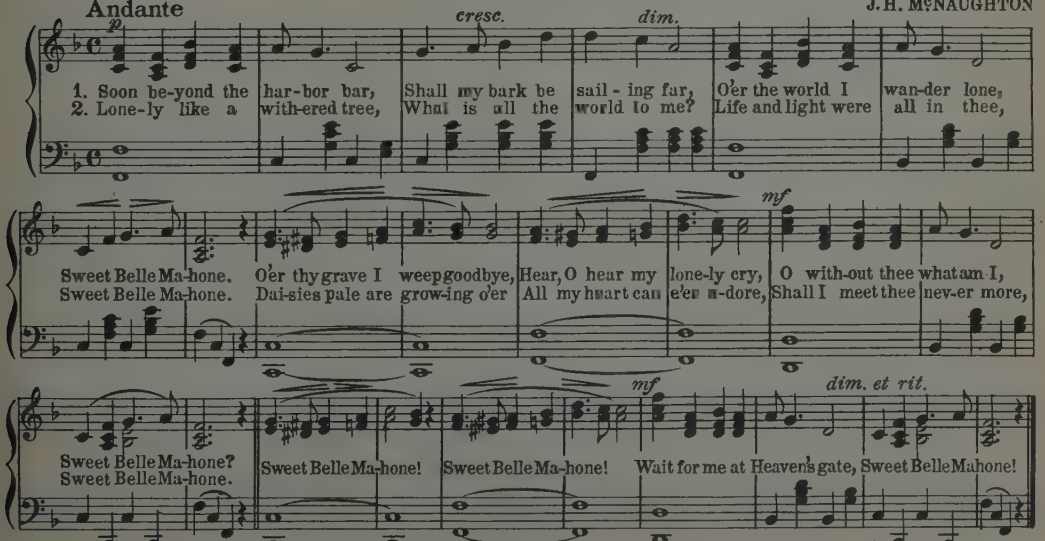
HENRY R. BISHOP


1. My pret- ty Jane! my pret-ty Jane! Ah! nev-er, nev-er look so shy, But meet me, meet me in the
2. But name the day, the wed-ding day, And I will buy the ring, The lads and maids in
eve - ning, While the bloom is on the rye. — The spring is wan-ing fast, my love, The
fav-ors white, And vil-lage bells, the vil-lage bell shall ring. The spring is wan-ing fast, my love, The
corn is in the ear, The summer nights are coming love, The moon shines bright and clear; Then pret-ty Jane, my
corn is in the ear, The summer nights are coming love, The moon shines bright and clear; Then pret-ty Jane, my
dear-est Jane, Ah! never look so shy, But meet me, meet me in the eve-ning, While the bloom is on the rye. —
dear-est Jane, Ah! never look so shy, But meet me, meet me in the eve-ning, While the bloom is on the rye. —

# Belle Mahone

Andante

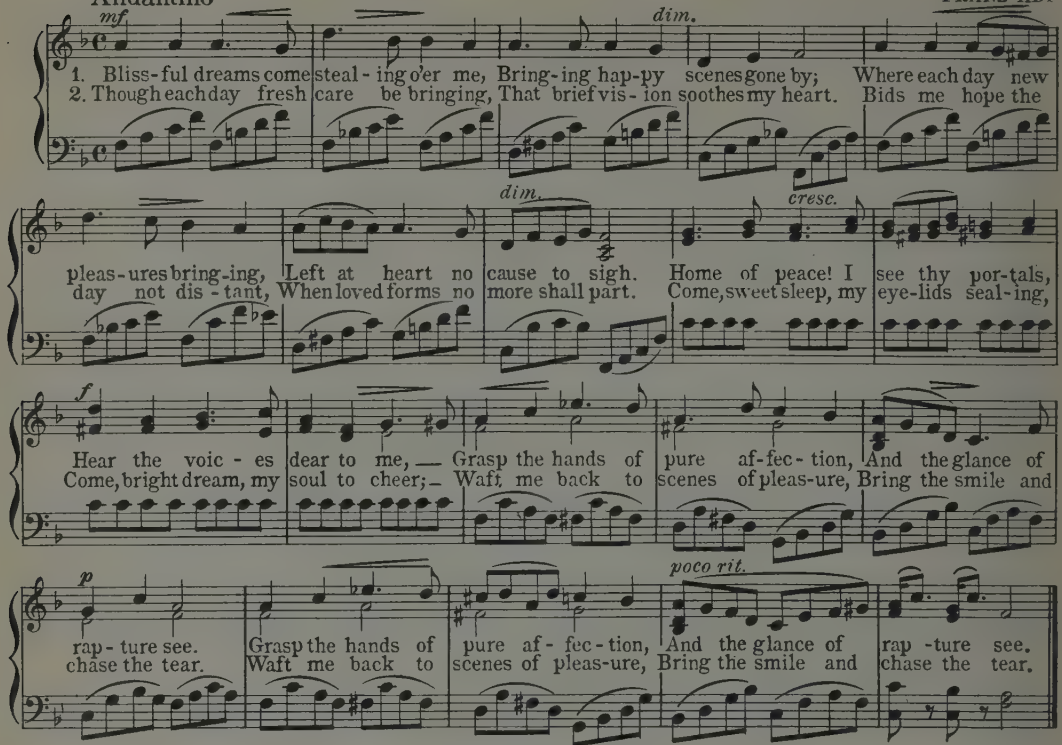
J. H. McNAUGHTON


1. Soon be-yond the har-bor bar, Shall my bark be sail - ing far, O'er the world I wan-der lone,
2. Lone-ly like a with-ered tree, What is all the world to me? Life and light were all in thee,
Sweet Belle Ma-hone. O'er thy grave I weep goodbye, Hear, O hear my lone-ly cry, O with-out thee what am I,
Sweet Belle Ma-hone. Dai-sies pale are grow-ing o'er All my heart can e'er a-dore, Shall I meet thee nev-er more,
Sweet Belle Ma-hone? Sweet Belle Ma-hone. Sweet Belle Ma-hone! Sweet Belle Ma-hone! Wait for me at Heaven's gate, Sweet Belle Ma-hone!

# Blissful Dreams Come Stealing O'er Me

Andantino

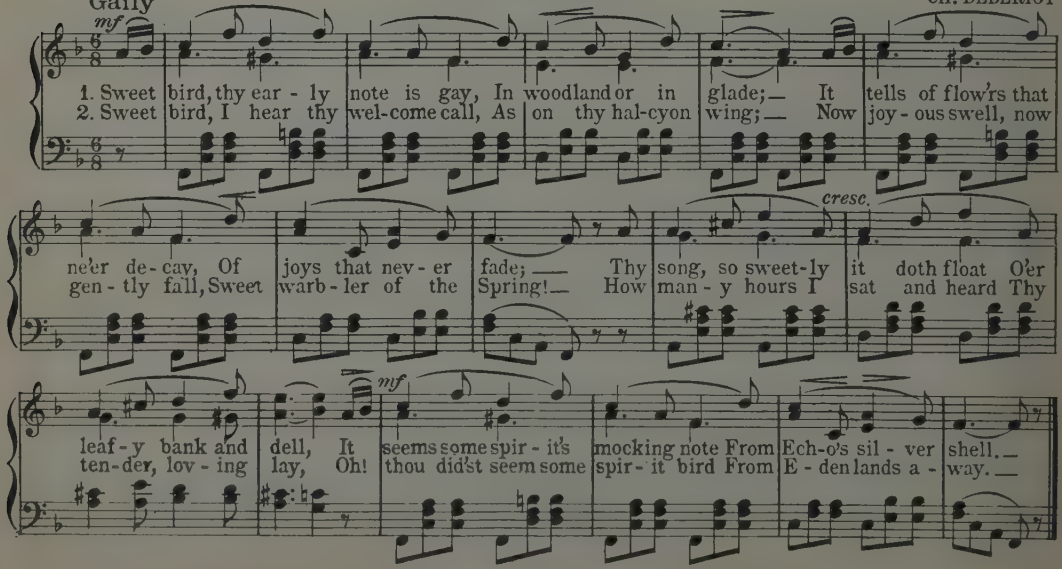
FRANZ ABT


mf
dim.
1. Bliss-ful dreams come steal-ing o'er me, Bring-ing hap-py scenes gone by; Where each day new
2. Though each day fresh care be bringing, That brief vis-ion soothes my heart. Bids me hope the
pleas-ures bring-ing, Left at heart no cause to sigh. Home of peace! I see thy por-tals,
day not dis-tant, When loved forms no more shall part. Come, sweet sleep, my eye-lids seal-ing,
f
Hear the voic-es dear to me, Grasp the hands of pure af-fec-tion, And the glance of
Come, bright dream, my soul to cheer; Waft me back to scenes of pleas-ure, Bring the smile and
p
poco rit.
rap-ture see. Grasp the hands of pure af-fec-tion, And the glance of rap-ture see.
chase the tear. Waft me back to scenes of pleas-ure, Bring the smile and chase the tear.

# The Bluebird

Gaily

CH. DEBERIOT


mf
1. Sweet bird, thy ear-ly note is gay, In woodland or in glade; It tells of flow'rs that
2. Sweet bird, I hear thy wel-come call, As on thy hal-cyon wing; Now joy-ous swell, now
cresc.
ne'er de-cay, Of joys that nev-er fade; Thy song, so sweet-ly it doth float O'er
gen-tly fall, Sweet warb-ler of the Spring! How man-y hours I sat and heard Thy
mf
leaf-y bank and dell, It seems some spir-it's mocking note From Ech-o's sil-ver shell.
ten-der, lov-ing lay, Oh! thou did'st seem some spir-it bird From E-den lands a-way.

## Beautiful Bells

Moderato

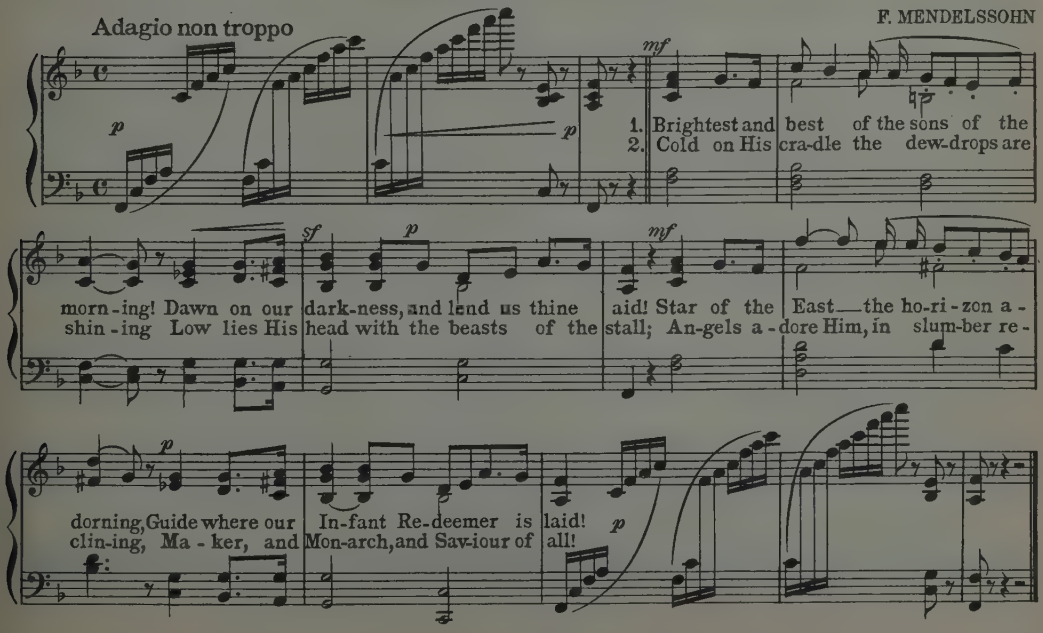
E. O. LYTE

mf
Ring a - gain, Ring a - gain, Beau-ti-ful bells, beau-ti-ful
Ring-ing, Ring-ing, Ring-ing,
bells; Ring a - gain, Ring a - gain, Beau-ti-ful bells, beau-ti-ful bells.
Ring-ing, Ring-ing, Ring-ing, Ring-ing, Ring-ing.
1.On the breeze of ev'ning steal-ing, Hark! the bells are slow-ly peal-ing, Wak-ing
2.As the toil of day is end-ing, Thro' the vales the bells are send-ing Tones with
ev-'ry ten-der feel-ing, Beau-ti-ful bells, beau-ti-ful bells,
ev-'ry mur-mur blend-ing, Beau-ti-ful bells, beau-ti-ful bells,
1
bells, beau-ti-ful bells.
2
bells, beau-ti-ful bells.

## Brightest And Best

Adagio non troppo

F. MENDELSSOHN


p
p
mf
1. Brightest and best of the sons of the
2. Cold on His cra-dle the dew-drops are
morn-ing! Dawn on our dark-ness, and lend us thine aid! Star of the East—the ho-ri-zon a-
shin-ing Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall; An-gels a-dore Him, in slum-ber re-
sf
p
mf
dorning, Guide where our In-fant Re-deemer is laid!
clin-ing, Ma-ker, and Mon-arch, and Sav-iour of all!
p

# Bells Of Shandon

REV. FRANCIS MAHONY

Andante

*mf*

1. With deep af - fec - tion and re - col - lec - tion, I oft - en think of those Shandon
2. I've heard bells chim - ing full many a clime in, Toll - ing sub - lime in cath - e - dral

Bells, Whose sound so wild would in days of childhood Fling round my cra - dle their mag - ic
shrine, While at a glib rate brass tongues would vi - brate But all their mu - sic spoke naught like

spells; On this I pon - der wher - e'er I wan - der, And thus grow fond - er sweet Cork of
thine; For mem - 'ry, dwell - ing on each proud swell - ing Of thy bel - fry, knell - ing its bold notes

thee; With thy Bells of Shandon, that sound so grand on The pleasant wa - ters of the Riv - er Lee.
free, Made the Bells of Shandon sound far more grand on The pleasant wa - ters of the Riv - er Lee.

# The Bay Of Biscay

Old English

Moderato

*f*

*cresc.*

1. Loud roar'd the dread-ful thun-der, The rain a del - uge show'rs, The clouds were rent a -
2. Now dash'd up - on the bil - low, Her op - 'ning tim - bers creak, Each fears a wa - 'try

sun - der, By light - ning's vi - vid pow'rs. The night was drear and dark, Our
pil - low, None stop the dread - ful leak. To cling to slipp - 'ry shrouds, Each

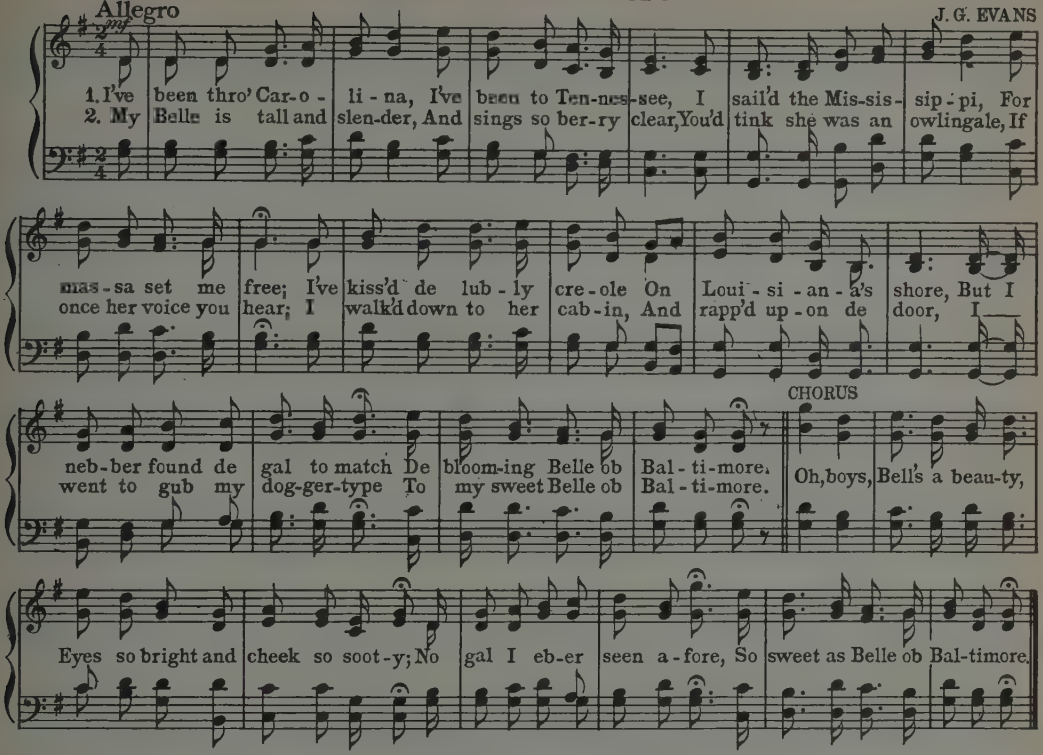
*rit.* *a tempo*

poor, de - vot - ed bark, Till next day, there she lay, In the Bay of Bis - cay O!
breath - less sea - man crowds, As - she lay, till next day, In the Bay of Bis - cay O!

## Belle Ob Baltimore

Allegro

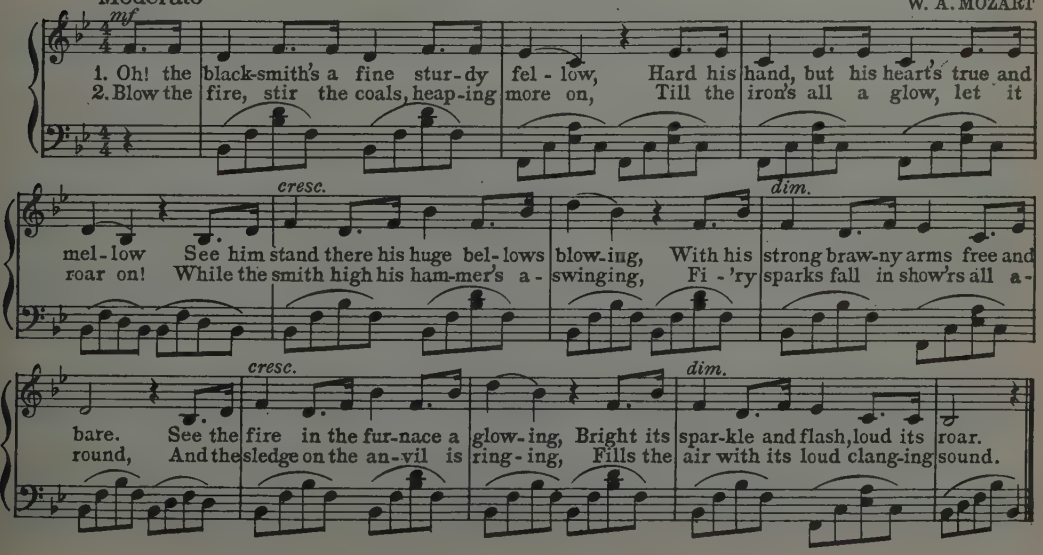
J. G. EVANS


mf
1. I've been thro' Car-o - li - na, I've been to Ten-nes-see, I sail'd the Mis-sis- sip - pi, For
2. My Belle is tall and slen-der, And sings so ber-ry clear, You'd tink she was an owlingale, If
mas - sa set me free; I've kiss'd de lub - ly cre - ole On Loui - si - an - a's shore, But I
once her voice you hear; I walk'd down to her cab-in, And rapp'd up - on de door, I
CHORUS
neb-ber found de gal to match De bloom-ing Belle ob Bal - ti-more.
went to gub my dog-ger-type To my sweet Belle ob Bal - ti-more.
Oh, boys, Bell's a beau-ty,
Eyes so bright and cheek so soot - y; No gal I eb-er seen a - fore, So sweet as Belle ob Bal-timore.

## The Blacksmith

Moderato

W. A. MOZART


mf
1. Oh! the black-smith's a fine stur-dy fel - low, Hard his hand, but his heart's true and
2. Blow the fire, stir the coals, heap-ing more on, Till the iron's all a glow, let it
cresc.
dim.
mel - low See him stand there his huge bel - lows blow-ing, With his strong braw-ny arms free and
roar on! While the smith high his ham-mer's a - swinging, Fi - 'ry sparks fall in show'rs all a -
cresc.
dim.
bare. See the fire in the fur-nace a glow-ing, Bright its spar-kle and flash, loud its roar.
round, And the sledge on the an-vil is ring - ing, Fills the air with its loud clang-ing sound.

# Blow, Ye Winds, Heigh-ho!

Moderato

Old English

*mf*

*staccato*

1. A cap-i-tal ship for an o-cean trip Was the Wal-lop-ing Win-dow Blind! No
2. The bo'-swain's mate was ve-ry se-date, Yet fond of a-muse-ment too; He

wind that blew dis-mayed her crew, Or troubled the Cap-tain's mind; The
played hop-scotch with the star-board watch, While the cap-tain he tick-led the crew! And the

man at the wheel was made to feel Con-tempt for the wild-est blow-ow-ow, Tho' it
gun-ner we had was ap-par-ent-ly mad, For he sat on the af-ter rai-ai-ail, And

CHORUS

*f*

of-ten appeared, when the gale had cleared, That he'd been in his bunk be-low.
fired sa-lutes with the cap-tains boots, In the teeth of the booming gale!

Then blow, ye winds, heigh ho! A

*cresc.*

*rit.*

*fa tempo*

rov-ing I will go! I'll stay no more on England's shore, So let the music play-ay-ay! I'm off for the morning

*cresc.*

*ff*

*sempre ff*

train! I'll cross the rag-ing main! I'm off to my love with a box-ing glove, Ten thou-sand miles a-way.

# Bonnie Blue Flag

Moderato

H. McCARTHY

*mf*

1. We are a band of broth-ers, and na-tive to the soil, Fight-ing for the
2. First, gall-ant South Car-o-li-na so nob-ly made the stand, Then came Al-a-

prop-er-ty we gained by hon-est toil; And when our rights were threatened, the cry rose near and
ba - ma, who took her by the hand; Next quick-ly Mis - sis - sip - pi, Geor-gia and Flor-i -

far,— Hur - rah!— for the Bon-nie Blue Flag that bears a sin-gle star.— Hur - rah! hur-
da,— All raised on high the Bon-nie Blue Flag that bears a sin-gle star.— Hur - rah! hur-

rah!— for South-ern rights hur-rah! Hur-rah for the Bon-nie Blue Flag that bears a sin-gle star.

## Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms

Andante

THOMAS MOORE

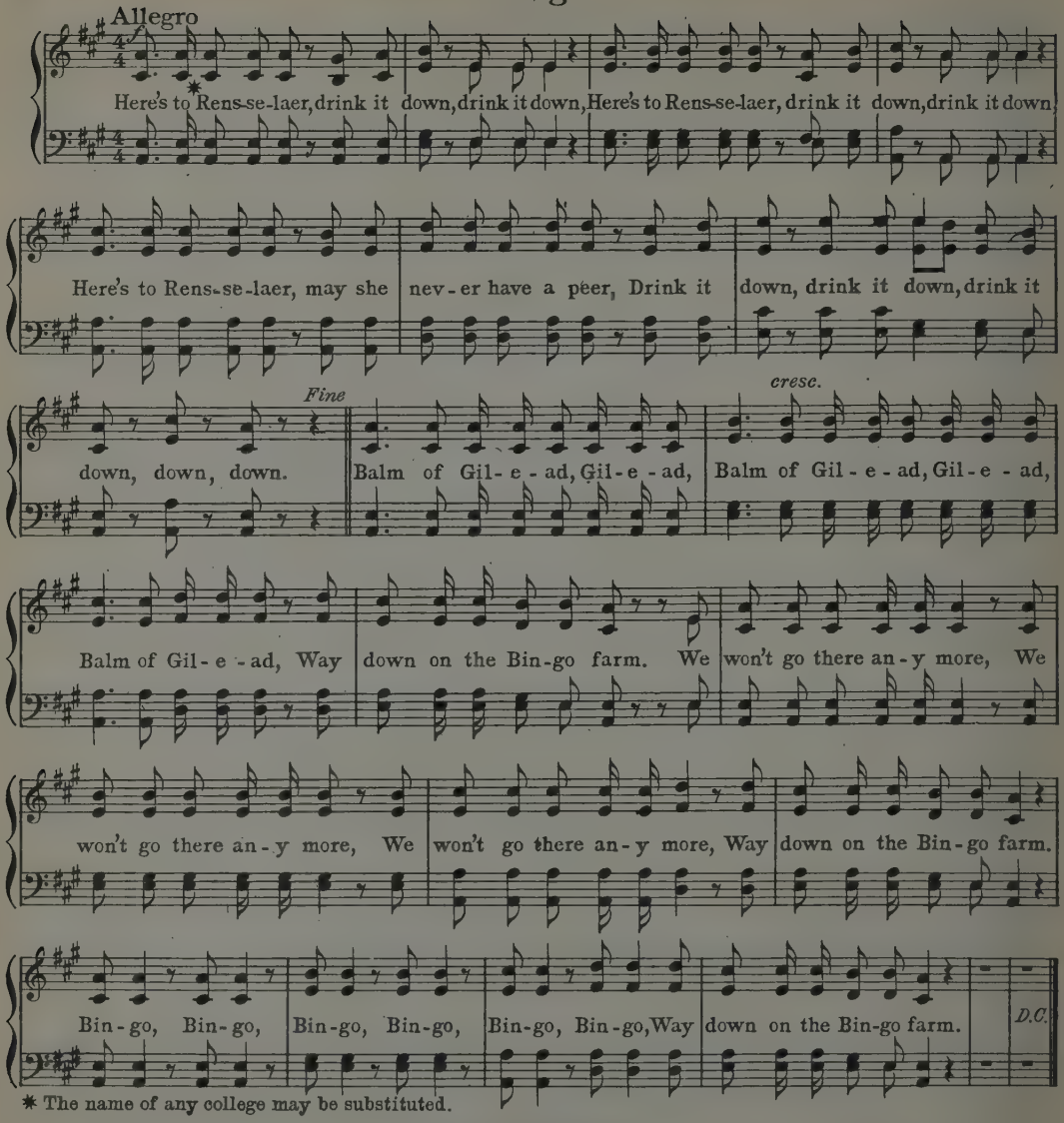
1. Be - lieve me if all those en - dear-ing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond-ly to - day, Were to
2. It is not while beau-ty and youth are thine own, And thy cheek's unprofaned by a tear, That the

change by to-mor-row and fleet from my arms, Like— fair-y gifts fad-ing a - way, Thou wouldst
fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more dear, Oh, the

still be a-dored as this mo-ment thou art: Let thy love-li-ness fade as it will, And a -
heart that has tru - ly loved, nev-er for-gets, But as tru-ly loves on to the close: As the

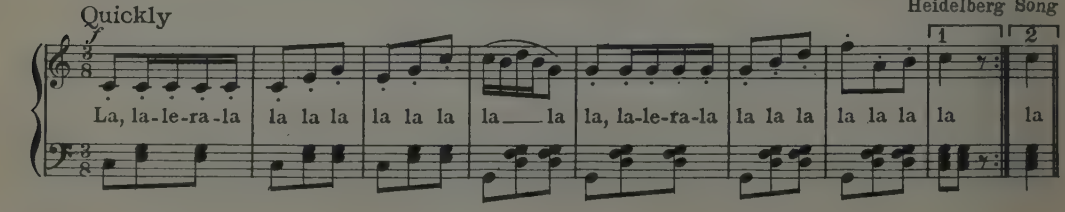
round the dear ru - in, each wish of my heart, Would en - twine it - self ver-dant-ly still.
sun-flow-er turns on her god when he sets, The same look that she gave when he rose.

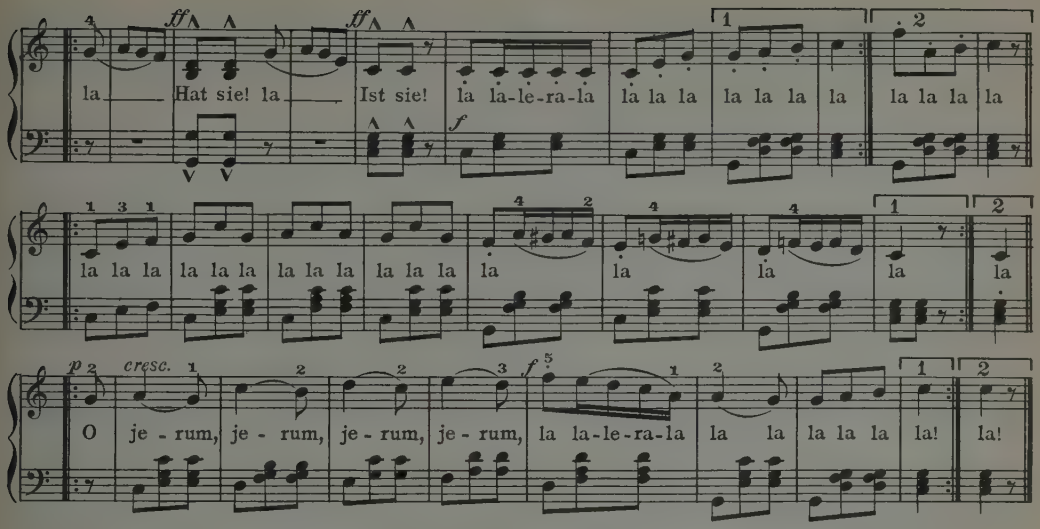
# Bingo


Allegro
Here's to Rens-se-laer, drink it down, drink it down, Here's to Rens-se-laer, drink it down, drink it down,
Here's to Rens-se-laer, may she nev-er have a peer, Drink it down, drink it down, drink it
Fine
down, down, down.
Balm of Gil-e-ad, Gil-e-ad,
cresc.
Balm of Gil-e-ad, Gil-e-ad,
Balm of Gil-e-ad, Way down on the Bin-go farm. We won't go there an-y more, We
won't go there an-y more, We won't go there an-y more, Way down on the Bin-go farm.
Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go, Way down on the Bin-go farm.
D.C.

* The name of any college may be substituted.

# Beer Waltz

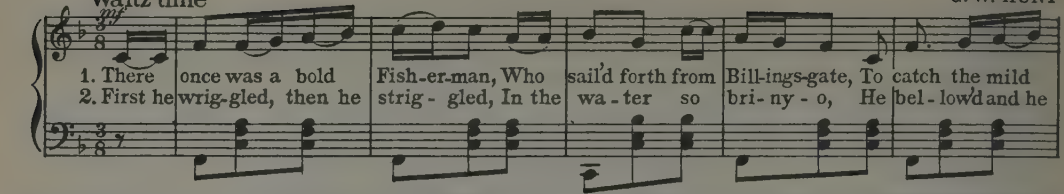


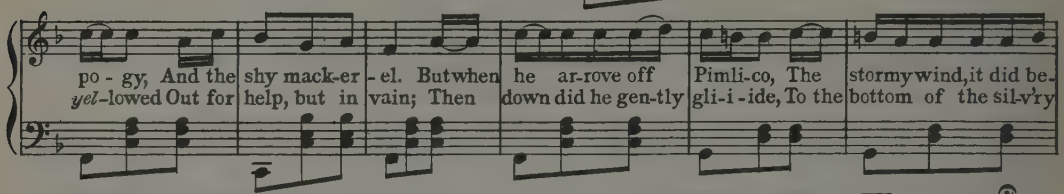

la Hat sie! la Ist sie! la la-le-ra-la la la

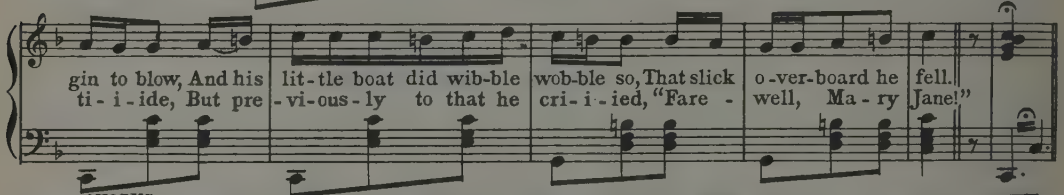
# The Bold Fisherman

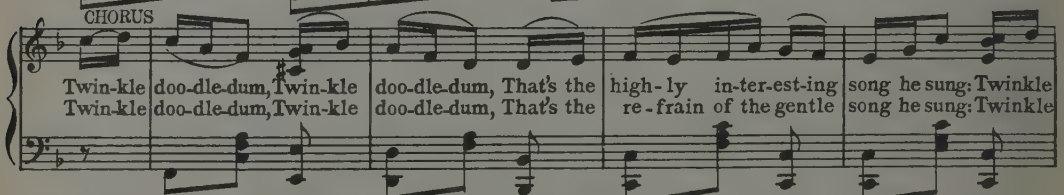
Waltz time

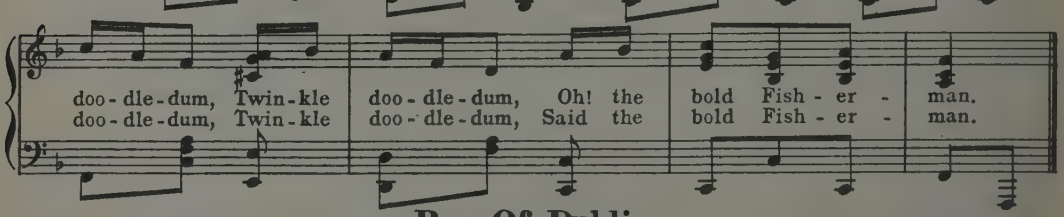
G. W. HUNT


1. There once was a bold Fish-er-man, Who sail'd forth from Bill-ings-gate, To catch the mild
2. First he wrig-gled, then he strig - gled, In the wa - ter so bri- ny - o, He bel - low'd and he


po - gy, And the shy mack-er - el. But when he ar-rove off Pimli-co, The stormy wind, it did be-
yel-lowed Out for help, but in vain; Then down did he gen-tly gli-i - ide, To the bottom of the sil-v'ry


gin to blow, And his lit-tle boat did wib-ble wob-ble so, That slick o-ver-board he fell.
ti - i - ide, But pre - vi-ous-ly to that he cri - i - ied, "Fare - well, Ma - ry Jane!"

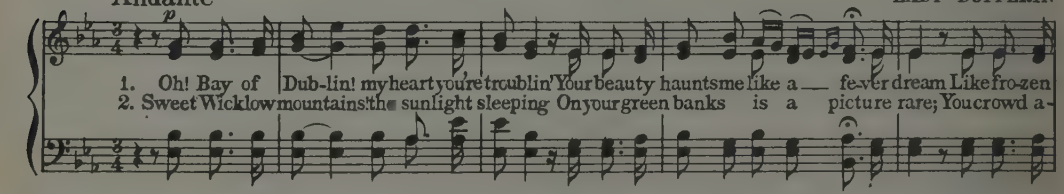

CHORUS
Twin-kle doo-dle-dum, Twin-kle doo-dle-dum, That's the high-ly in-ter-est-ing song he sung: Twinkle
Twin-kle doo-dle-dum, Twin-kle doo-dle-dum, That's the re-frain of the gentle song he sung: Twinkle

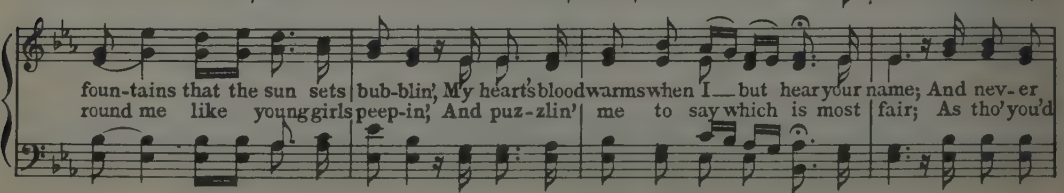



# Bay Of Dublin

Andante

LADY DUFFERIN


1. Oh! Bay of Dub-lin! my heart you're troublin' Your beauty haunts me like a — fe-ver dream Like fro-zen
2. Sweet Wicklow mountains! the sunlight sleeping On your green banks is a picture rare; You crowd a-


foun-tains that the sun sets bub-blin', My heart's blood warms when I — but hear your name; And nev-er
round me like young girls peep-in', And puz-zlin' me to say which is most fair; As tho' you'd

till this life-pulse ceas-es, My ear-liest, lat-est thought will cease to be, There's no-one
see your own sweet fa-ces Re-flect-ed in that smooth and sil-ver sea, My bles-sin'

here knows how fair that place is, And no one cares how dear it *rit.* is to me.
on those love-ly pla-ces, Tho' no one cares how dear they are to me.

## Battle Hymn Of The Republic

JULIA WARD HOWE

W. STEFFE

Tempo di Marcia

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo-ry of the com-ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps; They have

tramp-ling out the vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
build-ed Him an al-tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I can

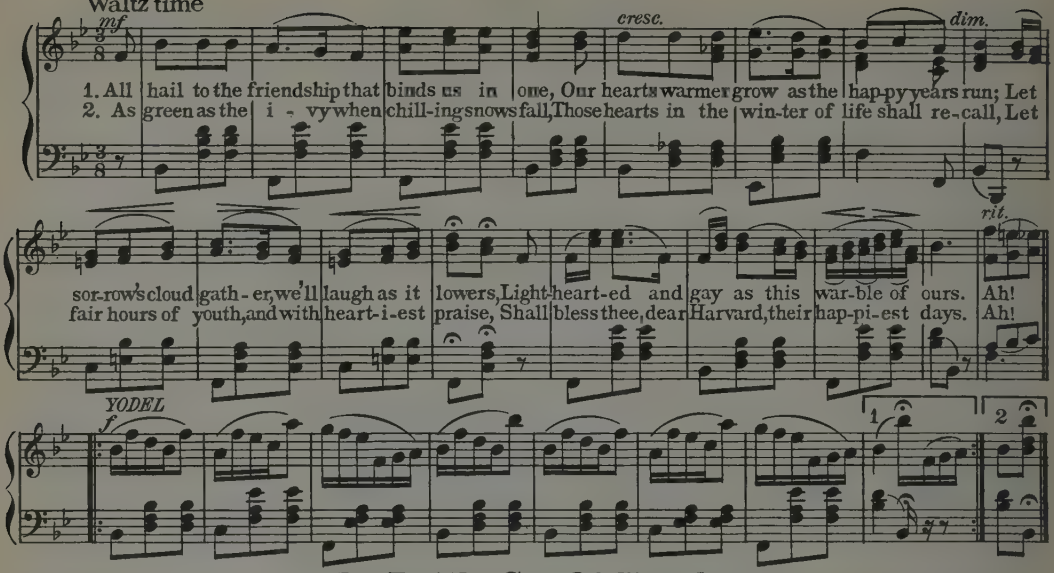
loosed the fate-ful light-ning of His ter-ri-ble swift sword, His truth is marching on.
read His right-eous sen-tence by the dim and flar-ing lamps, His day is marching on.

*ff* CHORUS

Glo-ry! glo-ry! Hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry! Hal-le-lu-jah!

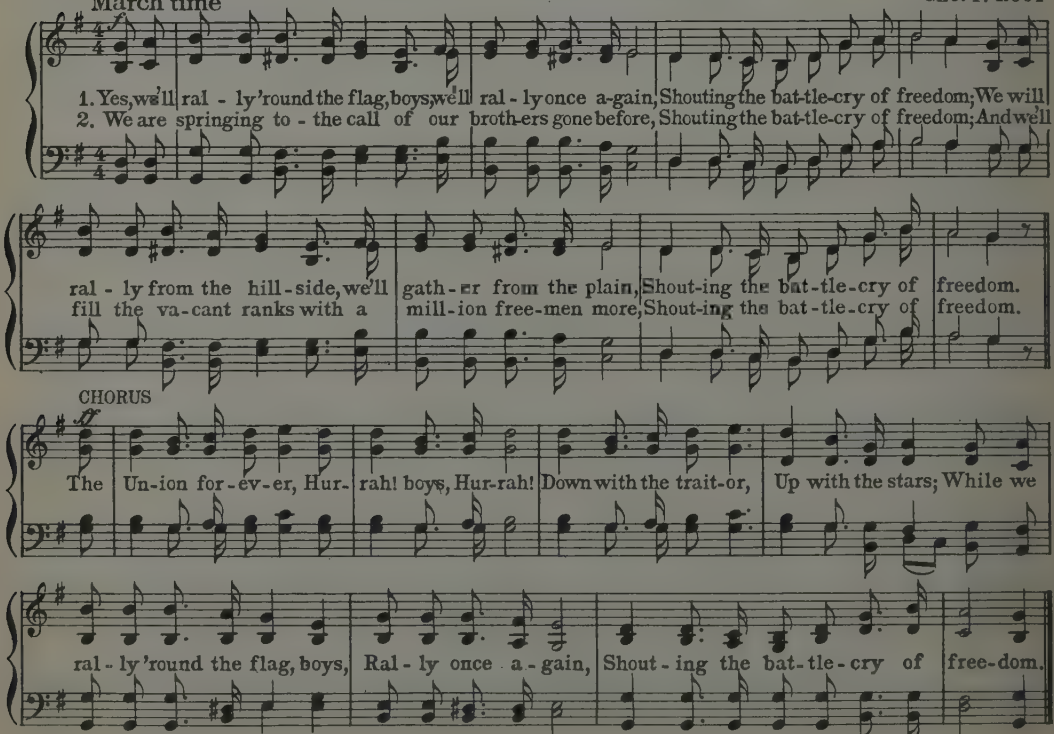
Glo-ry! glo-ry! Hal-le-lu-jah! His truth is march-ing on.

# Bavarian Yodel


Waltz time
mf
cresc.
dim.
1. All hail to the friendship that binds us in one, Our hearts warmer grow as the hap-py years run; Let
2. As green as the i - vy when chill-ing snows fall, Those hearts in the win-ter of life shall re-call, Let
rit.
sor-row's cloud gath - er, we'll laugh as it lowers, Light-heart-ed and gay as this war-ble of ours. Ah!
fair hours of youth, and with heart-i-est praise, Shall bless thee, dear Harvard, their hap-pi-est days. Ah!
YODEL
f
1
2

# The Battle-Cry Of Freedom

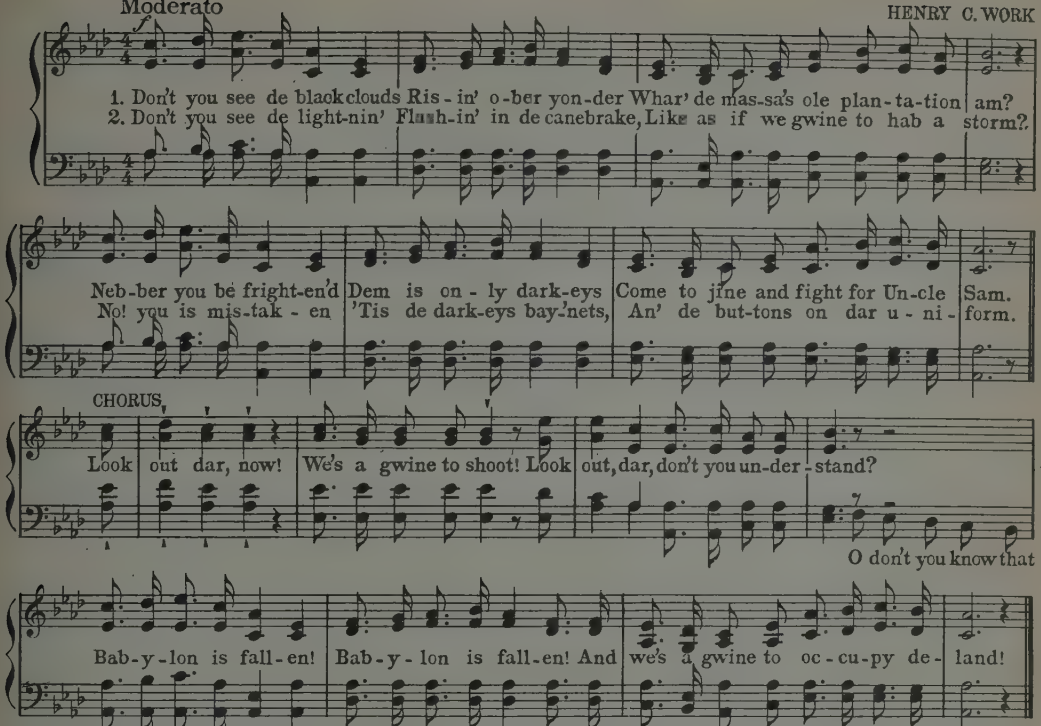
GEO. F. ROOT


March time
f
1. Yes, we'll ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, we'll ral - ly once a-gain, Shouting the bat-tle-cry of freedom; We will
2. We are springing to - the call of our broth-ers gone before, Shouting the bat-tle-cry of freedom; And we'll
ral - ly from the hill-side, we'll gath - er from the plain, Shout-ing the bat-tle-cry of freedom.
fill the va-cant ranks with a mill-ion free-men more, Shout-ing the bat-tle-cry of freedom.
CHORUS
ff
The Un-ion for-ev-er, Hur- rah! boys, Hur-rah! Down with the trait-or, Up with the stars; While we
ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, Ral - ly once a - gain, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of free-dom.

# Babylon Is Fallen

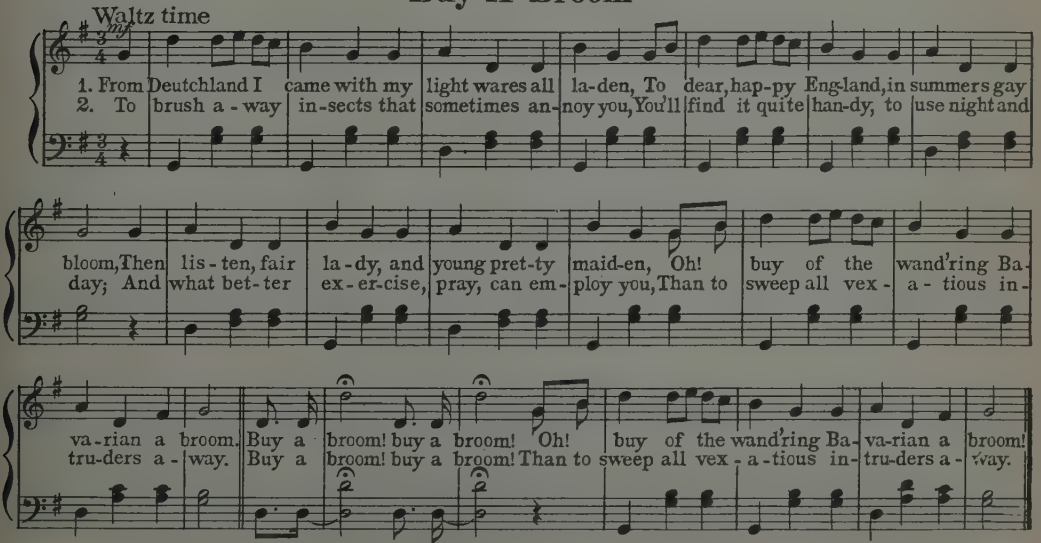
Moderato

HENRY C. WORK


1. Don't you see de black clouds Ris - in' o - ber yon - der Whar' de mas - sa's ole plan - ta - tion am?
2. Don't you see de light-nin' Flash-in' in de canebrake, Like as if we gwine to hab a storm?
Neb - ber you be fright-en'd Dem is on - ly dark-eys Come to jine and fight for Un-cle Sam.
No! you is mis-tak - en 'Tis de dark-eys bay-nets, An' de but-tons on dar u - ni - form.
CHORUS.
Look out dar, now! We's a gwine to shoot! Look out, dar, don't you un-der - stand?
O don't you know that
Bab - y - lon is fall - en! Bab - y - lon is fall - en! And we's a gwine to oc - cu - py de - land!

# Buy A Broom

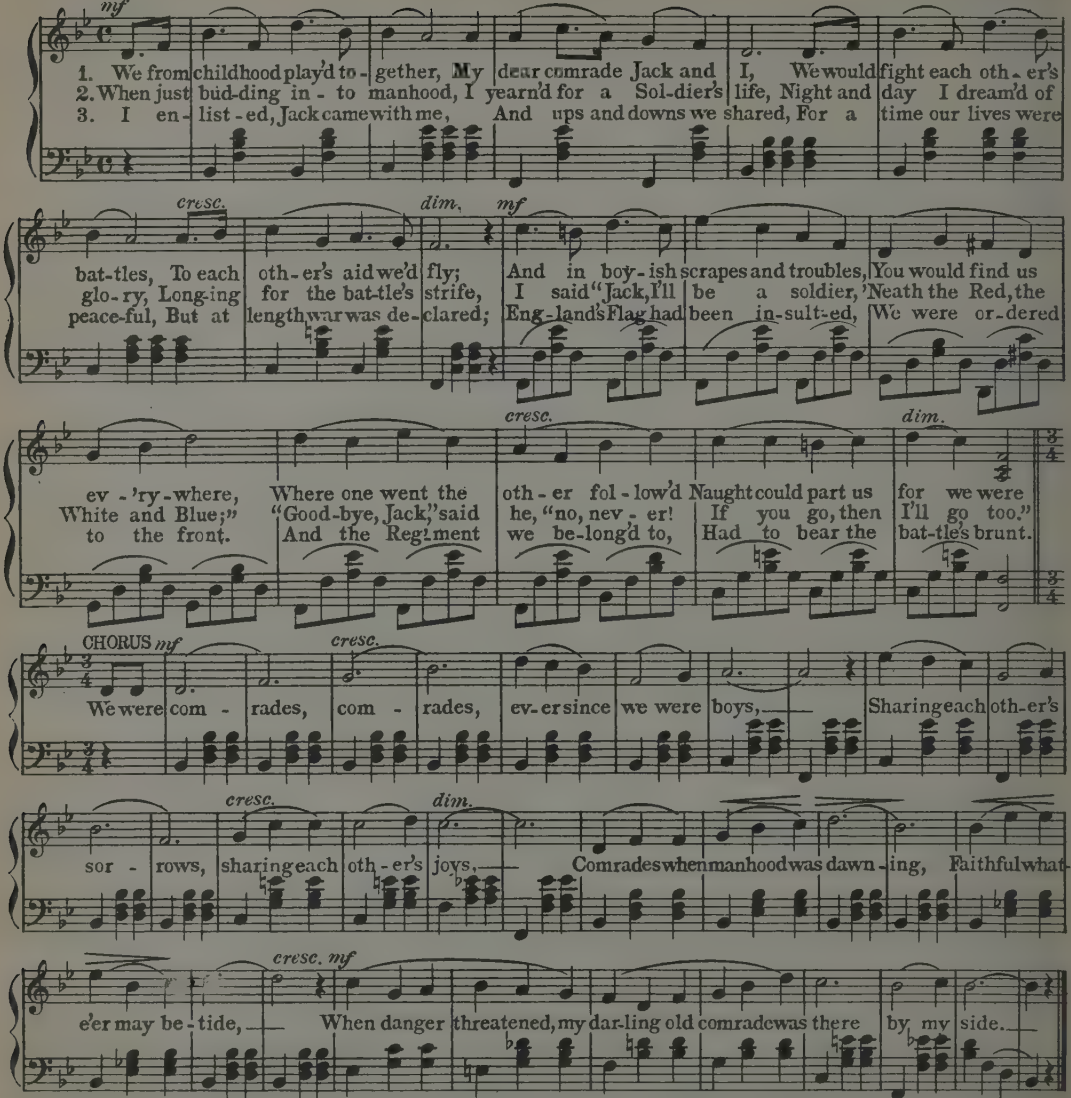
Waltz time


1. From Deutchland I came with my light wares all la-den, To dear, hap-py Eng-land, in summers gay
2. To brush a - way in-sects that sometimes an-noy you, You'll find it quite han-dy, to use night and
bloom, Then lis - ten, fair la - dy, and young pret-ty maid-en, Oh! buy of the wand'ring Ba -
day; And what bet - ter ex - er-cise, pray, can em - ploy you, Than to sweep all vex - a - tious in -
va - rian a broom. Buy a broom! buy a broom! Oh! buy of the wand'ring Ba - va - rian a broom!
tru-ders a - way. Buy a broom! buy a broom! Than to sweep all vex - a - tious in - tru-ders a - way.

# Comrades

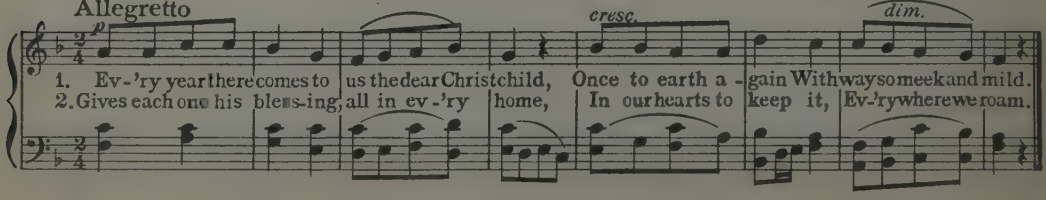
March time

FELIX MCGLENNON

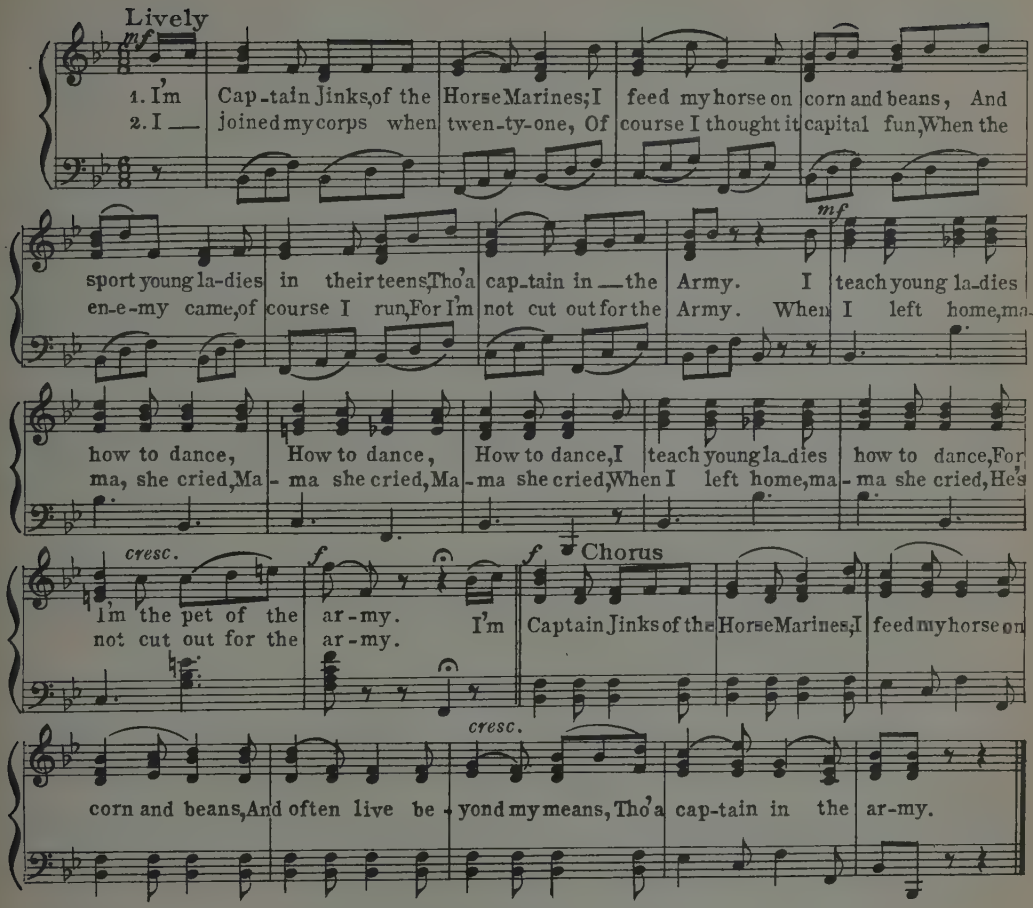

mf
1. We from childhood play'd to - gether, My dear comrade Jack and I, We would fight each oth - er's
2. When just bud-ding in - to manhood, I yearn'd for a Sol-dier's life, Night and day I dream'd of
3. I en - list - ed, Jack came with me, And ups and downs we shared, For a time our lives were
cresc.
dim.
mf
bat-tles, To each oth-er's aid we'd fly; And in boy-ish scrapes and troubles, You would find us
glo-ry, Long-ing for the bat-tle's strife, I said "Jack, I'll be a soldier, 'Neath the Red, the
peace-ful, But at length war was de-clared; Eng-land's Flag had been in-sult-ed, We were or-dered
cresc.
dim.
ev - 'ry-where, Where one went the oth - er fol - low'd Naught could part us for we were
White and Blue;" "Good-bye, Jack," said he, "no, nev - er! If you go, then I'll go too."
to the front. And the Regiment we be-long'd to, Had to bear the bat-tle's brunt.
CHORUS mf
cresc.
We were com - rades, com - rades, ev-er since we were boys, Sharing each oth-er's
cresc.
dim.
sor - rows, sharing each oth - er's joys, Comrades when manhood was dawn - ing, Faithful what-
cresc. mf
e'er may be - tide, When danger threatened, my dar-ling old comrade was there by my side.

# Christmas Song

Allegretto

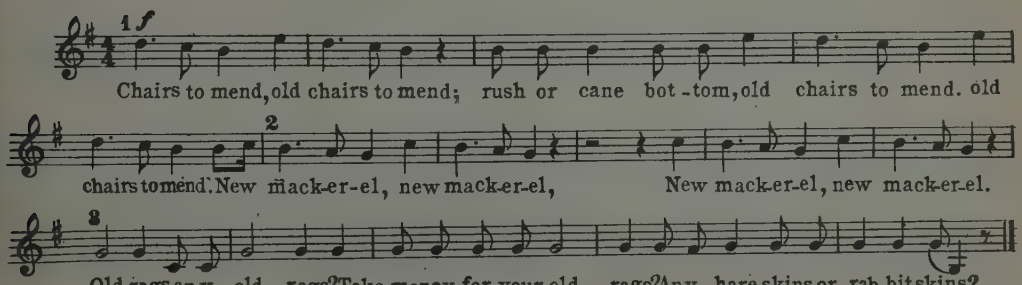

p
cresc.
dim.
1. Ev-'ry year there comes to us the dear Christchild, Once to earth a - gain With ways so meek and mild.
2. Gives each one his bless-ing, all in ev-'ry home, In our hearts to keep it, Ev-'ry where we roam.

## Captain Jinks

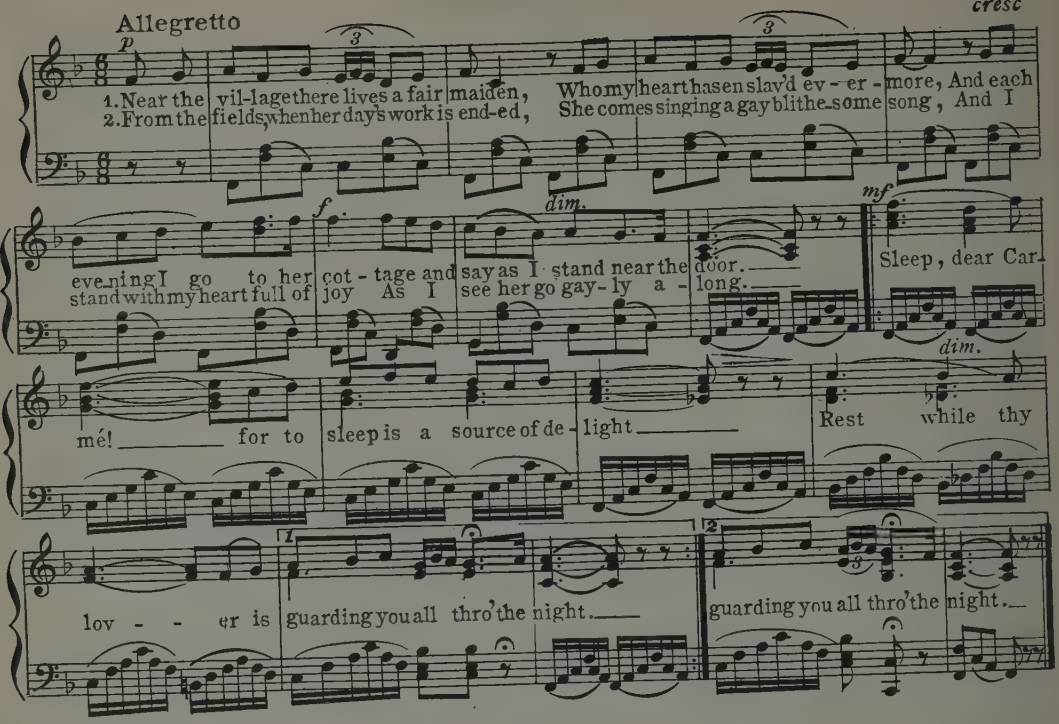

Lively
mf
1. I'm Cap-tain Jinks, of the Horse Marines; I feed my horse on corn and beans, And
2. I — joined my corps when twen-ty-one, Of course I thought it capital fun, When the
sport young la-dies in their teens, Tho' a cap-tain in — the Army. I teach young la-dies
en-e-my came, of course I run, For I'm not cut out for the Army. When I left home, ma-
how to dance, How to dance, How to dance, I teach young la-dies how to dance, For
ma, she cried, Ma - ma she cried, Ma - ma she cried, When I left home, ma - ma she cried, He's
cresc.
I'm the pet of the ar-my.
not cut out for the ar-my.
I'm
Chorus
Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines, I feed my horse on
corn and beans, And often live be - yond my means, Tho' a cap-tain in the ar-my.

## Chairs To Mend

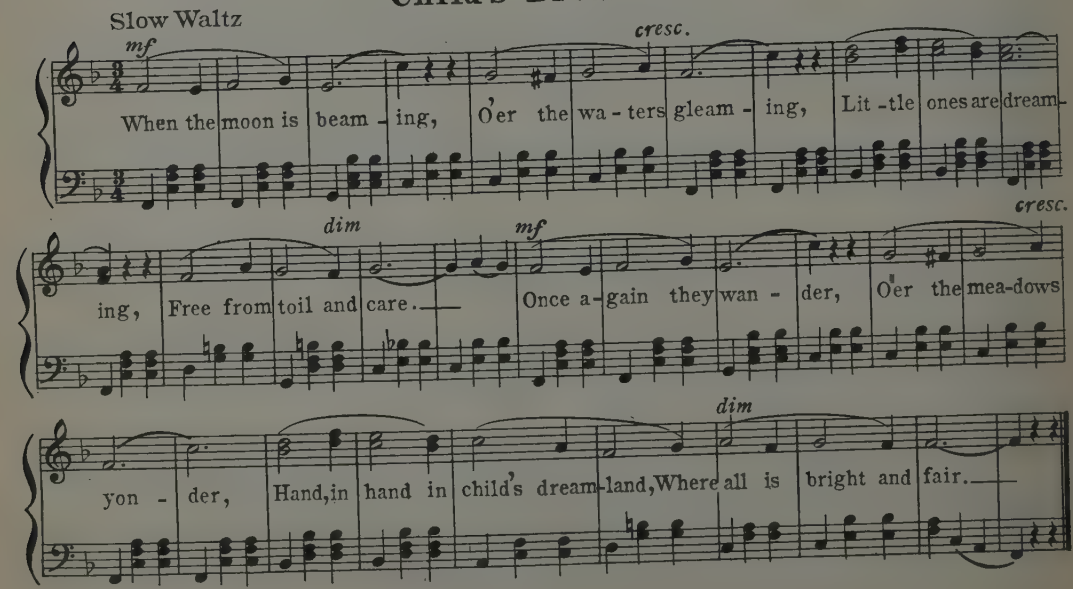
ROUND


1 f
Chairs to mend, old chairs to mend; rush or cane bot-tom, old chairs to mend. old
2
chairs to mend. New mack-er-el, new mack-er-el, New mack-er-el, new mack-er-el.
3
Old rags, an-y old rags? Take money for your old rags? Any hare skins, or rab-bit skins?

# Carmé


Allegretto
cresc
1. Near the vil-lage there lives a fair maiden, Whom my heart has en slav'd ev - er - more, And each
2. From the fields, when her day's work is end-ed, She comes sing ing a gay blithe some song, And I
dim.
mf
eve ning I go to her cot - tage and say as I stand near the door.
stand with my heart full of joy As I see her go gay- ly a - long.
Sleep, dear Car-
mé! for to sleep is a source of de - light
Rest while thy
lov - - er is guarding you all thro' the night.
guarding you all thro' the night.

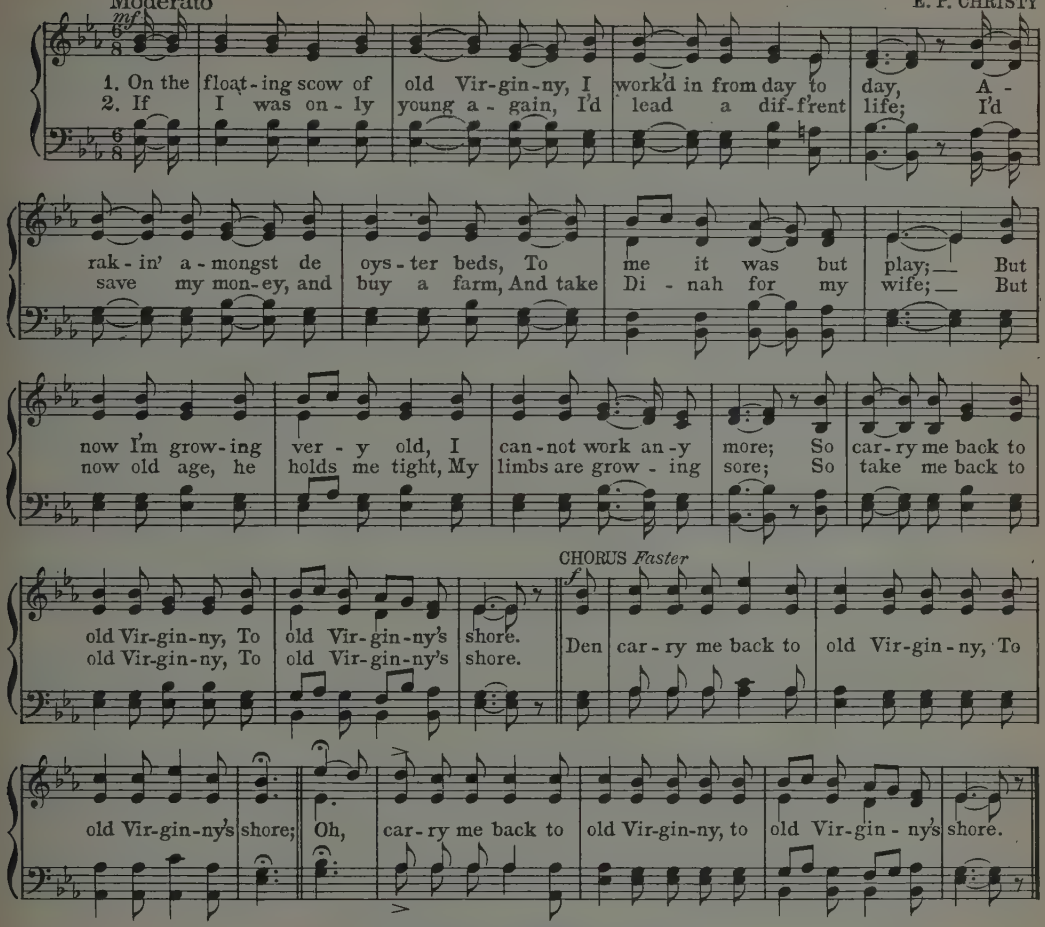
# Child's Dreamland


Slow Waltz
mf
cresc.
When the moon is beam - ing, O'er the wa - ters gleam - ing, Lit - tle ones are dream-
dim
mf
cresc.
ing, Free from toil and care. Once a - gain they wan - der, O'er the mea-dows
dim
yon - der, Hand, in hand in child's dream-land, Where all is bright and fair.

# Carry Me Back To Old Virginny

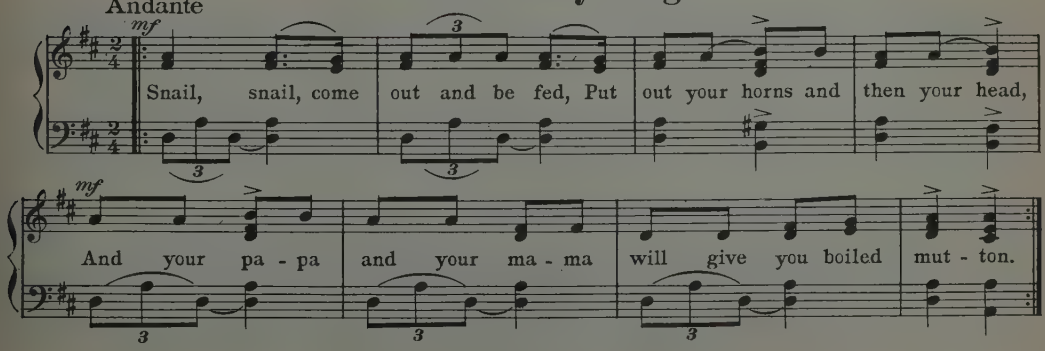
Moderato

E. P. CHRISTY


mf
1. On the float-ing scow of old Vir-gin-ny, I work'd in from day to day, A-
2. If I was on-ly young a-gain, I'd lead a dif-f'rent life; I'd
rak-in' a-mongst de oys-ter beds, To me it was but play; But
save my mon-ey, and buy a farm, And take Di-nah for my wife; But
now I'm grow-ing ver-y old, I can-not work an-y more; So car-ry me back to
now old age, he holds me tight, My limbs are grow-ing sore; So take me back to
CHORUS Faster
f
old Vir-gin-ny, To old Vir-gin-ny's shore.
old Vir-gin-ny, To old Vir-gin-ny's shore.
Den car-ry me back to old Vir-gin-ny, To
old Vir-gin-ny's shore; Oh, car-ry me back to old Vir-gin-ny, to old Vir-gin-ny's shore.

# Chinese Baby Song

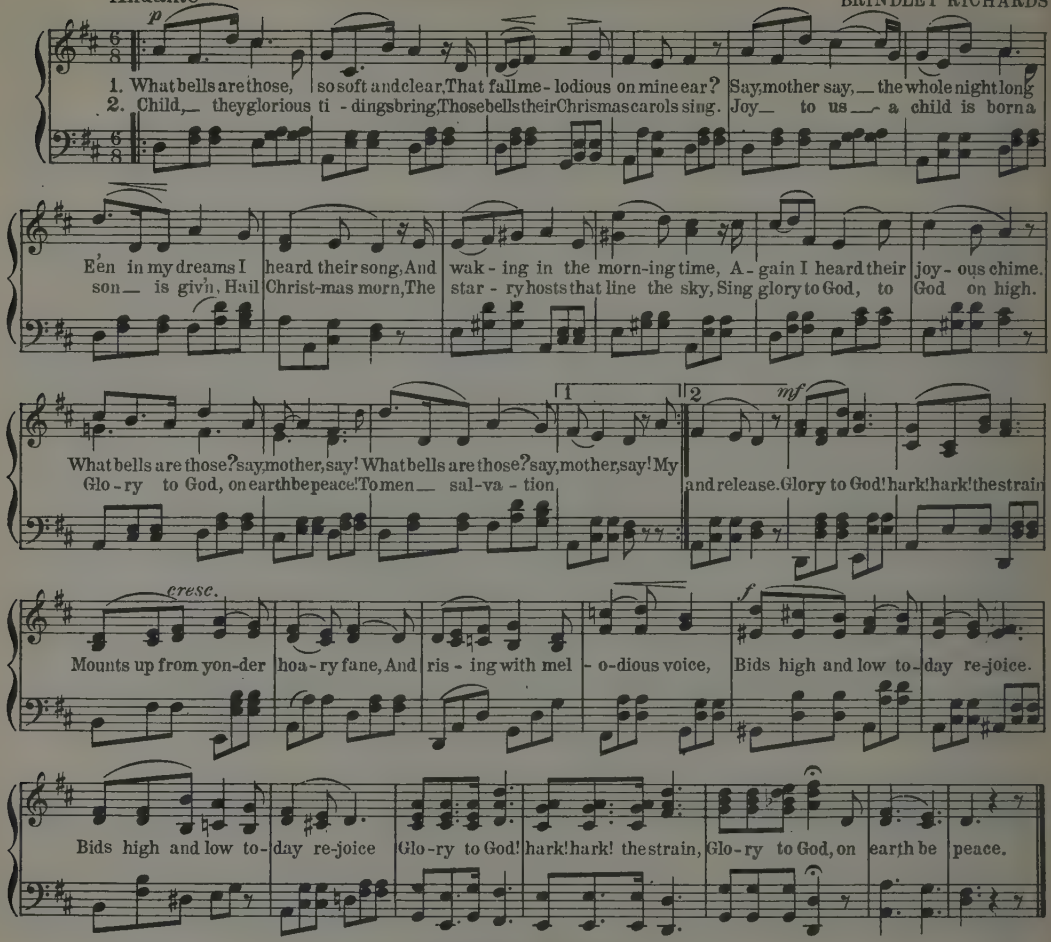
Andante


mf
Snail, snail, come out and be fed, Put out your horns and then your head,
mf
And your pa-pa and your ma-ma will give you boiled mut-ton.

# Christmas Chimes

Andante

BRINDLEY RICHARDS

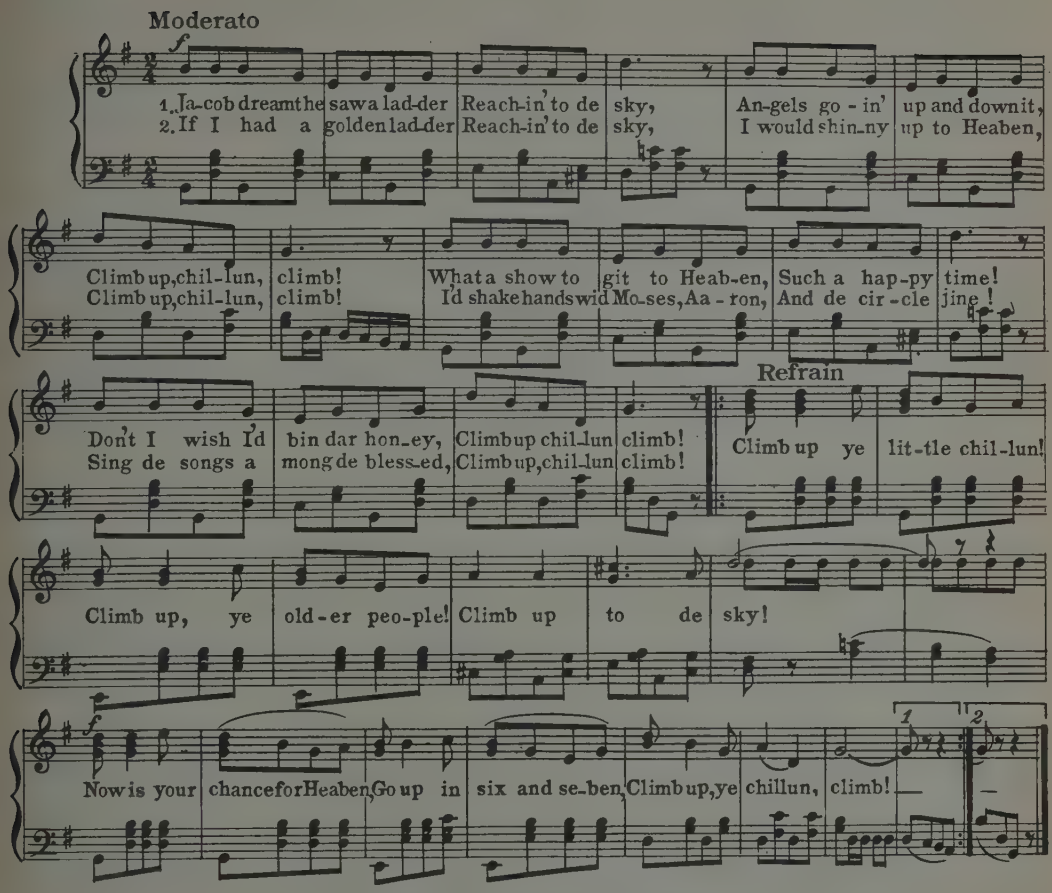

p
1. What bells are those, so soft and clear, That full me - lodious on mine ear?
2. Child, — they glorious ti - dings bring, Those bells their Chrismas carols sing.
Say, mother say, — the whole night long
Joy — to us — a child is borna
E'en in my dreams I heard their song, And wak - ing in the morn-ing time, A - gain I heard their joy - ous chime.
son — is giv'n, Hail Christ-mas morn, The star - ry hosts that line the sky, Sing glory to God, to God on high.
1
2
mf
What bells are those? say, mother, say! What bells are those? say, mother, say! My
Glo - ry to God, on earth be peace! To men — sal-va - tion,
and release. Glory to God! hark! hark! the strain
cresc.
Mounts up from yon-der hoa - ry fane, And ris - ing with mel - o-dious voice,
f
Bids high and low to-day re-joice.
Bids high and low to-day re-joice
Glo-ry to God! hark! hark! the strain,
Glo-ry to God, on earth be peace.

# Child's Hymn

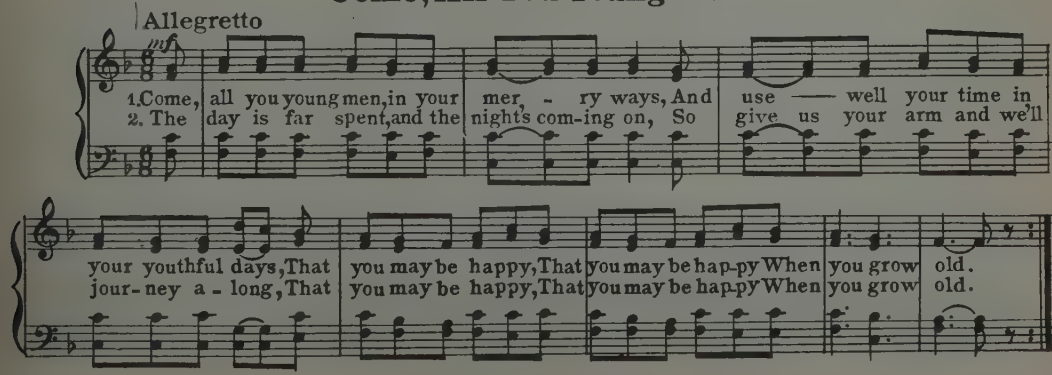
Moderato

mf
1. Let chil - dren that would fear the Lord, Hear what the teach - ers
2. Have you not heard what dread - ful plagues, Are threat - en'd by the
say; With rev-rence hear their pa - rent's words, And with de-light o - bey.
Lord; To him that breaks his fa - ther's laws, Or mocks his moth-ers word?

## Climb Up, Ye Chillun Climb


Moderato
1. Ja-cob dream the sawa lad-der Reach-in' to de sky, An-gels go - in' up and down it,
2. If I had a golden lad-der Reach-in' to de sky, I would shin-ny up to Heaben,
Climb up, chil-lun, climb! What a show to git to Heab-en, Such a hap-py time!
Climb up, chil-lun, climb! I'd shake hands wid Mo-ses, Aa - ron, And de cir-cle jine!
Refrain
Don't I wish I'd bin dar hon-ey, Climb up chil-lun climb!
Sing de songs a mong de bless-ed, Climb up, chil-lun climb!
Climb up ye lit-tle chil-lun!
Climb up, ye old-er peo-ple! Climb up to de sky!
Now is your chance for Heaben, Go up in six and se-ben, Climb up, ye chillun, climb!
1
2

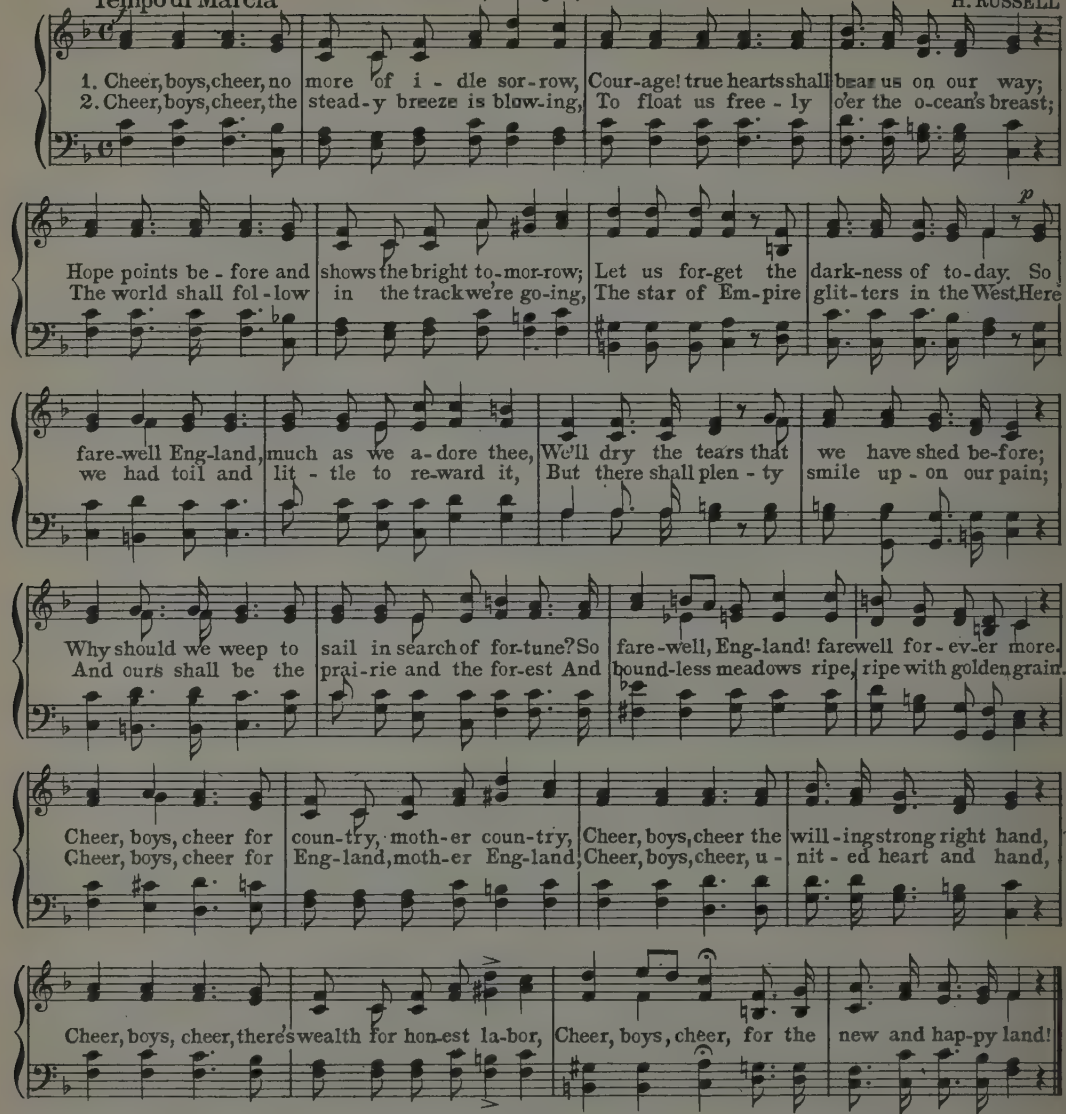
## Come, All You Young Men


Allegretto
1. Come, all you young men, in your mer - ry ways, And use — well your time in
2. The day is far spent, and the night's com-ing on, So give us your arm and we'll
your youthful days, That you may be happy, That you may be hap-py When you grow old.
jour-ney a - long, That you may be happy, That you may be hap-py When you grow old.

## Cheer, Boys, Cheer

Tempo di Marcia

H. RUSSELL

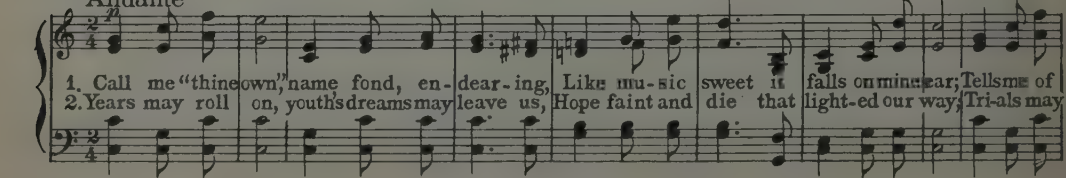

1. Cheer, boys, cheer, no more of i - dle sor - row, Cour-age! true hearts shall bear us on our way;
2. Cheer, boys, cheer, the stead - y breeze is blow-ing, To float us free - ly o'er the o-cean's breast;
Hope points be - fore and shows the bright to-mor-row; Let us for-get the dark-ness of to-day. So
The world shall fol - low in the track we're go-ing, The star of Em-pire glit - ters in the West. Here
fare-well Eng-land, much as we a - dore thee, We'll dry the tears that we have shed be-fore;
we had toil and lit - tle to re-ward it, But there shall plen - ty smile up - on our pain;
Why should we weep to sail in search of for-tune? So fare-well, Eng-land! fare-well for - ev-er more.
And ours shall be the prai-rie and the for-est And bound-less meadows ripe, ripe with golden grain.
Cheer, boys, cheer for coun-try, moth-er coun-try, Cheer, boys, cheer the will - ing strong right hand,
Cheer, boys, cheer for Eng-land, moth-er Eng-land, Cheer, boys, cheer, u - nit - ed heart and hand,
Cheer, boys, cheer, there's wealth for hon-est la-bor, Cheer, boys, cheer, for the new and hap-py land!

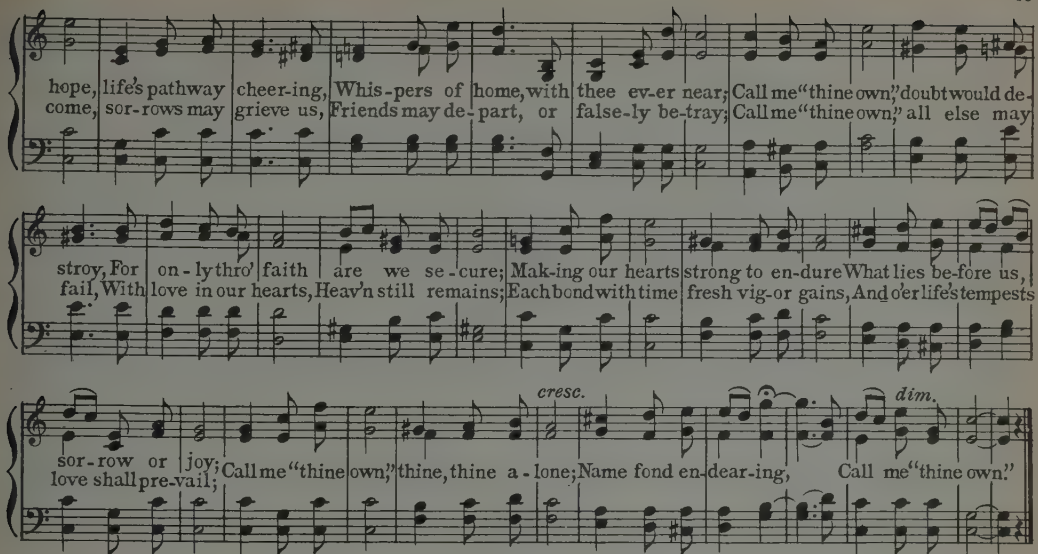
## Call Me Thine Own

"L'ECLAIR"

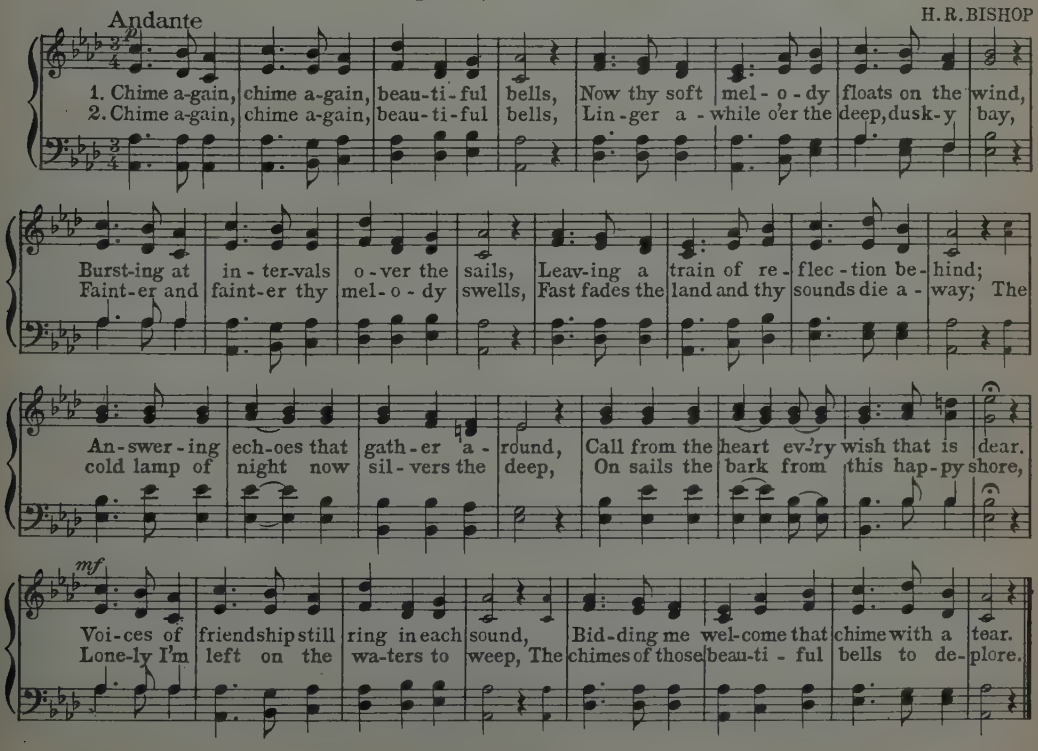
L. HALEVY

Andante


1. Call me "thine own," name fond, en - dear - ing, Like mu-sic sweet it falls on mine ear; Tells me of
2. Years may roll on, youth's dreams may leave us, Hope faint and die that light-ed our way; Tri-als may

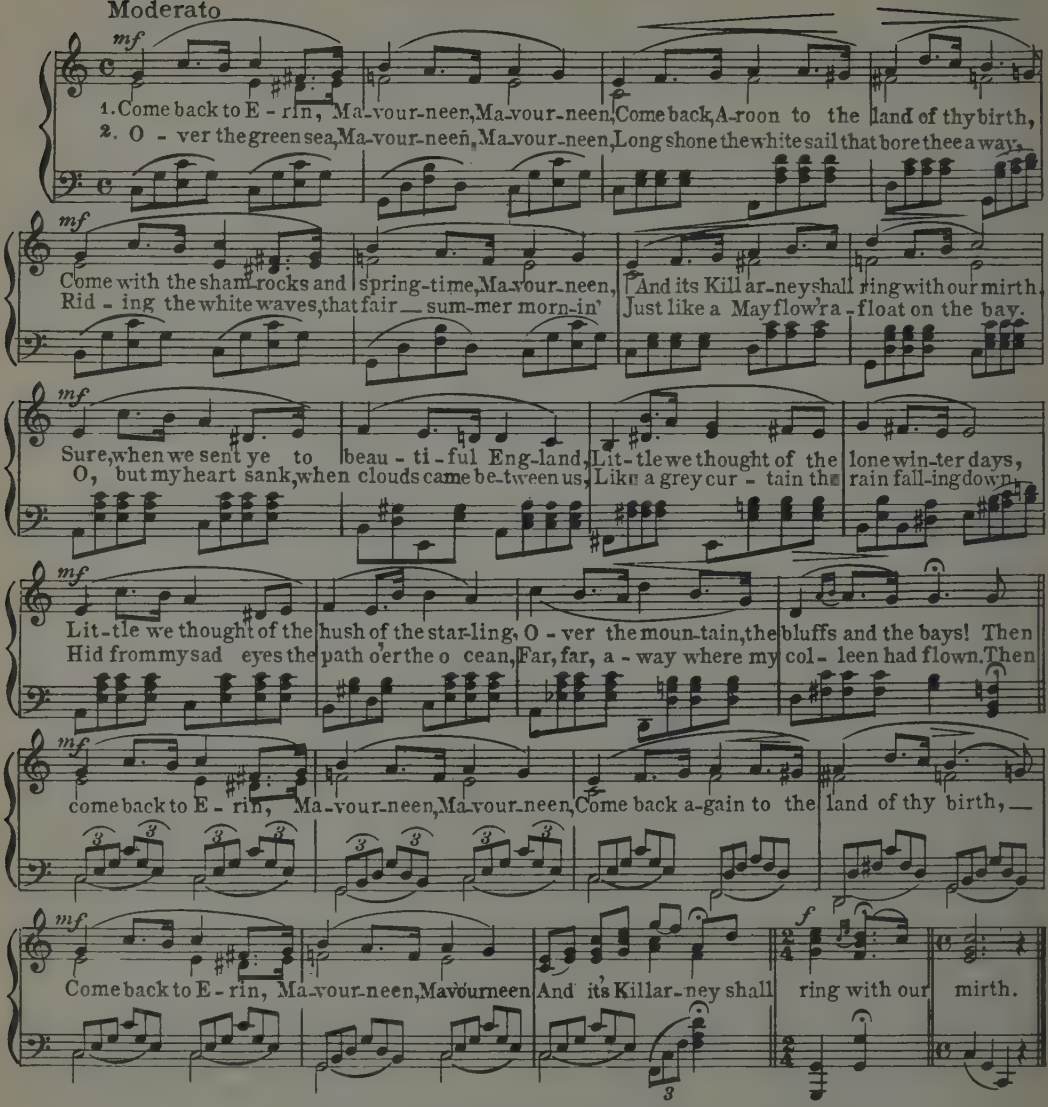

hope, life's pathway cheer-ing, Whis-pers of home, with thee ev-er near; Call me "thine own," doubt would de-
come, sor-rows may grieve us, Friends may de-part, or false-ly be-tray; Call me "thine own," all else may
stroy, For on-ly thro' faith are we se-cure; Mak-ing our hearts strong to en-dure What lies be-fore us,
fail, With love in our hearts, Heav'n still remains; Each bond with time fresh vig-or gains, And o'er life's tempests
cresc.
dim.
sor-row or joy; Call me "thine own," thine, thine a-lone; Name fond en-dear-ing, Call me "thine own."
love shall pre-vail;

## Chime Again, Beautiful Bells


Andante
H. R. BISHOP
1. Chime a-gain, chime a-gain, beau-ti-ful bells, Now thy soft mel-o-dy floats on the wind,
2. Chime a-gain, chime a-gain, beau-ti-ful bells, Lin-ger a-while o'er the deep, dusk-y bay,
Burst-ing at in-ter-vals o-ver the sails, Leav-ing a train of re-flec-tion be-hind;
Faint-er and faint-er thy mel-o-dy swells, Fast fades the land and thy sounds die a-way; The
An-swer-ing ech-oes that gath-er a-round, Call from the heart ev-'ry wish that is dear.
cold lamp of night now sil-vers the deep, On sails the bark from this hap-py shore,
mf
Voi-ces of friendship still ring in each sound, Bid-ding me wel-come that chime with a tear.
Lone-ly I'm left on the wa-ters to weep, The chimes of those beau-ti-ful bells to de-plore.

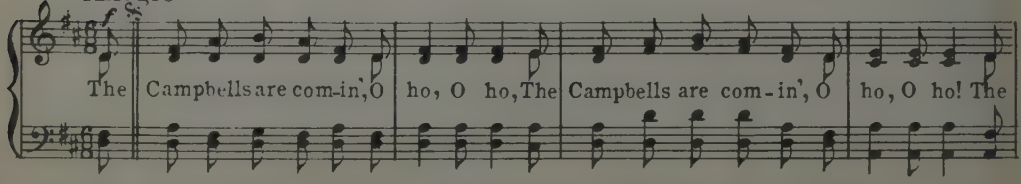
# Come Back to Erin

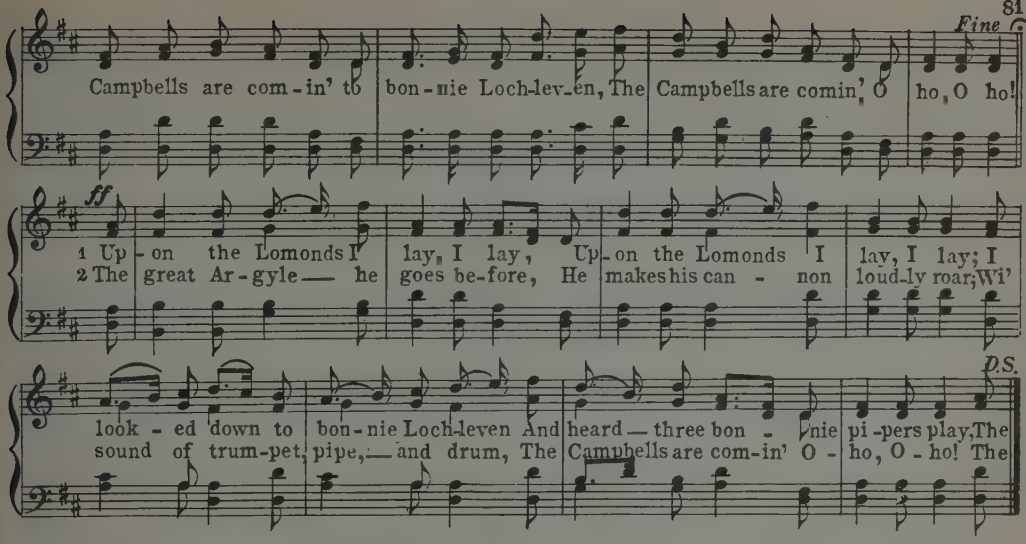
CLARIBEL


Moderato
mf
1. Come back to E - rin, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, Come back, A-roon to the land of thy birth,
2. O - ver the green sea, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, Long shone the white sail that bore thee a way.
Come with the sham-rocks and spring-time, Ma-vour-neen, And its Kill ar-ney shall ring with our mirth,
Rid - ing the white waves, that fair sum-mer morn-in' Just like a May flow'r a - float on the bay.
Sure, when we sent ye to beau - ti - ful Eng-land, Lit - tle we thought of the lone win-ter days,
O, but my heart sank, when clouds came be-tween us, Like a grey cur - tain the rain fall-ing down,
Lit - tle we thought of the hush of the star-ling, O - ver the moun-tain, the bluffs and the bays! Then
Hid from my sad eyes the path o'er the o cean, Far, far, a - way where my col - leen had flown. Then
come back to E - rin, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, Come back a-gain to the land of thy birth,
Come back to E - rin, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vourneen And its Killar-ney shall ring with our mirth.
f

# The Campbells Are Coming

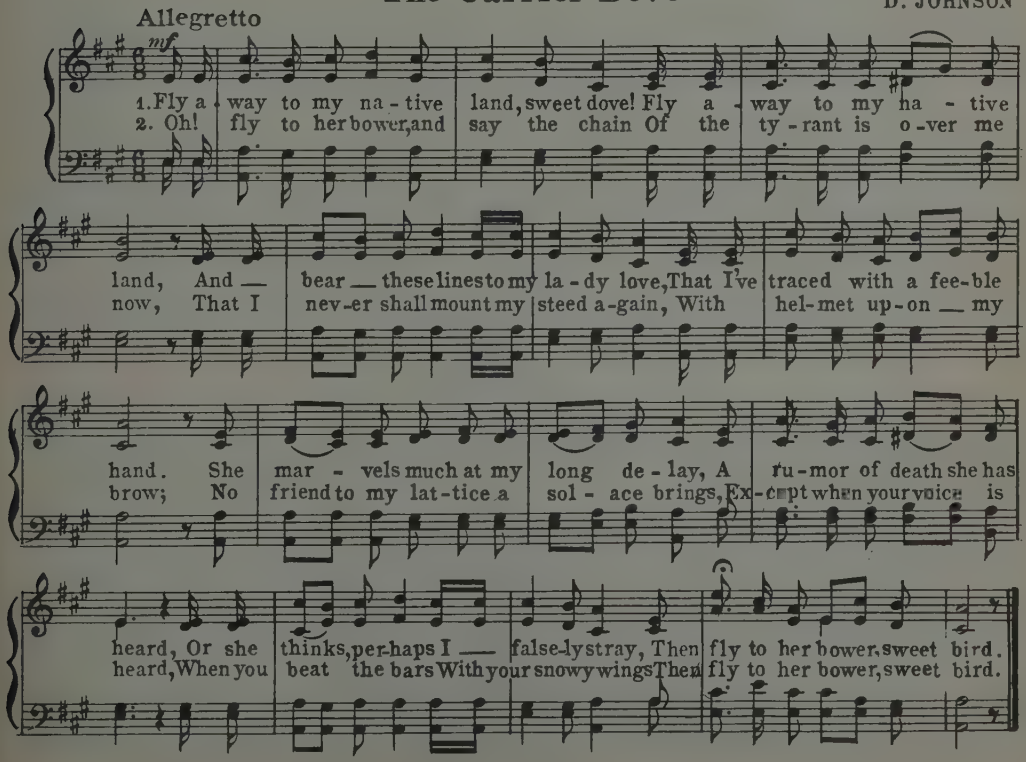
SCOTCH AIR




Fine
Campbells are com-in' to bon-nie Loch-lev-en, The Campbells are comin' O ho, O ho!
ff
1 Up-on the Lomonds I lay, I lay, Up-on the Lomonds I lay, I lay; I
2 The great Ar-gyle — he goes be-fore, He makes his can - non loud-ly roar; Wi'
D.S.
look-ed down to bon-nie Loch-leven And heard — three bon - nie pi-pers play, The
sound of trum-pet, pipe, — and drum, The Campbells are com-in' O - ho, O - ho! The

## The Carrier Dove

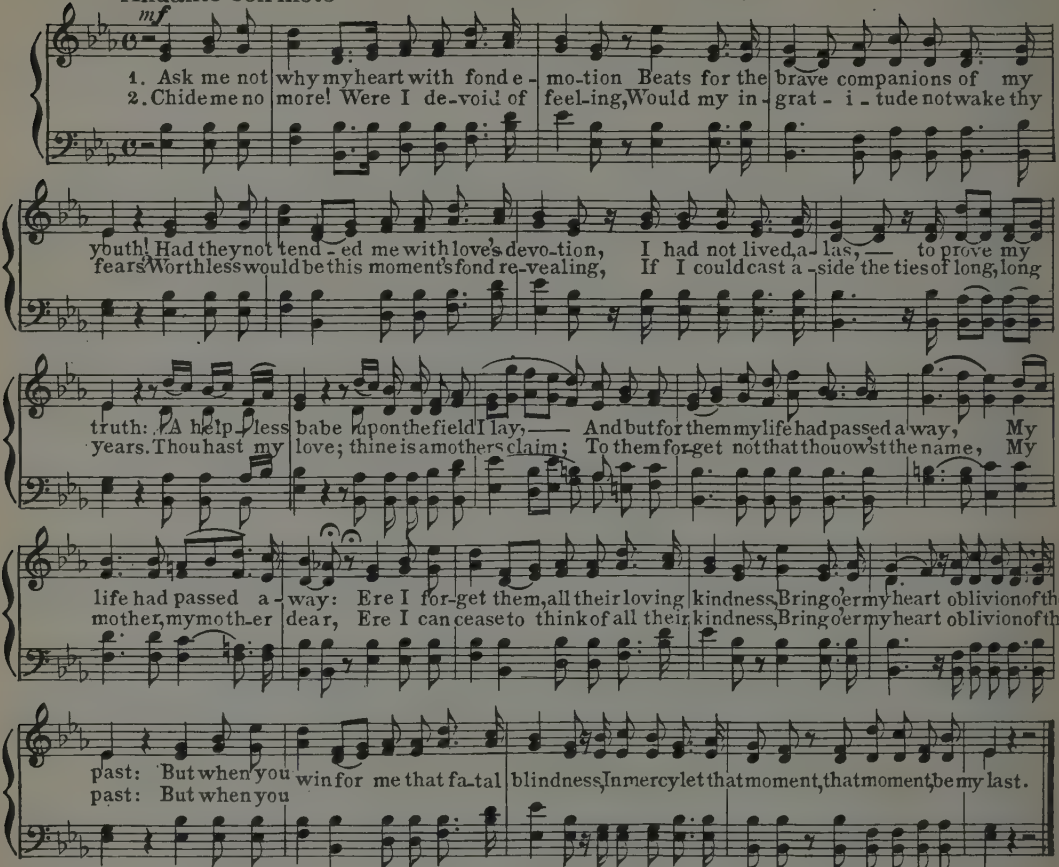
D. JOHNSON


Allegretto
mf
1. Fly a-way to my na-tive land, sweet dove! Fly a-way to my ha-tive
2. Oh! fly to her bower, and say the chain Of the ty-rant is o-ver me
land, And — bear — these lines to my la-dy love, That I've traced with a fee-ble
now, That I nev-er shall mount my steed a-gain, With hel-met up-on — my
hand. She mar-vels much at my long de-lay, A ru-mor of death she has
brow; No friend to my lat-tice a sol-ace brings, Ex-cept when your voice is
heard, Or she thinks, per-haps I — false-ly stray, Then fly to her bower, sweet bird.
heard, When you beat the bars With your snowy wings Then fly to her bower, sweet bird.

# Child Of The Regiment

Andante con moto

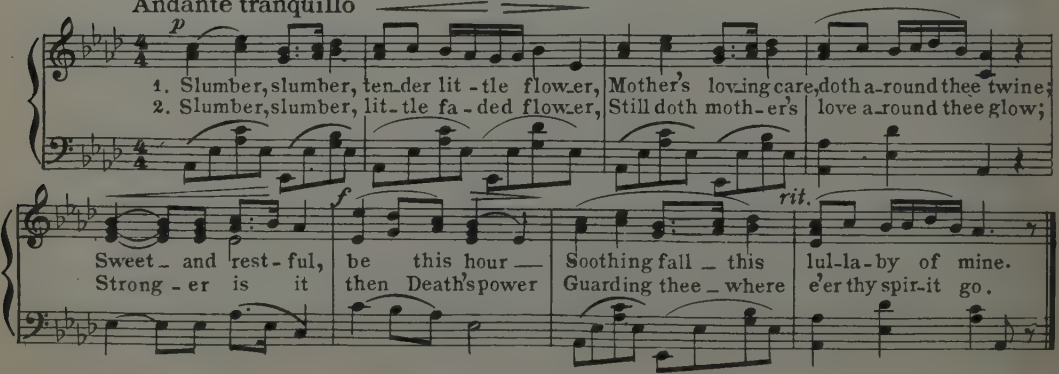
G. DONIZETTI


mf
1. Ask me not why my heart with fond e - mo - tion Beats for the brave companions of my
2. Chide me no more! Were I de - void of feel - ing, Would my in - grat - i - tude not wake thy
youth! Had they not tend - ed me with love's devo - tion, I had not lived, a - las, — to prove my
fears Worthless would be this moment's fond re - vealing, If I could cast a - side the ties of long, long
truth: A help - less babe upon the field I lay, — And but for them my life had passed a way, My
years. Thou hast my love; thine is a mothers claim; To them for - get not that thou ow'st the name, My
life had passed a - way: Ere I for - get them, all their loving kindness Bring o'er my heart oblivion of the
mother, my moth - er dear, Ere I can cease to think of all their kindness Bring o'er my heart oblivion of the
past: But when you win for me that fa - tal blindness, In mercy let that moment, that moment be my last.
past: But when you

# Cradle Song

Andante tranquillo

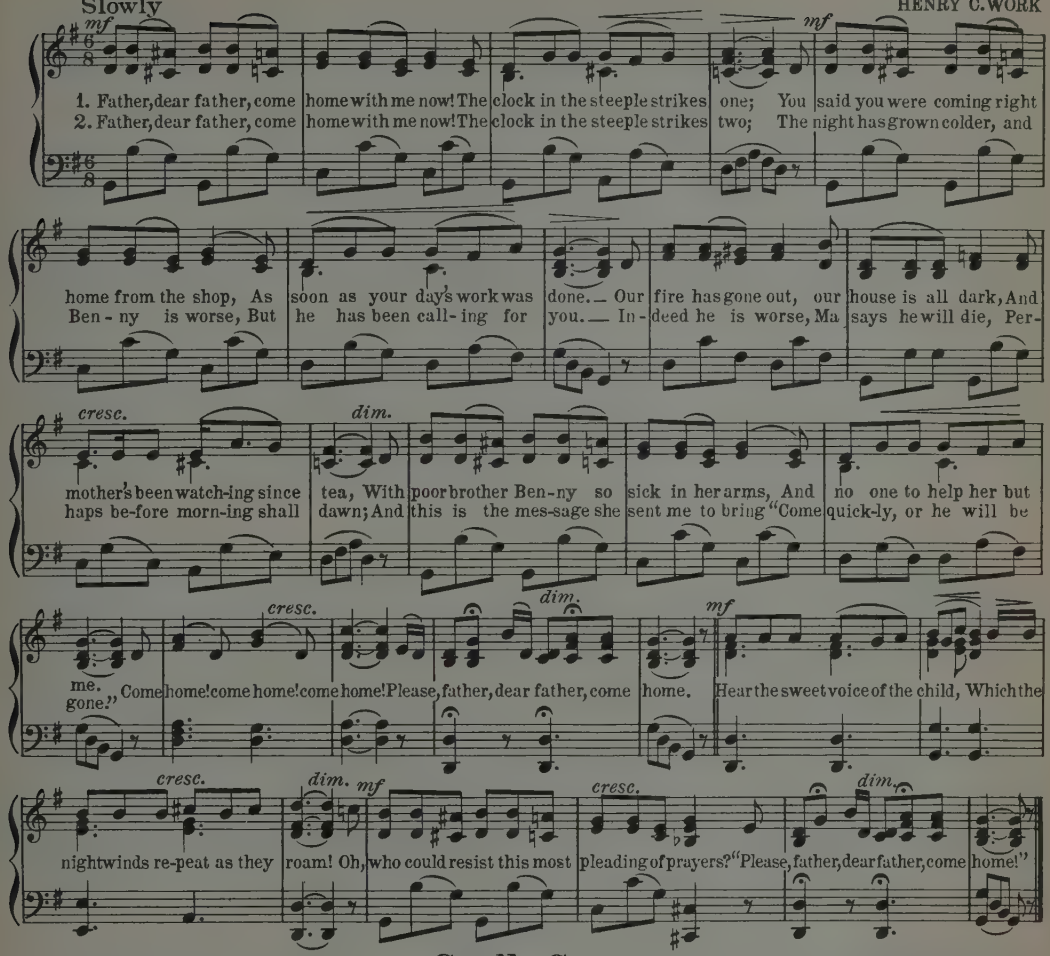
Fr. SCHUBERT


p
1. Slumber, slumber, ten - der lit - tle flow - er, Mother's lov - ing care, doth a - round thee twine;
2. Slumber, slumber, lit - tle fa - ded flow - er, Still doth moth - er's love a - round thee glow;
f
rit.
Sweet - and rest - ful, be this hour — Soothing fall — this lul - la - by of mine.
Strong - er is it then Death's power Guarding thee — where e'er thy spir - it go.

# Come Home, Father

Slowly

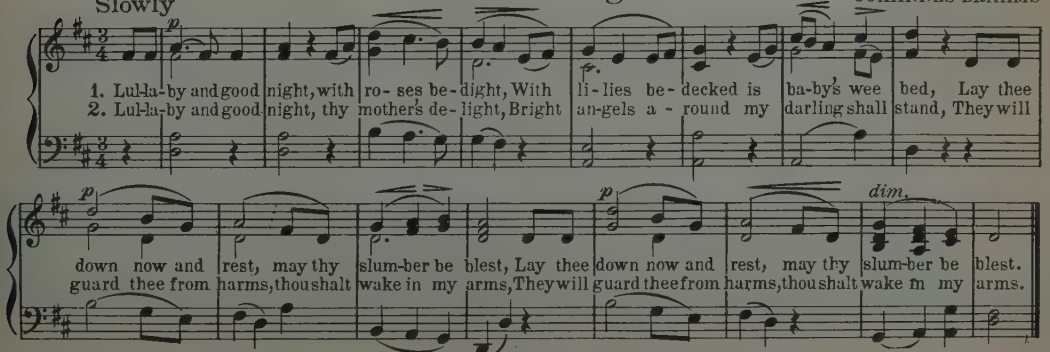
HENRY C. WORK


mf
1. Father, dear father, come home with me now! The clock in the steeple strikes one; You said you were coming right
2. Father, dear father, come home with me now! The clock in the steeple strikes two; The night has grown colder, and
home from the shop, As soon as your day's work was done. Our fire has gone out, our house is all dark, And
Ben - ny is worse, But he has been call - ing for you. In - deed he is worse, Ma says he will die, Per -
cresc.
dim.
mother's been watch-ing since tea, With poor brother Ben-ny so sick in her arms, And no one to help her but
haps be-fore morn-ing shall dawn; And this is the mes-sage she sent me to bring "Come quick-ly, or he will be
me.
gone?"
Come home! come home! come home! Please, father, dear father, come home.
Hear the sweet voice of the child, Which the
nightwinds re-peat as they roam! Oh, who could resist this most pleading of prayers? "Please, father, dear father, come home!"

# Cradle Song

Slowly

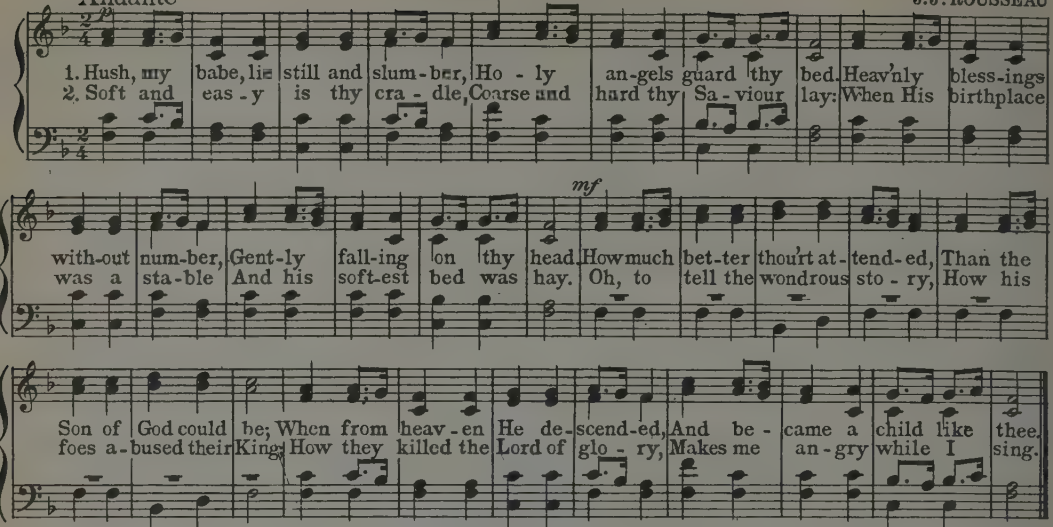
JOHANNES BRAHMS


p
1. Lul-la-by and good night, with ro - ses be - dight, With li - lies be - decked is ba-by's wee bed, Lay thee
2. Lul-la-by and good night, thy mother's de - light, Bright an-gels a - round my darling shall stand, They will
down now and rest, may thy slum-ber be blest, Lay thee down now and rest, may thy slum-ber be blest.
guard thee from harms, thou shalt wake in my arms, They will guard thee from harms, thou shalt wake in my arms.

## Cradle Hymn

Andante

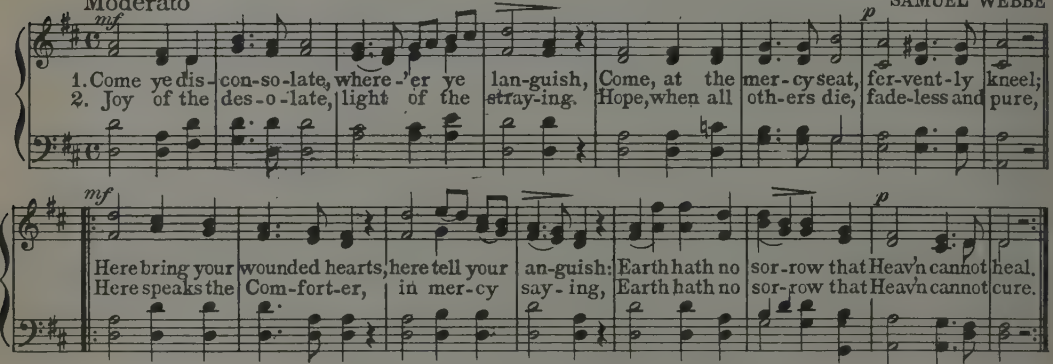
J. J. ROUSSEAU


1. Hush, my babe, lie still and slum-ber, Ho - ly an-gels guard thy bed. Heav'nly bless-ings
2. Soft and eas - y is thy cra - dle, Coarse and hard thy Sa - viour lay: When His birthplace
mf
with-out num-ber, Gent-ly fall-ing on thy head. How much bet-ter thou'rt at-tend-ed, Than the
was a sta-ble And his soft-est bed was hay. Oh, to tell the wondrous sto - ry, How his
Son of God could be; When from heav - en He de-scend-ed, And be - came a child like thee.
foes a-bused their King; How they killed the Lord of glo - ry, Makes me an - gry while I sing.

## Come, Ye Disconsolate

Moderato

SAMUEL WEBBE

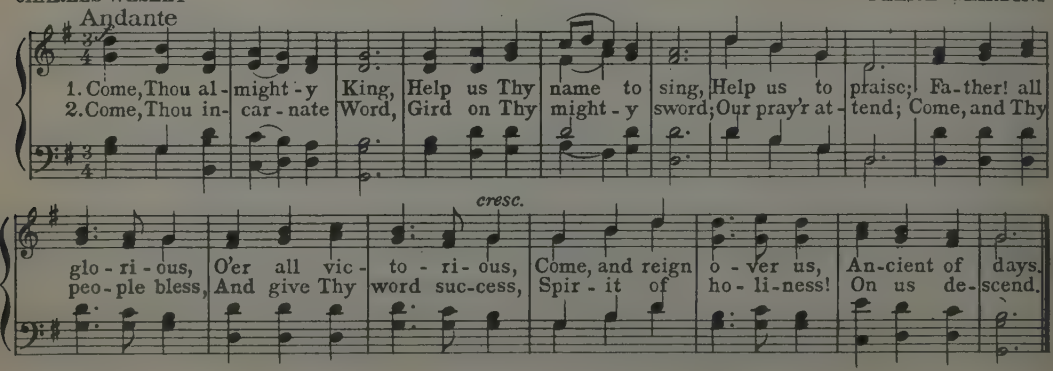

mf
1. Come ye dis-con-so-late, where-'er ye lan-guish, Come, at the mer-cy seat, fer-vent-ly kneel;
2. Joy of the des-o-late, light of the stray-ing. Hope, when all oth-ers die, fade-less and pure,
mf
p
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an-guish: Earth hath no sor-row that Heav'n cannot heal.
Here speaks the Com-fort-er, in mer-cy say - ing, Earth hath no sor-row that Heav'n cannot cure.

## Come, Thou Almighty King

CHARLES WESLEY

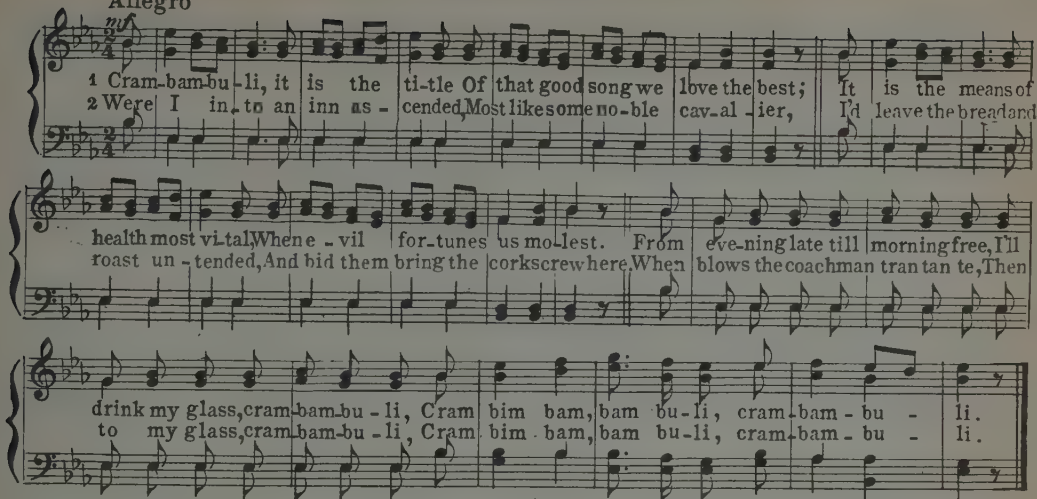
FELICE GIARDINI

Andante


1. Come, Thou al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Fa-ther! all
2. Come, Thou in-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy might-y sword; Our pray'r at-tend; Come, and Thy
cresc.
glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of days.
peo-ple bless, And give Thy word suc-cess, Spir-it of ho-li-ness! On us de-scend.

## Crambambuli

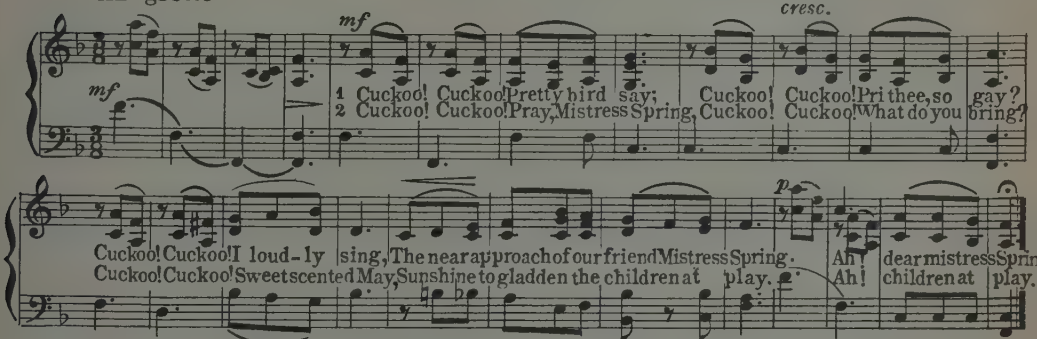
Allegro


1 Cram-bam-bu-li, it is the ti-tle Of that good song we love the best; It is the means of
2 Were I in-to an inn as-cended, Most like some no-ble cav-al-ier, I'd leave the bread and
health most vi-tal, When e-vil for-tunes us mo-lest. From eve-ning late till morning free, I'll
roast un-tended, And bid them bring the cork-screw here. When blows the coachman tran tan te, Then
drink my glass, cram-bam-bu-li, Cram bim bam, bam bu-li, cram-bam-bu-li.
to my glass, cram-bam-bu-li, Cram bim bam, bam bu-li, cram-bam-bu-li.

## Cuckoo

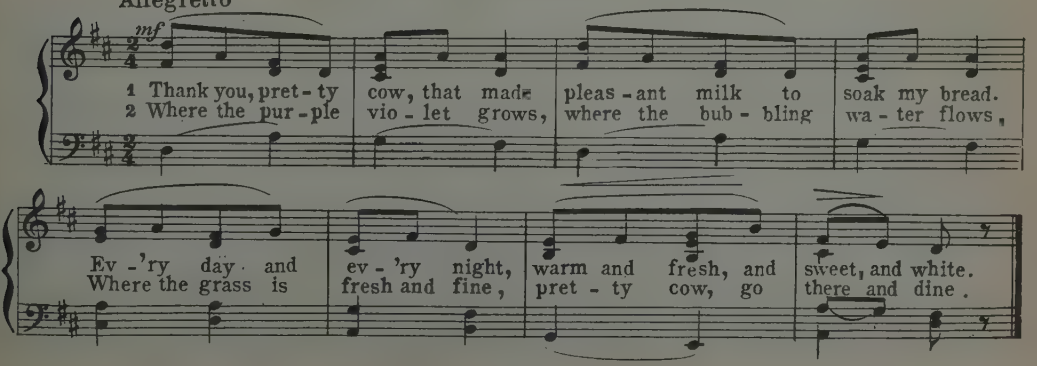
ALFRED S. GATTY

Allegretto


1 Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Pretty bird say; Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Pri thee, so gay?
2 Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Pray, Mistress Spring, Cuckoo! Cuckoo! What do you bring?
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! I loud-ly sing, The near ap-proach of our friend Mistress Spring. Ah! dear mistress Spring
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Sweet-scented May, Sunshine to gladden the children at play. Ah! children at play.

## The Cow

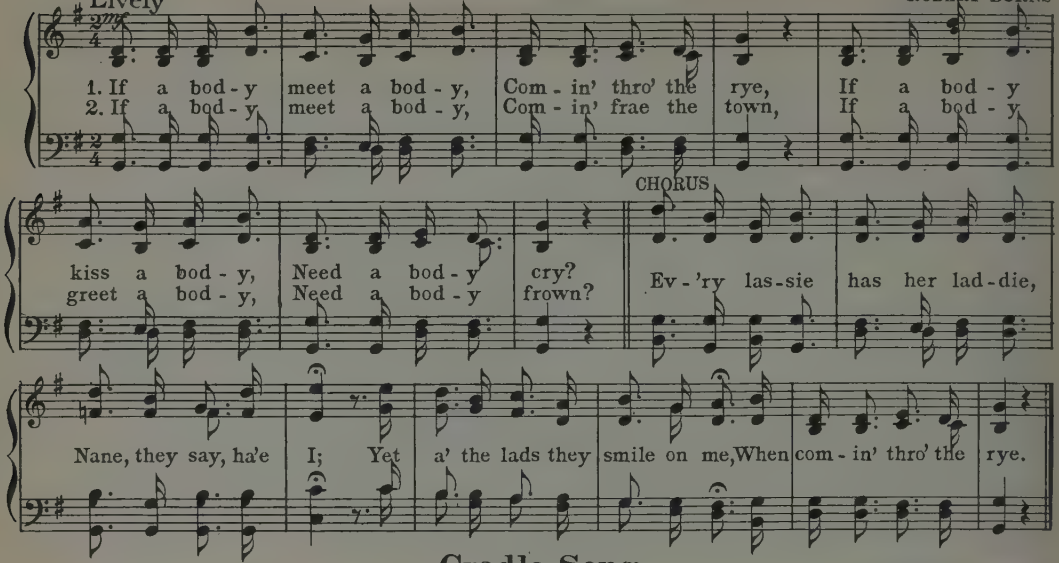
Allegretto


1 Thank you, pret-ty cow, that made pleas-ant milk to soak my bread.
2 Where the pur-ple vio-let grows, where the bub-bling wa-ter flows,
Ev-'ry day and ev-'ry night, warm and fresh, and sweet, and white.
Where the grass is fresh and fine, pret-ty cow, go there and dine.

## Comin' Thro' The Rye

Lively

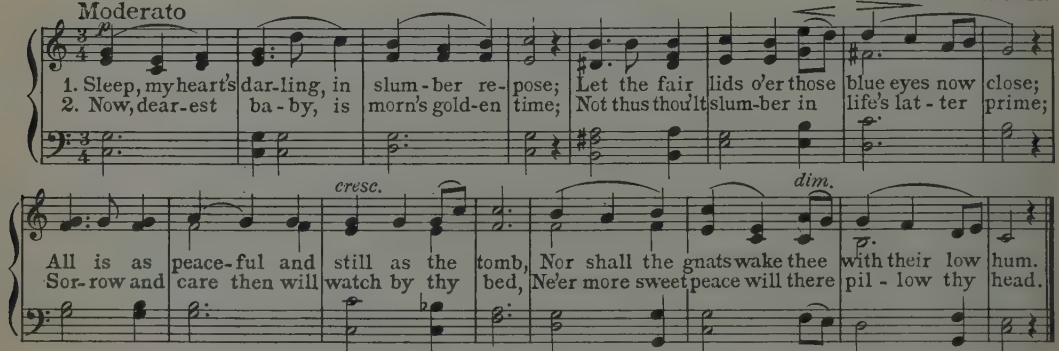
ROBERT BURNS


mf
1. If a bod - y meet a bod - y, Com - in' thro' the rye, If a bod - y
2. If a bod - y meet a bod - y, Com - in' frae the town, If a bod - y
kiss a bod - y, Need a bod - y cry?
greet a bod - y, Need a bod - y frown?
CHORUS
Ev - 'ry las-sie has her lad-die,
Nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When com - in' thro' the rye.

## Cradle Song

Moderato

C. M. VON WEBER

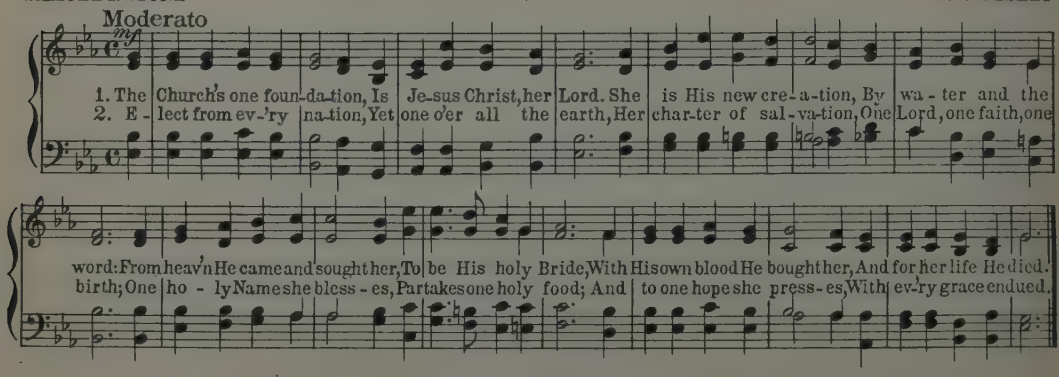

p
1. Sleep, my heart's dar-ling, in slum-ber re-pose; Let the fair lids o'er those blue eyes now close;
2. Now, dear-est ba-by, is morn's gold-en time; Not thus thou'lt slum-ber in life's lat - ter prime;
cresc.
dim.
All is as peace-ful and still as the tomb, Nor shall the gnats wake thee with their low hum.
Sor-row and care then will watch by thy bed, Ne'er more sweet peace will there pil - low thy head.

## The Church's One Foundation

SAMUEL I. STONE

S.S. WESLEY

Moderato


mf
1. The Church's one foun-da-tion, Is Je-sus Christ, her Lord. She is His new cre-a-tion, By wa - ter and the
2. E - lect from ev-'ry na-tion, Yet one o'er all the earth, Her char-ter of sal-va-tion, One Lord, one faith, one
word: From heav'n He came and sought her, To be His holy Bride, With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
birth; One ho - ly Name she bless - es, Partakes one holy food; And to one hope she press - es, With ev-'ry grace endued.

## Crown Him With Many Crowns

Moderato

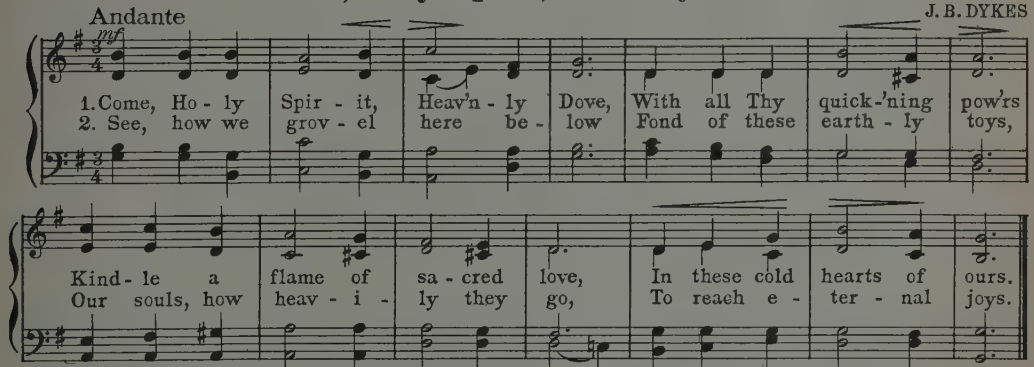
M. BRIDGES

1. Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne; Hark! how the heavenly
2. Crown Him the Lord of Love! Be - hold His hands and side, Those wounds, yet vis - i -
an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own! A - wake, my soul, and sing Of
ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied: No an - gel in the sky Can
Him who died for thee; And hail Him as thy match-less King Through all e - ter - ni - ty.
ful - ly bear that sight, But downward bends his wondering eye At mys-ter-ies so bright.

## Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove

Andante

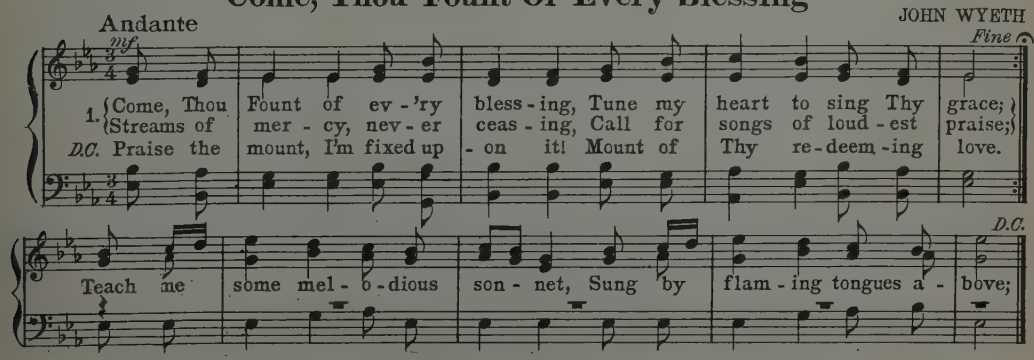
J. B. DYKES


1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'n - ly Dove, With all Thy quick-'ning pow'rs
2. See, how we grov - el here be - low Fond of these earth - ly toys,
Kind - le a flame of sa - cred love, In these cold hearts of ours.
Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.

## Come, Thou Fount Of Every Blessing

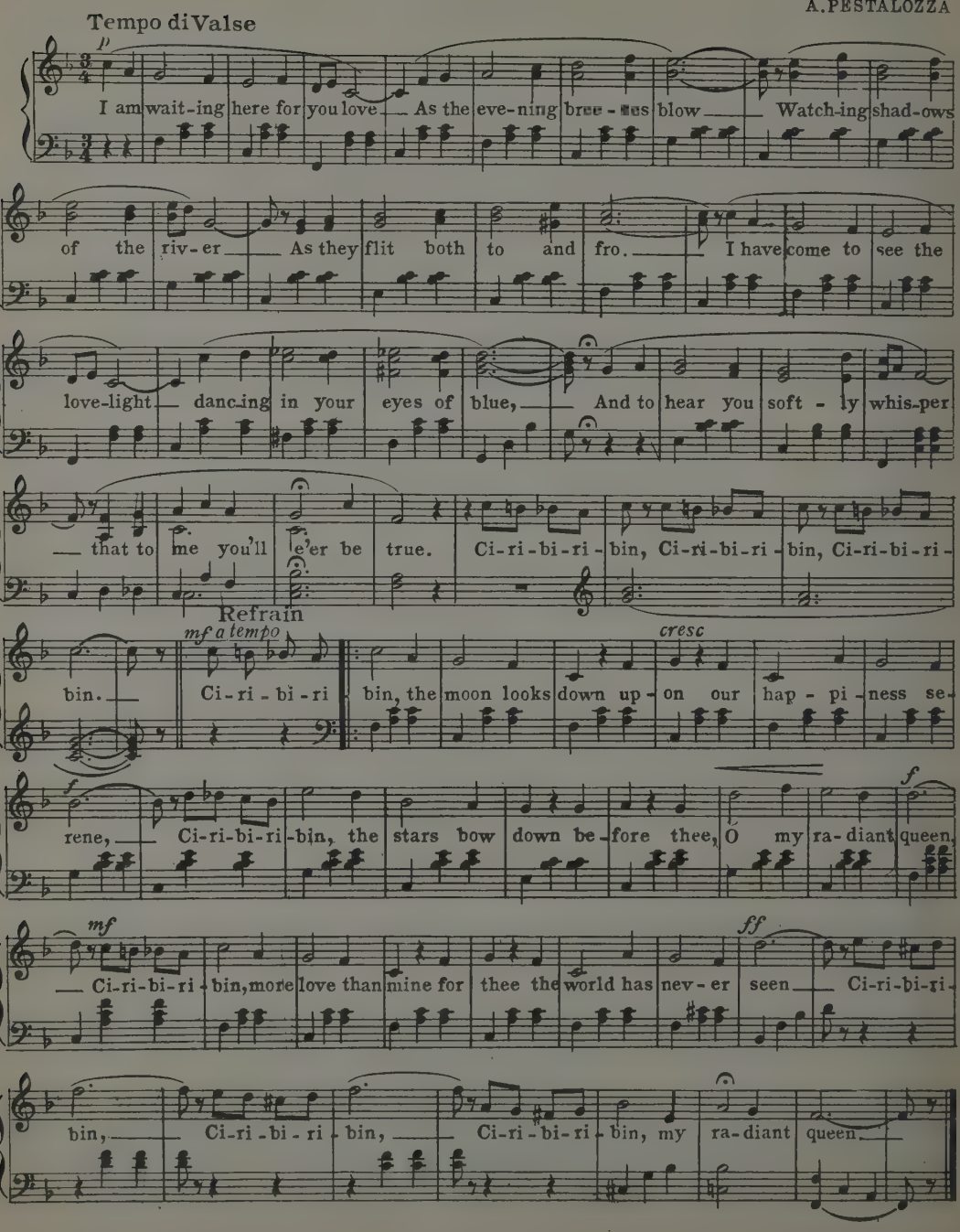
Andante

JOHN WYETH


Fine
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise;
D.C. Praise the mount, I'm fixed up - on it! Mount of Thy re-deem - ing love.
D.C.
Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;

# Ciribiribin

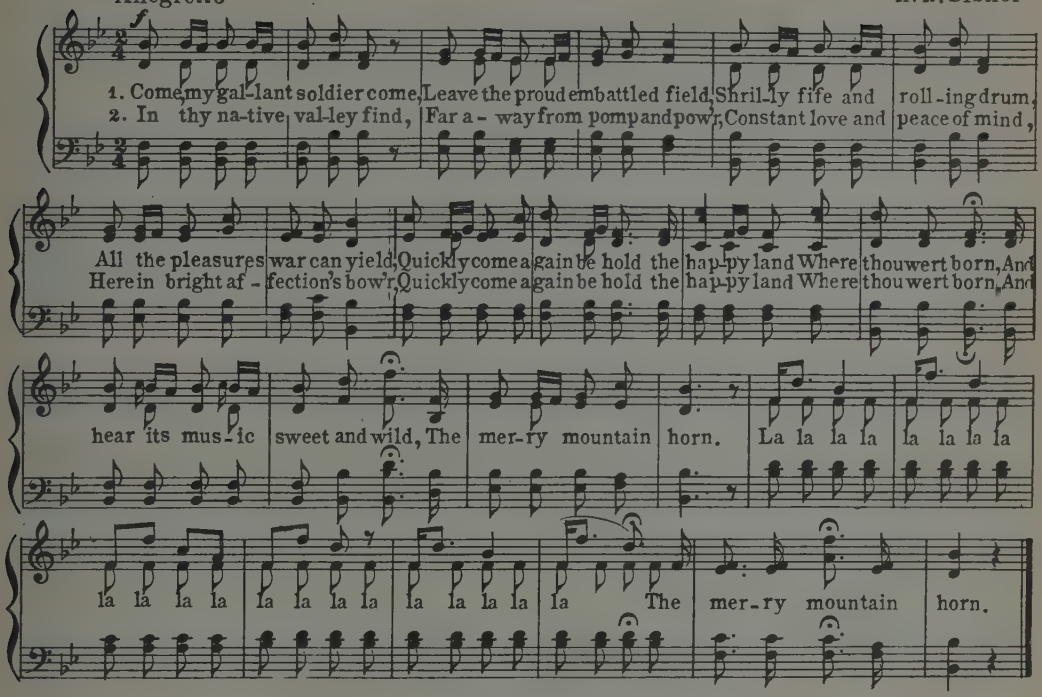
A. PESTALOZZA


Tempo di Valse
p
I am wait-ing here for you love. As the eve-ning bree-zes blow. Watch-ing shad-ows
of the riv-er. As they flit both to and fro. I have come to see the
love-light dan-cing in your eyes of blue, And to hear you soft-ly whis-per
that to me you'll e'er be true. Ci-ri-bi-ri-bin, Ci-ri-bi-ri-bin, Ci-ri-bi-ri-
Refrain
mf a tempo
bin. Ci-ri-bi-ri-bin, the moon looks down up-on our hap-pi-ness se-
cresc
f
rene, Ci-ri-bi-ri-bin, the stars bow down be-fore thee, O my ra-diant queen,
f
mf
Ci-ri-bi-ri-bin, more love than mine for thee the world has nev-er seen Ci-ri-bi-ri-
ff
bin, Ci-ri-bi-ri-bin, Ci-ri-bi-ri-bin, my ra-diant queen.

## Come, My Gallant Soldier, Come

Allegretto

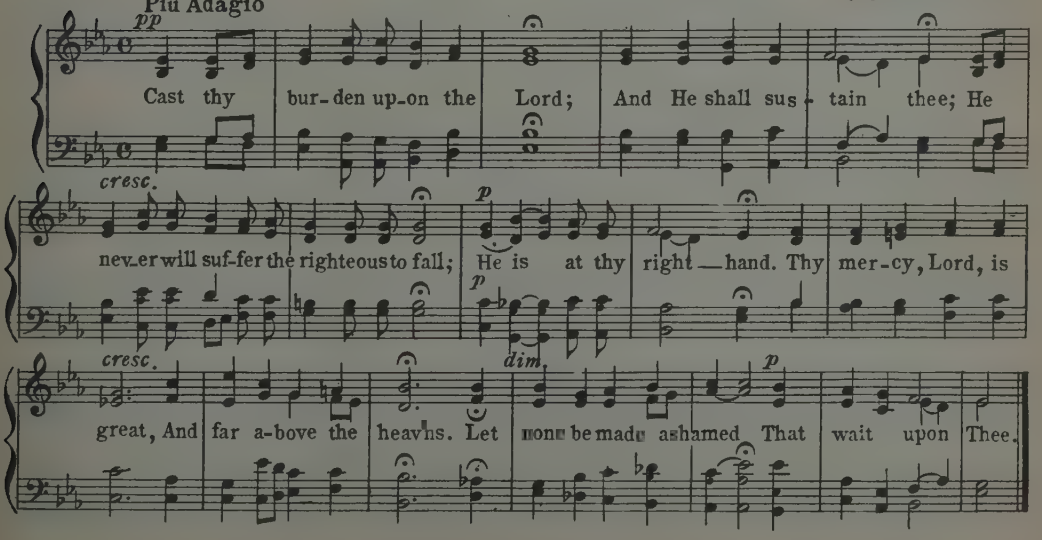
H. R. BISHOP


f
1. Come my gal-lant soldier come, Leave the proud embattled field, Shril-ly fife and roll-ing drum,
2. In thy na-tive val-ley find, Far a-way from pomp and pow'r, Constant love and peace of mind,
All the pleasures war can yield, Quickly come again be hold the hap-py land Where thou wert born, And
Here in bright af-fection's bow'r, Quickly come again be hold the hap-py land Where thou wert born, And
hear its mus-ic sweet and wild, The mer-ry mountain horn. La la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la la la la la la The mer-ry mountain horn.

## Cast Thy Burden On The Lord

Piu Adagio

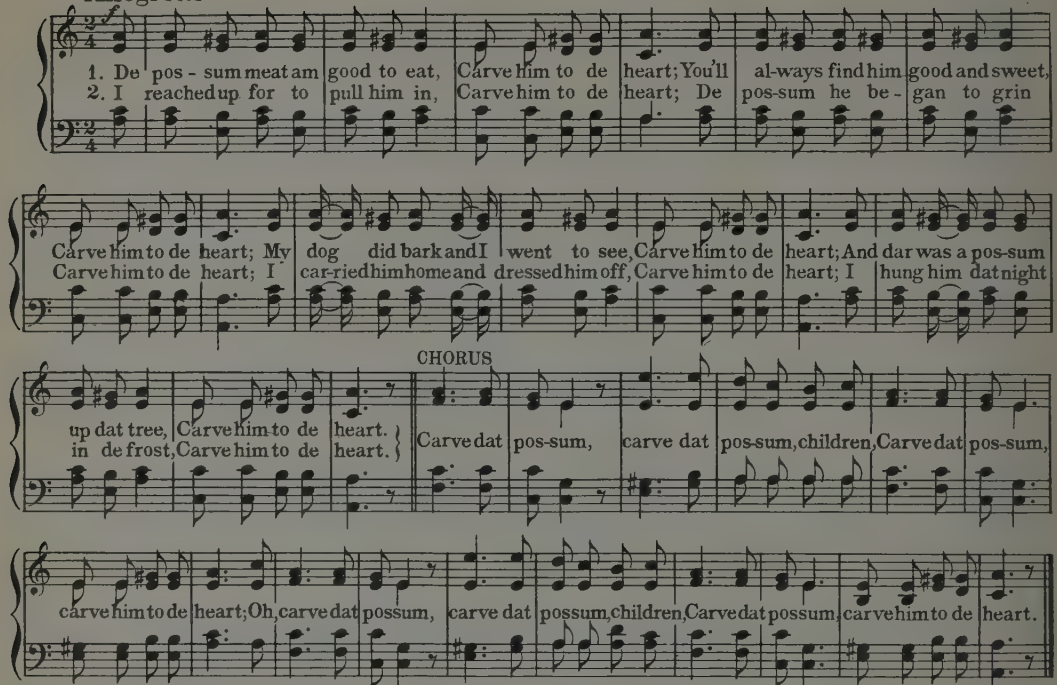
F. MENDELSSOHN


pp
Cast thy bur-den up-on the Lord; And He shall sus-tain thee; He
cresc.
p
nev-er will suf-fer the righteous to fall; He is at thy right hand. Thy mer-cy, Lord, is
cresc.
dim.
p
great, And far a-bove the heav'ns. Let none be made ashamed That wait upon Thee.

# Carve Dat Possum

Allegretto

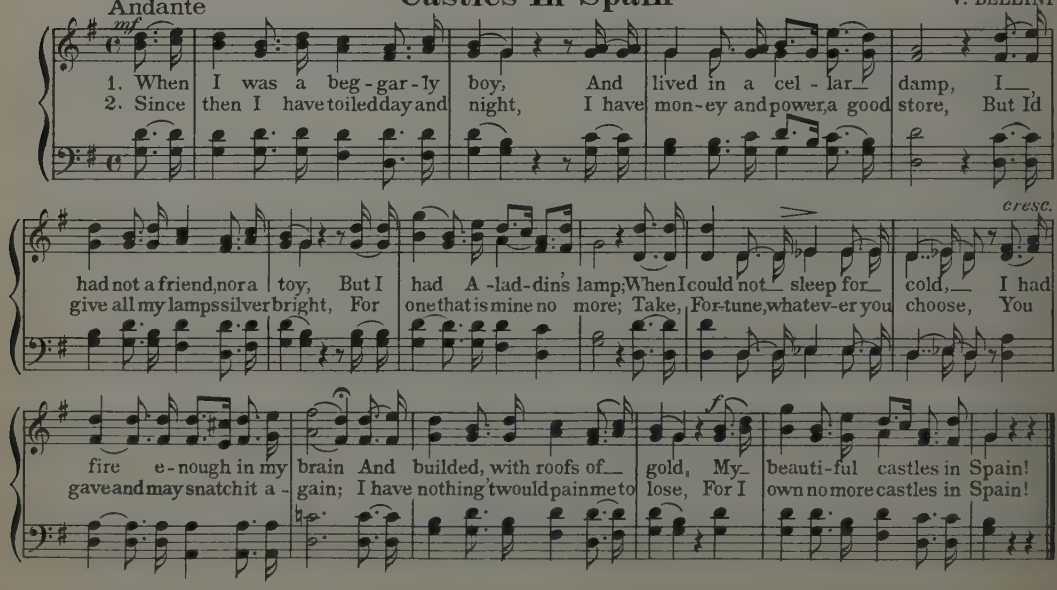
SAM LUCAS


1. De pos - sum meat am good to eat, Carve him to de heart; You'll al-ways find him good and sweet,
2. I reached up for to pull him in, Carve him to de heart; De pos-sum he be - gan to grin
Carve him to de heart; My dog did bark and I went to see, Carve him to de heart; And dar was a pos-sum
Carve him to de heart; I car-ried him home and dressed him off, Carve him to de heart; I hung him dat night
CHORUS
up dat tree, Carve him to de heart.
in de frost, Carve him to de heart.
Carve dat pos-sum, carve dat pos-sum, children, Carve dat pos-sum,
carve him to de heart; Oh, carve dat possum, carve dat possum, children, Carve dat possum, carve him to de heart.

# Castles In Spain

Andante

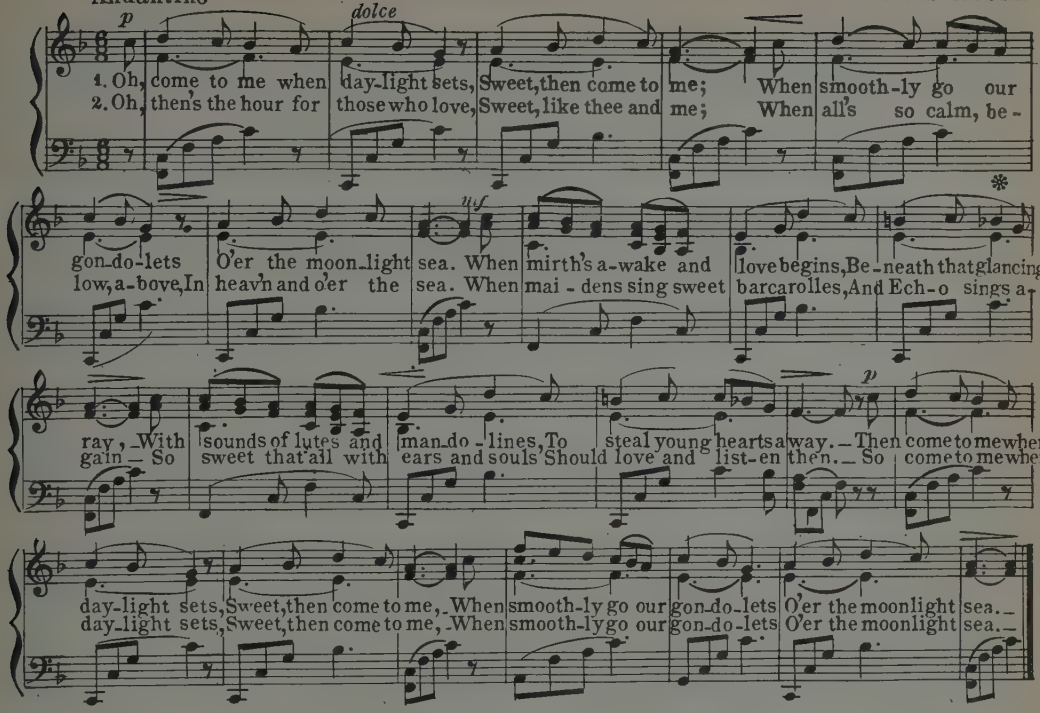
V. BELLINI


1. When I was a beg - gar - ly boy, And lived in a cel - lar damp, I,
2. Since then I have toiled day and night, I have mon-ey and power, a good store, But Id
had not a friend, nor a toy, But I had A - lad - din's lamp; When I could not sleep for cold, I had
give all my lamps silver bright, For one that is mine no more; Take, For-tune, whatev-er you choose, You
cresc.
fire e - nough in my brain And builded, with roofs of gold, My beauti-ful castles in Spain!
gave and may snatch it a - gain; I have nothing twould pain me to lose, For I own no more castles in Spain!

## Carnival Of Venice

Andantino

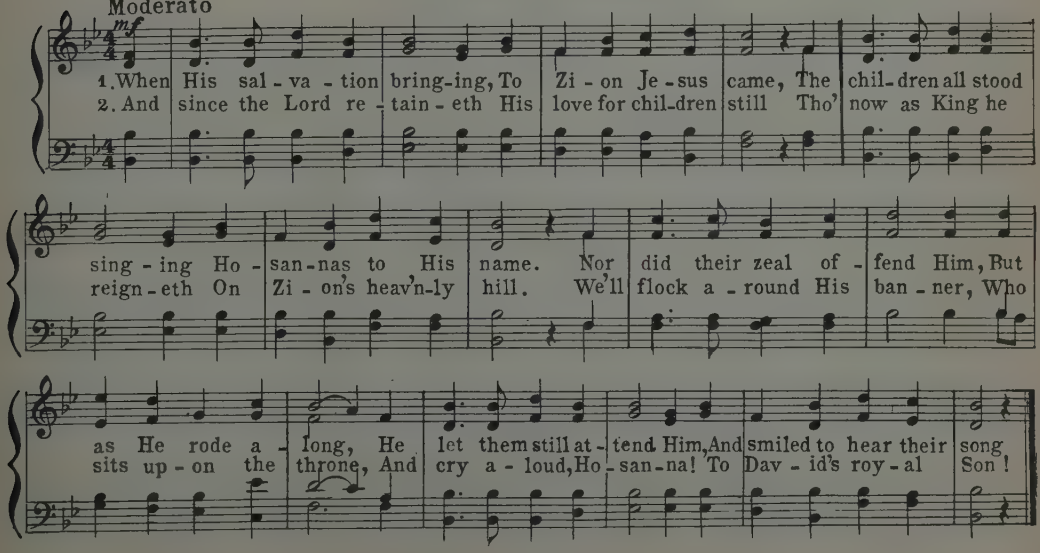
THOMAS MOORE


p
dolce
1. Oh, come to me when day-light sets, Sweet, then come to me; When smooth-ly go our
2. Oh, then's the hour for those who love, Sweet, like thee and me; When all's so calm, be-
gon-do-lets O'er the moon-light sea. When mirth's a-wake and love begins, Be-neath that glancing
low, a-bove, In heav'n and o'er the sea. When mai-dens sing sweet barcarolles, And Ech-o sings a-
ray, With sounds of lutes and man-do-lines, To steal young hearts a-way. Then come to me when
gain So sweet that all with ears and souls Should love and list-en then. So come to me when
day-light sets, Sweet, then come to me, When smooth-ly go our gon-do-lets O'er the moonlight sea.
day-light sets, Sweet, then come to me, When smooth-ly go our gon-do-lets O'er the moonlight sea.

## Children's Hosanna

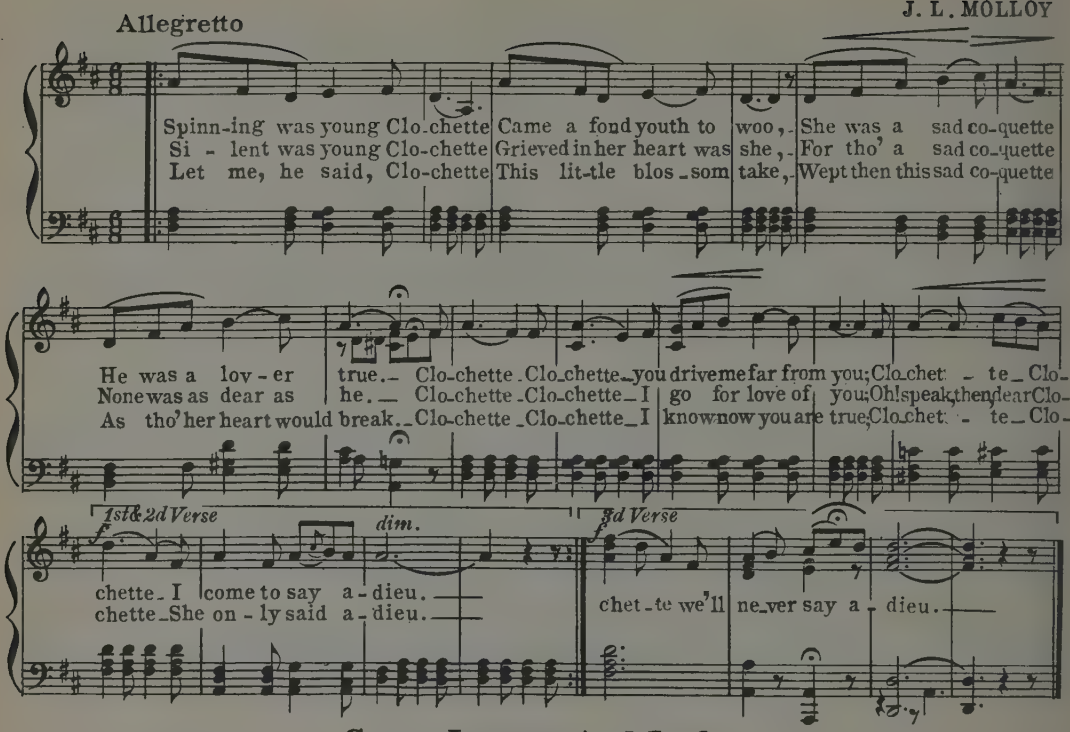
Moderato

JOHN KING

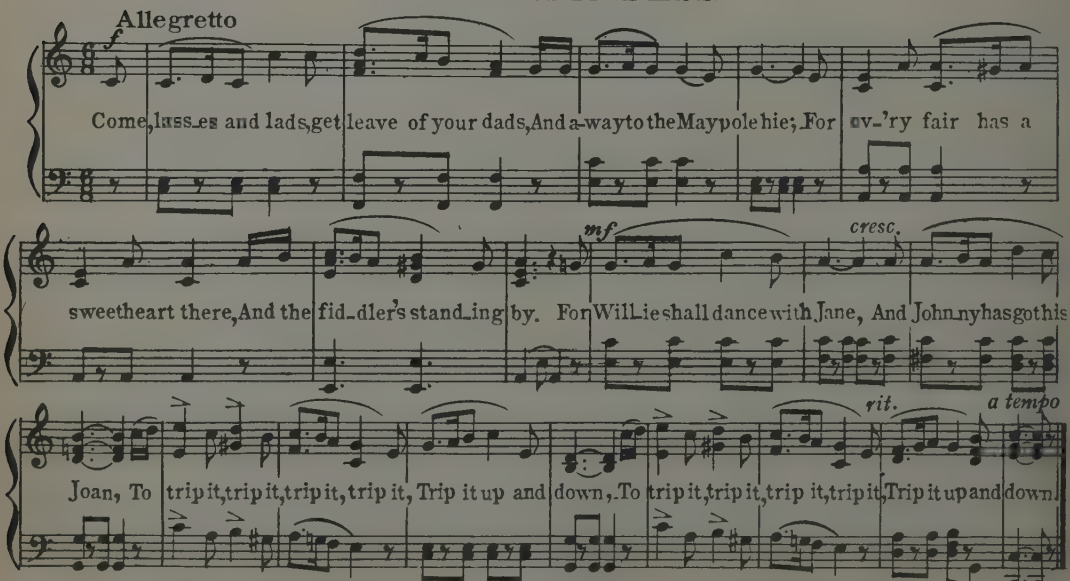

mf
1. When His sal-va-tion bring-ing, To Zi-on Je-sus came, The chil-dren all stood
2. And since the Lord re-tain-eth His love for chil-dren still Tho' now as King he
sing-ing Ho-san-nas to His name. Nor did their zeal of-fend Him, But
reign-eth On Zi-on's heav'n-ly hill. We'll flock a-round His ban-ner, Who
as He rode a-long, He let them still at-tend Him, And smiled to hear their song
sits up-on the throne, And cry a-loud, Ho-san-na! To Dav-id's roy-al Son!

# Clochette

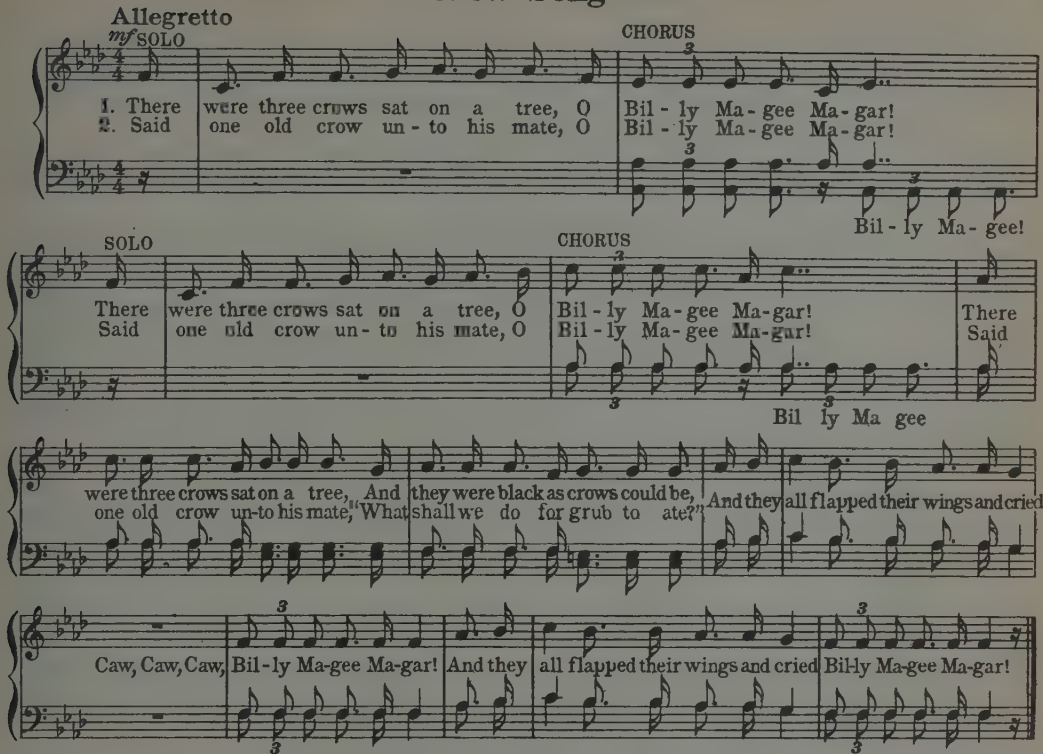
J. L. MOLLOY


Allegretto
Spinn-ing was young Clo-chette Came a fond youth to woo, She was a sad co-quette
Si - lent was young Clo-chette Grieved in her heart was she, For tho' a sad co-quette
Let me, he said, Clo-chette This lit-tle blos-som take, Wept then this sad co-quette
He was a lov-er true. Clo-chette Clo-chette you drive me far from you; Clo-chet - te Clo-
None was as dear as he. Clo-chette Clo-chette I go for love of you; Oh! speak, then dear Clo-
As tho' her heart would break. Clo-chette Clo-chette I know now you are true, Clo-chet - te Clo-
1st & 2d Verse
f
dim.
chette I come to say a-dieu.
chette She on-ly said a-dieu.
3d Verse
f
chet-te we'll ne-ver say a-dieu.

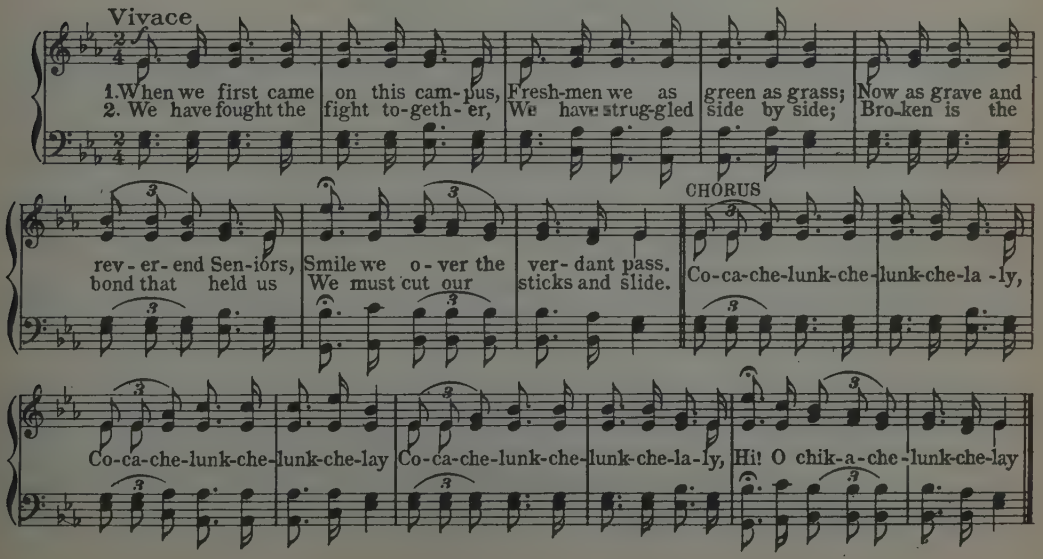
# Come Lasses And Lads


Allegretto
f
Come, lass-es and lads, get leave of your dads, And a-way to the May pole hie; For ev-'ry fair has a
mf
cresc.
sweetheart there, And the fid-dler's stand-ing by. For Will-ie shall dance with Jane, And John-ny has got his
rit.
a tempo
Joan, To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, Trip it up and down, To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, Trip it up and down.

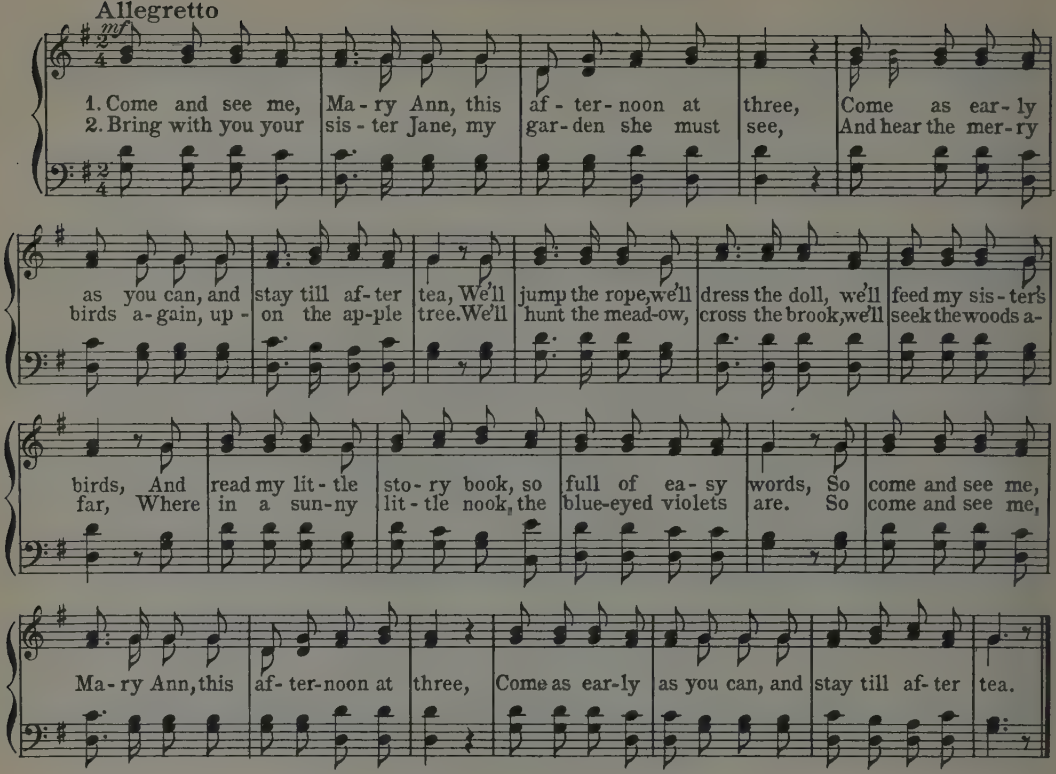
# Crow Song


Allegretto
mf SOLO
CHORUS
1. There were three crows sat on a tree, O
2. Said one old crow un-to his mate, O
Bil-ly Ma-gee Ma-gar!
Bil-ly Ma-gee Ma-gar!
Bil-ly Ma-gee!
SOLO
CHORUS
There were three crows sat on a tree, O
Said one old crow un-to his mate, O
Bil-ly Ma-gee Ma-gar!
Bil-ly Ma-gee Ma-gar!
There
Said
Bil ly Ma gee
were three crows sat on a tree, And they were black as crows could be,
one old crow un-to his mate, "What shall we do for grub to ate?"
And they all flapped their wings and cried
Caw, Caw, Caw, Bil-ly Ma-gee Ma-gar! And they all flapped their wings and cried Bil-ly Ma-gee Ma-gar!

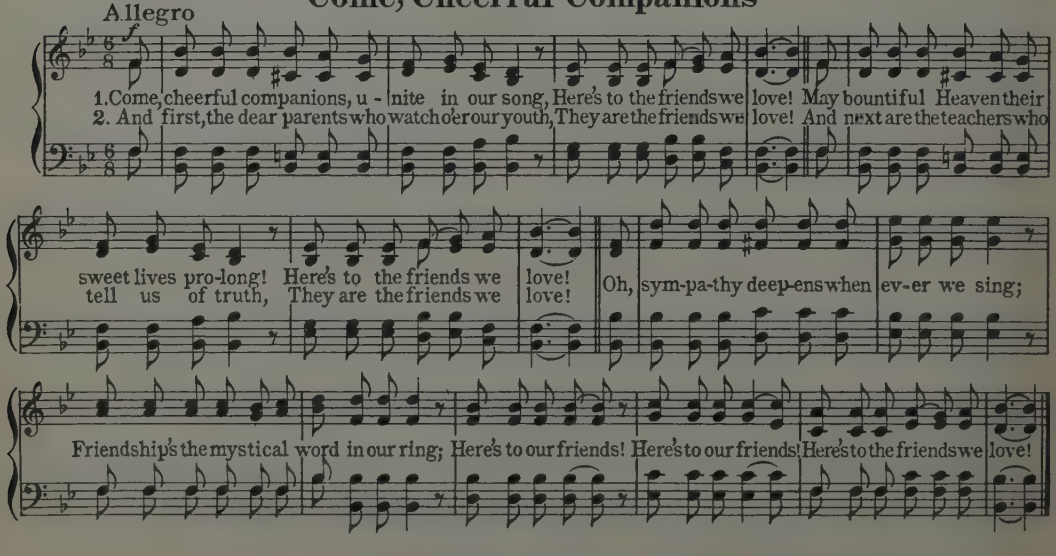
# Co-ca-che-lunk


Vivace
1. When we first came on this cam-pus, Fresh-men we as green as grass; Now as grave and
2. We have fought the fight to-geth-er, We have strug-gled side by side; Bro-ken is the
rev-er-end Sen-iors, Smile we o-ver the ver-dant pass.
bond that held us We must cut our sticks and slide.
CHORUS
Co-ca-che-lunk-che-lunk-che-la-ly,
Co-ca-che-lunk-che-lunk-che-lay Co-ca-che-lunk-che-lunk-che-la-ly, Hi! O chik-a-che-lunk-che-lay

## Come And See Me

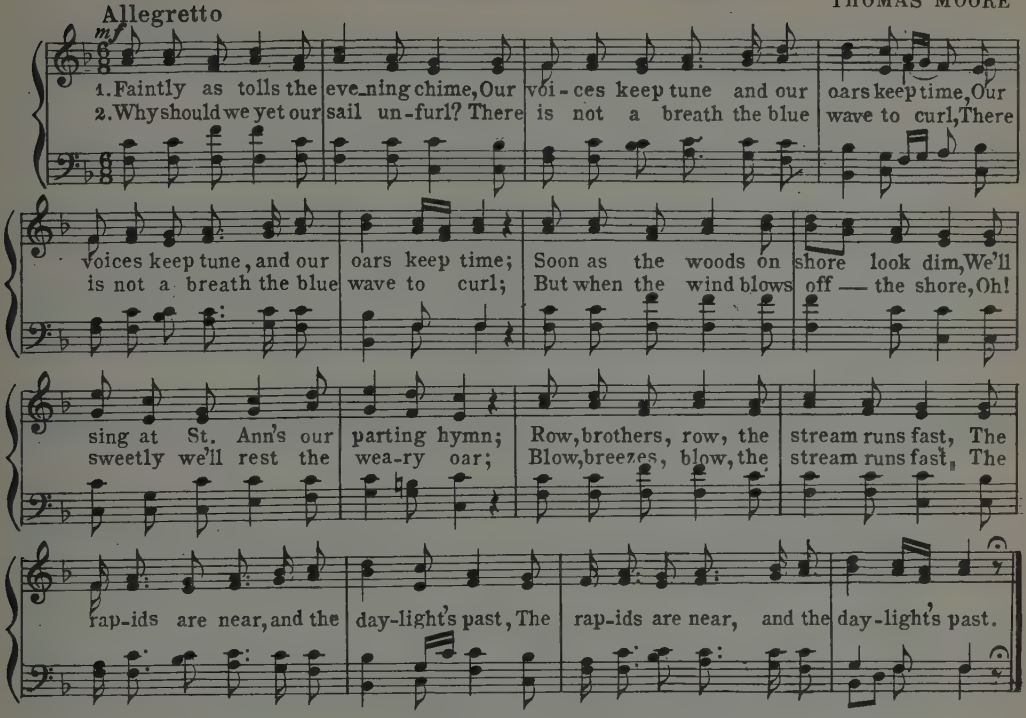

Allegretto
mf
1. Come and see me, Ma-ry Ann, this af-ter-noon at three, Come as ear-ly
2. Bring with you your sis-ter Jane, my gar-den she must see, And hear the mer-ry
as you can, and stay till af-ter tea, We'll jump the rope, we'll dress the doll, we'll feed my sis-ter's
birds a-gain, up-on the ap-ple tree. We'll hunt the mead-ow, cross the brook, we'll seek the woods a-
birds, And read my lit-tle sto-ry book, so full of ea-sy words, So come and see me,
far, Where in a sun-ny lit-tle nook, the blue-eyed violets are. So come and see me,
Ma-ry Ann, this af-ter-noon at three, Come as ear-ly as you can, and stay till af-ter tea.

## Come, Cheerful Companions

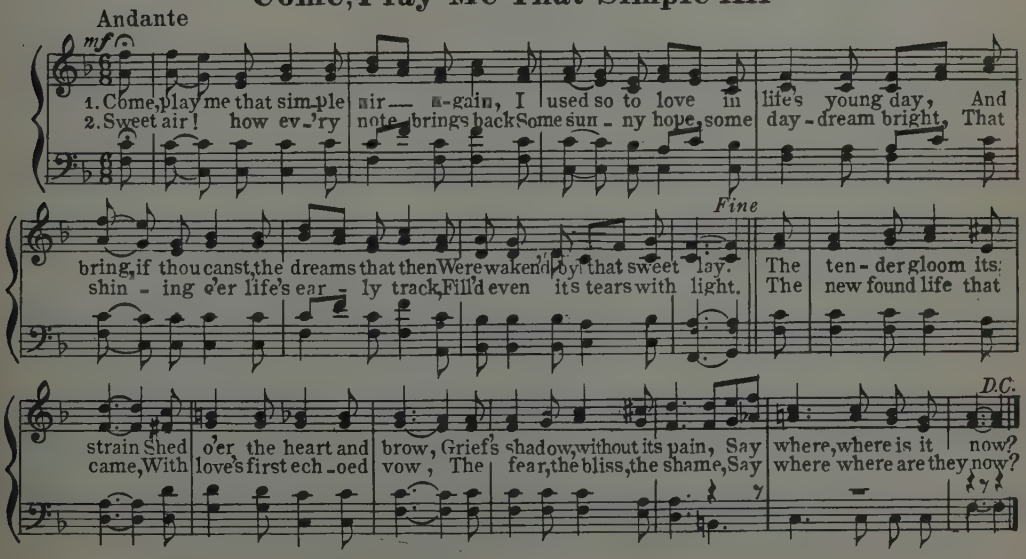

Allegro
f
1. Come, cheerful companions, u-nite in our song, Here's to the friends we love! May bountiful Heaven their
2. And first, the dear parents who watch o'er our youth, They are the friends we love! And next are the teachers who
sweet lives pro-long! Here's to the friends we love!
tell us of truth, They are the friends we love!
Oh, sym-pa-thy deep-ens when ev-er we sing;
Friendship's the mystical word in our ring; Here's to our friends! Here's to our friends! Here's to the friends we love!

## Canadian Boat Song

THOMAS MOORE


Allegretto
mf
1. Faintly as tolls the eve_ning chime, Our voi-ces keep tune and our oars keep time, Our
2. Why should we yet our sail un-furl? There is not a breath the blue wave to curl, There
voices keep tune, and our oars keep time; Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll
is not a breath the blue wave to curl; But when the wind blows off — the shore, Oh!
sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn; Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The
sweetly we'll rest the wea-ry oar; Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast, The
rap-ids are near, and the day-light's past, The rap-ids are near, and the day-light's past.

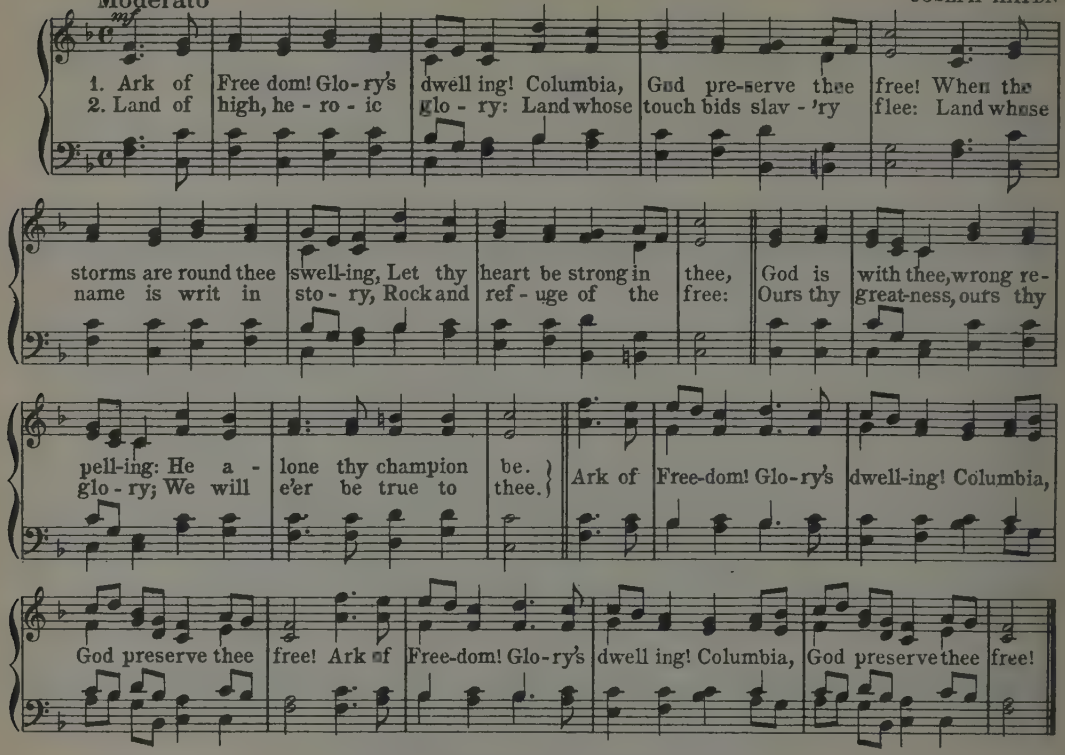
## Come, Play Me That Simple Air


Andante
mf
1. Come, play me that sim-ple air — a-gain, I used so to love in life's young day, And
2. Sweet air! how ev-'ry note brings back Some sun-ny hope, some day-dream bright, That
Fine
bring, if thou canst, the dreams that then Were waken'd by that sweet lay.
shin-ing o'er life's ear-ly track, Fill'd even its tears with light.
The ten-der gloom its
The new found life that
D.C.
strain Shed o'er the heart and brow, Grief's shadow, without its pain, Say where, where is it now?
came, With love's first ech-oed vow, The fear, the bliss, the shame, Say where where are they now?

# Columbia, God Preserve Thee Free!

Moderato

JOSEPH HAYDN

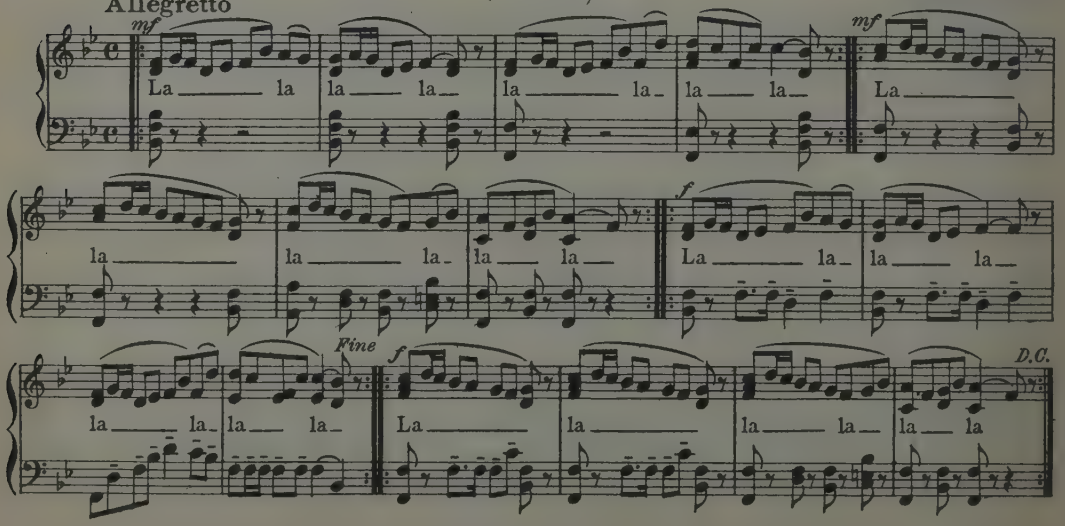

mf
1. Ark of Free dom! Glo - ry's dwell ing! Columbia, God pre-serve thee free! When the
2. Land of high, he - ro - ic glo - ry: Land whose touch bids slav - 'ry flee: Land whose
storms are round thee swell-ing, Let thy heart be strong in thee, God is with thee, wrong re-
name is writ in sto - ry, Rock and ref - uge of the free: Ours thy great-ness, ours thy
pell-ing: He a - lone thy champion be.
glo - ry; We will e'er be true to thee.
Ark of Free-dom! Glo-ry's dwell-ing! Columbia,
God preserve thee free! Ark of Free-dom! Glo-ry's dwell ing! Columbia, God preserve thee free!

# Castanet Song

(Carmen)

Allegretto

GEORGES BIZET



# De Camptown Races

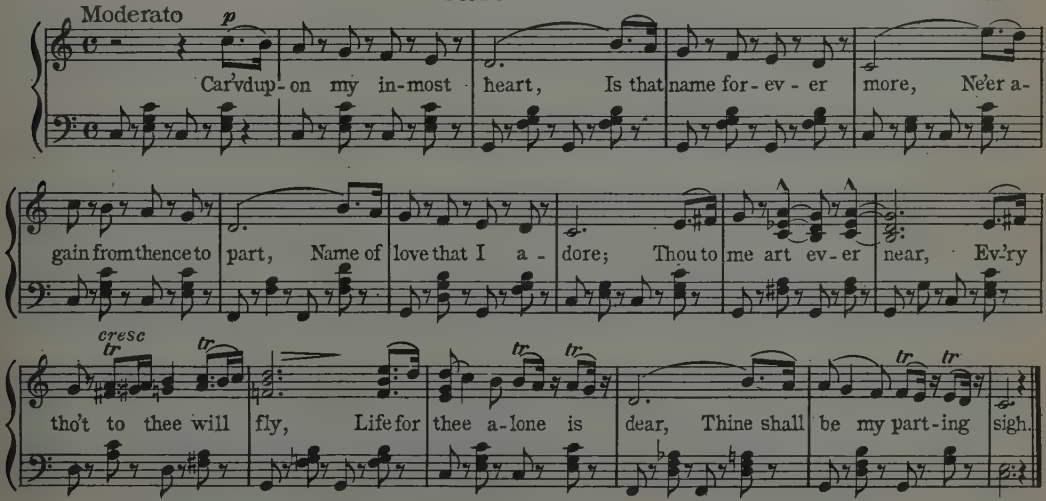
STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Allegro
f
1. De Camptown la - dies sing dis song Doo-dah! doo-dah! De Camptown race track
2. De long-tail fil-ly and de big black hoss Doo-dah! doo-dah! Dey fly de track, and dey
five mile long Oh! doo-dah day! I come down dar wid my hat caved in- Doo-dah! doo-dah! I
both cut cross Oh! doo-dah day! De blind hoss stick-en in a big mud hole- Doo-dah! doo-dah! He
CHORUS
go back home wid a pock-et full of tin- Oh! doo-dah- day! Gwine to run all night!
can't touch bot-tom wid a ten - foot pole- Oh! doo-dah- day!
Gwine to run all day! I'll bet my mon-ey on de bob tail nag— Some-bod-y bet on de bay.

"Rigoletto"

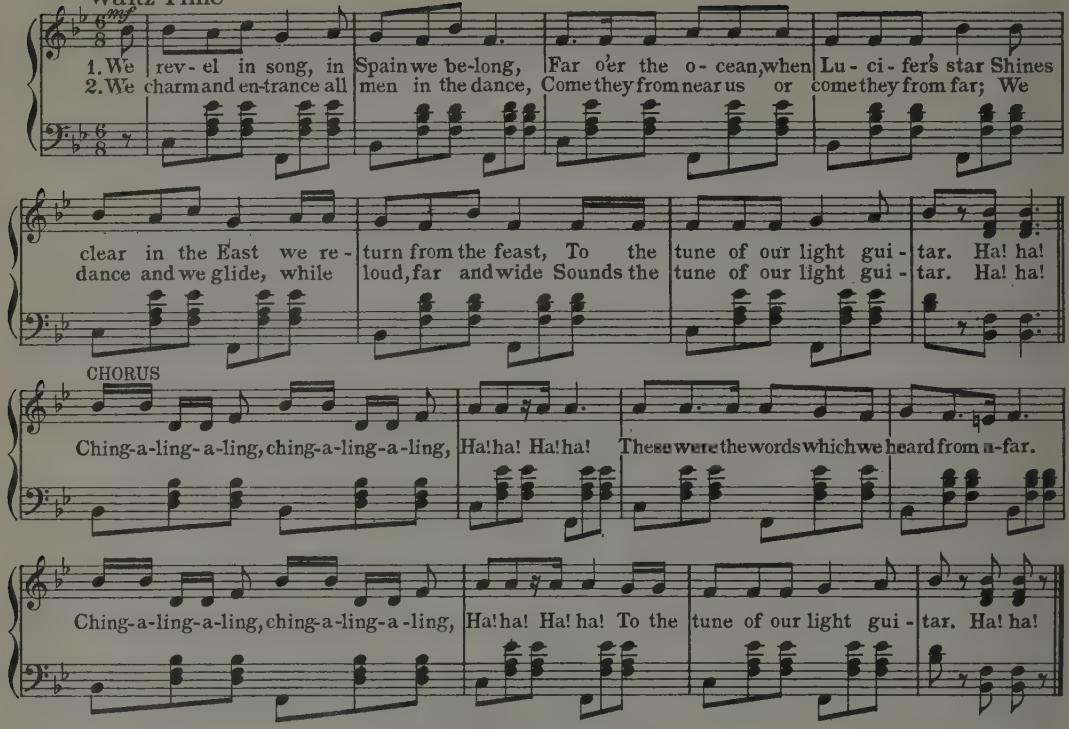
# Caro Nome

G. VERDI


Moderato
p
Car've dup- on my in-most heart, Is that name for- ev - er more, Ne'er a-
gain from thence to part, Name of love that I a - dore; Thou to me art ev-er near, Ev'ry
cresc
tho't to thee will fly, Life for thee a-lone is dear, Thine shall be my part-ing sigh.

# Ching-a-Ling

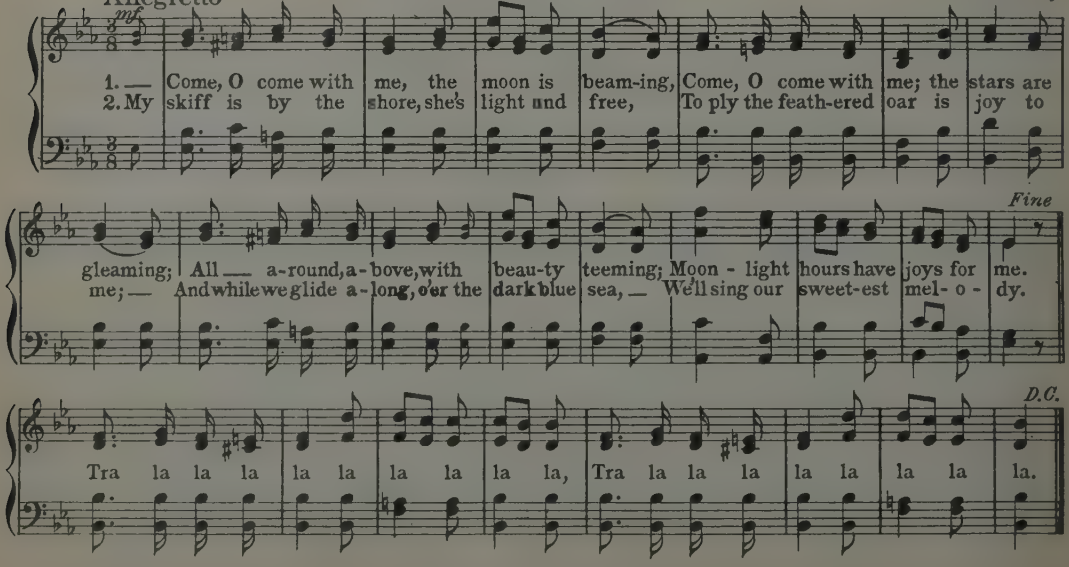
Waltz Time


1. We rev- el in song, in Spain we be-long, Far o'er the o- cean, when Lu- ci- fer's star Shines
2. We charm and en-trance all men in the dance, Come they from near us or come they from far; We
clear in the East we re- turn from the feast, To the tune of our light gui- tar. Ha! ha!
dance and we glide, while loud, far and wide Sounds the tune of our light gui- tar. Ha! ha!
CHORUS
Ching-a-ling-a-ling, ching-a-ling-a-ling, Ha! ha! Ha! ha! These were the words which we heard from a-far.
Ching-a-ling-a-ling, ching-a-ling-a-ling, Ha! ha! Ha! ha! To the tune of our light gui- tar. Ha! ha!

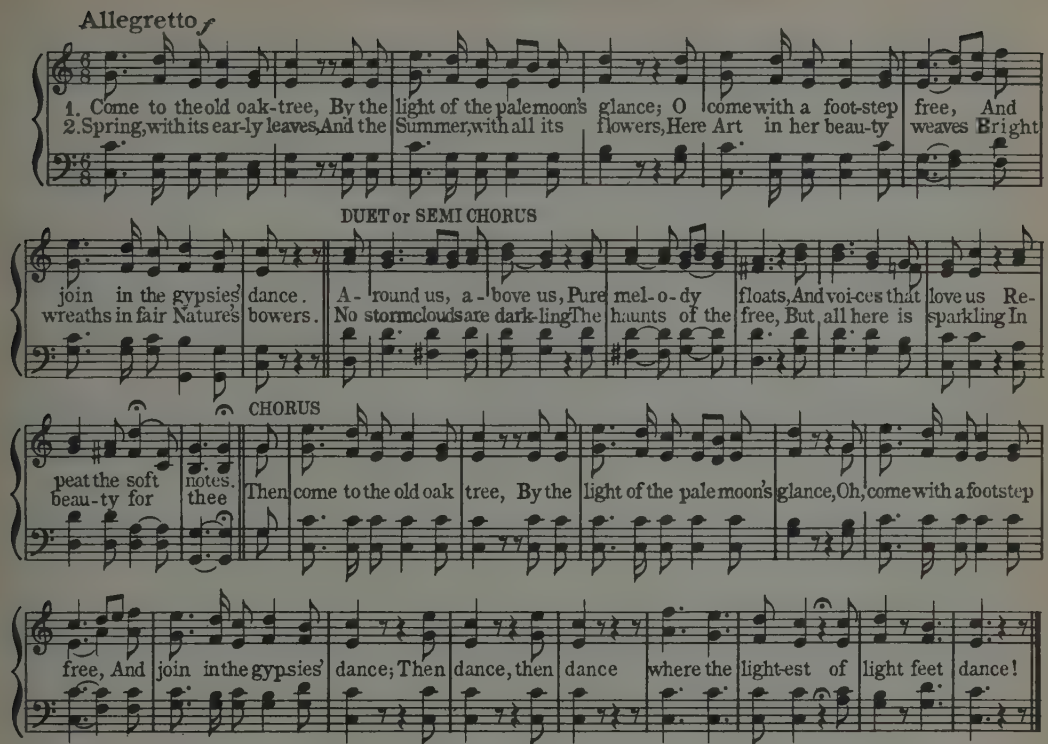
# Come, Oh, Come With Me

Allegretto

Italian Melody

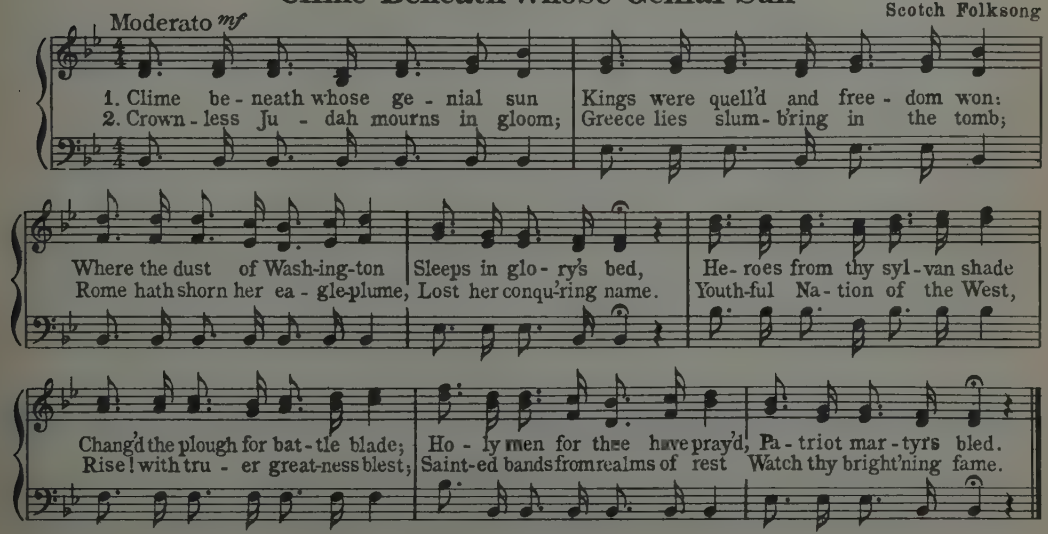

1. — Come, O come with me, the moon is beam-ing, Come, O come with me; the stars are
2. My skiff is by the shore, she's light and free, To ply the feath-ered oar is joy to
Fine
gleaming; All — a-round, a-bove, with beau-ty teeming; Moon - light hours have joys for me.
me; — And while we glide a-long, o'er the dark blue sea, — We'll sing our sweet-est mel- o - dy.
D.C.
Tra la la la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la.

# Come To The Old Oak Tree


Allegretto f
1. Come to the old oak-tree, By the light of the pale moon's glance; O come with a foot-step free, And
2. Spring, with its ear-ly leaves, And the Summer, with all its flowers, Here Art in her beau-ty weaves Bright
DUET or SEMI CHORUS
join in the gypsies' dance. A-round us, a-bove us, Pure mel-o-dy floats, And voi-ces that love us Re-
wreaths in fair Nature's bowers. No storm clouds are dark-ling The haunts of the free, But all here is sparkling In
CHORUS
peat the soft notes. Then come to the old oak tree, By the light of the pale moon's glance, Oh, come with a foot-step
beau-ty for thee
free, And join in the gypsies' dance; Then dance, then dance where the light-est of light feet dance!

# Clime Beneath Whose Genial Sun

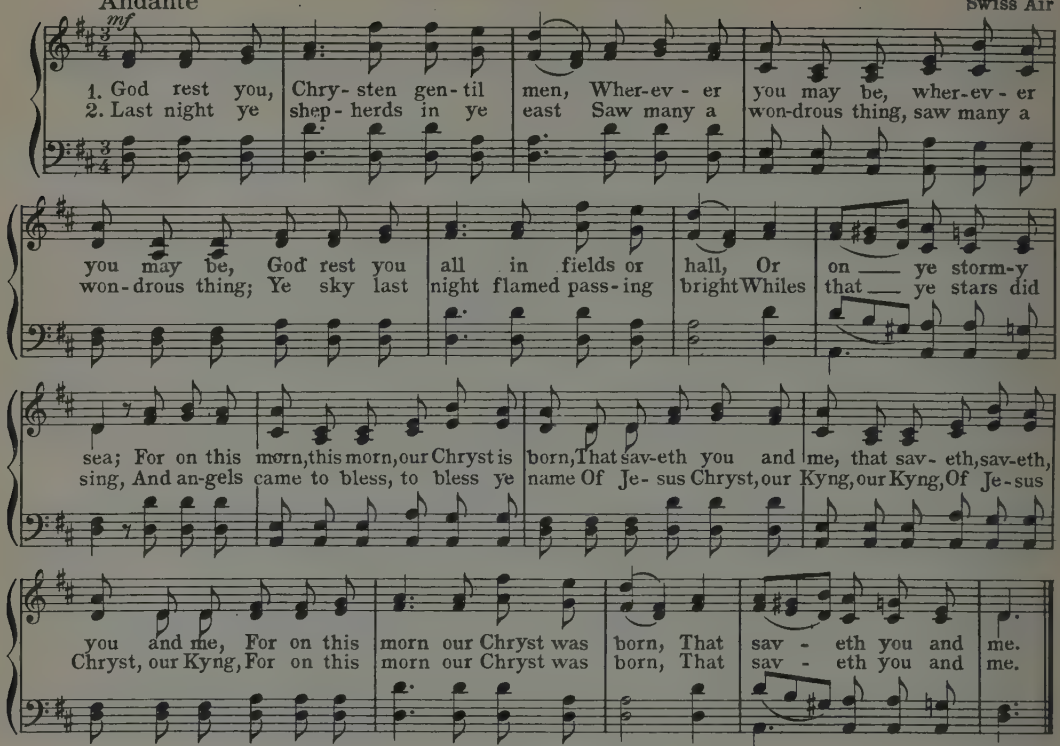
Scotch Folksong


Moderato mf
1. Clime be-neath whose ge-nial sun Kings were quell'd and free-dom won:
2. Crown-less Ju-dah mourns in gloom; Greece lies slum-b'ring in the tomb;
Where the dust of Wash-ing-ton Sleeps in glo-ry's bed, He-roes from thy syl-van shade
Rome hath shorn her ea-gle-plume, Lost her conqu'ring name. Youth-ful Na-tion of the West,
Chang'd the plough for bat-tle blade; Ho-ly men for thee have pray'd, Pa-triot mar-tyrs bled.
Rise! with tru-er great-ness blest; Saint-ed bands from realms of rest Watch thy bright'ning fame.

## Christmas Of Old

Andante

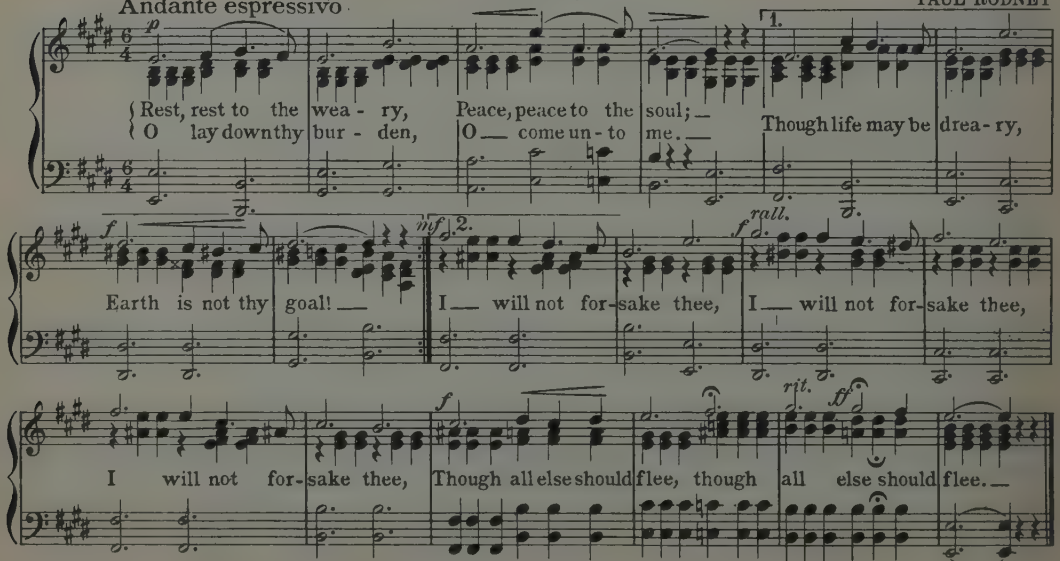
Swiss Air


mf
1. God rest you, Chry- sten gen- til men, Wher-ev - er you may be, wher-ev - er
2. Last night ye shep- herds in ye east Saw many a won-drous thing, saw many a
you may be, God rest you all in fields or hall, Or on — ye storm-y
won-drous thing; Ye sky last night flamed pass-ing bright Whiles that — ye stars did
sea; For on this morn, this morn, our Chryst is born, That sav-eth you and me, that sav- eth, sav-eth,
sing, And an-gels came to bless, to bless ye name Of Je- sus Chryst, our Kyng, our Kyng, Of Je-sus
you and me, For on this morn our Chryst was born, That sav - eth you and me.
Chryst, our Kyng, For on this morn our Chryst was born, That sav - eth you and me.

## Calvary

Andante espressivo

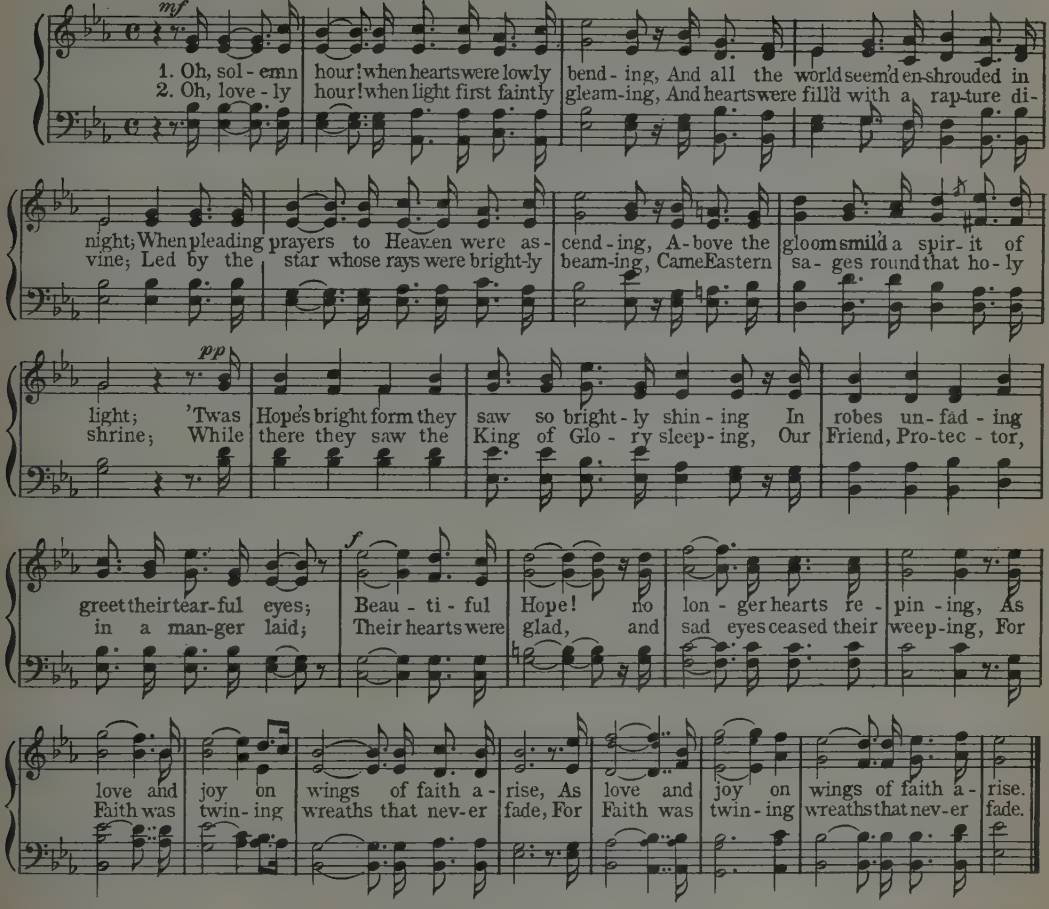
PAUL RODNEY


p
1.
{ Rest, rest to the wea - ry, Peace, peace to the soul; —
{ O lay down thy bur - den, O — come un - to me. —
Though life may be drea - ry,
f
mf
2.
f
rall.
Earth is not thy goal! — I — will not for-sake thee, I — will not for-sake thee,
f
rit.
ff
I will not for-sake thee, Though all else should flee, though all else should flee. —

## Christmas Song

Andante maestoso

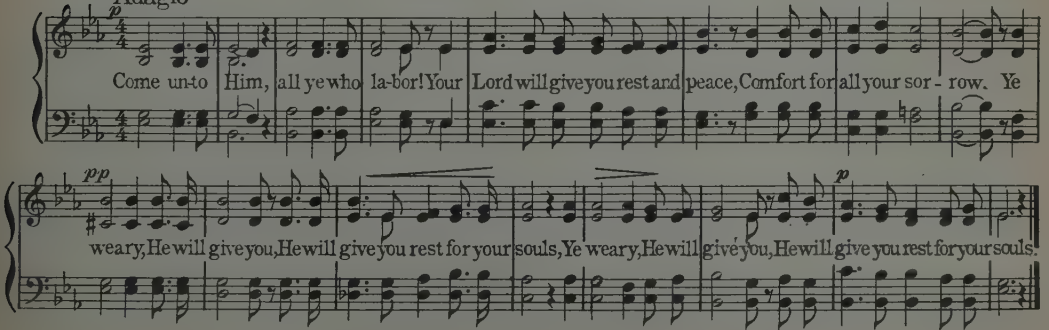
A. ADAM


mf
1. Oh, sol - emn hour! when hearts were lowly bend - ing, And all the world seem'd en-shrouded in
2. Oh, love - ly hour! when light first faintly gleam - ing, And hearts were fill'd with a rap-ture di-
night; When pleading prayers to Heaven were as - cend - ing, A - bove the gloom smil'd a spir - it of
vine; Led by the star whose rays were bright-ly beam - ing, Came Eastern sa - ges round that ho - ly
pp
light; 'Twas Hope's bright form they saw so bright - ly shin - ing In robes un - fad - ing
shrine; While there they saw the King of Glo - ry sleep - ing, Our Friend, Pro-tec - tor,
f
greet their tear-ful eyes; Beau - ti - ful Hope! no lon - ger hearts re - pin - ing, As
in a man-ger laid; Their hearts were glad, and sad eyes ceased their weep - ing, For
love and joy on wings of faith a - rise, As love and joy on wings of faith a - rise.
Faith was twin - ing wreaths that nev - er fade, For Faith was twin - ing wreaths that nev - er fade.

## Come Unto Him

Adagio

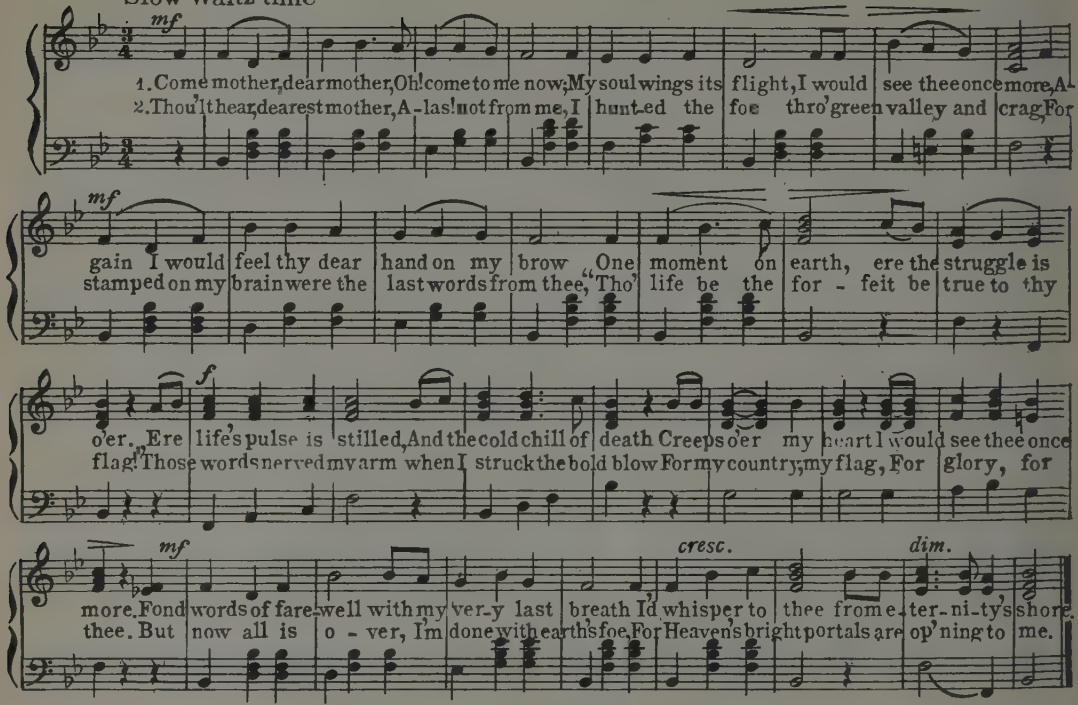
CHARLES GOUNOD


p
Come un-to Him, all ye who la-bor! Your Lord will give you rest and peace, Comfort for all your sor - row. Ye
pp
p
weary, He will give you, He will give you rest for your souls, Ye weary, He will give you, He will give you rest for your souls.

# The Dying Volunteer

Slow Waltz time

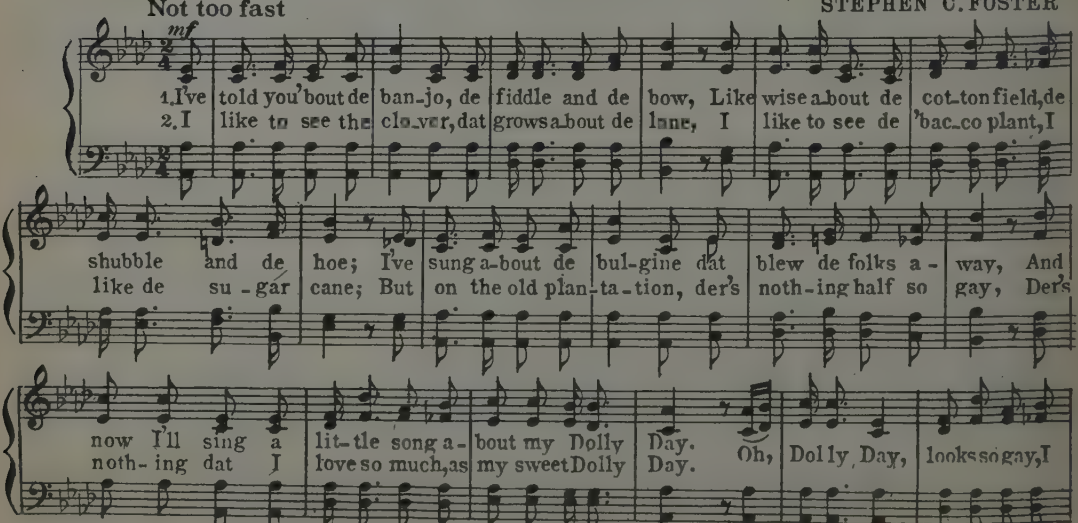
A. E. MUSE


mf
1. Come mother, dear mother, Oh! come to me now; My soul wings its flight, I would see thee once more, A-
2. Thou'lt hear, dearest mother, A-las! not from me, I hunt-ed the foe thro' green valley and crag, For
gain I would feel thy dear hand on my brow One moment on earth, ere the struggle is
stamped on my brain were the last words from thee, "Tho' life be the for - feit be true to thy
f
o'er. Ere life's pulse is stilled, And the cold chill of death Creeps o'er my heart I would see thee once
flag! Those words nerved my arm when I struck the bold blow For my country, my flag, For glory, for
mf
cresc.
dim.
more. Fond words of fare-well with my ver-y last breath I'd whisper to thee from e-ter-ni-ty's shore.
thee. But now all is o - ver, I'm done with earth's foe, For Heaven's bright portals are op'ning to me.

# Dolly Day

Not too fast

STEPHEN C. FOSTER


mf
1. I've told you 'bout de ban-jo, de fiddle and de bow, Like wise a-bout de cot-ton field, de
2. I like to see the clo-ver, dat grows a-bout de lane, I like to see de 'bac-co plant, I
shubble and de hoe; I've sung a-bout de bul-gine dat blew de folks a - way, And
like de su - gar cane; But on the old plan-ta-tion, der's noth-ing half so gay, Der's
now I'll sing a lit-tle song a-bout my Dolly Day. Oh, Dol-ly Day, looks so gay, I
noth-ing dat I love so much, as my sweet Dolly Day.

run all round and round, To hear her fai - ry foot steps play, As she comes o'er the ground.

## Dolcy Jones

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Moderato

*mf*

1. Oh ladies don't you wonder when I a-gain ap-pear: I've just been ober yon-der To
2. Oh when I go a-courting I ride thro' mud and rain: I leabe de old hoss snorting At de

see my Dol - cy dear: For Dolcy steps so lightly A - mong de bricks and stone, Her
cor - ner ob dé lane. I find my Dol - cy weeping And charm her wid de bones, Bye'n

Chorus

eyes dey shine so bright-ly, Oh! da - da, D'D' Dol - cy Jones! Bye, bye, my dar - ling!
bye I leabe her sleep-ing, Oh! da - da, D'D' Dol - cy Jones! Bye, bye, my dar - ling!

Sleep to de rat-tle ob de bones! Slum-ber till morn-ing, My lub-ly Dol-cy Jones.

## Dickory, Dickory, Dock

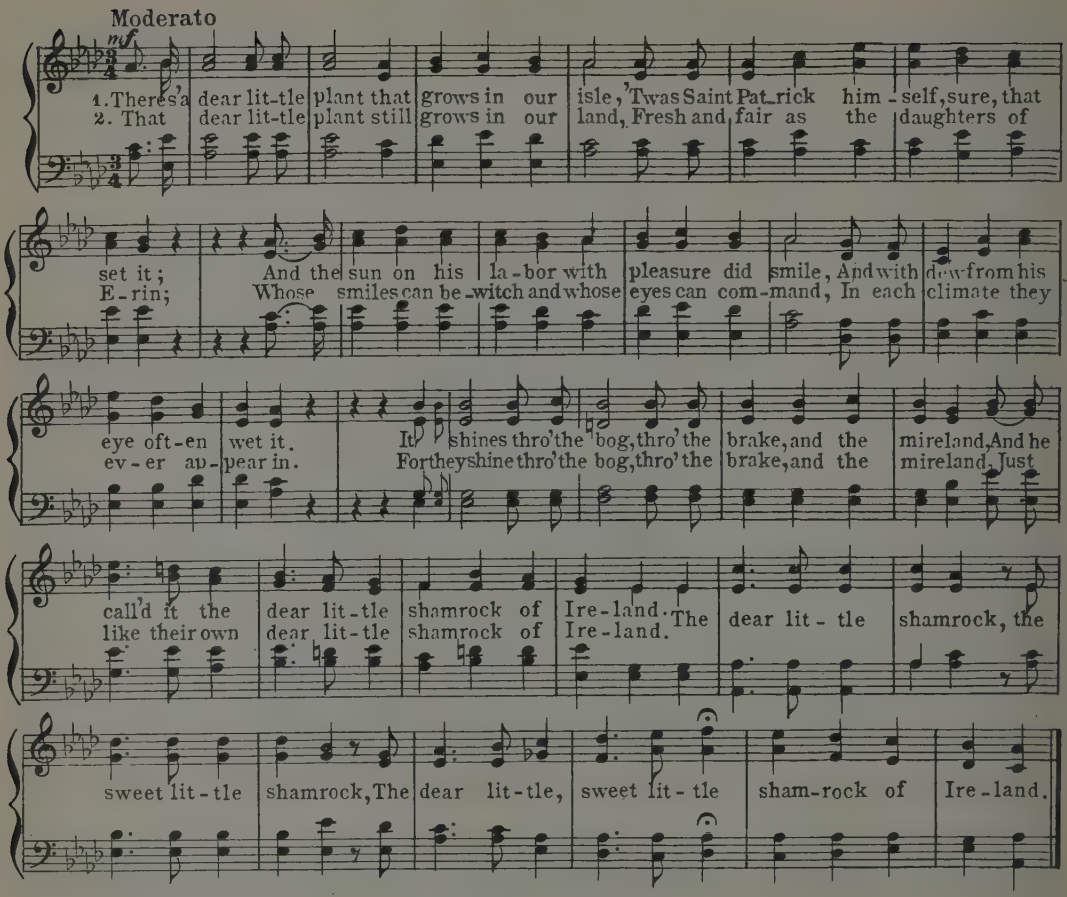
Lively

*mf*

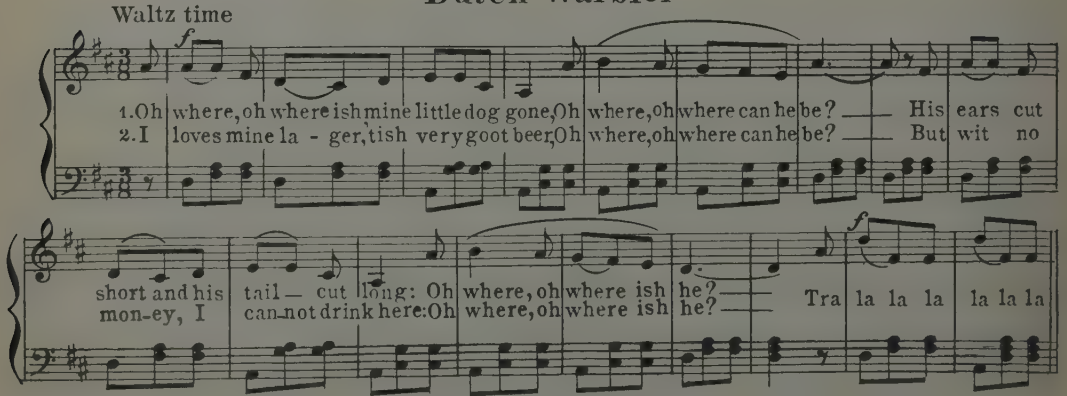
Dick-o-ry, dick-o-ry, dock; The mouse ran up the clock; The

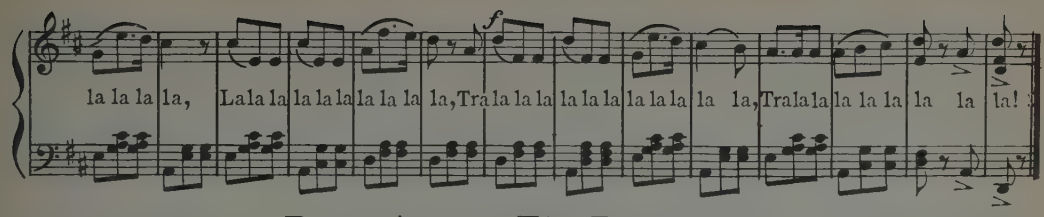
clock struck "one," The mouse ran down; Dick-o - ry, dick-o - ry, dock.

## The Dear Little Shamrock


Moderato
mf
1. There's a dear lit-tle plant that grows in our isle, 'Twas Saint Pat-rick him-self, sure, that
2. That dear lit-tle plant still grows in our land, Fresh and fair as the daughters of
set it; And the sun on his la-bor with pleasure did smile, And with dew from his
E-rin; Whose smiles can be-witch and whose eyes can com-mand, In each climate they
eye oft-en wet it. It shines thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mireland, And he
ev-er ap-pear in. For they shine thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mireland. Just
call'd it the dear lit-tle shamrock of Ire-land. The dear lit-tle shamrock, the
like their own dear lit-tle shamrock of Ire-land.
sweet lit-tle shamrock, The dear lit-tle, sweet lit-tle sham-rock of Ire-land.

## Dutch Warbler

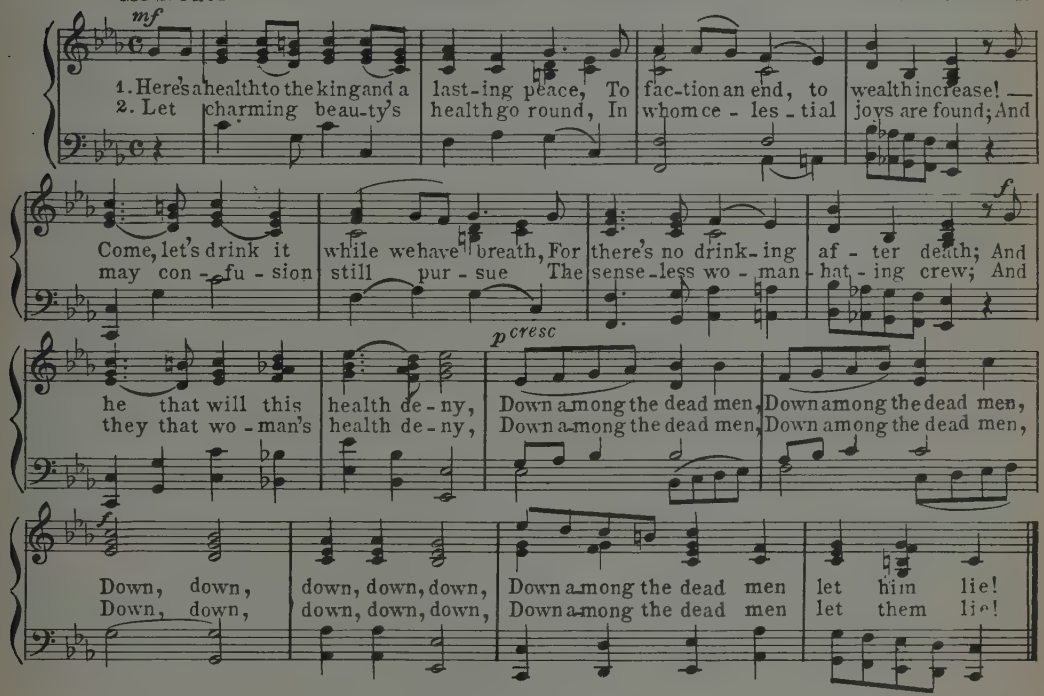

Waltz time
f
1. Oh where, oh where ish mine little dog gone, Oh where, oh where can he be? His ears cut
2. I loves mine la-ger, tish very goot beer, Oh where, oh where can he be? But wit no
short and his tail cut long: Oh where, oh where ish he? Tra la la la la la la
mon-ey, I can not drink here: Oh where, oh where ish he?
f




## Down Among The Dead Men

Moderato

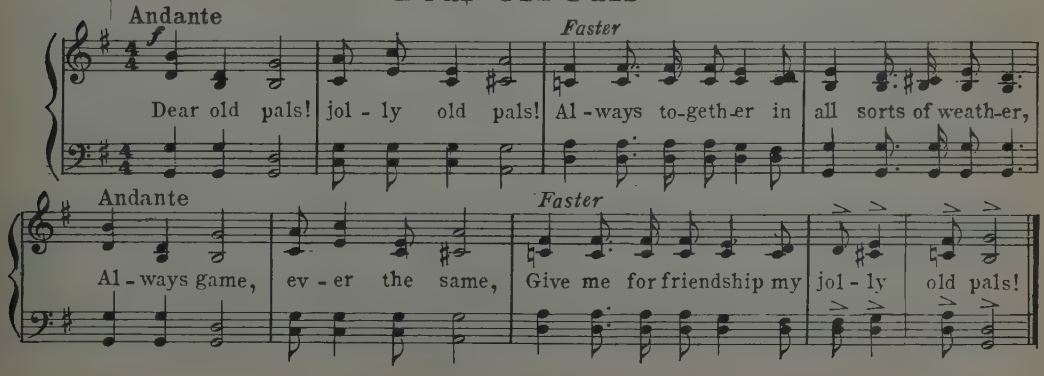
ROBERT DYER


1. Here's a health to the king and a last-ing peace, To fac-tion an end, to wealth increase! —
2. Let charming beau-ty's health go round, In whom ce - les - tial joys are found; And
Come, let's drink it while we have breath, For there's no drink-ing af - ter death; And
may con - fu - sion still pur - sue The sense-less wo - man - hat - ing crew; And
he that will this health de - ny, Down among the dead men, Down among the dead men,
they that wo - man's health de - ny, Down among the dead men, Down among the dead men,
Down, down, down, down, down, Down among the dead men let him lie!
Down, down, down, down, down, Down among the dead men let them lie!

## Dear Old Pals

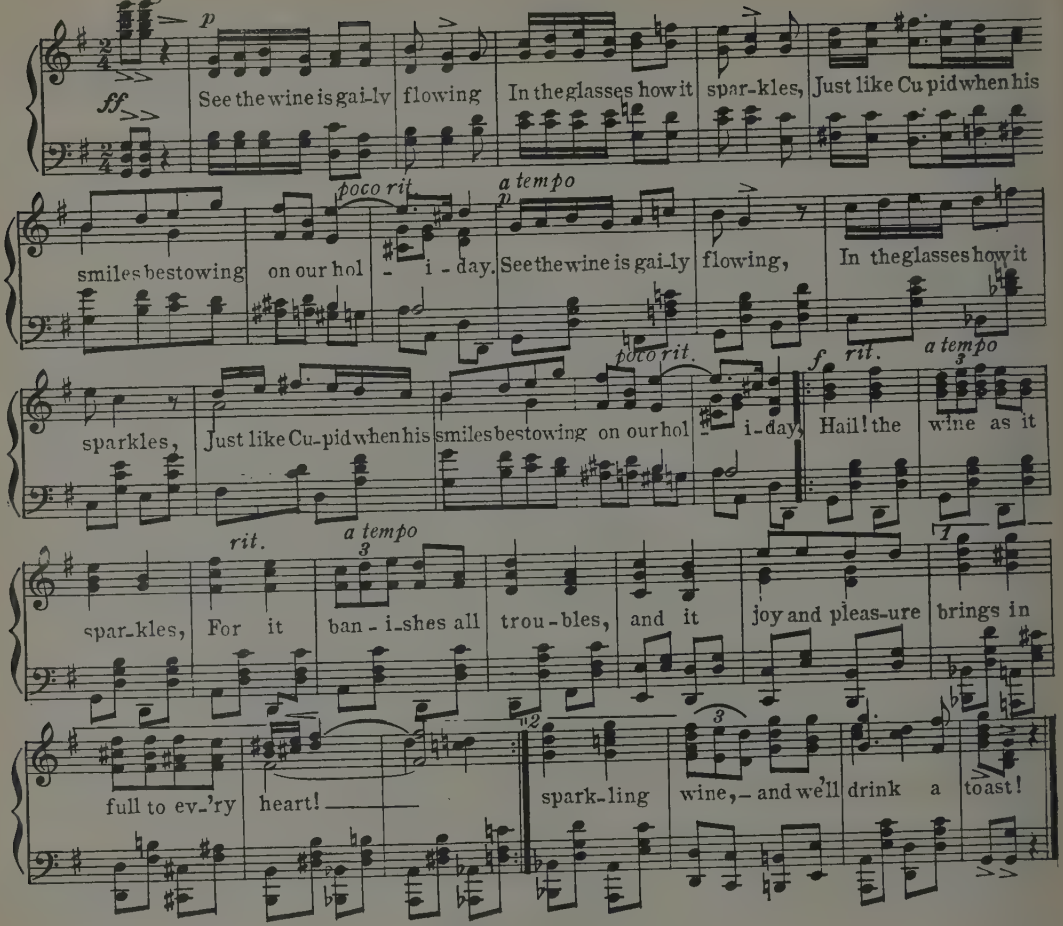
Andante

Faster


Dear old pals! jol - ly old pals! Al - ways to-geth-er in all sorts of weath-er,
Al - ways game, ev - er the same, Give me for friendship my jol - ly old pals!

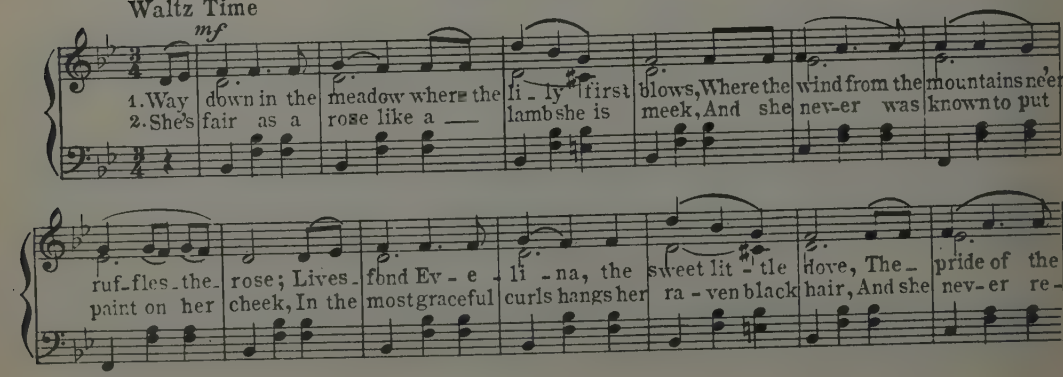
## Drinking Song

P. MASCAGNI

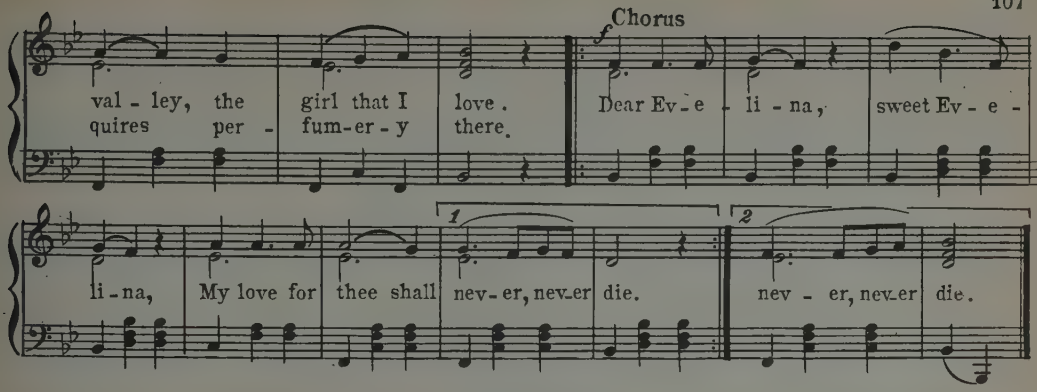

Larghetto
p
ff
See the wine is gai-ly flowing In the glasses how it spar-kles, Just like Cu pid when his
poco rit.
a tempo
p
smiles bestowing on our hol - i - day. See the wine is gai-ly flowing, In the glasses how it
poco rit.
f
rit.
a tempo
sparkles, Just like Cu-pid when his smiles bestowing on our hol - i-day. Hail! the wine as it
rit.
a tempo
spar-kles, For it ban - i-shes all trou-bles, and it joy and pleas-ure brings in
full to ev-'ry heart! spark-ling wine, - and we'll drink a toast!

## Dear Evelina

Waltz Time


mf
1. Way down in the meadow where the li - ly first blows, Where the wind from the mountains ne'er
2. She's fair as a rose like a — lamb she is meek, And she nev-er was known to put
ruf-fles the rose; Lives fond Ev - e - li - na, the sweet lit - tle dove, The pride of the
paint on her cheek, In the most graceful curls hangs her ra - ven black hair, And she nev-er re-

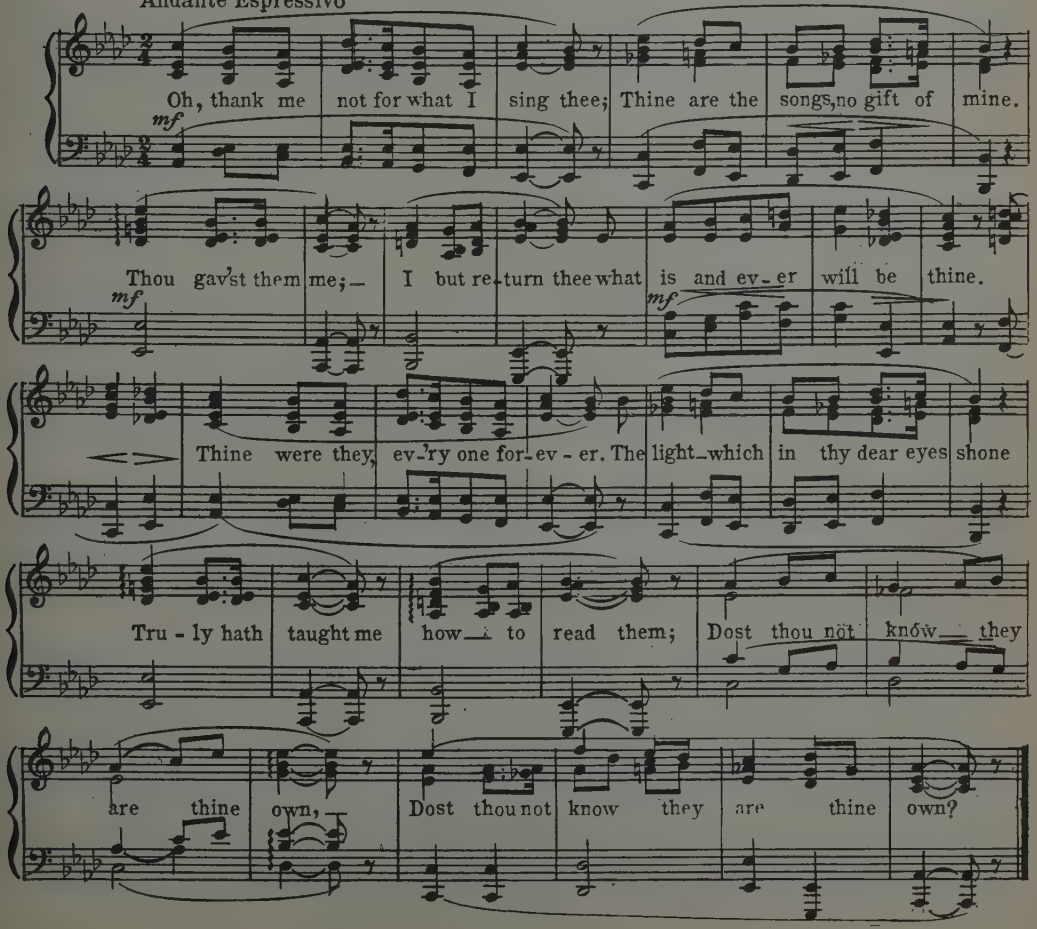
Chorus


f
val - ley, the girl that I love.
quires per - fum-er - y there.
Dear Ev - e - li - na, sweet Ev - e -
li - na, My love for thee shall nev - er, nev - er die.
1
2
nev - er, nev - er die.

## Dedication

ROBERT FRANZ

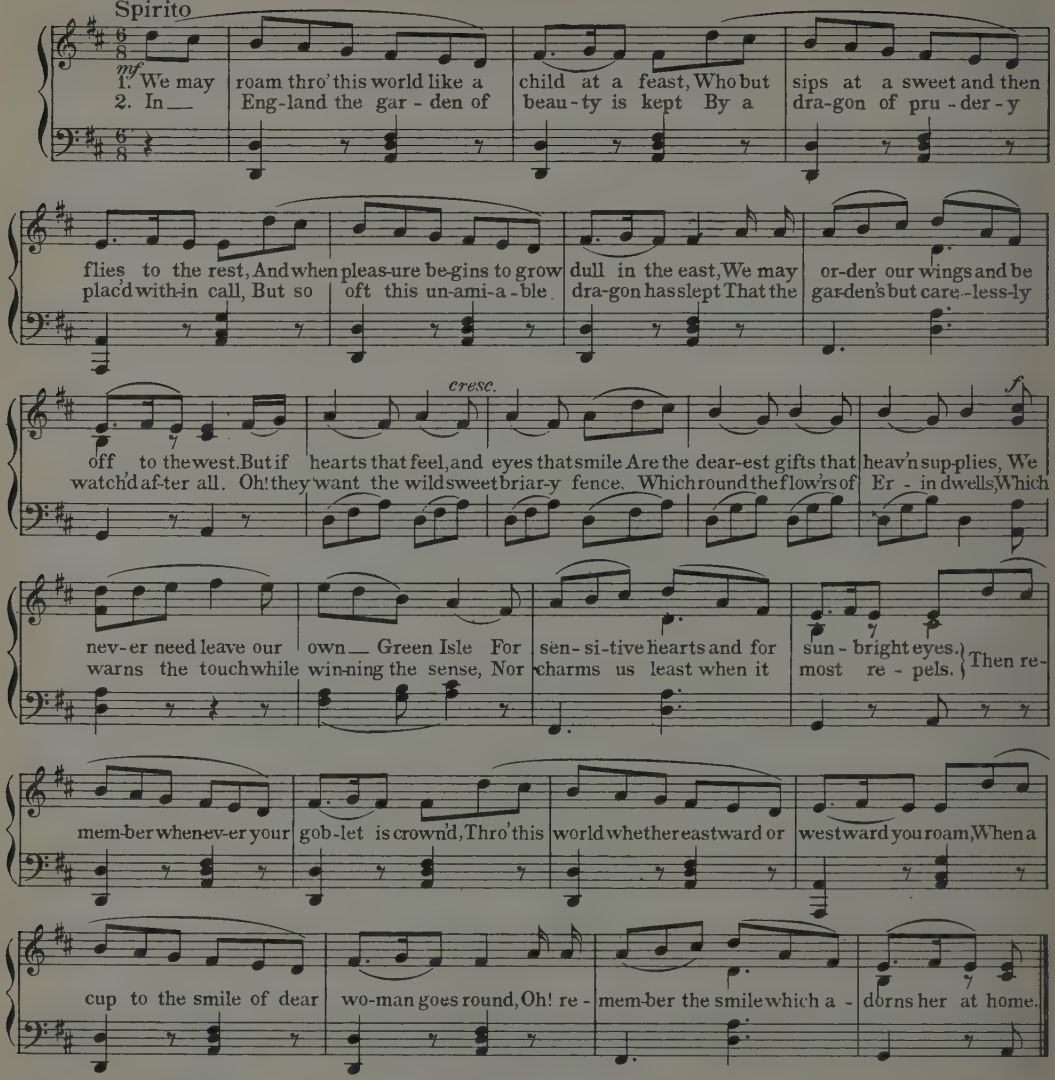
Andante Espressivo


Oh, thank me not for what I sing thee; Thine are the songs, no gift of mine.
mf
Thou gav'st them me; — I but re-turn thee what is and ev - er will be thine.
mf
mf
Thine were they, ev-'ry one for-ev - er. The light — which in thy dear eyes shone
Tru - ly hath taught me how — to read them; Dost thou not know — they
are thine own, Dost thou not know they are thine own?

THOMAS MOORE

# The Daughters of Erin

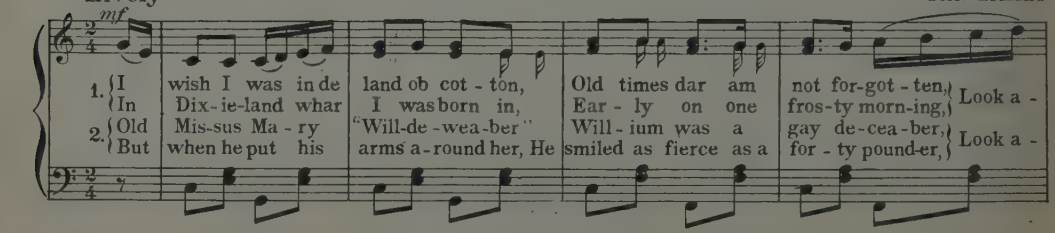
Spirito

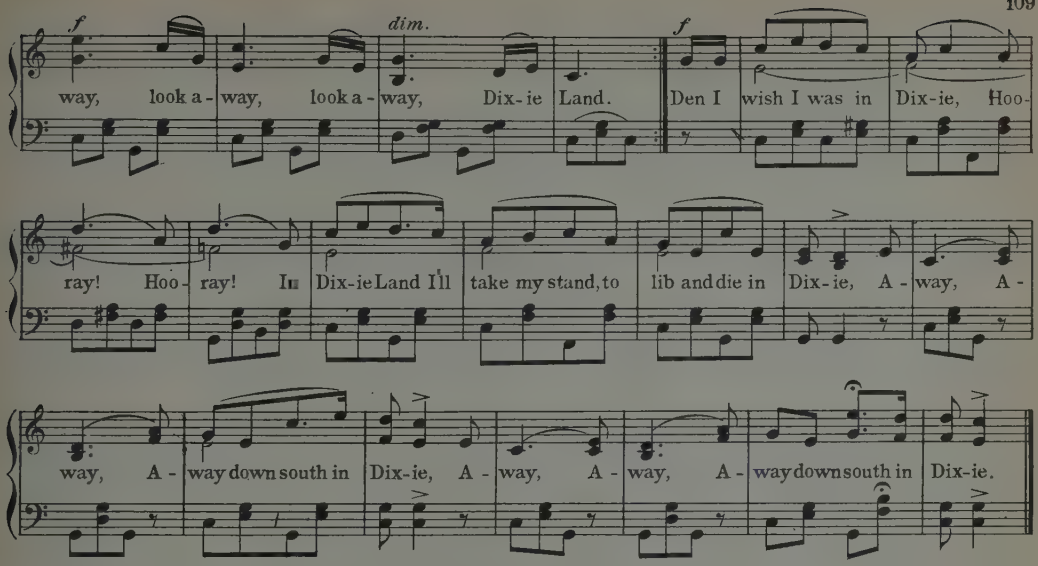

mf
1. We may roam thro' this world like a child at a feast, Who but sips at a sweet and then
2. In Eng-land the gar - den of beau - ty is kept By a dra-gon of pru - der - y
flies to the rest, And when pleas-ure be-gins to grow dull in the east, We may or-der our wings and be
placd with-in call, But so oft this un-ami-a - ble dra-gon has slept That the gar-den's but care - less-ly
cresc.
f
off to the west. But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile Are the dear-est gifts that heav'n sup-plies, We
watch'd af-ter all. Oh! they want the wild sweet briar-y fence. Which round the flow'rs of Er - in dwells, Which
nev-er need leave our own Green Isle For sen - si - tive hearts and for sun - bright eyes.
warns the touch while win-ning the sense, Nor charms us least when it most re - pels.
Then re-
mem-ber when-ev-er your gob-let is crown'd, Thro' this world whether eastward or westward you roam, When a
cup to the smile of dear wo-man goes round, Oh! re - mem-ber the smile which a - dorns her at home.

# Dixie Land

Lively

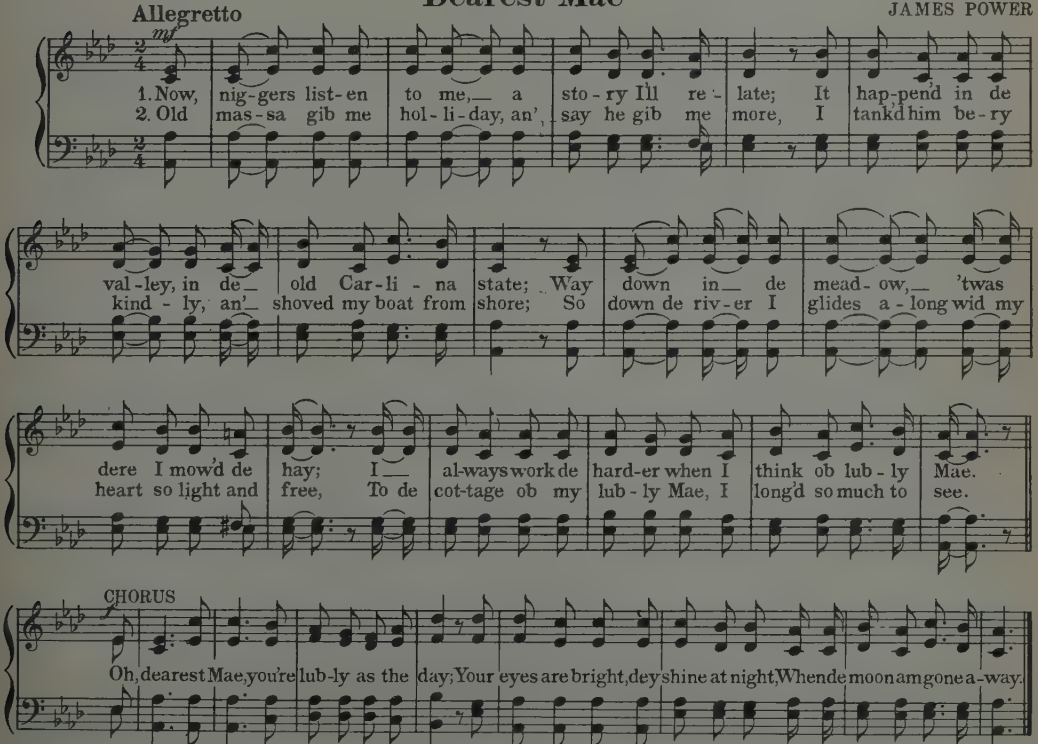
DAN EMMET


mf
1. I wish I was in de land ob cot - ton, Old times dar am not for-got - ten,
In Dix-ie-land whar I was born in, Ear - ly on one fros-ty morn-ing,
Look a -
2. Old Mis-sus Ma - ry "Will-de - wea-ber" Will - ium was a gay de-cea-ber,
But when he put his arms a-round her, He smiled as fierce as a for - ty pound-er,
Look a -


f
dim.
f
way, look a - way, look a - way, Dix - ie Land.
Den I wish I was in Dix - ie, Hoo -
ray! Hoo - ray! In Dix - ie Land I'll take my stand, to lib and die in Dix - ie, A - way, A -
way, A - way down south in Dix - ie, A - way, A - way, A - way down south in Dix - ie.

## Dearest Mae

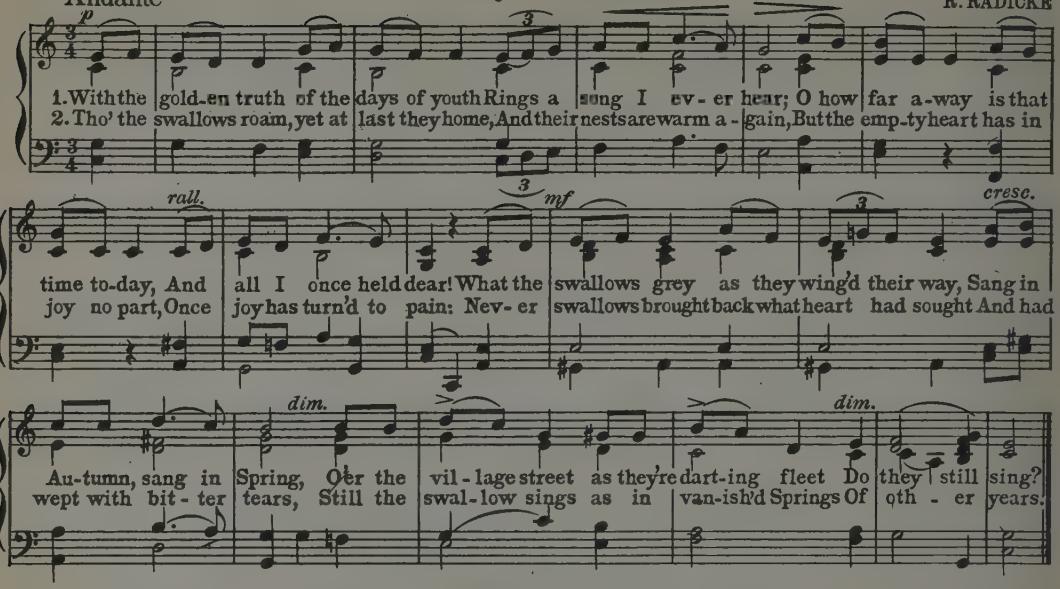
JAMES POWER


Allegretto
mf
1. Now, nig - gers list - en to me, a sto - ry I'll re - late; It hap - pend in de
2. Old mas - sa gib me hol - li - day, an' say he gib me more, I tank'd him be - ry
val - ley, in de old Car - li - na state; Way down in de mead - ow, 'twas
kind - ly, an' shoved my boat from shore; So down de riv - er I glides a - long wid my
dere I mow'd de hay; I al - ways work de hard - er when I think ob lub - ly Mae.
heart so light and free, To de cot - tage ob my lub - ly Mae, I long'd so much to see.
CHORUS
Oh, dearest Mae, you're lub - ly as the day; Your eyes are bright, dey shine at night, When de moon am gone a - way.

## The Days Of Youth

Andante

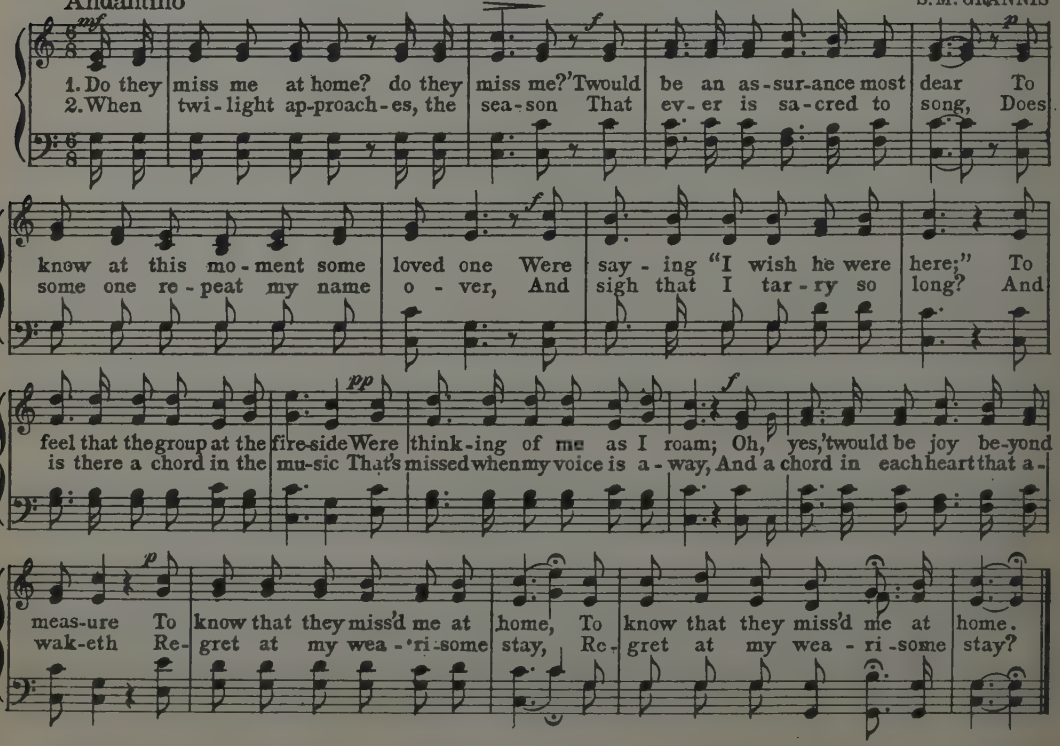
R. RADICKE


1. With the gold-en truth of the days of youth Rings a song I ev-er hear; O how far a-way is that
2. Tho' the swallows roam, yet at last they home, And their nests are warm a-gain, But the emp-ty heart has in
rall.
time to-day, And all I once held dear! What the swallows grey as they wing'd their way, Sang in
joy no part, Once joy has turn'd to pain: Nev-er swallows brought back what heart had sought And had
mf
cresc.
dim.
Au-tumn, sang in Spring, O'er the vil-lage street as they're dart-ing fleet Do they still sing?
wept with bit-ter tears, Still the swal-low sings as in van-ish'd Springs Of oth-er years.

## Do They Miss Me At Home?

Andantino

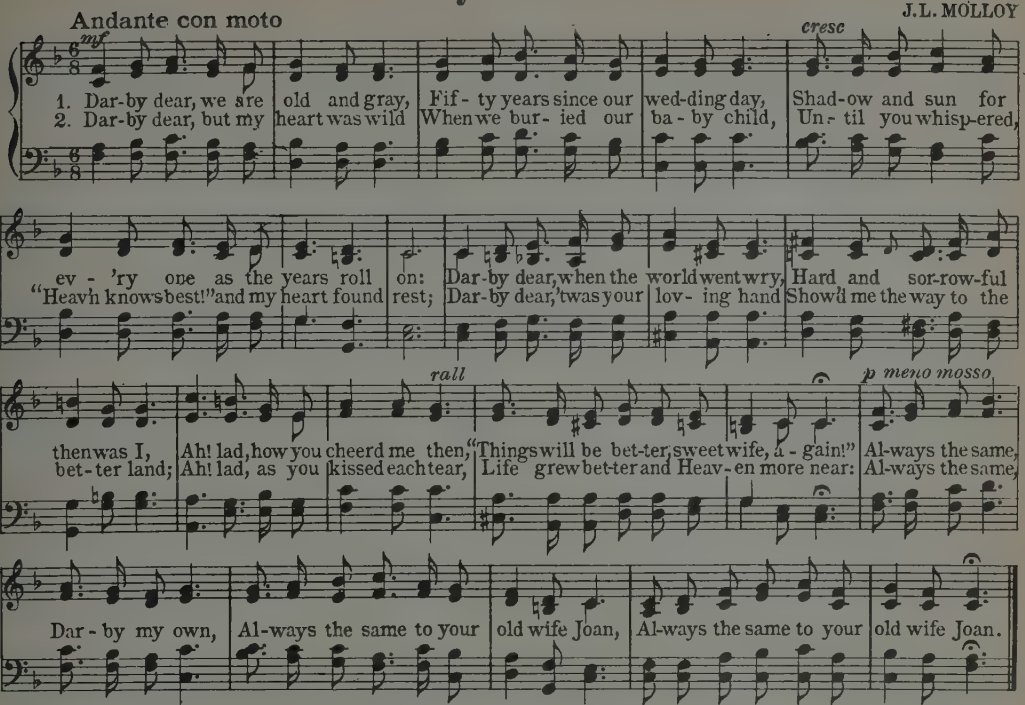
S. M. GRANNIS


mf
1. Do they miss me at home? do they miss me? 'Twould be an as-sur-ance most dear To
2. When twi-light ap-proach-es, the sea-son That ev-er is sa-cred to song, Does
know at this mo-ment some loved one Were say-ing "I wish he were here;" To
some one re-peat my name o-ver, And sigh that I tar-ry so long? And
pp
feel that the group at the fire-side Were think-ing of me as I roam; Oh, yes, 'twould be joy be-yond
is there a chord in the mu-sic That's missed when my voice is a-way, And a chord in each heart that a-
meas-ure To know that they miss'd me at home, To know that they miss'd me at home.
wak-eth Re-gret at my wea-ri-some stay, Re-gret at my wea-ri-some stay?

# Darby And Joan

Andante con moto

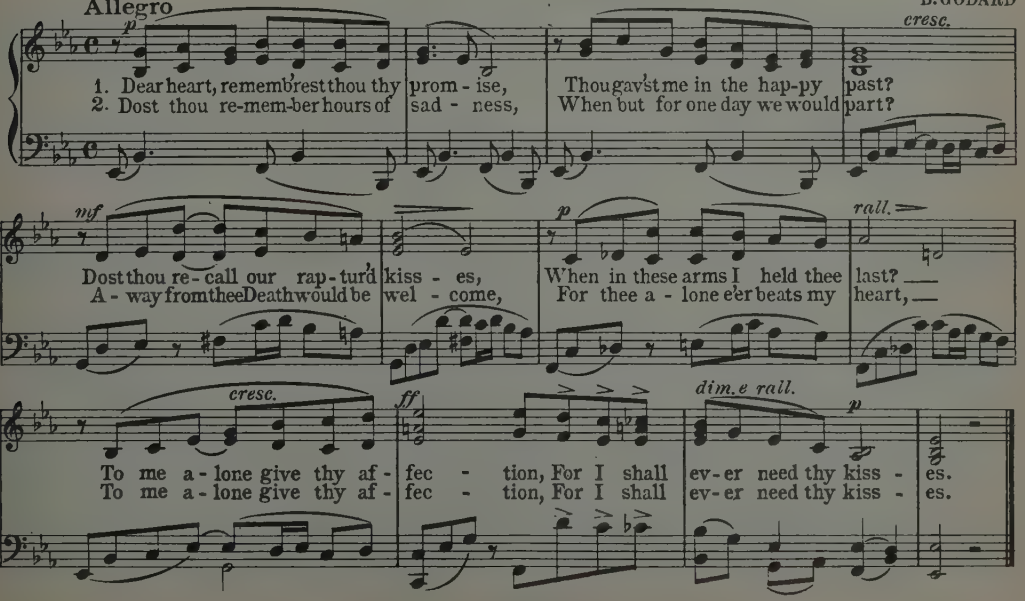
J. L. MOLLOY


mf
cresc
1. Dar-by dear, we are old and gray, Fif-ty years since our wed-ding day, Shad-ow and sun for
2. Dar-by dear, but my heart was wild When we bur-ied our ba-by child, Un-til you whisp-ered,
ev-'ry one as the years roll on: Dar-by dear, when the world went wry, Hard and sor-row-ful
"Heav'n knows best!" and my heart found rest; Dar-by dear, 'twas your lov-ing hand Show'd me the way to the
rall
p meno mosso
then was I, Ah! lad, how you cheer'd me then, "Things will be bet-ter, sweet wife, a-gain!" Al-ways the same,
bet-ter land; Ah! lad, as you kissed each tear, Life grew bet-ter and Heav-en more near: Al-ways the same,
Dar-by my own, Al-ways the same to your old wife Joan, Al-ways the same to your old wife Joan.

# Do You Remember?

Allegro

B. GODARD


p
cresc.
1. Dear heart, remember'st thou thy prom-ise, Thou gav'st me in the hap-py past?
2. Dost thou re-mem-ber hours of sad-ness, When but for one day we would part?
mf
p
rall.
Dost thou re-call our rap-ture'd kiss-es, When in these arms I held thee last?
A-way from thee Death would be wel-come, For thee a-lone e'er beats my heart,
cresc.
ff
dim.e rall.
p
To me a-lone give thy af-fec-tion, For I shall ev-er need thy kiss-es.
To me a-lone give thy af-fec-tion, For I shall ev-er need thy kiss-es.

# Darling Nelly Gray

B. R. HANBY

Moderato

*mf*

1. There's a low— green— val- ley on the old Ken-tuck-y shore, Where I've whiled many hap-py hours a-
2. When the moon had climbed the mountain, and the stars were shining too, Then I'd take my— dar-ling Nel-ly

way, A- sit-ting and a-sing-ing by the lit-tle cot-tage door, Where lived my dar-ling Nel-ly Gray.
Gray, And we'd float down the riv-er in my lit-tle red ca-noe, While my ban-jo sweet-ly I would play.

CHORUS

O my poor Nel-ly Gray, they have tak-en you a-way, And I'll nev-er see my dar-ling an-y more; I'm
sit-ting by the riv-er and I'm weep-ing all the day, For you've gone from the old Ken-tuck-y shore.

# Don't Kill The Birds

E. L. WHITE

Allegretto

*mf*

1. Don't kill the birds, the lit-tle birds That sing a-bout your door, Soon as the joy-ous
2. Don't kill the birds, the lit-tle birds That play a-mong the trees; 'Twould make the earth a

spring has come, And chill-ing storms are o'er. The lit-tle birds, how sweet they sing! Oh!
cheer-less place, Be-reft of songs like these. The lit-tle birds, how fond they play! Do

let them joy-ous live; And nev-er seek to take the life Which you can nev-er give.
not dis-turb their sport; But let them war-ble forth their songs Till win-ter cuts them short.

# Dancing Lesson

"HANSEL and GRETEL"

Allegretto

*mf*

Bro-ther come and dance with me, Both my hands I'm of-f'ring thee, First this way,

*p*

then that way, Then a-round, it is-n't hard.

*p* *mf*

*p* *mf* *p*

Dance would I if I knew how, when to dance and how to bow, Please tell me what I

*cresc.* *f* *tr* *p*

ought to do, so I can dance the steps like you Now with your foot, go tap, tap, tap,

*cresc.* *dim.* *sfz*

With your hands go clap, clap, clap. Once this way, Once that way, It's not ve-ry hard.

# Days Of Absence

J. J. ROUSSEAU

Andante

*mf* *Fine*

1. Days of ab-sence, sad and drear-y, Cloth'd in sor-row's dark ar-ray;
Days of ab-sence, I am wea-ry, She I love is far a-way.
*D.C.* When the hea-vy sigh be ban-ish'd; When this bos-om cease to mourn?

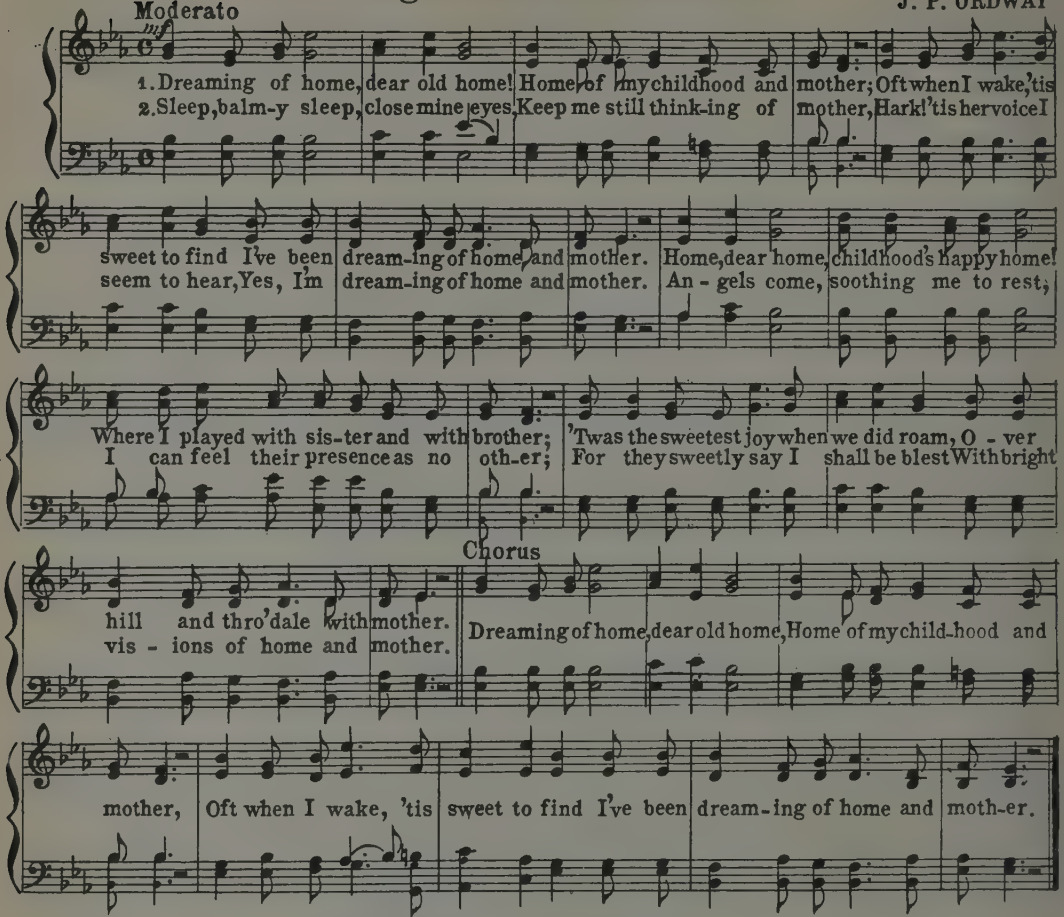
*D.C.*

Hours of bliss, too quick-ly van-ish When will aught like you re-turn;

# Dreaming Of Home And Mother

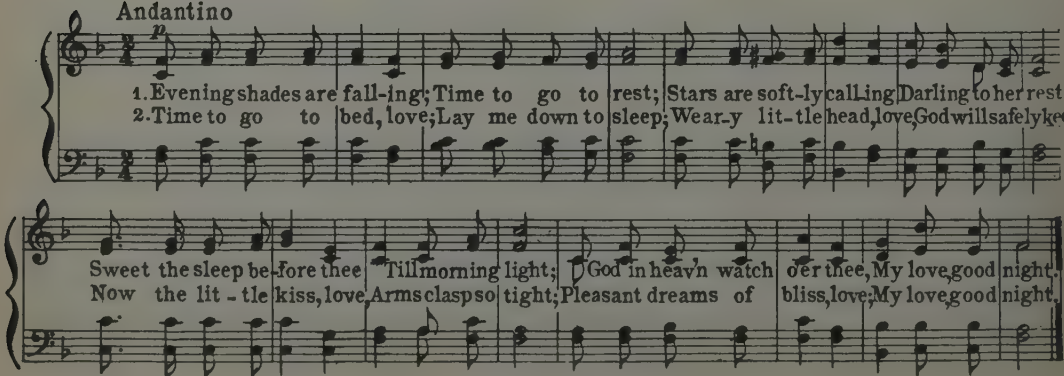
J. P. ORDWAY

Moderato


1. Dreaming of home, dear old home! Home of my childhood and mother; Oft when I wake, 'tis
2. Sleep, balm-y sleep, close mine eyes, Keep me still think-ing of mother, Hark! 'tis her voice I
sweet to find I've been dream-ing of home and mother. Home, dear home, childhood's happy home!
seem to hear, Yes, I'm dream-ing of home and mother. An - gels come, soothing me to rest,
Where I played with sis-ter and with brother; 'Twas the sweetest joy when we did roam, O - ver
I can feel their presence as no oth-er; For they sweetly say I shall be blest With bright
Chorus
hill and thro'dale with mother.
vis - ions of home and mother.
Dreaming of home, dear old home, Home of my child-hood and
mother, Oft when I wake, 'tis sweet to find I've been dream-ing of home and moth-er.

# Darling, Go To Rest

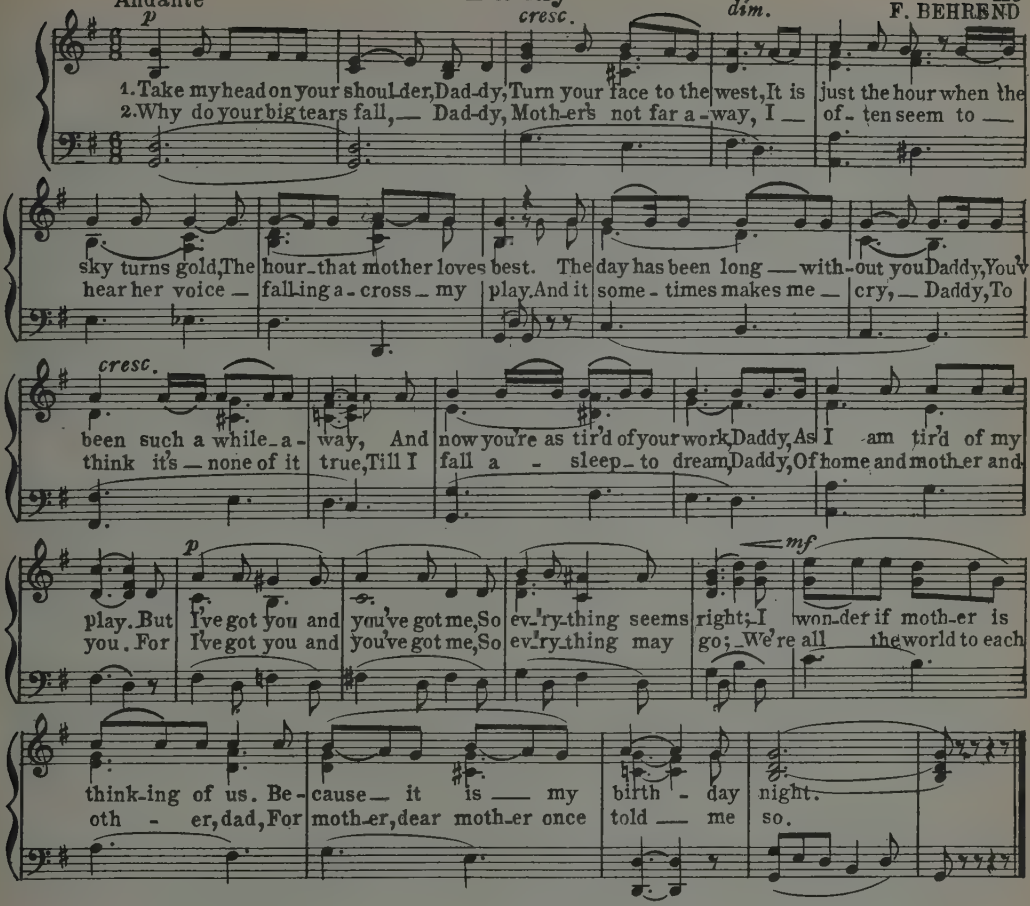
Andantino


1. Evening shades are fall-ing; Time to go to rest; Stars are soft-ly call-ing Darling to her rest.
2. Time to go to bed, love; Lay me down to sleep; Wear-y lit-tle head, love, God will safely keep
Sweet the sleep be-fore thee Till morning light; God in heav'n watch o'er thee, My love, good night.
Now the lit - tle kiss, love, Arms clasp so tight; Pleasant dreams of bliss, love; My love, good night.

# Daddy

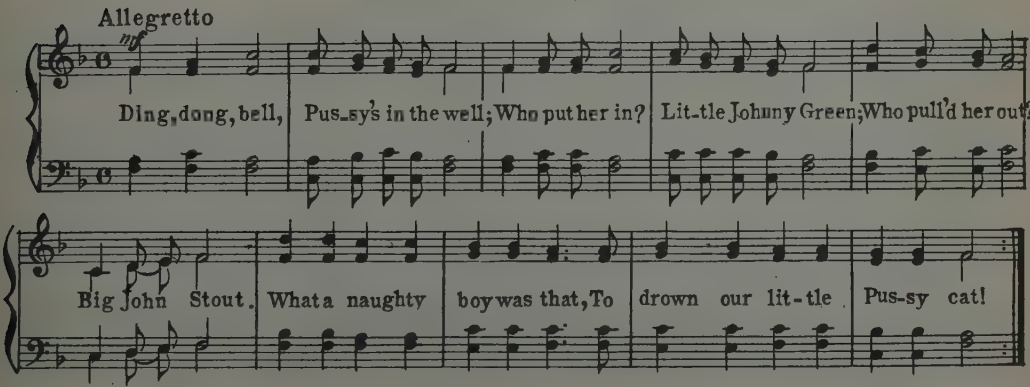
Andante

F. BEHREND


p
cresc.
dim.
1. Take my head on your shoul-der, Dad-dy, Turn your face to the west, It is just the hour when the
2. Why do your big tears fall, — Dad-dy, Moth-er's not far a-way, I — of-ten seem to —
sky turns gold, The hour that mother loves best. The day has been long — with-out you Daddy, You'v
hear her voice — fall-ing a-cross my play. And it some-times makes me — cry, — Daddy, To
cresc.
been such a while a-way, And now you're as tir'd of your work, Daddy, As I am tir'd of my
think it's — none of it true, Till I fall a-sleep to dream, Daddy, Of home and moth-er and
p
mf
play. But I've got you and you've got me, So ev-'ry-thing seems right; I won-der if moth-er is
you. For I've got you and you've got me, So ev-'ry-thing may go; We're all the world to each
think-ing of us. Be-cause it is my birth-day night.
oth-er, dad, For moth-er, dear moth-er once told me so.

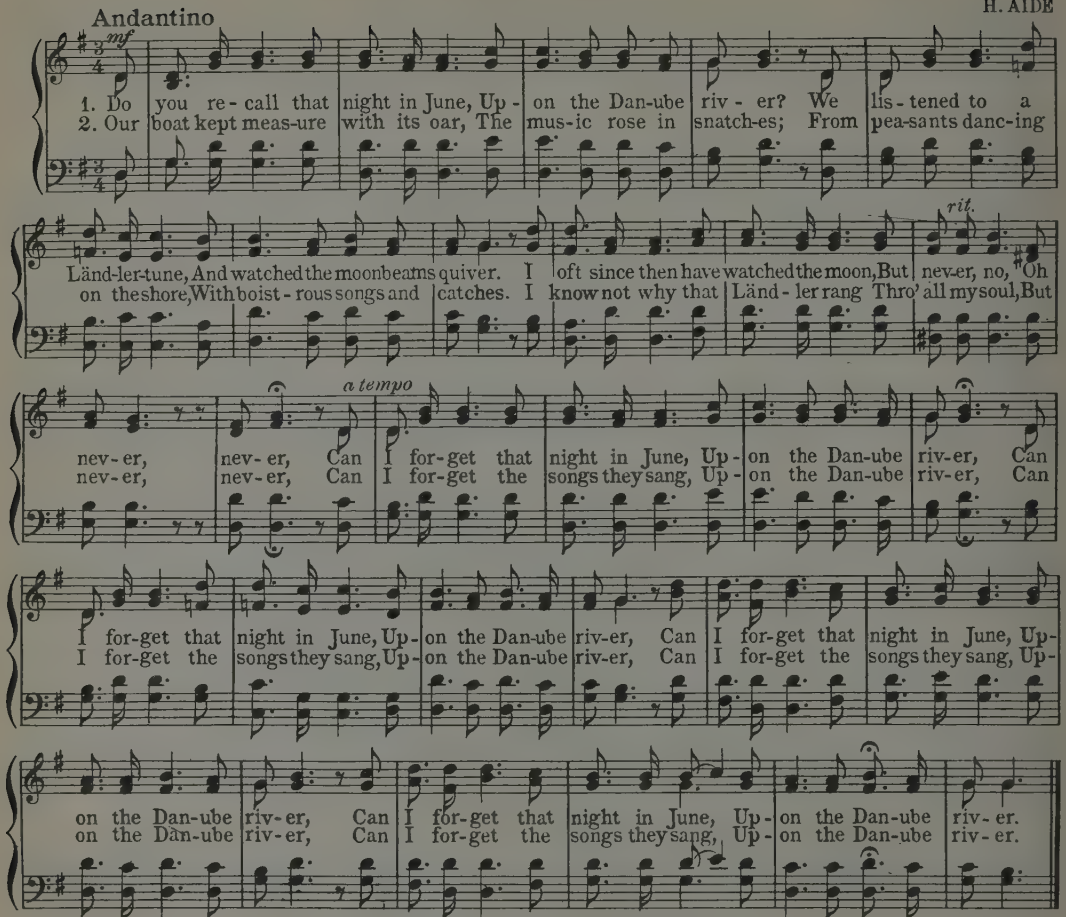
# Ding, Dong, Bell

Allegretto


mf
Ding, dong, bell, Pus-sy's in the well; Who put her in? Lit-tle Johnny Green; Who pull'd her out?
Big John Stout. What a naughty boy was that, To drown our lit-tle Pus-sy cat!

# The Danube River

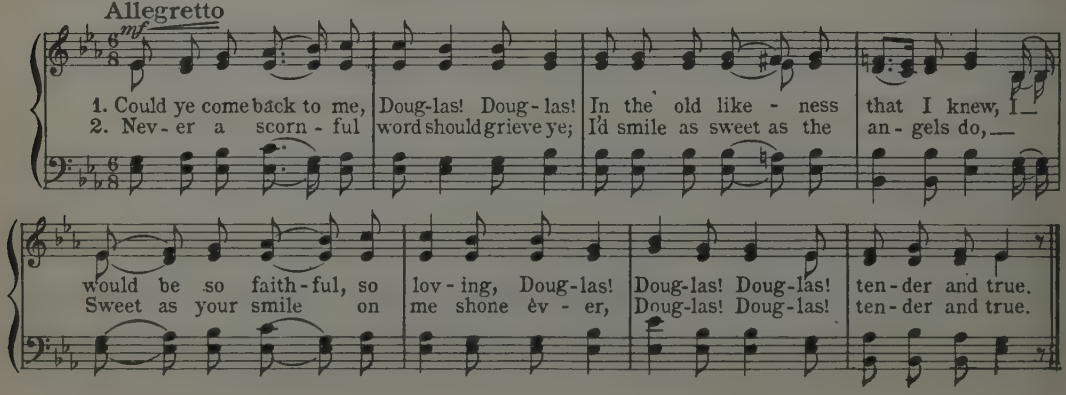
H. AÏDE


Andantino
mf
1. Do you re - call that night in June, Up - on the Dan-ube riv - er? We lis - tened to a
2. Our boat kept meas-ure with its oar, The mus-ic rose in snatch-es; From pea-sants danc-ing
Länd-ler-tune, And watched the moonbeams quiver. I oft since then have watched the moon, But nev-er, no, Oh
on the shore, With boist - rous songs and catches. I know not why that Länd - ler rang Thro' all my soul, But
rit.
a tempo
nev - er, nev - er, Can I for-get that night in June, Up - on the Dan-ube riv-er, Can
nev - er, nev - er, Can I for-get the songs they sang, Up - on the Dan-ube riv-er, Can
I for-get that night in June, Up - on the Dan-ube riv-er, Can I for-get that night in June, Up-
I for-get the songs they sang, Up - on the Dan-ube riv-er, Can I for-get the songs they sang, Up-
on the Dan-ube riv-er, Can I for-get that night in June, Up - on the Dan-ube riv - er.
on the Dan-ube riv-er, Can I for-get the songs they sang, Up - on the Dan-ube riv - er.

LADY JANE SCOTT

# Douglas, Tender And True

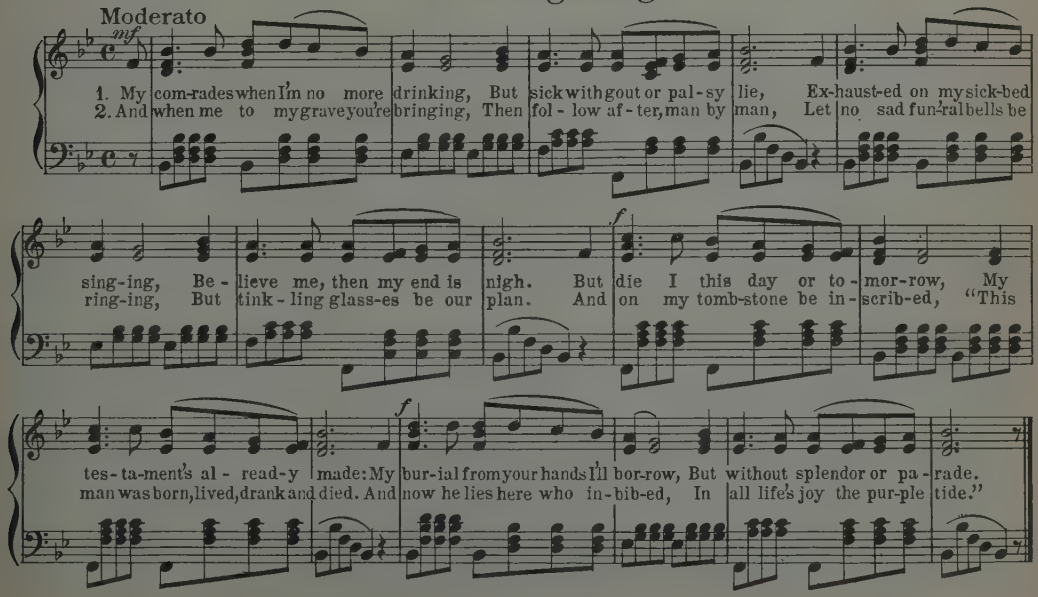
D. M. MULOCH


Allegretto
mf
1. Could ye come back to me, Doug-las! Doug - las! In the old like - ness that I knew, I—
2. Nev - er a scorn - ful word should grieve ye; I'd smile as sweet as the an - gels do,—
would be so faith - ful, so lov - ing, Doug-las! Doug-las! Doug-las! ten - der and true.
Sweet as your smile on me shone ev - er, Doug-las! Doug-las! ten - der and true.

# The Dutch Company

Marcato
1. Oh, when you hear the roll of the big bass drum, Then you may know that the
2. When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war, When Deitch meets Deitch, then comes the
Deitch have come, For the Deitch com-pa-ny is the best com-pa-ny That ev-er came o-ver from
lag - er beer,
old Ger - ma - ny. Ho - ra, ho - ra, ho - ra la la la la, Ho - ra, ho - ra,
ho - ra la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la, He is mine oys-ter raw.

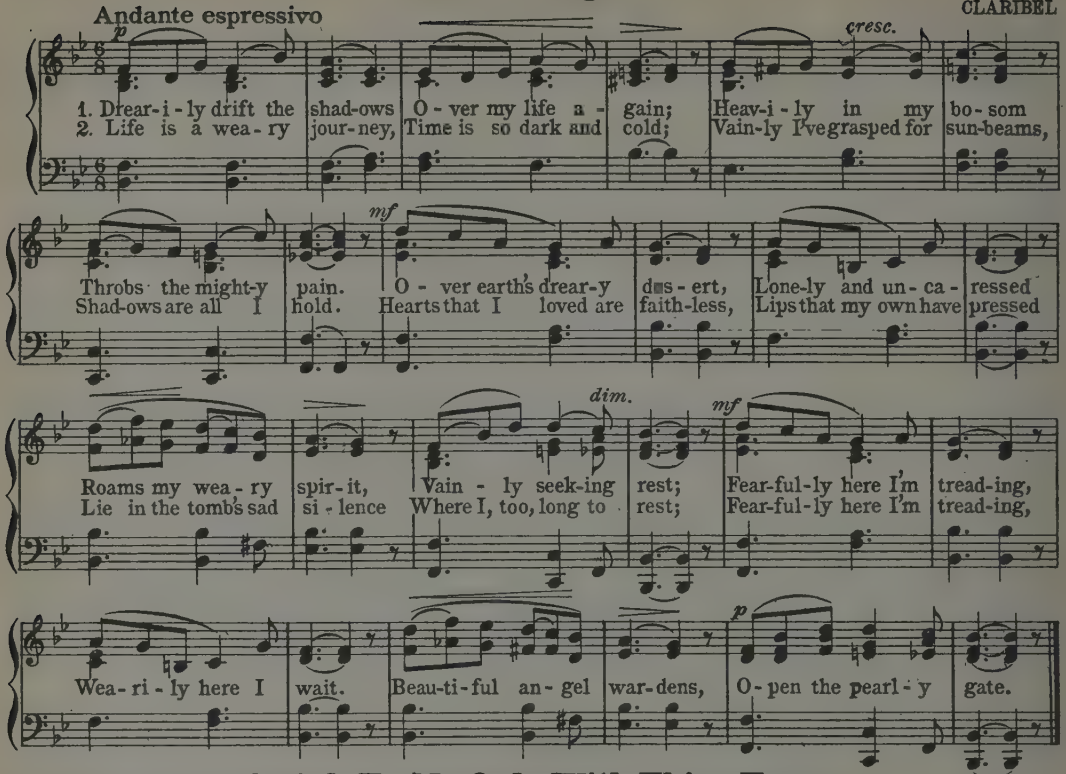
# Drinking Song


Moderato
1. My com-rades when I'm no more drinking, But sick with gout or pal-sy lie, Ex-haust-ed on my sick-bed
2. And when me to my grave you're bringing, Then fol - low af - ter, man by man, Let no sad fun-ral bells be
sing-ing, Be - lieve me, then my end is nigh. But die I this day or to - mor-row, My
ring-ing, But tink - ling glass-es be our plan. And on my tomb-stone be in-scrib-ed, "This
tes-ta-ment's al - read-y made: My bur-ial from your hands I'll bor-row, But without splendor or pa - rade.
man was born, lived, drank and died. And now he lies here who in-bib-ed, In all life's joy the pur-ple tide."

# Drifting

Andante espressivo

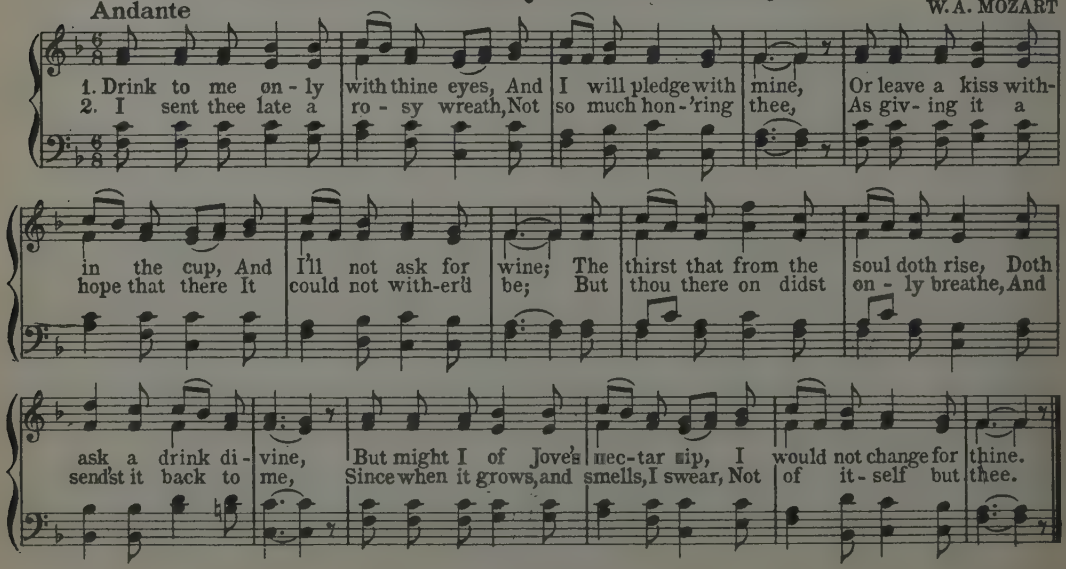
CLARIBEL


p
cresc.
1. Drear-i-ly drift the shad-ows O-ver my life a-gain; Heav-i-ly in my bo-som
2. Life is a wea-ry jour-ney, Time is so dark and cold; Vain-ly I've grasped for sun-beams,
mf
Throbs the might-y pain. O-ver earth's drear-y des-ert, Lone-ly and un-ca-ressed
Shad-ows are all I hold. Hearts that I loved are faith-less, Lips that my own have pressed
dim.
mf
Roams my wea-ry spir-it, Vain-ly seek-ing rest; Fear-ful-ly here I'm tread-ing,
Lie in the tomb's sad si-lence Where I, too, long to rest; Fear-ful-ly here I'm tread-ing,
p
Wea-ri-ly here I wait. Beau-ti-ful an-gel war-dens, O-pen the pearl-y gate.

# Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes

Andante

W. A. MOZART


1. Drink to me on-ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine, Or leave a kiss with-
2. I sent thee late a ro-sy wreath, Not so much hon-'ring thee, As giv-ing it a
in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine; The thirst that from the soul doth rise, Doth
hope that there It could not with-er'd be; But thou there on didst on-ly breathe, And
ask a drink di-vine, But might I of Jove's nec-tar sip, I would not change for thine.
send'st it back to me, Since when it grows, and smells, I swear, Not of it-self but thee.

# The Dustman

J. L. MOLLOY

Andante

*p*

When the toys are grow-ing wea-ry and the twi-light gath-ers in, When the
smiles the good old Dust-man, in their eyes the dust he throws, Till their

nur-s'ry still re-ech-oes to the chil-dren's mer-ry din; Then un-heard, un-seen, un-
lit-tle heads are fall-ing, and their mer-ry eyes must close; Then the Dust-man, ver-y

no-ticed comes an old man up the stair, Light-ly to the chil-dren pass-es, Lays his
gen-tly, takes each lit-tle dimpled hand, Leads them through the sweet green for-ests, far a-

1 2 *rit.*

hand up-on their hair. Soft-ly land, far a-way in slumber-land, far a-way in slumber-land.
way in slum-ber

# Dream Song

"ERMINIE"

E. JAKOBOWSKI

Allegretto

*p*

Song of joy, song of cheer, Song of prom-ise, soft and clear. Sweet sounds that fill
the tran-quil grove, Glad joyous trill of hope and love. Song of joy, song of cheer,

*rit.*

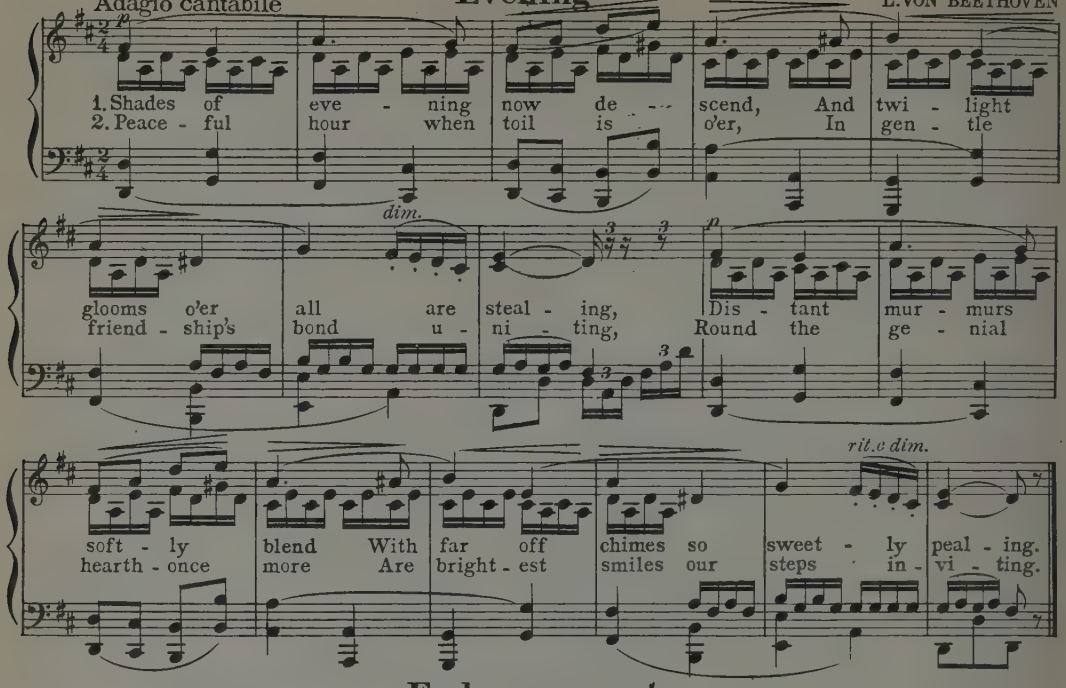
*p*

Song of promise soft and clear, Sounds that fill the tran-quil grove, Glad joyous trill of hope and love.

## Evening

Adagio cantabile

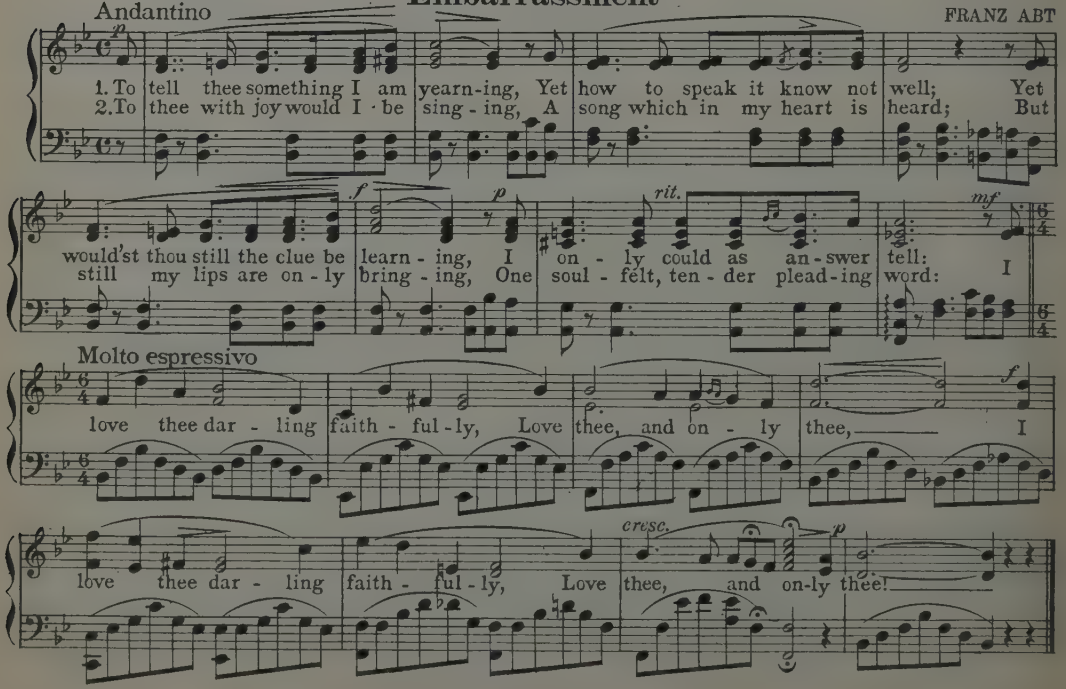
L. VON BEETHOVEN


1. Shades of eve - ning now de - scend, And twi - light
2. Peace - ful hour when toil is o'er, In gen - tle
dim.
glooms o'er all are steal - ing, Dis - tant mur - murs
friend - ship's bond u - ni - ting, Round the ge - nial
rit. e dim.
soft - ly blend With far off chimes so sweet - ly peal - ing.
hearth - once more Are bright - est smiles our steps in - vi - ting.

## Embarrassment

Andantino

FRANZ ABT


1. To tell thee something I am yearn-ing, Yet how to speak it know not well; Yet
2. To thee with joy would I · be sing - ing, A song which in my heart is heard; But
would'st thou still the clue be learn - ing, I on - ly could as an - swer tell:
still my lips are on - ly bring - ing, One soul - felt, ten - der plead - ing word: I
rit.
Molto espressivo
love thee dar - ling faith - ful - ly, Love thee, and on - ly thee, I
cresc.
love thee dar - ling faith - ful - ly, Love thee, and on-ly thee!

## Erin Is My Home

Andante espressivo

1. Oh! I have roam'd in ma - ny lands, And ma - ny friends I've met; Not
2. In E - rin's Isle there's man - ly hearts, And bos - oms pure as snow; In

one fair scene or kind - ly smile Can this fond heart for - get; But I'll con - fess that I'm con -
E - rin's Isle there's right good cheer, And hearths that ev - er glow, In E - rin's Isle I'd pass my

tent, } No more I wish to roam; Oh! steer my bark to E - rin's Isle, For
time, }

E - rin is my home, Oh! steer my bark to E-rin's Isle, For E - rin in my home.

## Ellen Bayne

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Andante

1. Soft be thy slum-bers, Rude cares de-part, Vis - ions in num-bers cheer thy young heart.
2. Dream not in an - guish, dream not in fear; Love shall not lan-guish; Fond ones are near.

Dream on, while bright hours and fond hopes re-main, Bloom - ing like smil-ing bow'rs for thee Ellen Bayne.
Sleep-ing or wak - ing, In pleas-ure or pain, Warm hearts will beat for thee, Sweet Ellen Bayne.

CHORUS

Gentle slumbers o'er thee glide, Dreams of beauty round thee bide, While I linger by thy side, Sweet Ellen Bayne.

# Eton Boating Song

Allegretto

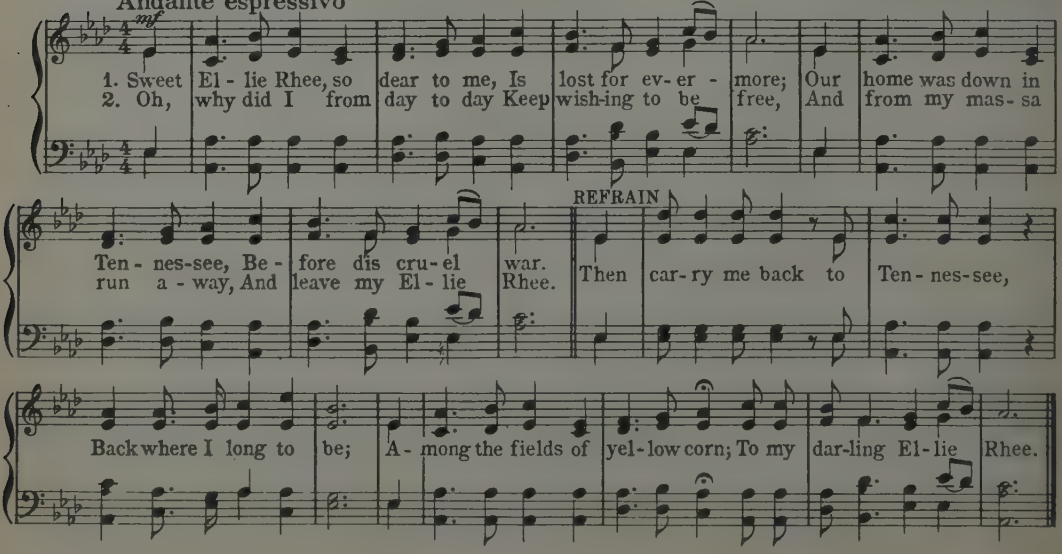
By A.D.E.W.

mf
1. Jol - ly boat-ing weather, And a hay har-vest breeze, Blade
2. Oth-ers will fill our places, Dress'd in the old light blue, We'll re-col-
on the feather, Shade off the trees, Swing, swing to-
lect our ra-ces, We'll to the flag be true, And youth will be still in our
p
mf
cresc.
f
geth-er With your backs be-tween your knees, Swing,
fa-ces, When we cheer for an E-ton crew, And youth will be
cresc.
swing to geth-er, With your backs be-tween your knees.
still in our fa-ces, When we cheer for an E-ton crew.

# Ellie Rhee

Andante espressivo

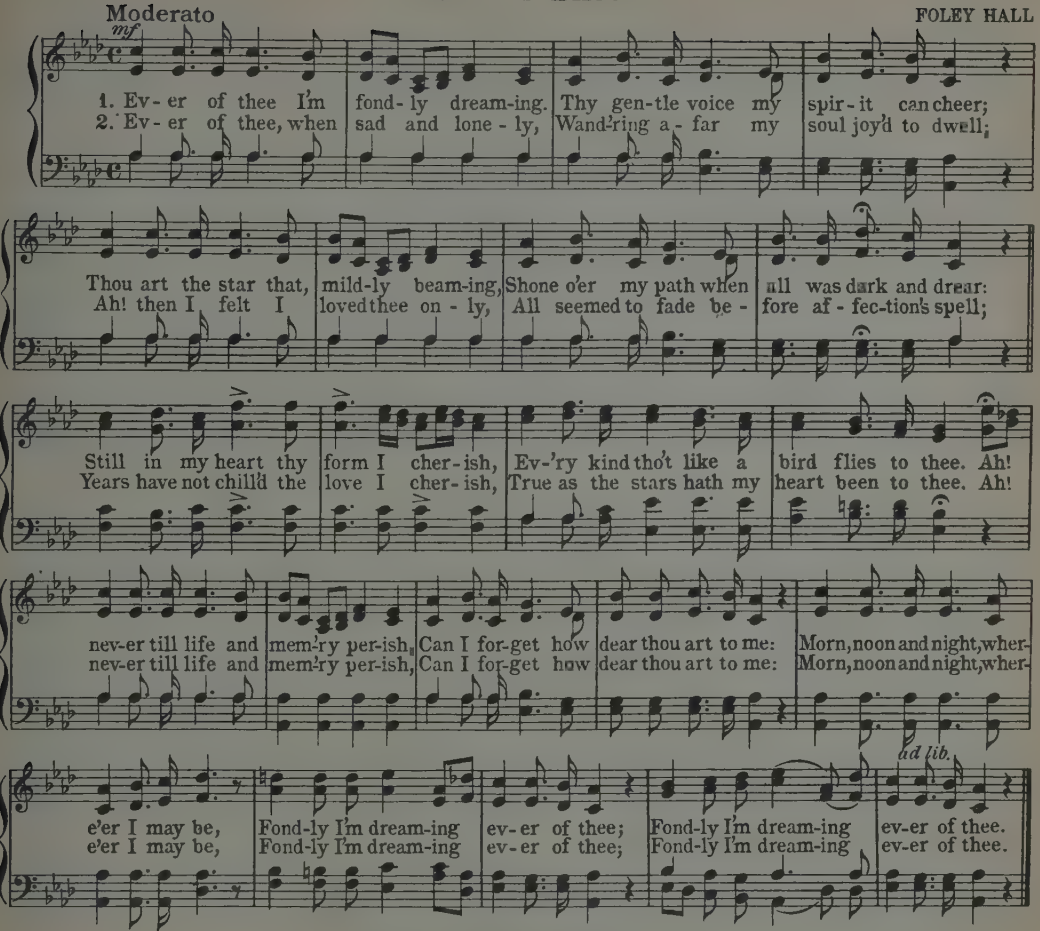
SEPTIMUS WINNER


mf
1. Sweet El-lie Rhee, so dear to me, Is lost for ev-er - more; Our home was down in
2. Oh, why did I from day to day Keep wish-ing to be free, And from my mas-sa
REFRAIN
Ten-nes-see, Be-fore dis cru-el war. Then car-ry me back to Ten-nes-see,
run a-way, And leave my El-lie Rhee.
Back where I long to be; A-mong the fields of yel-low corn; To my dar-ling El-lie Rhee.

# Ever Of Thee

Moderato

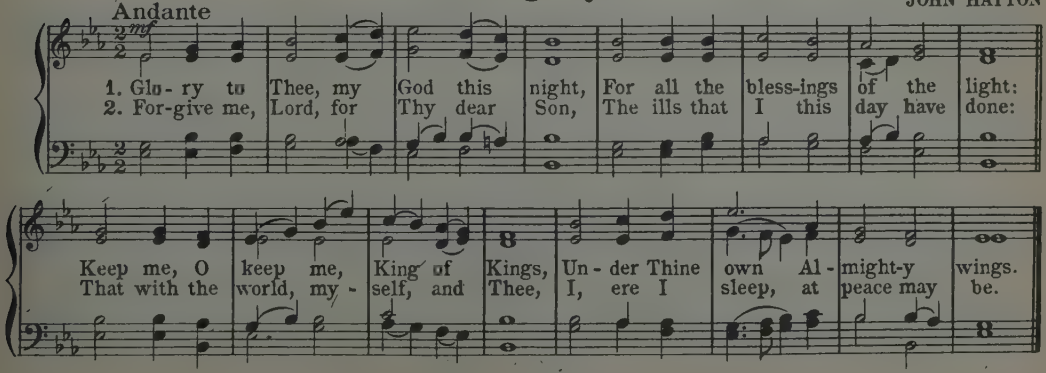
FOLEY HALL


mf
1. Ev-er of thee I'm fond-ly dream-ing. Thy gen-tle voice my spir-it can cheer;
2. Ev-er of thee, when sad and lone-ly, Wand'ring a-far my soul joy'd to dwell;
Thou art the star that, mild-ly beam-ing, Shone o'er my path when all was dark and drear:
Ah! then I felt I loved thee on-ly, All seemed to fade be-fore af-fec-tion's spell;
Still in my heart thy form I cher-ish, Ev-'ry kind tho't like a bird flies to thee. Ah!
Years have not chill'd the love I cher-ish, True as the stars hath my heart been to thee. Ah!
nev-er till life and mem'ry per-ish, Can I for-get how dear thou art to me: Morn, noon and night, wher-
nev-er till life and mem'ry per-ish, Can I for-get how dear thou art to me: Morn, noon and night, wher-
ad lib.
e'er I may be, Fond-ly I'm dream-ing ev-er of thee; Fond-ly I'm dream-ing ev-er of thee.
e'er I may be, Fond-ly I'm dream-ing ev-er of thee; Fond-ly I'm dream-ing ev-er of thee.

# Evening Hymn

Andante

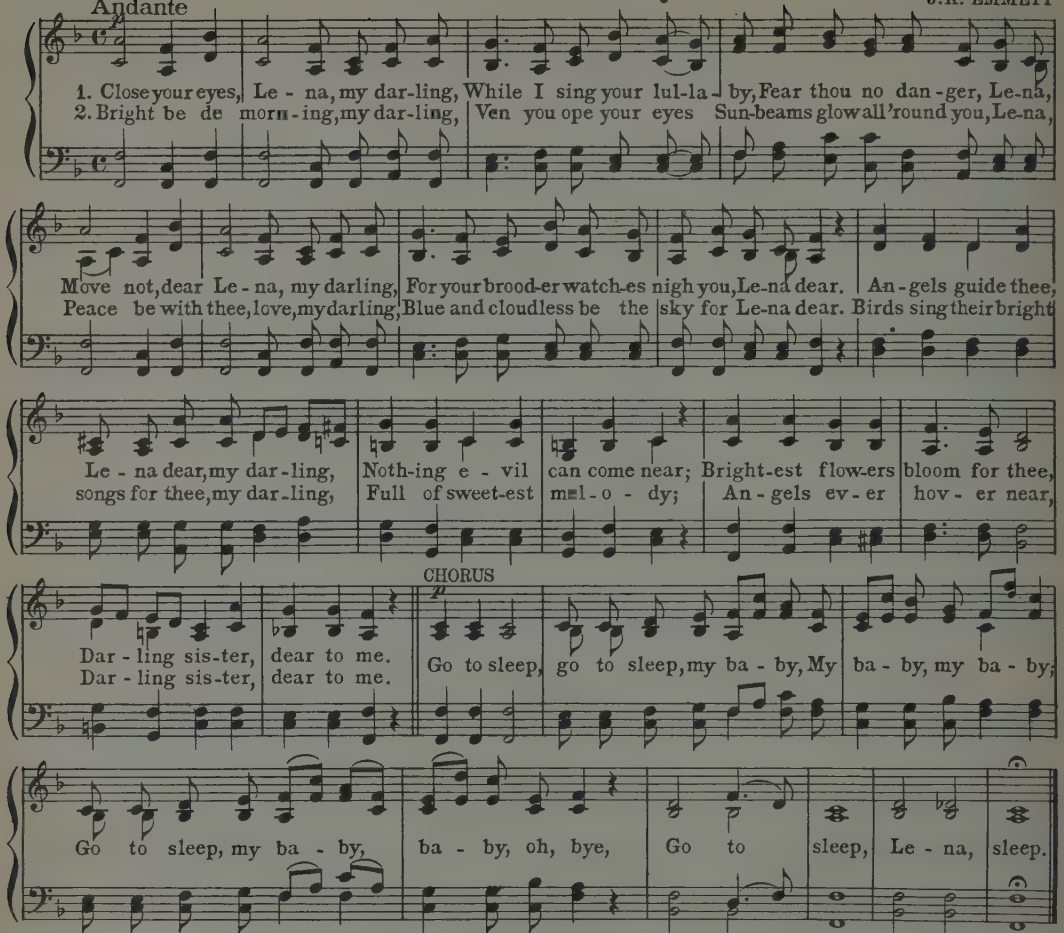
JOHN HATTON


mf
1. Glo-ry to Thee, my God this night, For all the bless-ings of the light:
2. For-give me, Lord, for Thy dear Son, The ills that I this day have done:
Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings, Un-der Thine own Al-might-y wings.
That with the world, my-self, and Thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

# Emmett's Lullaby

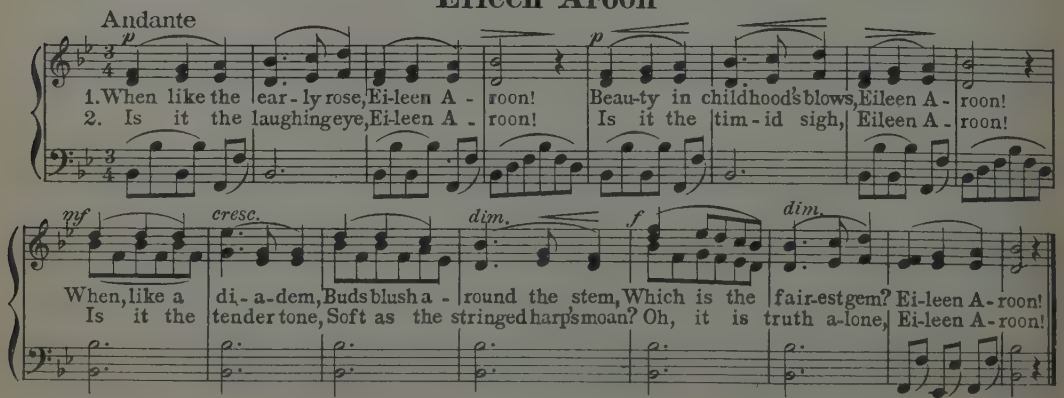
J.K. EMMETT

Andante


1. Close your eyes, Le - na, my dar-ling, While I sing your lul-la - by, Fear thou no dan - ger, Le-na,
2. Bright be de morn - ing, my dar-ling, Ven you ope your eyes Sun-beams glow all 'round you, Le-na,
Move not, dear Le - na, my darling, For your brood-er watch-es nigh you, Le-na dear. An - gels guide thee,
Peace be with thee, love, my darling, Blue and cloudless be the sky for Le-na dear. Birds sing their bright
Le - na dear, my dar - ling, Noth-ing e - vil can come near; Bright-est flow-ers bloom for thee,
songs for thee, my dar - ling, Full of sweet-est mel - o - dy; An - gels ev - er hov - er near,
CHORUS
Dar - ling sis-ter, dear to me.
Dar - ling sis-ter, dear to me.
Go to sleep, go to sleep, my ba - by, My ba - by, my ba - by,
Go to sleep, my ba - by, ba - by, oh, bye, Go to sleep, Le - na, sleep.

# Eileen Aroon

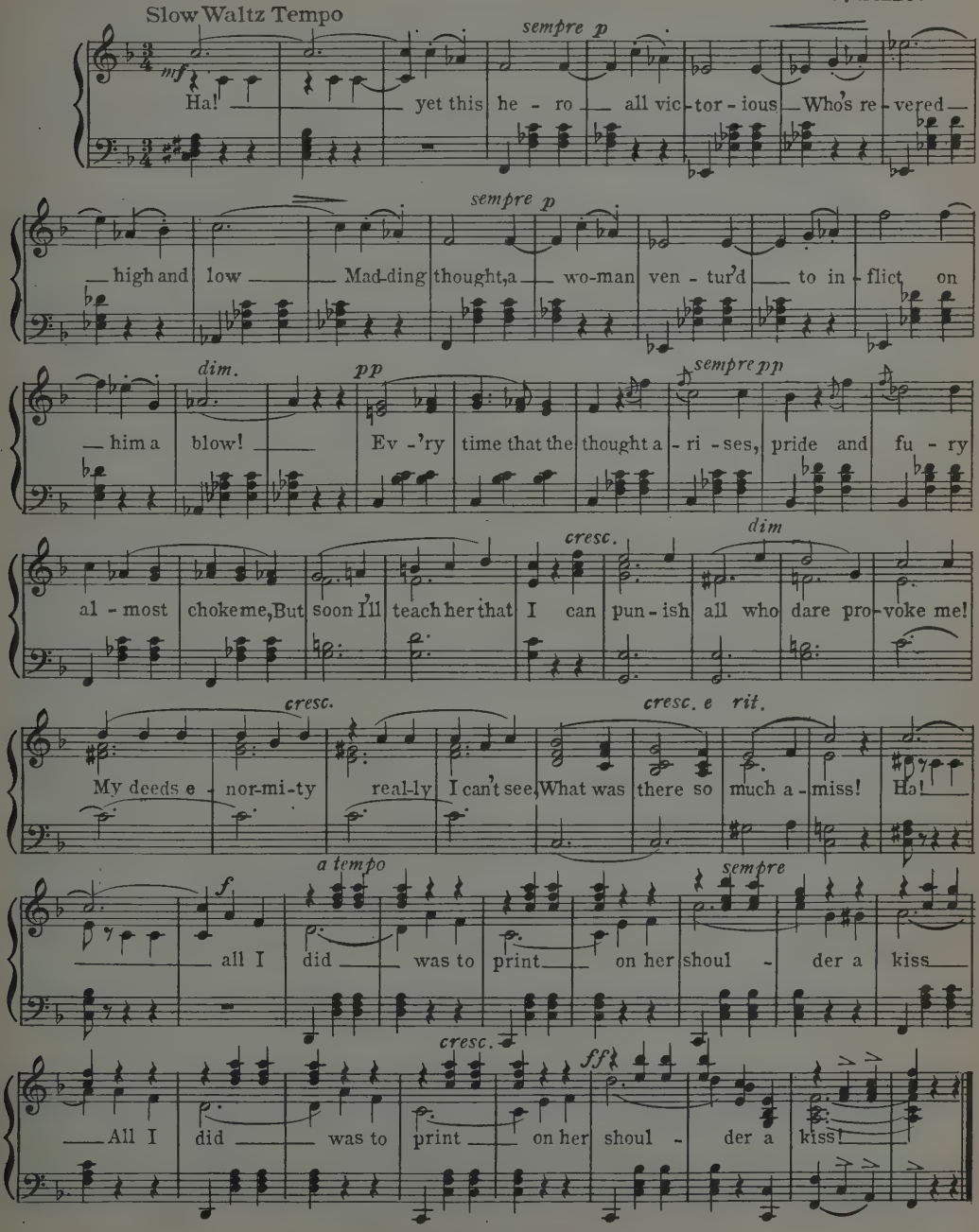
Andante


1. When like the ear - ly rose, Ei-leen A - roon! Beau-ty in childhood's blows, Eileen A - roon!
2. Is it the laughing eye, Ei-leen A - roon! Is it the tim - id sigh, Eileen A - roon!
When, like a di - a-dem, Buds blush a - round the stem, Which is the fair-est gem? Ei-leen A-roon!
Is it the tender tone, Soft as the stringed harp's moan? Oh, it is truth a-lone, Ei-leen A-roon!

# Entrance Song



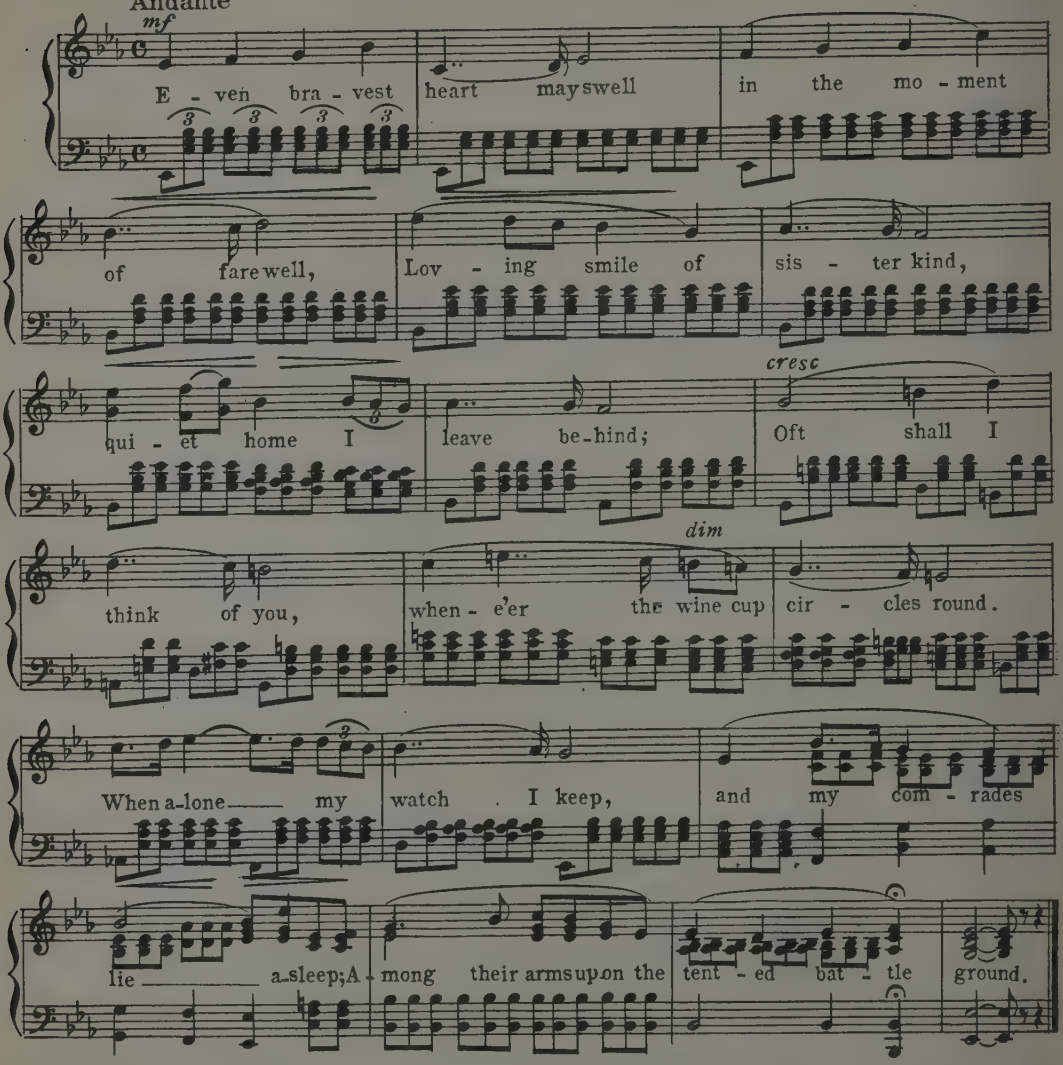
E. MILLOCKER


Slow Waltz Tempo
mf
Ha! yet this he - ro all vic - tor - ious Who's re - vered
sempre p
high and low Mad-ding thought, a wo-man ven - tur'd to in - flict on
sempre p
dim.
him a blow! Ev -'ry time that the thought a - ri - ses, pride and fu - ry
pp
sempre pp
cresc.
dim
al - most choke me, But soon I'll teach her that I can pun - ish all who dare pro - voke me!
cresc.
My deeds e - nor-mi-ty real-ly I can't see, What was there so much a - miss! Ha!
cresc. e rit.
a tempo
f
all I did was to print on her shoul - der a kiss
sempre
cresc.
ff
All I did was to print on her shoul - der a kiss!

## Even Bravest Heart May Swell

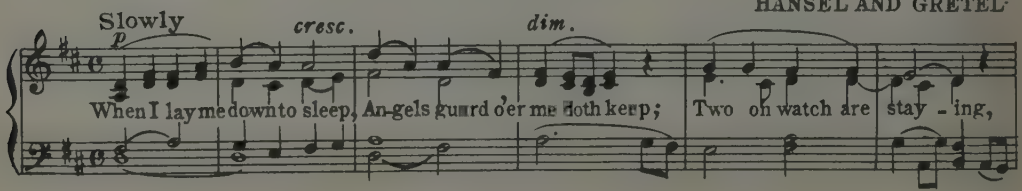
"*FAUST*"

CH. GOUNOD


Andante
mf
E - ven bra - vest heart may swell in the mo - ment
of fare well, Lov - ing smile of sis - ter kind,
qui - et home I leave be-hind; cresc Oft shall I
think of you, dim when - e'er the wine cup cir - cles round.
When a-lone my watch I keep, and my com - rades
lie a-sleep; A - mong their arms upon the tent - ed bat - tle ground.

## Evening Prayer

"HANSEL AND GRETEL"



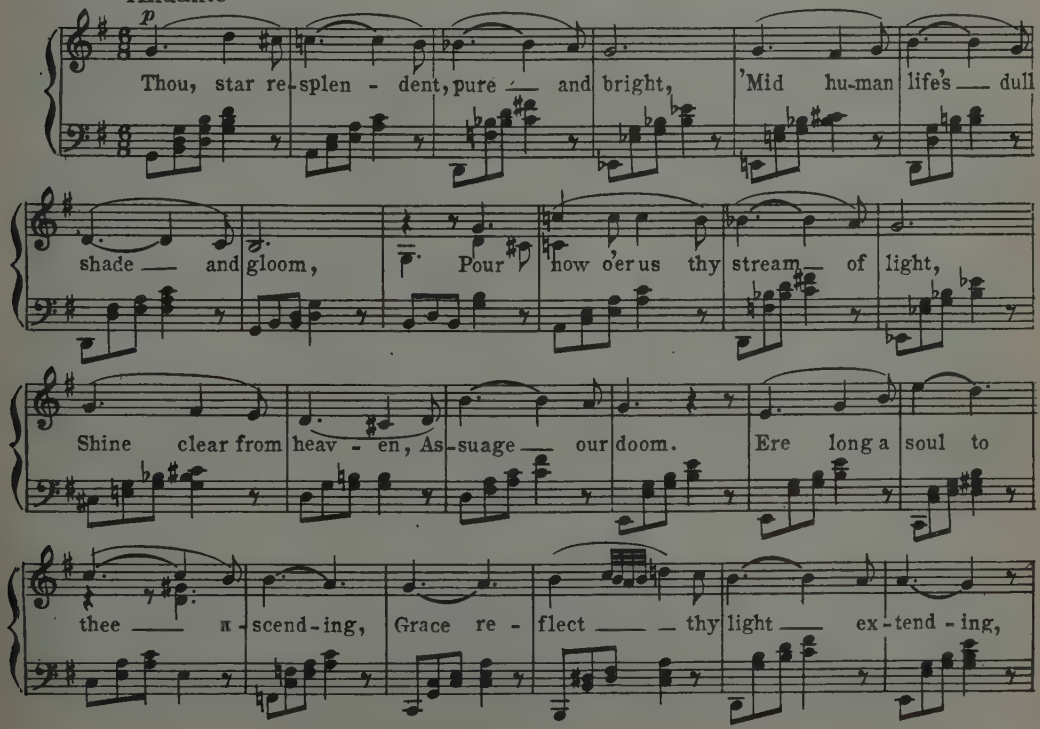
cresc.
poco
Two are soft-ly pray-ing, Two to guard my right hand, Two to guard my
a poco
cresc.
left stand, Two to slumber take me, Two from slumber wake me, Two who watchful
cresc.
rit.
dim.
tar-ry, My soul to God to car-ry!
pp

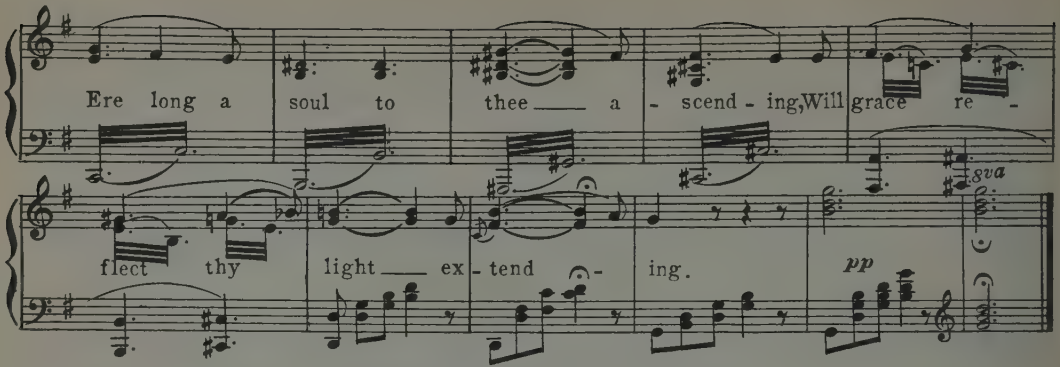
"*TANNHÄUSER*"

## Evening Star

R. WAGNER

Andante


p
Thou, star re-splen-dent, pure and bright, 'Mid hu-man life's dull
shade and gloom, Pour now o'er us thy stream of light,
Shine clear from heav-en, As-suage our doom. Ere long a soul to
thee as-cend-ing, Grace re-flect thy light ex-tend-ing,

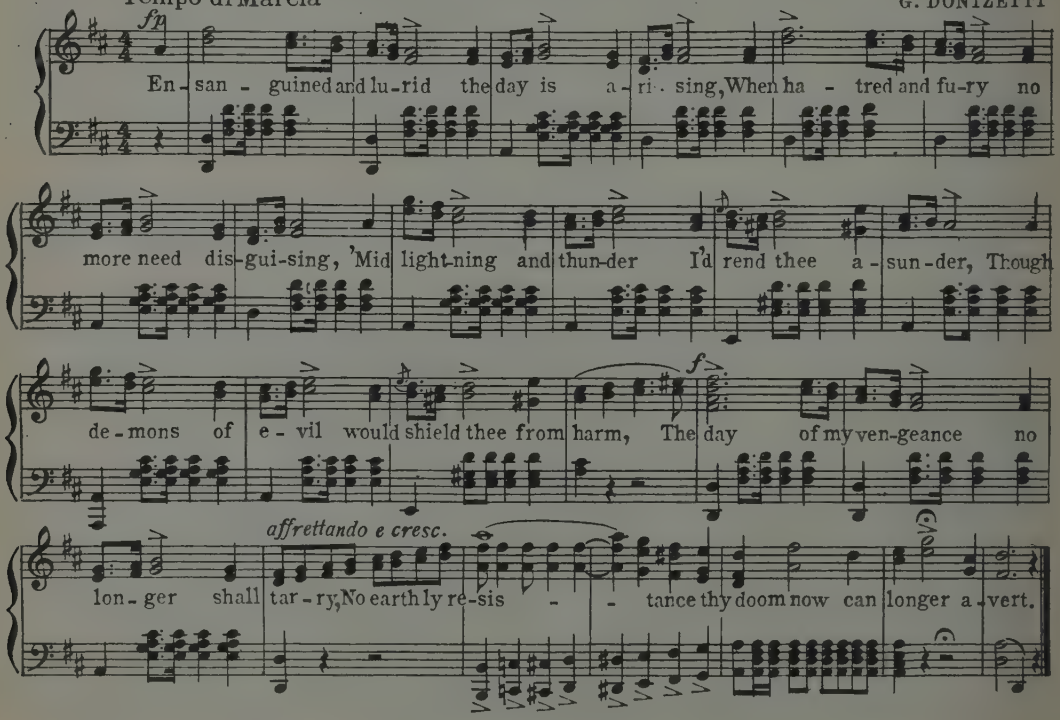



"*LUCIA*"

## Ensanguined and Lurid

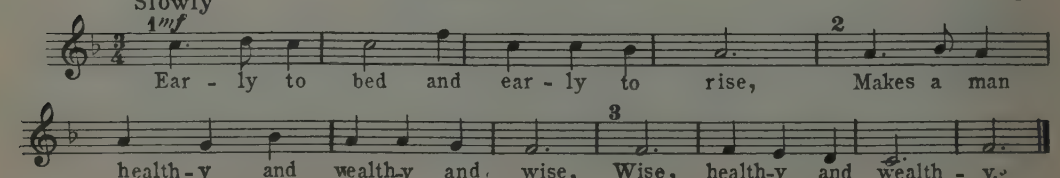
Tempo di Marcia

G. DONIZETTI


fp
En - san - guined and lu - rid the day is a - ri - sing, When ha - tred and fu - ry no
more need dis - gui - sing, 'Mid light - ning and thun - der I'd rend thee a - sun - der, Though
f
de - mons of e - vil would shield thee from harm, The day of my ven - geance no
affrettando e cresc.
lon - ger shall tar - ry, No earth ly re - sis - tance thy doom now can longer a - vert.

## Early To Bed

ROUND



"Rigoletto"

# Ev'ry Flower

G. VERDI

Allegretto

*mf*

Ev-'ry flow - er is e-qual-ly cher-ish'd, ev- 'ry thought of ex-clu - sion with-in me I smo - ther, None is dear- er to me than a- no - ther, in their turn I for each one would die. Let the fu - ture de-cide who shall bless me, While I woo ev - 'ry flow - er de-light-ed, If to-day one my love hath re-qui-ted, for a - no - ther, a - no - ther to-mor-row I sigh, to-mor- - row, for a- no - ther to-mor-row I sigh!

*cresc.* *dim.* *mf* *f* *sf*

# The Evening Bell

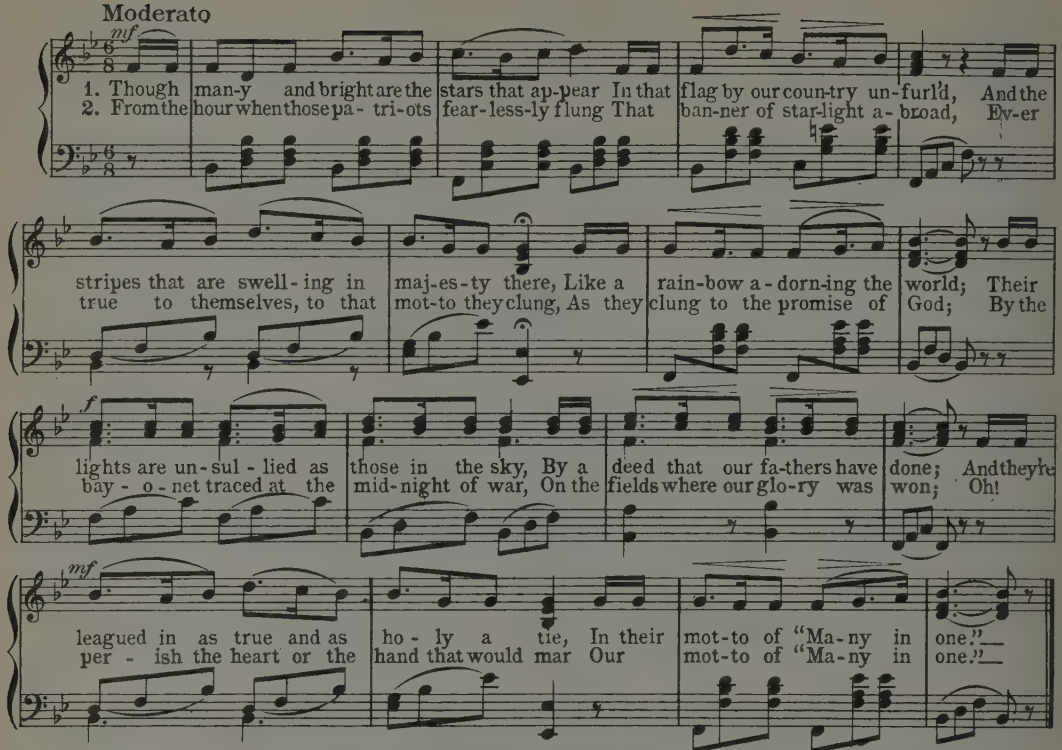
Andante

*p* *dolce.* *pp*

1. Hark! the peal-ing, soft - ly steal - ing, Eve-ning bell, Sweet-ly ech-oed down the dell.
2. Wel-come, wel-come is thy mu - sic, Sil - v'ry bell, Sweet-ly tell-ing day's fare - well.

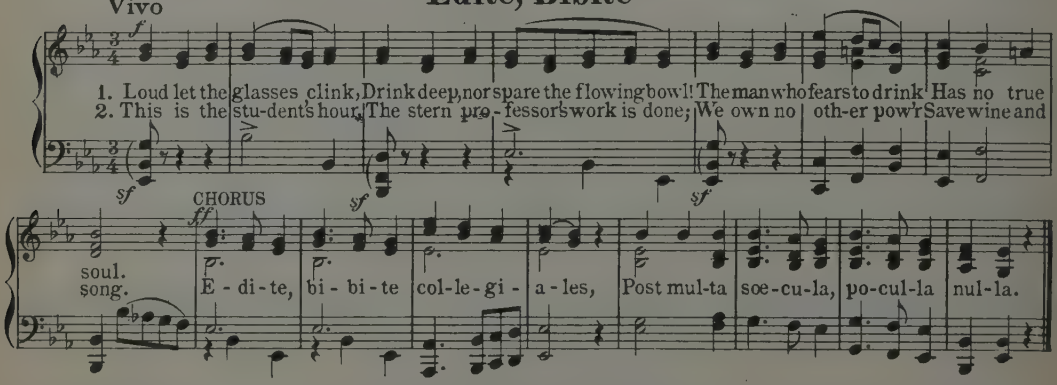
## E Pluribus Unum

Moderato


mf
1. Though man-y and bright are the stars that ap-pear In that flag by our coun-try un-furl'd, And the
2. From the hour when those pa-tri-ots fear-less-ly flung That ban-ner of star-light a-broad, Ev-er
stripes that are swell-ing in maj-es-ty there, Like a rain-bow a-dorn-ing the world; Their
true to themselves, to that mot-to they clung, As they clung to the promise of God; By the
f
lights are un-sul-lied as those in the sky, By a deed that our fa-thers have done; And they're
bay-o-net traced at the mid-night of war, On the fields where our glo-ry was won; Oh!
mf
leagued in as true and as ho-ly a tie, In their mot-to of "Ma-ny in one."
per-ish the heart or the hand that would mar Our mot-to of "Ma-ny in one."

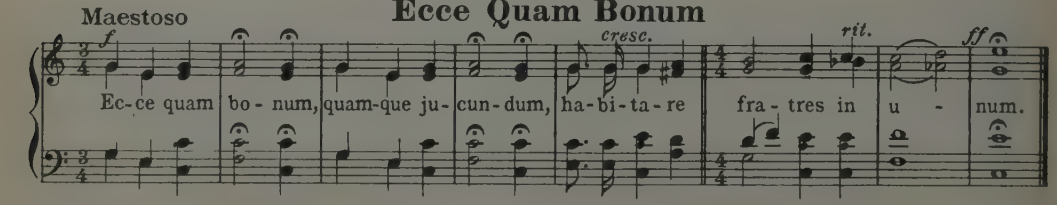
## Edite, Bibite

Vivo


f
1. Loud let the glasses clink, Drink deep, nor spare the flowing bowl! The man who fears to drink Has no true
2. This is the stu-dent's hour, The stern pro-fessor's work is done; We own no oth-er pow'r Save wine and
sf
sf
sf
CHORUS
ff
soul.
song.
E-di-te, bi-bi-te col-le-gi-a-les, Post mul-ta soe-cu-la, po-cul-la nul-la.

## Ecce Quam Bonum

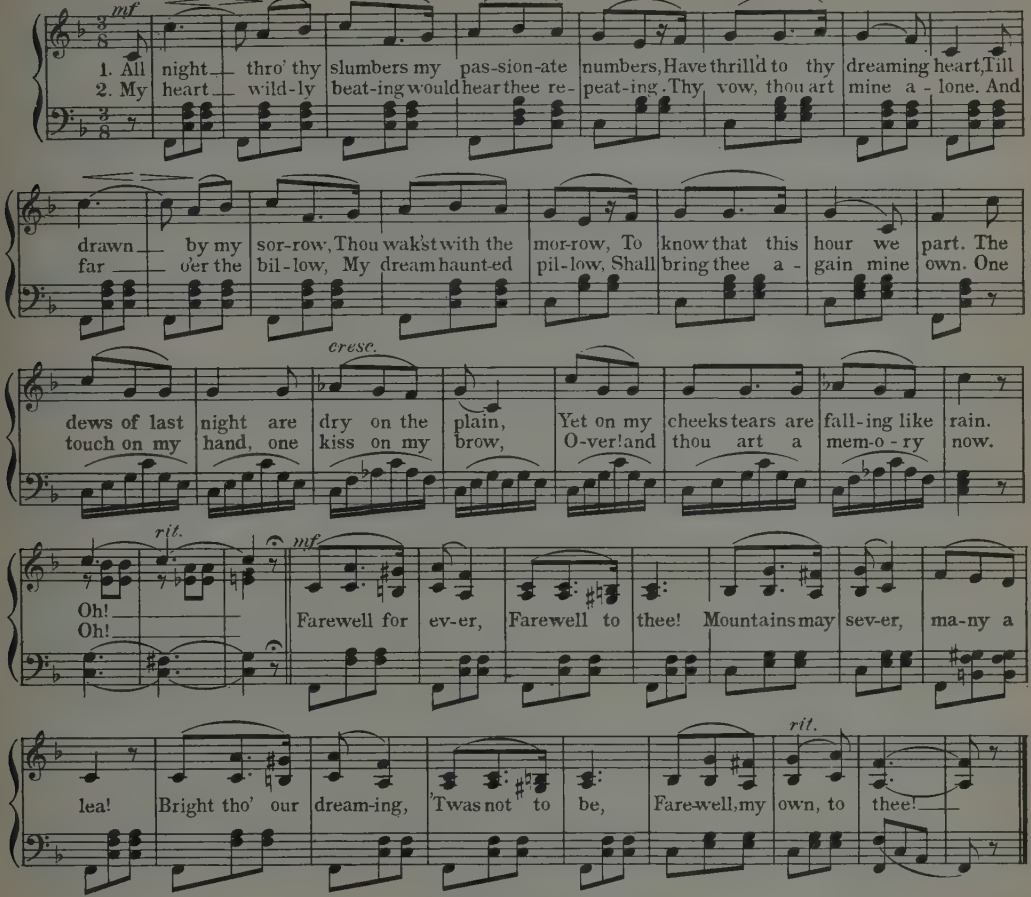
Maestoso



# Farewell Forever

M. CONNELLY

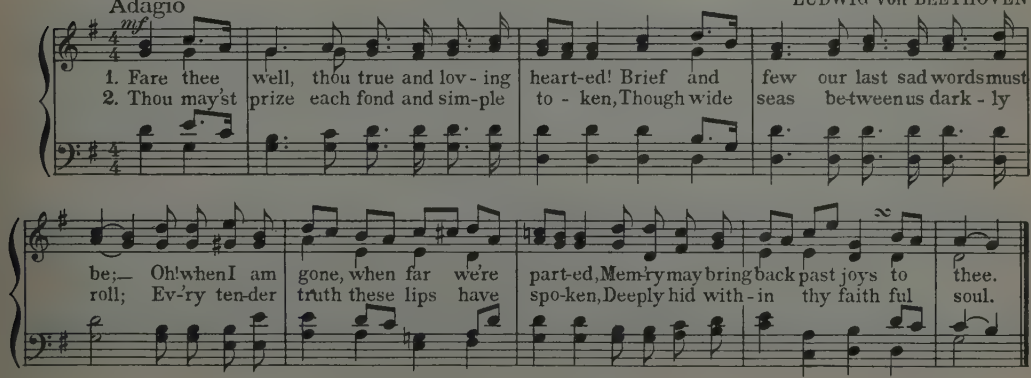
Moderato


mf
1. All night thro' thy slumbers my pas-sion-ate numbers, Have thrill'd to thy dreaming heart, Till
2. My heart wild-ly beat-ing would hear thee re-peat-ing Thy vow, thou art mine a-lone. And
drawn by my sor-row, Thou wak'st with the mor-row, To know that this hour we part. The
far o'er the bil-low, My dream haunt-ed pil-low, Shall bring thee a-gain mine own. One
cresc.
dews of last night are dry on the plain, Yet on my cheeks tears are fall-ing like rain.
touch on my hand, one kiss on my brow, O-ver! and thou art a mem-o-ry now.
rit.
mf
Oh!
Oh!
Farewell for ev-er, Farewell to thee! Mountains may sev-er, ma-ny a
rit.
lea! Bright tho' our dream-ing, 'Twas not to be, Fare-well, my own, to thee!

# The Farewell

LUDWIG von BEETHOVEN

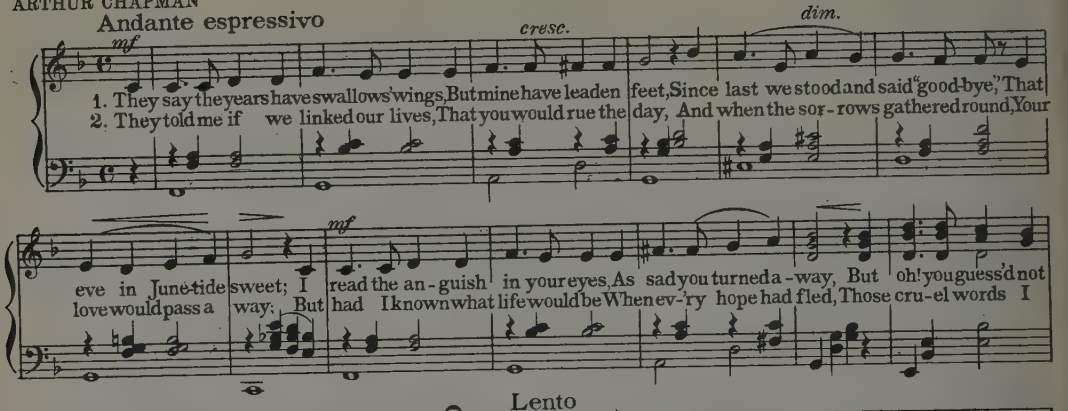
Adagio

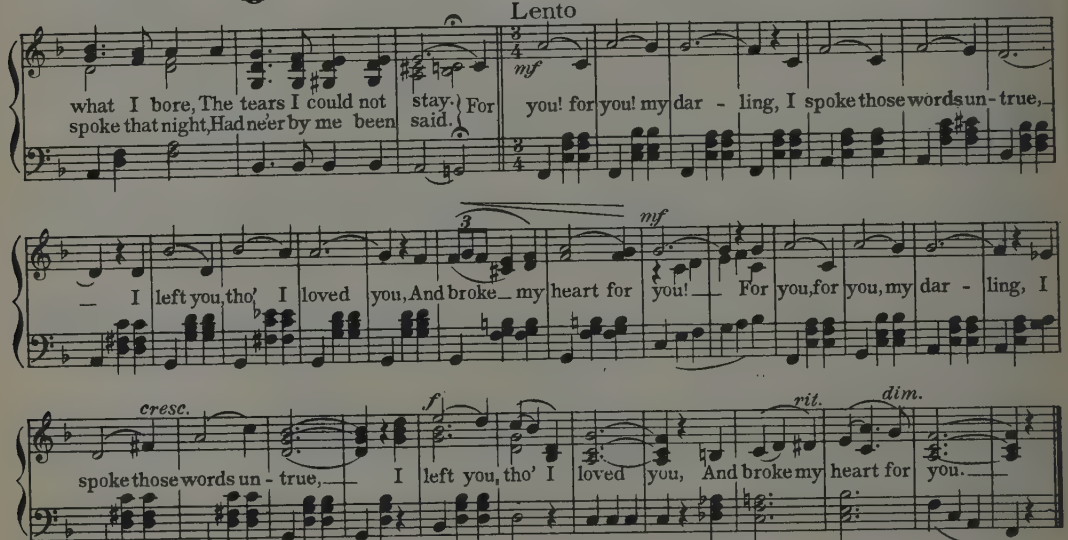

mf
1. Fare thee well, thou true and lov-ing heart-ed! Brief and few our last sad words must
2. Thou may'st prize each fond and sim-ple to-ken, Though wide seas be-tween us dark-ly
be; Oh! when I am gone, when far we're part-ed, Mem-'ry may bring back past joys to thee.
roll; Ev-'ry ten-der truth these lips have spo-ken, Deeply hid with-in thy faith ful soul.

ARTHUR CHAPMAN

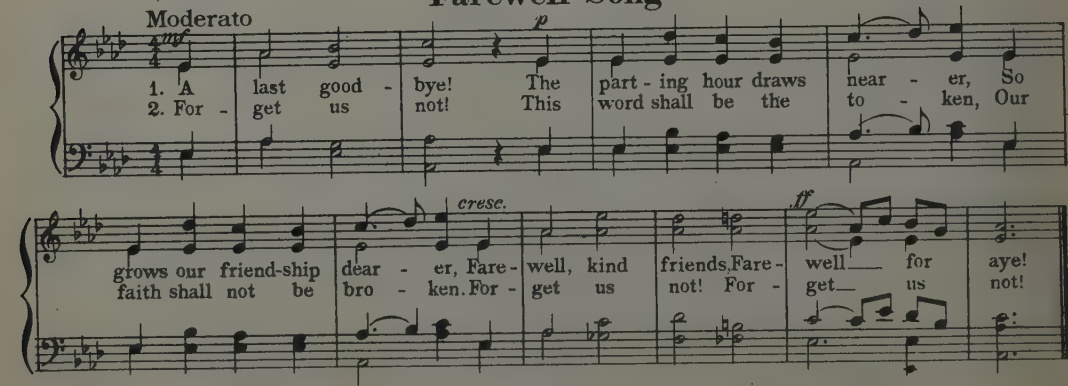
# For You

SYDNEY SMITH


Andante espressivo
mf
cresc.
dim.
1. They say the years have swallows' wings, But mine have leaden feet, Since last we stood and said "good-bye," That
2. They told me if we linked our lives, That you would rue the day, And when the sor - rows gathered round, Your
mf
eve in June-tide sweet; I read the an - guish in your eyes, As sad you turned a - way, But oh! you guess'd not
love would pass a way. But had I known what life would be When ev - 'ry hope had fled, Those cru - el words I


Lento
mf
what I bore, The tears I could not stay. For you! for you! my dar - ling, I spoke those words un - true,
spoke that night, Had ne'er by me been said.
mf
I left you, tho' I loved you, And broke my heart for you! For you, for you, my dar - ling, I
cresc.
f
rit.
dim.
spoke those words un - true, I left you, tho' I loved you, And broke my heart for you.

## Farewell Song

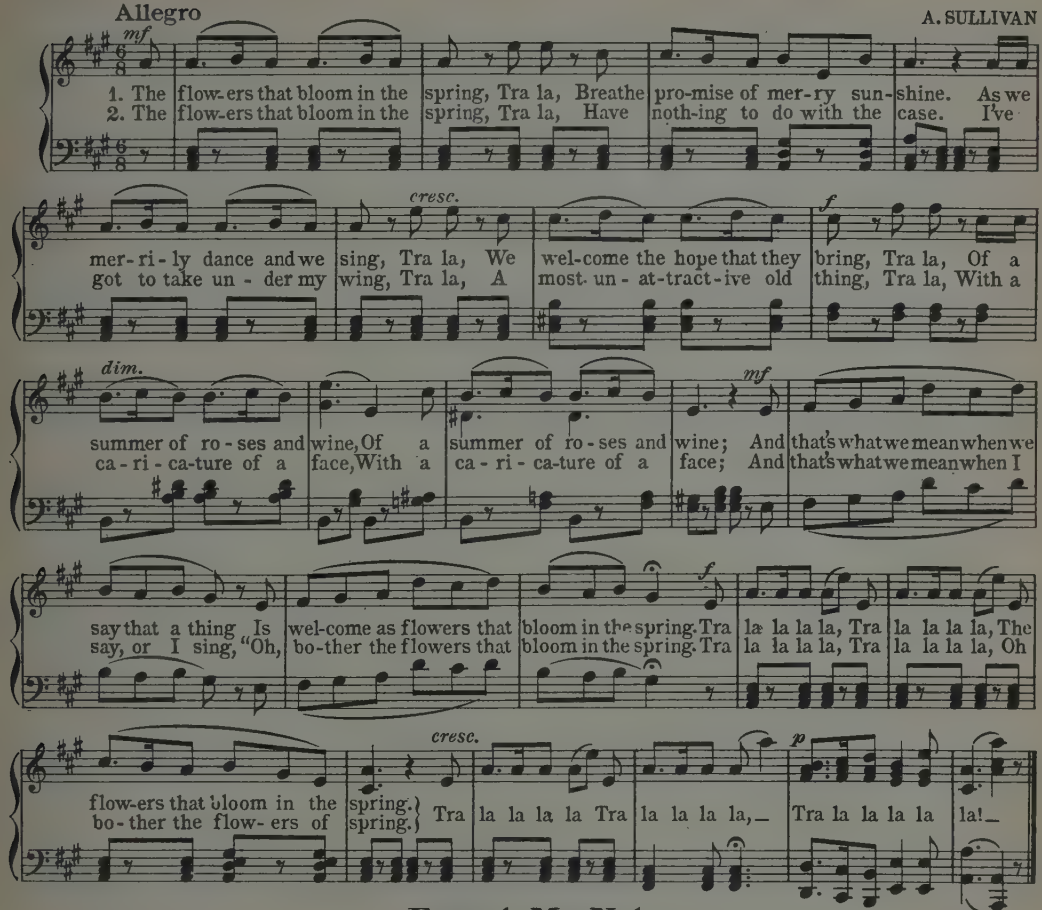

Moderato
mf
p
1. A last good - bye! The part - ing hour draws near - er, So
2. For - get us not! This word shall be the to - ken, Our
cresc.
ff
grows our friend-ship dear - er, Fare - well, kind friends, Fare - well for aye!
faith shall not be bro - ken. For - get us not! For - get us not!

# The Flowers That Bloom In The Spring



Allegro

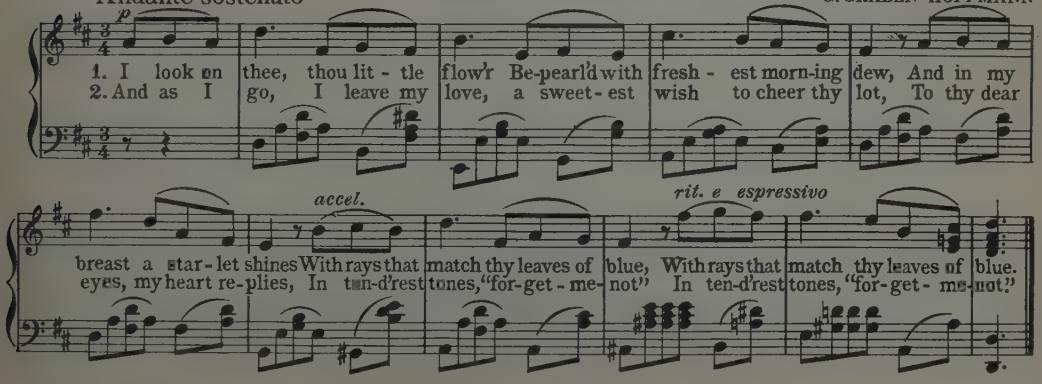
A. SULLIVAN


mf
1. The flow-ers that bloom in the spring, Tra la, Breathe pro-mise of mer-ry sun-shine. As we
2. The flow-ers that bloom in the spring, Tra la, Have noth-ing to do with the case. I've
cresc.
mer-ri-ly dance and we sing, Tra la, We wel-come the hope that they bring, Tra la, Of a
got to take un-der my wing, Tra la, A most un-at-tract-ive old thing, Tra la, With a
f
dim.
summer of ro-ses and wine, Of a summer of ro-ses and wine; And that's what we mean when we
ca-ri-ca-ture of a face, With a ca-ri-ca-ture of a face; And that's what we mean when I
mf
say that a thing Is wel-come as flowers that bloom in the spring. Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, The
say, or I sing, "Oh, bo-ther the flowers that bloom in the spring. Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, Oh
f
cresc.
flow-ers that bloom in the spring.
bo-ther the flow-ers of spring.
Tra la la la la Tra la la la la,
p
Tra la la la la la!

## Forget-Me-Not

Andante sostenuto

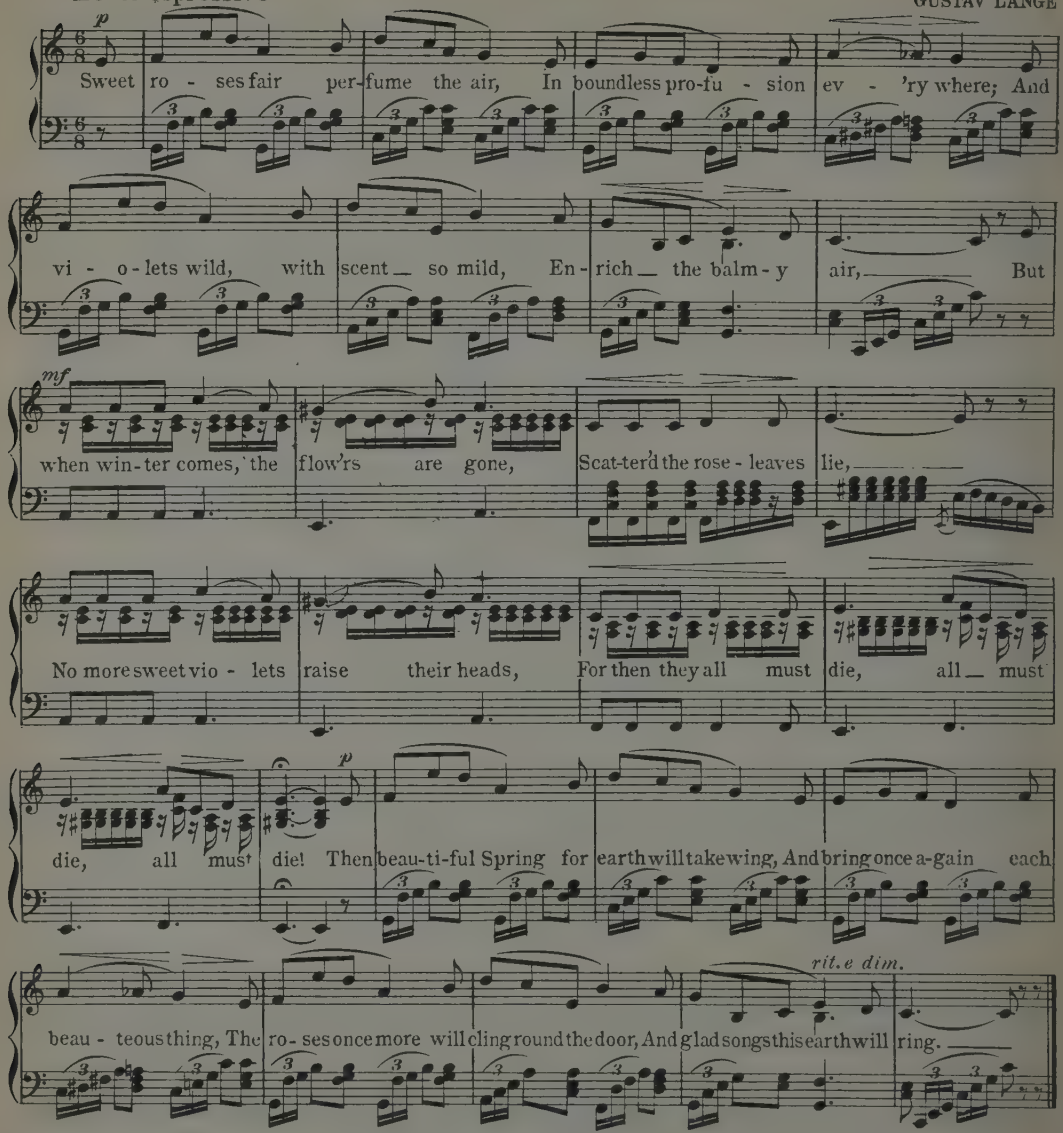
G. GRABEN-HOFFMANN


p
1. I look on thee, thou lit-tle flow'r Be-pearl'd with fresh-est morn-ing dew, And in my
2. And as I go, I leave my love, a sweet-est wish to cheer thy lot, To thy dear
accel.
rit. e espressivo
breast a star-let shines With rays that match thy leaves of blue, With rays that match thy leaves of blue.
eyes, my heart re-plies, In ten-d'rest tones, "for-get-me-not" In ten-d'rest tones, "for-get-me-not."

## Flower Song

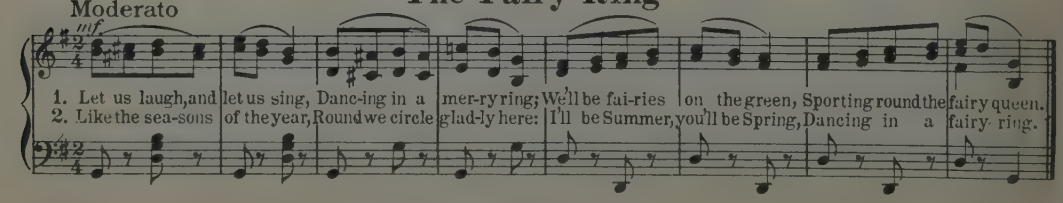
Lento espressivo

GUSTAV LANGE


p
Sweet ro - ses fair per-fume the air, In boundless pro-fu - sion ev - 'ry where; And
vi - o - lets wild, with scent so mild, En - rich the balm - y air, But
mf
when win - ter comes, the flow'rs are gone, Scat-ter'd the rose - leaves lie,
No more sweet vio - lets raise their heads, For then they all must die, all must
die, all must die! Then beau-ti-ful Spring for earth will take wing, And bring once a-gain each
rit. e dim.
beau - teous thing, The ro - ses once more will cling round the door, And glad songs this earth will ring.

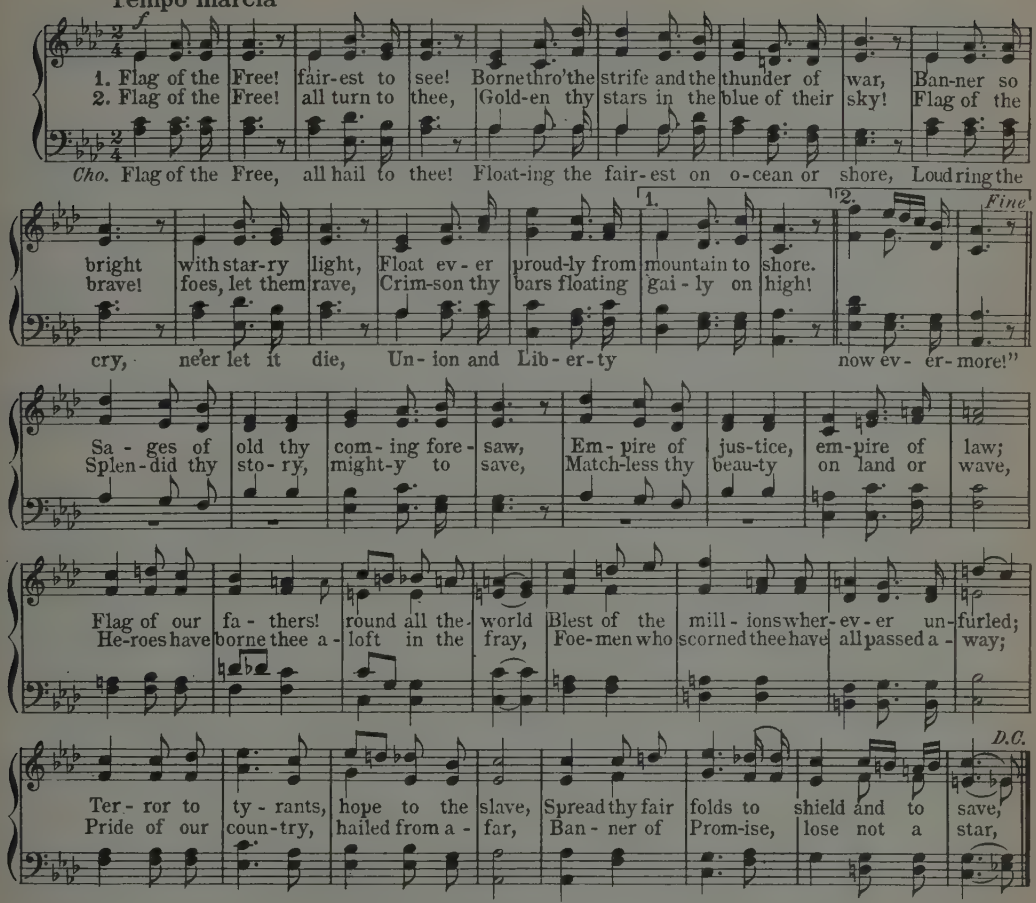
## The Fairy Ring

Moderato


mf
1. Let us laugh, and let us sing, Danc-ing in a mer-ry ring; We'll be fai-ries on the green, Sporting round the fairy queen.
2. Like the sea-sons of the year, Round we circle glad-ly here: I'll be Summer, you'll be Spring, Dancing in a fairy ring.

# Flag Of The Free

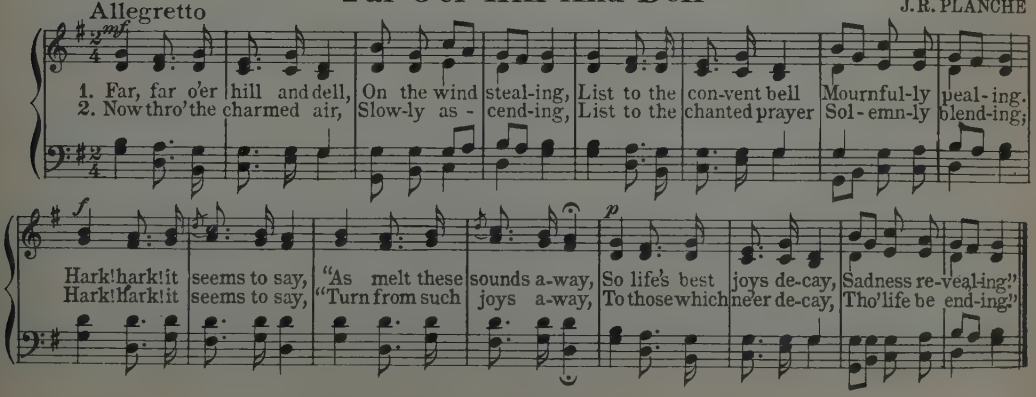
Tempo marcia


1. Flag of the Free! fair-est to see! Borne thro' the strife and the thunder of war, Ban-ner so
2. Flag of the Free! all turn to thee, Gold-en thy stars in the blue of their sky! Flag of the
Cho. Flag of the Free, all hail to thee! Float-ing the fair-est on o-cean or shore, Loud ring the
bright with star-ry light, Float ev-er proud-ly from mountain to shore.
brave! foes, let them rave, Crim-son thy bars floating gai-ly on high!
cry, ne'er let it die, Un-ion and Lib-er-ty now ev-er-more!"
Sa-ges of old thy com-ing fore-saw, Em-pire of jus-tice, em-pire of law;
Splen-did thy sto-ry, might-y to save, Match-less thy beau-ty on land or wave,
Flag of our fa-thers! round all the-world Blest of the mill-ions wher-ev-er un-furled;
He-roes have borne thee a-loft in the fray, Foe-men who scorned thee have all passed a-way;
Ter-ror to ty-rants, hope to the slave, Spread thy fair folds to shield and to save,
Pride of our coun-try, hailed from a-far, Ban-ner of Prom-ise, lose not a star,
1.
2.
Fine
D.C.

# Far O'er Hill And Dell

Allegretto

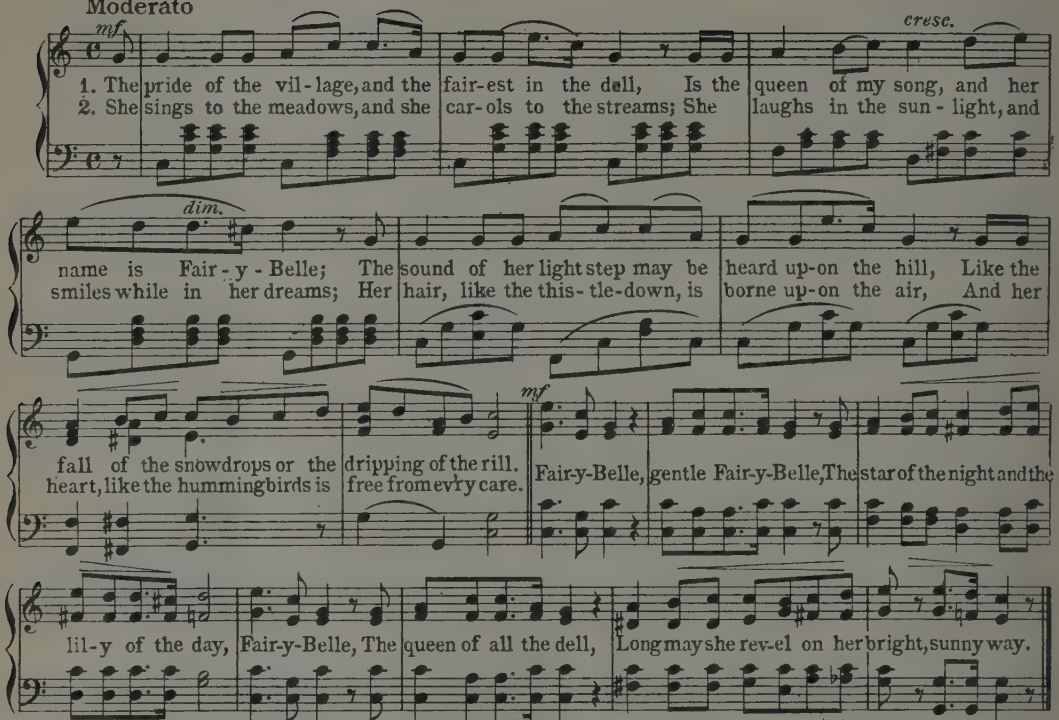
J. R. PLANCHE


1. Far, far o'er hill and dell, On the wind steal-ing, List to the con-vent bell Mournful-ly peal-ing.
2. Now thro' the charmed air, Slow-ly as-cend-ing, List to the chanted prayer Sol-emn-ly blend-ing;
Hark! hark! it seems to say, "As melt these sounds a-way, So life's best joys de-cay, Sadness re-veal-ing."
Hark! hark! it seems to say, "Turn from such joys a-way, To those which ne'er de-cay, Tho' life be end-ing."

# Fairy-Belle

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

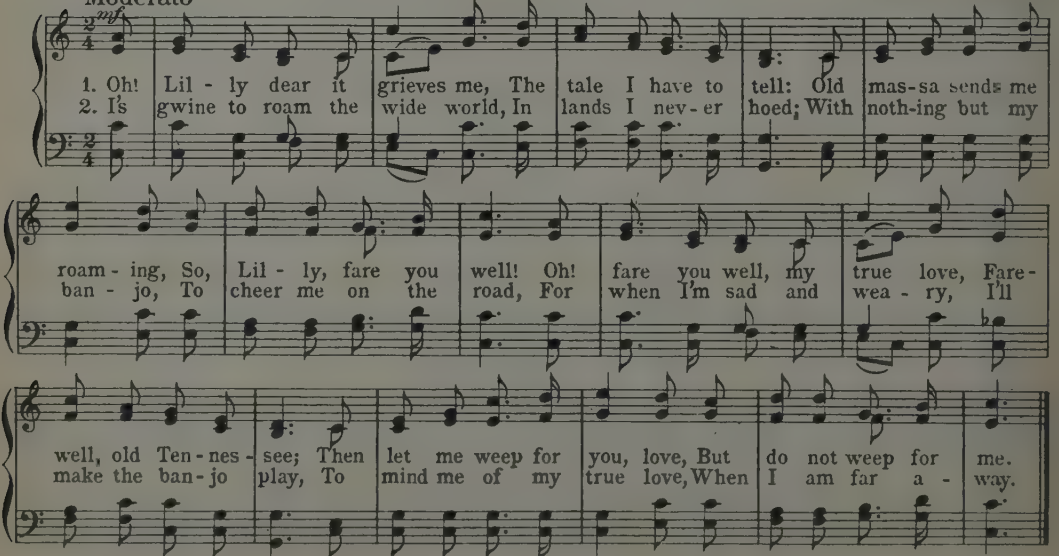
Moderato


mf
crese.
1. The pride of the vil-lage, and the fair-est in the dell, Is the queen of my song, and her
2. She sings to the meadows, and she car-ols to the streams; She laughs in the sun-light, and
dim.
name is Fair-y-Belle; The sound of her light step may be heard up-on the hill, Like the
smiles while in her dreams; Her hair, like the this-tle-down, is borne up-on the air, And her
mf
fall of the snowdrops or the dripping of the rill. Fair-y-Belle, gentle Fair-y-Belle, The star of the night and the
heart, like the hummingbirds is free from ev'ry care.
lil-y of the day, Fair-y-Belle, The queen of all the dell, Long may she rev-el on her bright, sunny way.

# Farewell, My Lilly Dear

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

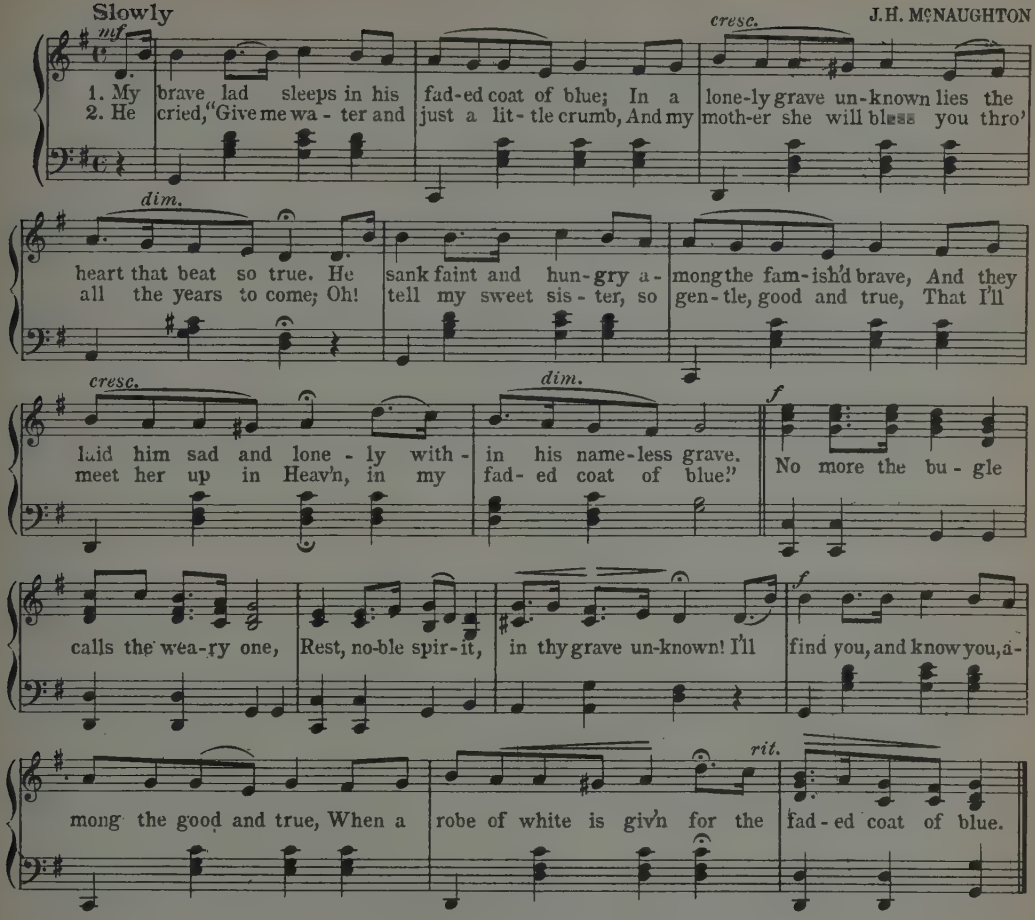
Moderato


mf
1. Oh! Lil-ly dear it grieves me, The tale I have to tell: Old mas-sa sends me
2. I's gwine to roam the wide world, In lands I nev-er hoed; With noth-ing but my
roam-ing, So, Lil-ly, fare you well! Oh! fare you well, my true love, Fare-
ban-jo, To cheer me on the road, For when I'm sad and wea-ry, I'll
well, old Ten-nes-see; Then let me weep for you, love, But do not weep for me.
make the ban-jo play, To mind me of my true love, When I am far a-way.

# The Faded Coat Of Blue

Slowly

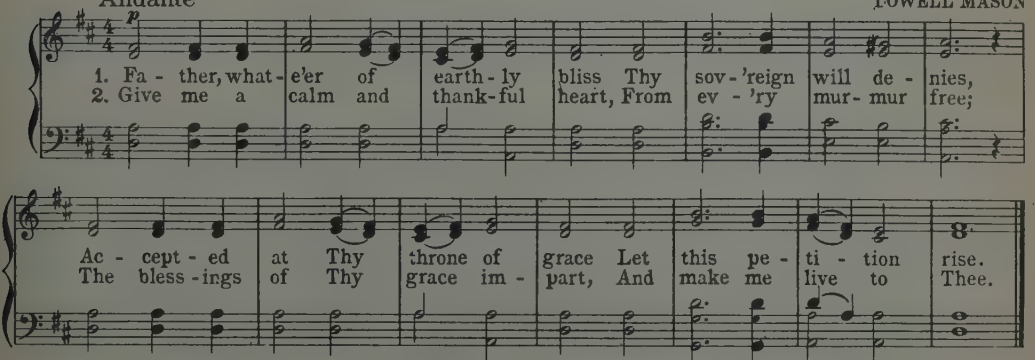
J. H. McNAUGHTON


mf
cresc.
1. My brave lad sleeps in his fad-ed coat of blue; In a lone-ly grave un-known lies the
2. He cried, "Give me wa - ter and just a lit - tle crumb, And my moth-er she will bless you thro'
dim.
heart that beat so true. He sank faint and hun-gry a-mong the fam-ish'd brave, And they
all the years to come; Oh! tell my sweet sis - ter, so gen-tle, good and true, That I'll
cresc.
dim.
f
laid him sad and lone - ly with - in his name-less grave. No more the bu - gle
meet her up in Heav'n, in my fad - ed coat of blue."
calls the wea-ry one, Rest, no-ble spir-it, in thy grave un-known! I'll find you, and know you, a-
rit.
mong the good and true, When a robe of white is giv'n for the fad - ed coat of blue.

# Father, Whate'er Of Earthly Bliss

Andante

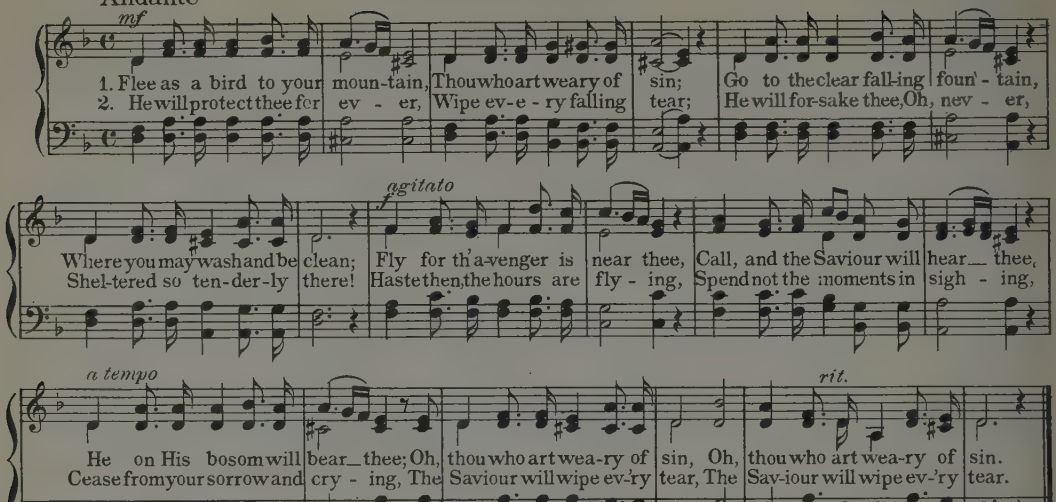
LOWELL MASON


p
1. Fa - ther, what - e'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sov - 'reign will de - nies,
2. Give me a calm and thank-ful heart, From ev - 'ry mur - mur free;
Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace Let this pe - ti - tion rise.
The bless - ings of Thy grace im - part, And make me live to Thee.

## Flee As A Bird

Andante

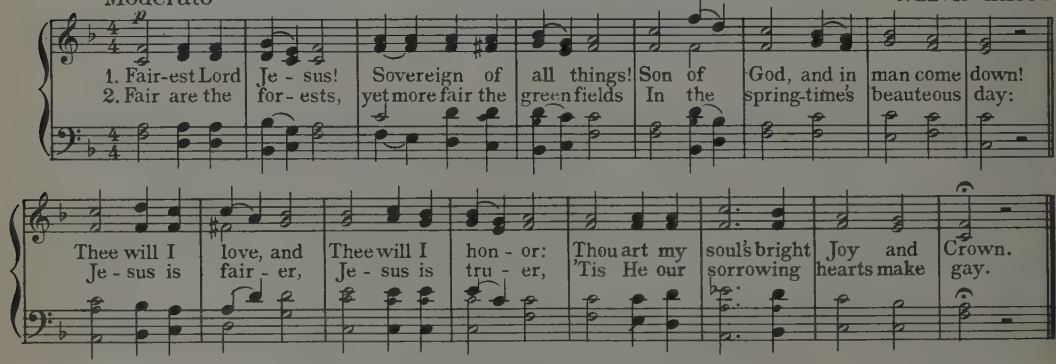
MARY S. B. DANA


mf
1. Flee as a bird to your moun-tain, Thou who art weary of sin; Go to the clear fall-ing foun'-tain,
2. He will protect thee for ev - er, Wipe ev-e-ry falling tear; He will for-sake thee, Oh, nev - er,
agitato
Where you may wash and be clean; Fly for th'a-venger is near thee, Call, and the Saviour will hear thee,
Shel-tered so ten-der-ly there! Haste then, the hours are fly - ing, Spend not the moments in sigh - ing,
a tempo
rit.
He on His bosom will bear thee; Oh, thou who art wea-ry of sin, Oh, thou who art wea-ry of sin.
Cease from your sorrow and cry - ing, The Saviour will wipe ev-'ry tear, The Sav-iour will wipe ev-'ry tear.

## Fairest Lord Jesus

Moderato

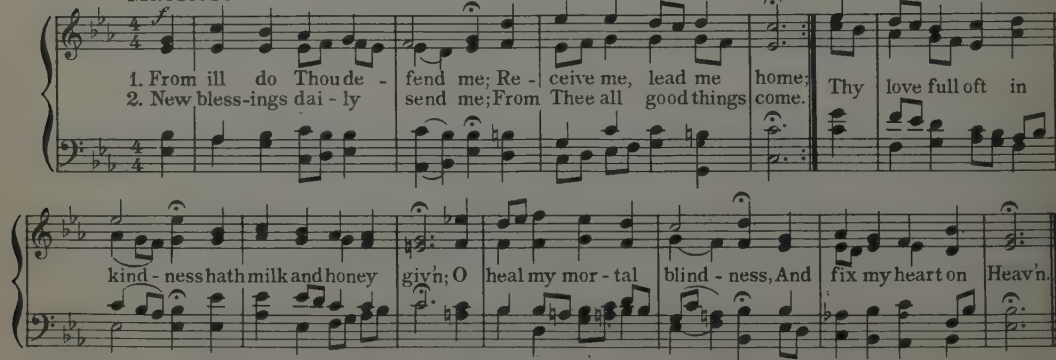
C. ELVIN HAUPT


p
1. Fair-est Lord Je - sus! Sovereign of all things! Son of God, and in man come down!
2. Fair are the for - ests, yet more fair the green fields In the spring-time's beauteous day:
Thee will I love, and Thee will I hon - or: Thou art my soul's bright Joy and Crown.
Je - sus is fair - er, Je - sus is tru - er, 'Tis He our sorrowing hearts make gay.

## From Ill Do Thou Defend Me

Maestoso

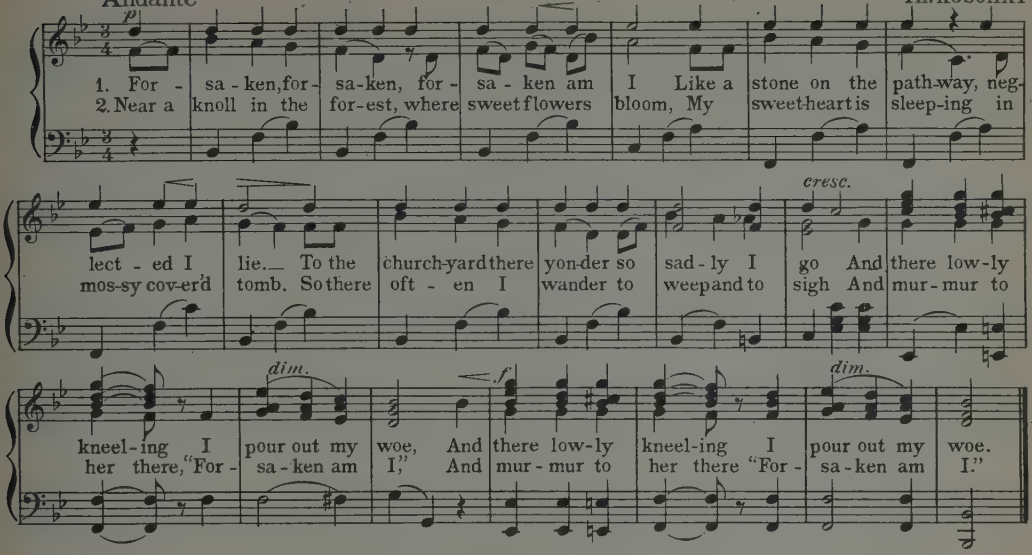
J. S. BACH


f
1. From ill do Thou de - fend me; Re - ceive me, lead me home; Thy love full oft in
2. New bless-ings dai - ly send me; From Thee all good things come.
kind - ness hath milk and honey giv'n; O heal my mor - tal blind - ness, And fix my heart on Heav'n.

## Forsaken

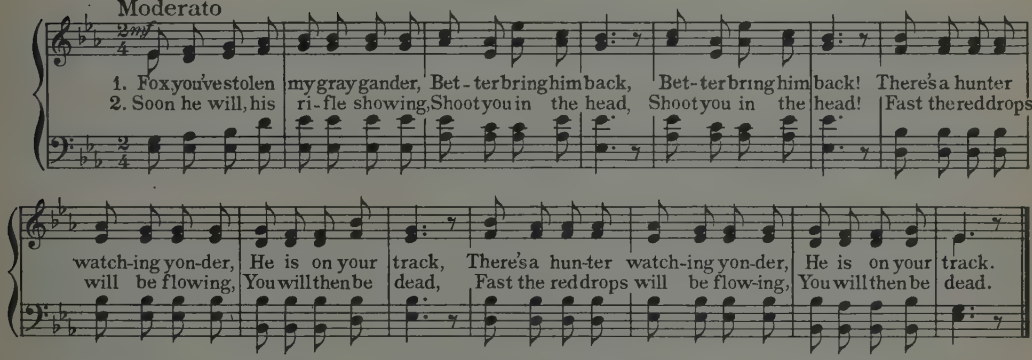
Andante

TH. KOSCHAT


p
1. For - sa - ken, for - sa - ken, for - sa - ken am I Like a stone on the path-way, neg-
2. Near a knoll in the for-est, where sweet flowers bloom, My sweet-heart is sleep-ing in
lect - ed I lie. To the church-yard there yon-der so sad - ly I go And there low-ly
mos-sy cov-er'd tomb. So there oft - en I wander to weep and to sigh And mur - mur to
cresc.
dim.
f
dim.
kneel-ing I pour out my woe, And there low-ly kneel-ing I pour out my woe.
her there, "For - sa - ken am I," And mur - mur to her there "For - sa - ken am I."

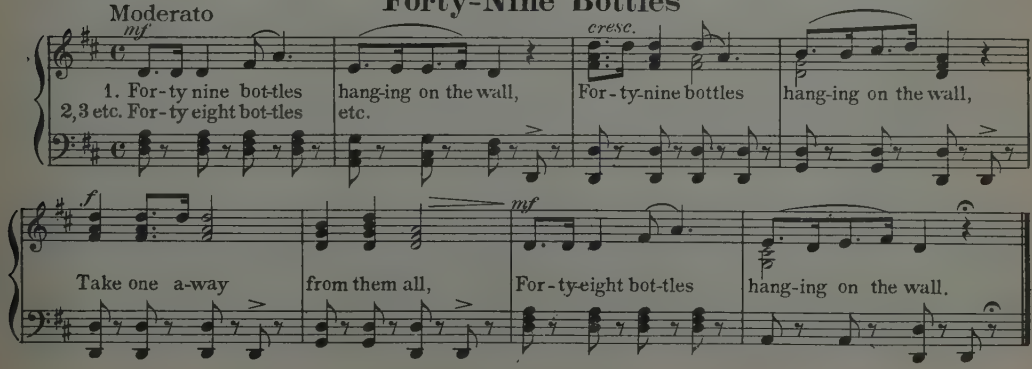
## Fox and Goose

Moderato


mf
1. Fox you've stolen my gray gander, Bet - ter bring him back, Bet - ter bring him back! There's a hunter
2. Soon he will, his ri - fle showing, Shoot you in the head, Shoot you in the head! Fast the red drops
watch-ing yon-der, He is on your track, There's a hun-ter watch-ing yon-der, He is on your track.
will be flowing, You will then be dead, Fast the red drops will be flow-ing, You will then be dead.

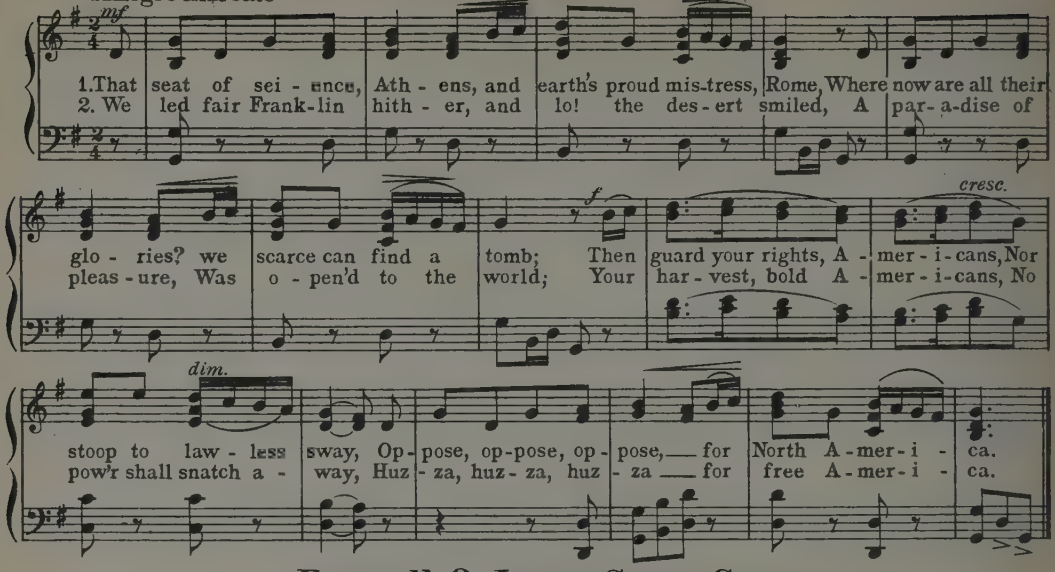
## Forty-Nine Bottles

Moderato


mf
cresc.
1. For - ty nine bot-tles hang-ing on the wall, For - ty-nine bottles hang-ing on the wall,
2,3 etc. For - ty eight bot-tles etc.
f
mf
Take one a-way from them all, For - ty-eight bot-tles hang-ing on the wall.

## Free America

Allegro marcato


mf
1. That seat of sei - ence, Ath - ens, and earth's proud mis-tress, Rome, Where now are all their
2. We led fair Frank-lin hith - er, and lo! the des - ert smiled, A par-a-dise of
f
cresc.
glo - ries? we scarce can find a tomb; Then guard your rights, A - mer - i - cans, Nor
pleas - ure, Was o - pen'd to the world; Your har - vest, bold A - mer - i - cans, No
dim.
stoop to law - less sway, Op - pose, op-pose, op - pose, for North A - mer - i - ca.
pow'r shall snatch a - way, Huz - za, huz - za, huz - za for free A - mer - i - ca.

## Farewell, O Joyous, Sunny Grove

Moderato

1. Fare - well, O joy - ous, sun - ny grove, Fare - well, fare - well! Too
2. Fare - well, O for - est great and grand, Fare - well, fare - well! Fare -
p
pp
p
soon I hear the part - ing knell, Fare - well, fare - well! Up -
well, O flow'rs, a ra - diant band, Fare - well, fare - well! And
p
pp
mf
on the a - zure of the sky My spir - it's sad - ness seems to lie Fare -
may your per - fume, strange-ly sweet, Some oth - er wea - ry wand'rer greet, Fare -
cresc.
rit.
dim.
well, fare - well, fare - well, fare - well, fare - well, fare - well.
well, fare - well, fare - well, fare - well, fare - well, fare - well.
f
p
pp

# Flow Gently, Sweet Afton

ROBERT BURNS

J. E. SPILMAN

Allegretto

1. Flow gen-tly sweet Af-ton, a-mang thy green braes; Flow gen - tly, I'll sing thee a song in thy
2. How loft-y sweet Af-ton, thy neigh-bor-ing hills, Far marked with the cours-es of clear-wind-ing

praise; My Ma-ry's a - sleep by thy mur-mur-ing stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton dis-turb not her
rills! There dai - ly I wan-der as morn ris - es high, My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my

dream. Thou stock-dove, whose ech - o re-sounds from the hill, Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny
eye. How pleas-ant thy banks and green val - leys be - low, Where wild in the woodlands the primroses

dell, Thou green crest-ed lapwing, thy screaming for-bear, I charge you, dis-turb not my slumbering fair.
blow! There oft, as mild evening creeps o - ver the lea, The sweet-scent-ed birk shades my Ma - ry and me.

# Farewell

Andante

F. SILCHER

I to-mor-row, love, must go, Fare-well I must leave thee; Thus to part thou

love - ly one, Bit - ter - ly doth grieve me. I so true-ly have loved thee,

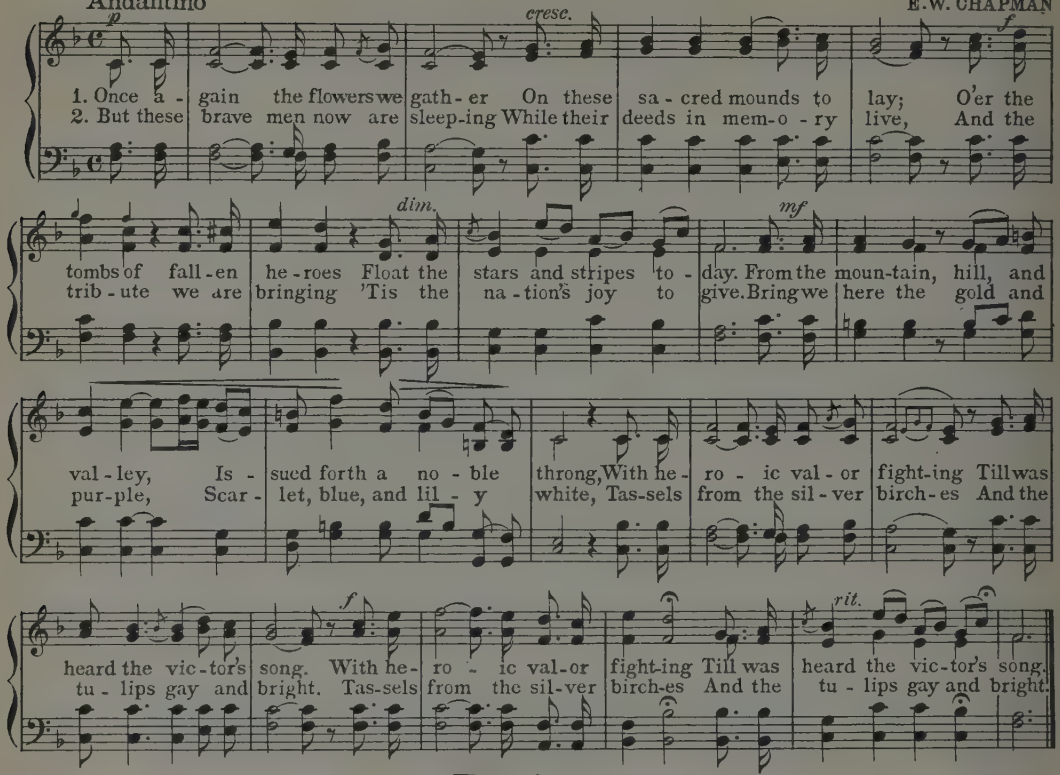
*cresc.* *mf* *rit. e dim.*

Far be-yond all mea - sure, How can I then leave thee, Who art all my trea-sure?

## Flowers For The Brave

Andantino

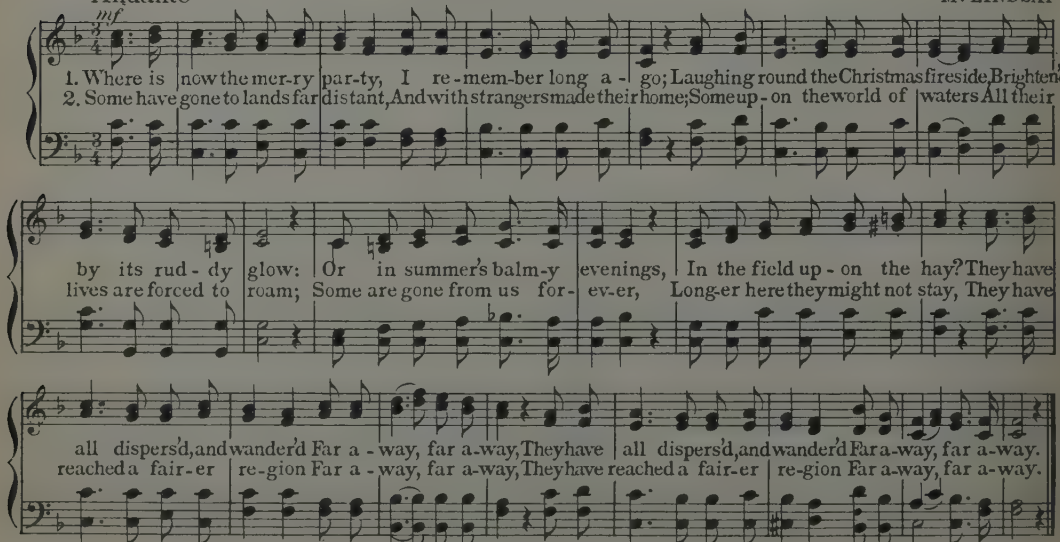
E.W. CHAPMAN


p
cresc.
f
1. Once a - gain the flowers we gath - er On these sa - cred mounds to lay; O'er the
2. But these brave men now are sleep-ing While their deeds in mem-o - ry live, And the
dim.
mf
tombs of fall-en he-roes Float the stars and stripes to - day. From the moun-tain, hill, and
trib - ute we are bringing 'Tis the na - tion's joy to give. Bring we here the gold and
val - ley, Is - sued forth a no - ble throng, With he - ro - ic val - or fight-ing Till was
pur-ple, Scar - let, blue, and lil - y white, Tas-sels from the sil - ver birch-es And the
f
rit.
heard the vic-tor's song. With he - ro - ic val-or fight-ing Till was heard the vic-tor's song.
tu - lips gay and bright. Tas-sels from the sil-ver birch-es And the tu - lips gay and bright.

## Far Away

Andante

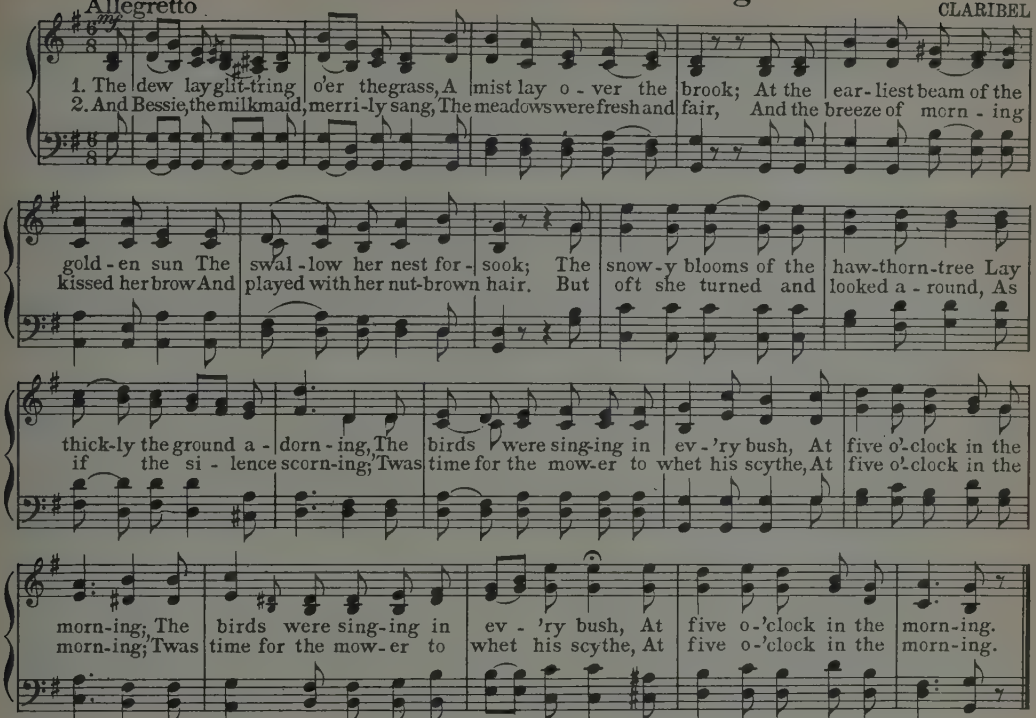
M. LINDSAY


mf
1. Where is now the mer-ry par-ty, I re-mem-ber long a - go; Laughing round the Christmas fireside, Brighten'd
2. Some have gone to lands far distant, And with strangers made their home; Some up - on the world of waters All their
by its rud - dy glow: Or in summer's balm-y evenings, In the field up - on the hay? They have
lives are forced to roam; Some are gone from us for - ev-er, Long-er here they might not stay, They have
all dispers'd, and wander'd Far a - way, far a-way, They have all dispers'd, and wander'd Far a-way, far a-way.
reached a fair-er re-gion Far a - way, far a-way, They have reached a fair-er re-gion Far a-way, far a-way.

# Five O'clock In The Morning

Allegretto

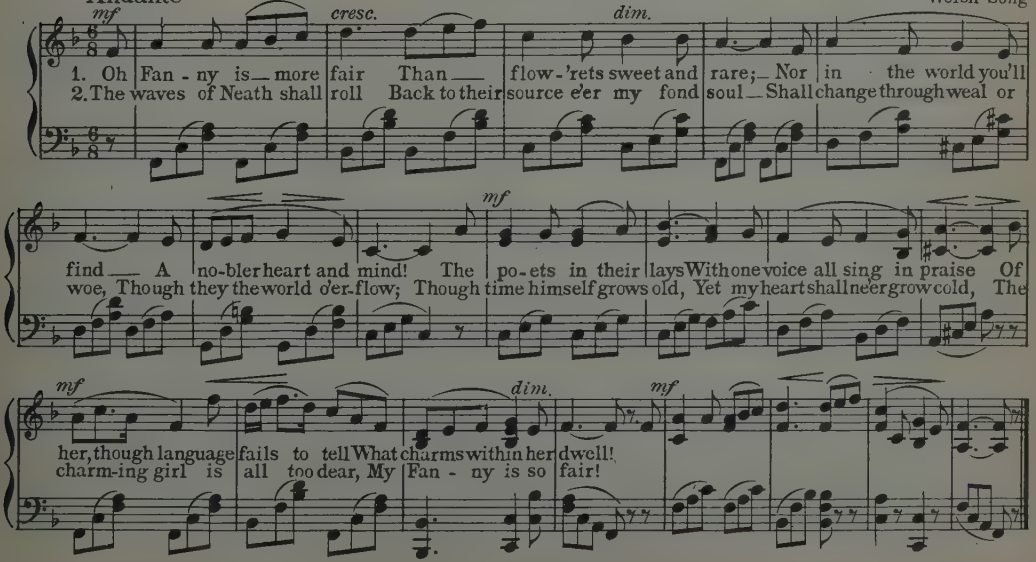
CLARIBEL


mf
1. The dew lay glit-tring o'er the grass, A mist lay o - ver the brook; At the ear - liest beam of the
2. And Bessie, the milk maid, merri-ly sang, The meadows were fresh and fair, And the breeze of morn - ing
gold - en sun The swal - low her nest for - sook; The snow - y blooms of the haw-thorn-tree Lay
kissed her brow And played with her nut-brown hair. But oft she turned and looked a - round, As
thick-ly the ground a - dorn - ing, The birds were sing-ing in ev - 'ry bush, At five o'-clock in the
if the si - lence scorn-ing; 'Twas time for the mow-er to whet his scythe, At five o'-clock in the
morn-ing; The birds were sing-ing in ev - 'ry bush, At five o-'clock in the morn-ing.
morn-ing; 'Twas time for the mow-er to whet his scythe, At five o-'clock in the morn-ing.

# Fanny

Andante

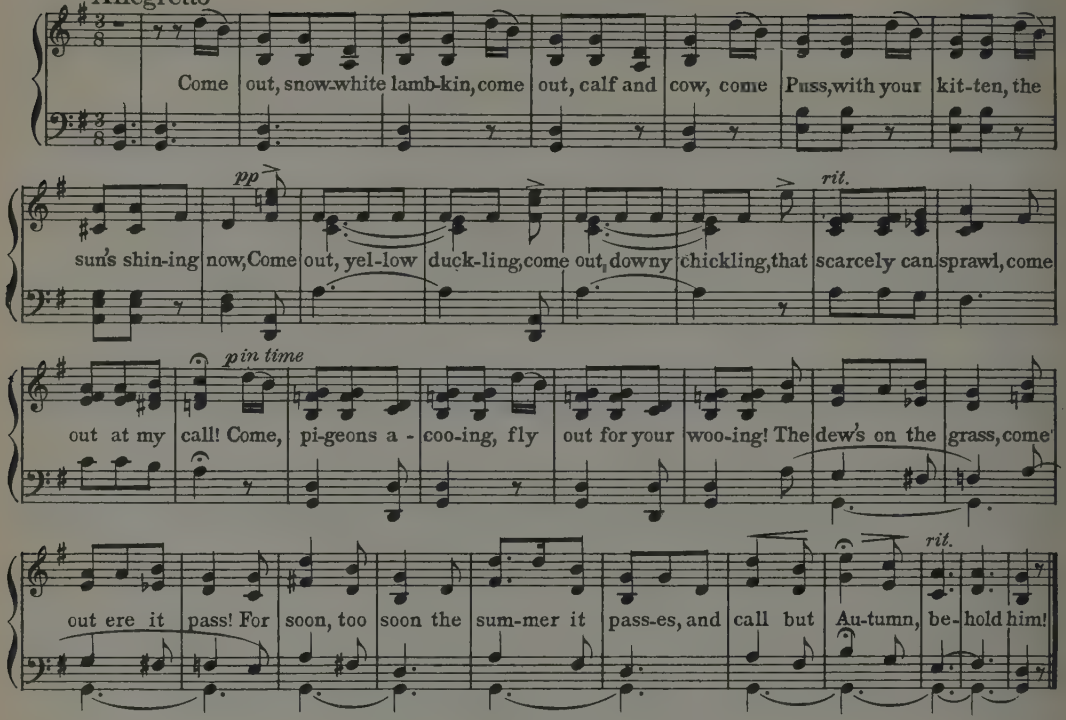
Welsh Song


mf
cresc.
dim.
1. Oh Fan - ny is more fair Than flow-'rets sweet and rare; Nor in the world you'll
2. The waves of Neath shall roll Back to their source e'er my fond soul Shall change through weal or
mf
find A no-bler heart and mind! The po-ets in their lays With one voice all sing in praise Of
woe, Though they the world o'er-flow; Though time himself grows old, Yet my heart shall ne'er grow cold, The
mf
dim.
mf
her, though language fails to tell What charms within her dwell!
charm-ing girl is all too dear, My Fan - ny is so fair!

# Farmyard Song

Allegretto

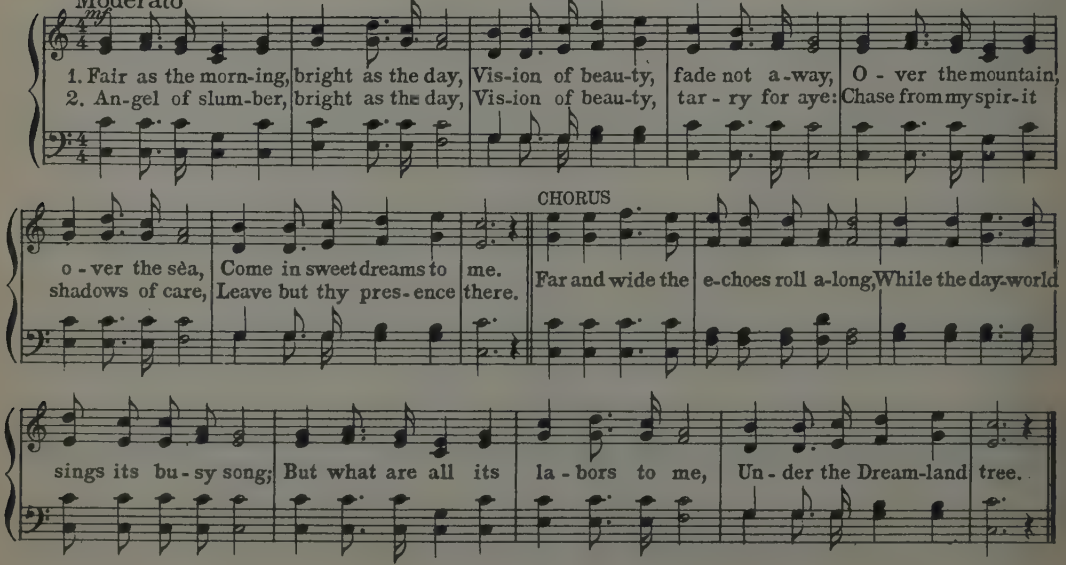
ED. GRIEG


Come out, snow-white lamb-kin, come out, calf and cow, come Puss, with your kit-ten, the
pp
rit.
sun's shin-ing now, Come out, yel-low duck-ling, come out, downy chickling, that scarcely can sprawl, come
pin time
out at my call! Come, pi-geons a - coo-ing, fly out for your woo-ing! The dew's on the grass, come
rit.
out ere it pass! For soon, too soon the sum-mer it pass-es, and call but Au-tumn, be-hold him!

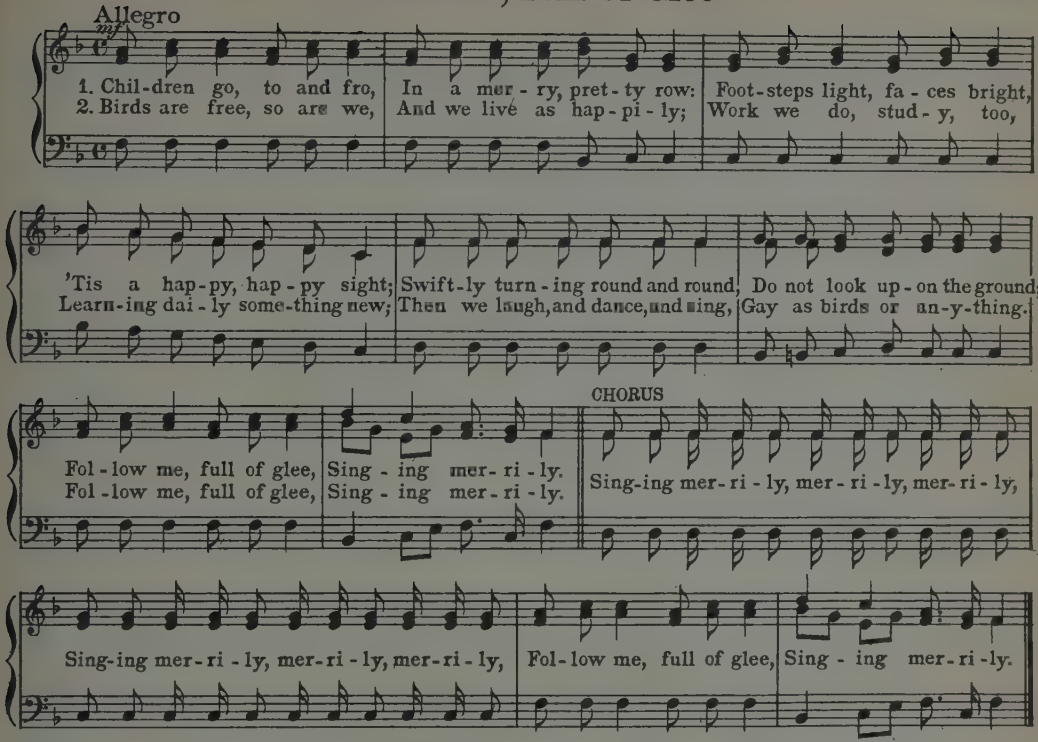
# Fair As The Morning

Moderato

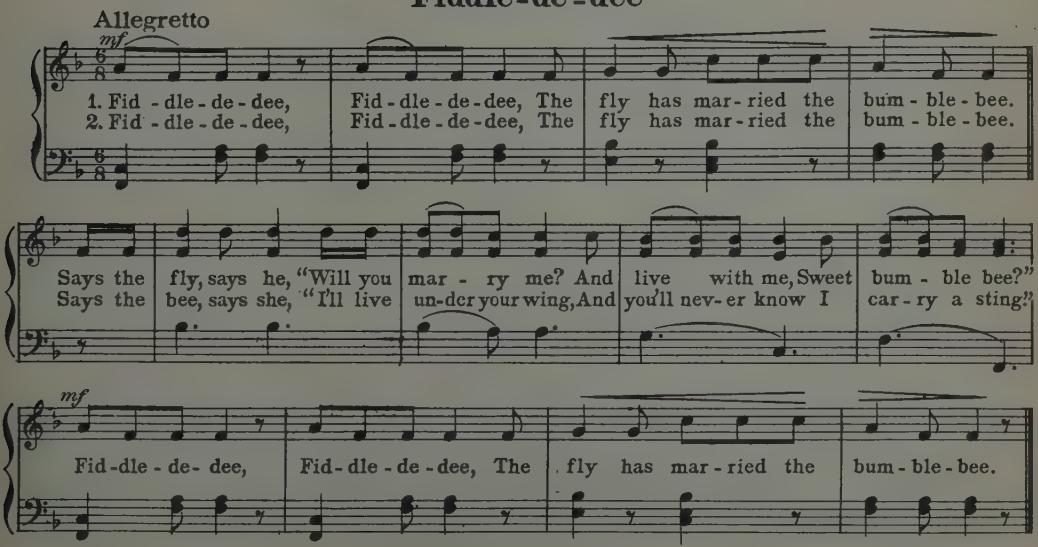
G. E. ROOT


mf
1. Fair as the morn-ing, bright as the day, Vis-ion of beau-ty, fade not a-way, O - ver the mountain,
2. An-gel of slum-ber, bright as the day, Vis-ion of beau-ty, tar - ry for aye: Chase from my spir-it
CHORUS
o - ver the sea, Come in sweet dreams to me. Far and wide the e-choes roll a-long, While the day-world
shadows of care, Leave but thy pres-ence there.
sings its bu-sy song; But what are all its la - bors to me, Un - der the Dream-land tree.

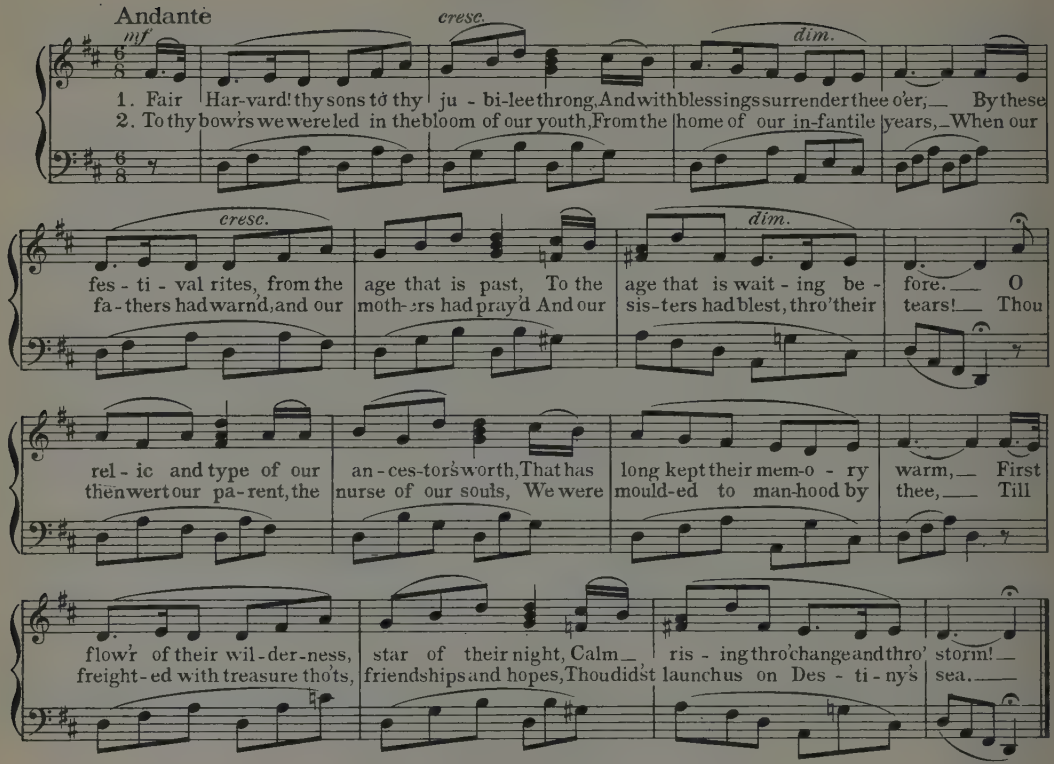
## Follow Me, Full Of Glee


Allegro
mf
1. Chil-dren go, to and fro, In a mer-ry, pret-ty row: Foot-steps light, fa-ces bright,
2. Birds are free, so are we, And we live as hap-pi-ly; Work we do, stud-y, too,
'Tis a hap-py, hap-py sight; Swift-ly turn-ing round and round, Do not look up-on the ground;
Learn-ing dai-ly some-thing new; Then we laugh, and dance, and sing, Gay as birds or an-y-thing.
CHORUS
Fol-low me, full of glee, Sing-ing mer-ri-ly.
Fol-low me, full of glee, Sing-ing mer-ri-ly.
Sing-ing mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly,
Sing-ing mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, Fol-low me, full of glee, Sing-ing mer-ri-ly.

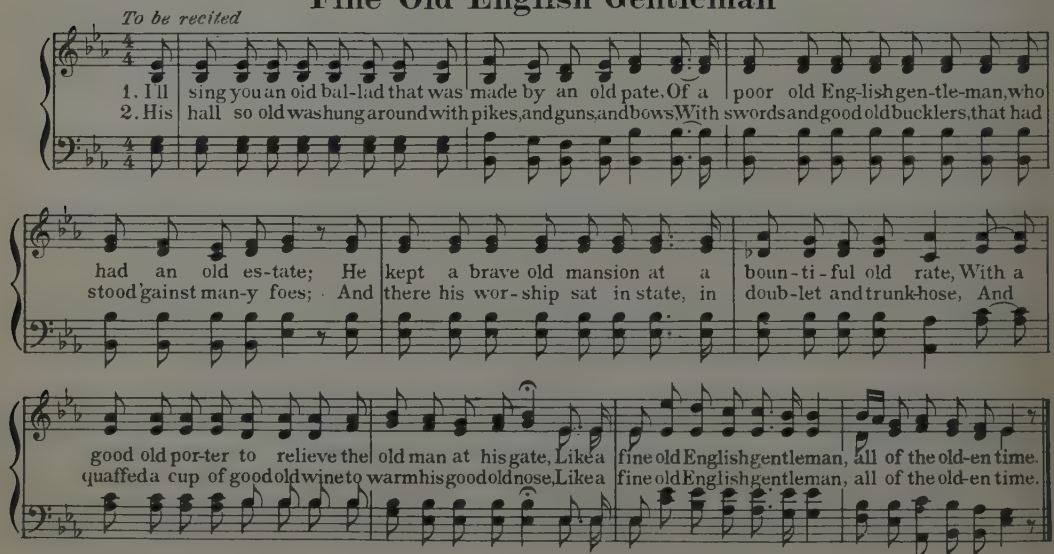
## Fiddle-de-dee


Allegretto
mf
1. Fid-dle-de-dee, Fid-dle-de-dee, The fly has mar-ried the bum-ble-bee.
2. Fid-dle-de-dee, Fid-dle-de-dee, The fly has mar-ried the bum-ble-bee.
Says the fly, says he, "Will you mar-ry me? And live with me, Sweet bum-ble bee?"
Says the bee, says she, "I'll live un-der your wing, And you'll nev-er know I car-ry a sting."
mf
Fid-dle-de-dee, Fid-dle-de-dee, The fly has mar-ried the bum-ble-bee.

# Fair Harvard


Andante
mf
cresc.
dim.
1. Fair Har-vard! thy sons to thy ju - bi-lee throng, And with blessings surrender thee o'er, — By these
2. To thy bowrs we were led in the bloom of our youth, From the home of our in-fantile years, — When our
fes - ti - val rites, from the age that is past, To the age that is wait - ing be - fore. — O
fa-thers had warn'd, and our moth-ers had pray'd And our sis-ters had blest, thro' their tears! — Thou
rel - ic and type of our an-ces-tors worth, That has long kept their mem-o - ry warm, — First
then wert our pa-rent, the nurse of our souls, We were mould-ed to man-hood by thee, — Till
flow'r of their wil-der-ness, star of their night, Calm — ris - ing thro' change and thro' storm! —
freight-ed with treasure tho's, friendships and hopes, Thou didst launch us on Des - ti - ny's sea. —

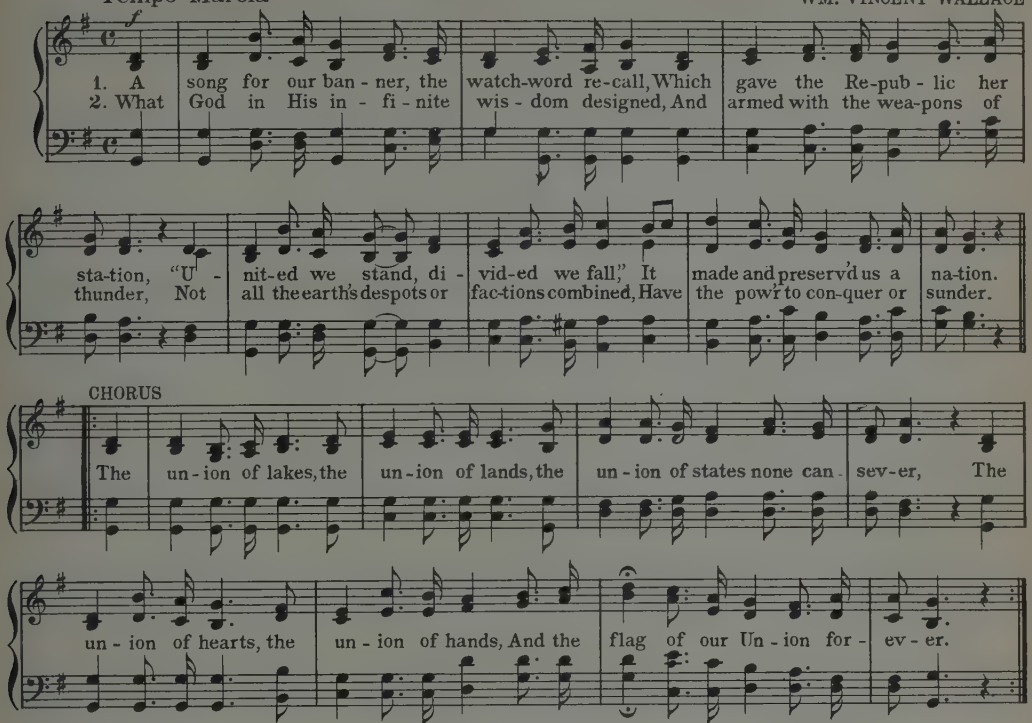
# Fine Old English Gentleman


To be recited
1. I'll sing you an old bal-lad that was made by an old pate, Of a poor old Eng-lish gen-tle-man, who
2. His hall so old was hung around with pikes, and guns, and bows, With swords and good old bucklers, that had
had an old es-tate; He kept a brave old mansion at a boun-ti-ful old rate, With a
stood gainst man-y foes; And there his wor-ship sat in state, in doub-let and trunk-hose, And
good old por-ter to relieve the old man at his gate, Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the old-en time.
quaffed a cup of good old wine to warm his good old nose, Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the old-en time.

# The Flag Of Our Union Forever

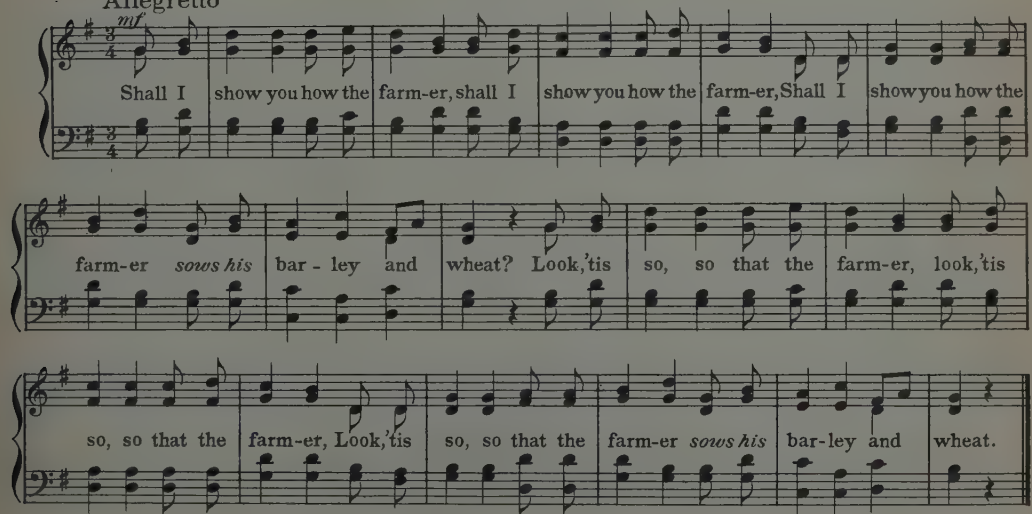
Tempo Marcia

WM. VINCENT WALLACE


1. A song for our ban - ner, the watch-word re-call, Which gave the Re-pub - lic her
2. What God in His in - fi - nite wis - dom designed, And armed with the wea-pons of
sta-tion, "U - nit-ed we stand, di - vid-ed we fall," It made and preserv'd us a na-tion.
thunder, Not all the earth's despots or fac-tions combined, Have the powr to con-quer or sunder.
CHORUS
The un - ion of lakes, the un - ion of lands, the un - ion of states none can sev-er, The
un - ion of hearts, the un - ion of hands, And the flag of our Un - ion for - ev - er.

# The Farmer

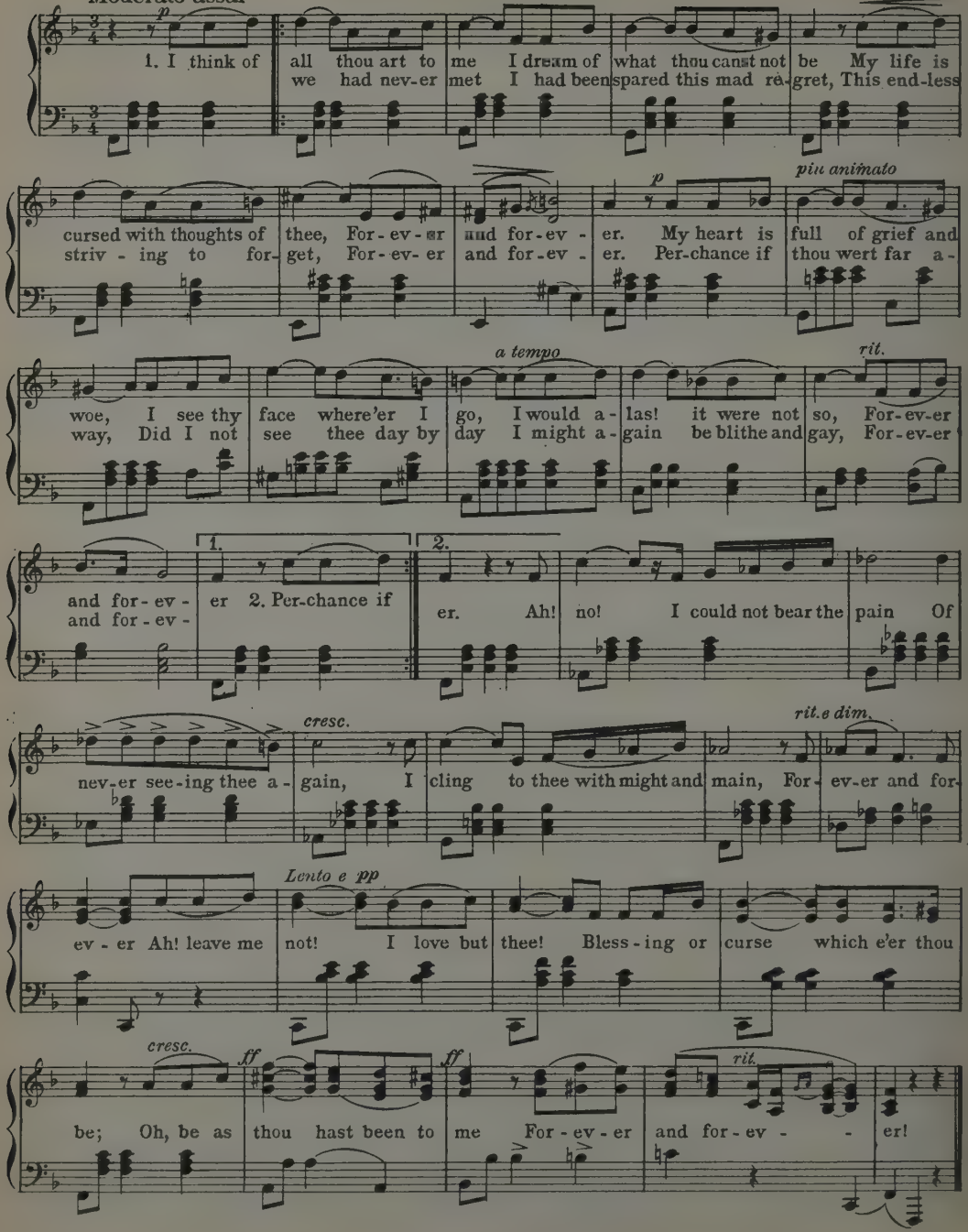
Allegretto


Shall I show you how the farm-er, shall I show you how the farm-er, Shall I show you how the
farm-er *sows his* bar - ley and wheat? Look, 'tis so, so that the farm-er, look, 'tis
so, so that the farm-er, Look, 'tis so, so that the farm-er *sows his* bar-ley and wheat.

# Forever And Forever

Moderato assai

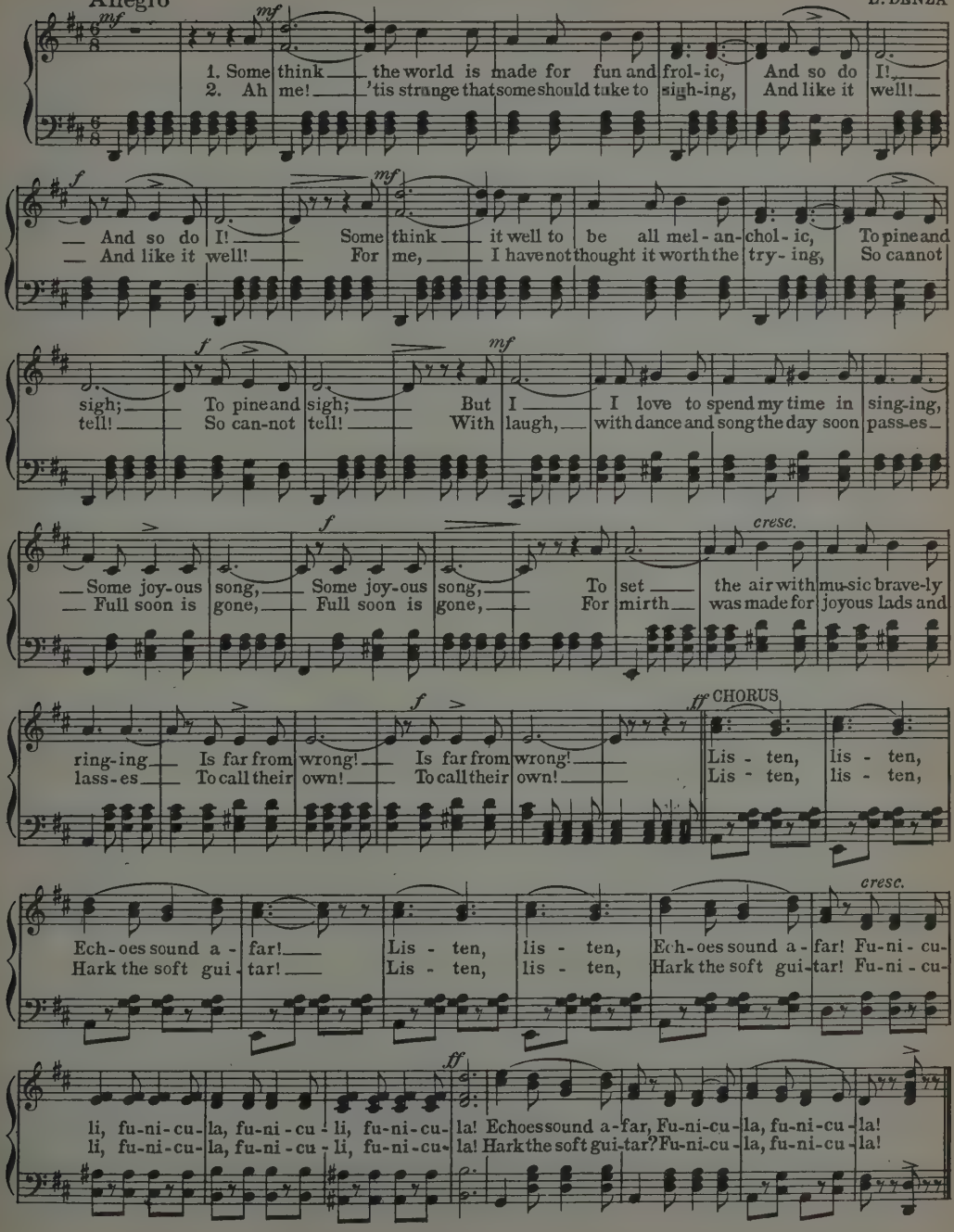
F. P. TOSTI


p
1. I think of all thou art to me I dream of what thou canst not be My life is
we had nev-er met I had been spared this mad re-gret, This end-less
cursed with thoughts of thee, For-ev-er and for-ev-er. My heart is full of grief and
striv-ing to for-get, For-ev-er and for-ev-er. Per-chance if thou wert far a-
più animato
woe, I see thy face where'er I go, I would a-las! it were not so, For-ev-er
way, Did I not see thee day by day I might a-gain be blithe and gay, For-ev-er
a tempo
rit.
and for-ev-er 2. Per-chance if
and for-ev-
1.
2.
er. Ah! no! I could not bear the pain Of
nev-er see-ing thee a-gain, I cling to thee with might and main, For-ev-er and for-
cresc.
rit.e dim.
ev-er Ah! leave me not! I love but thee! Bless-ing or curse which e'er thou
Lento e pp
be; Oh, be as thou hast been to me For-ev-er and for-ev-er!
cresc.
ff
ff
rit.

# Funiculi, Funicula

Allegro

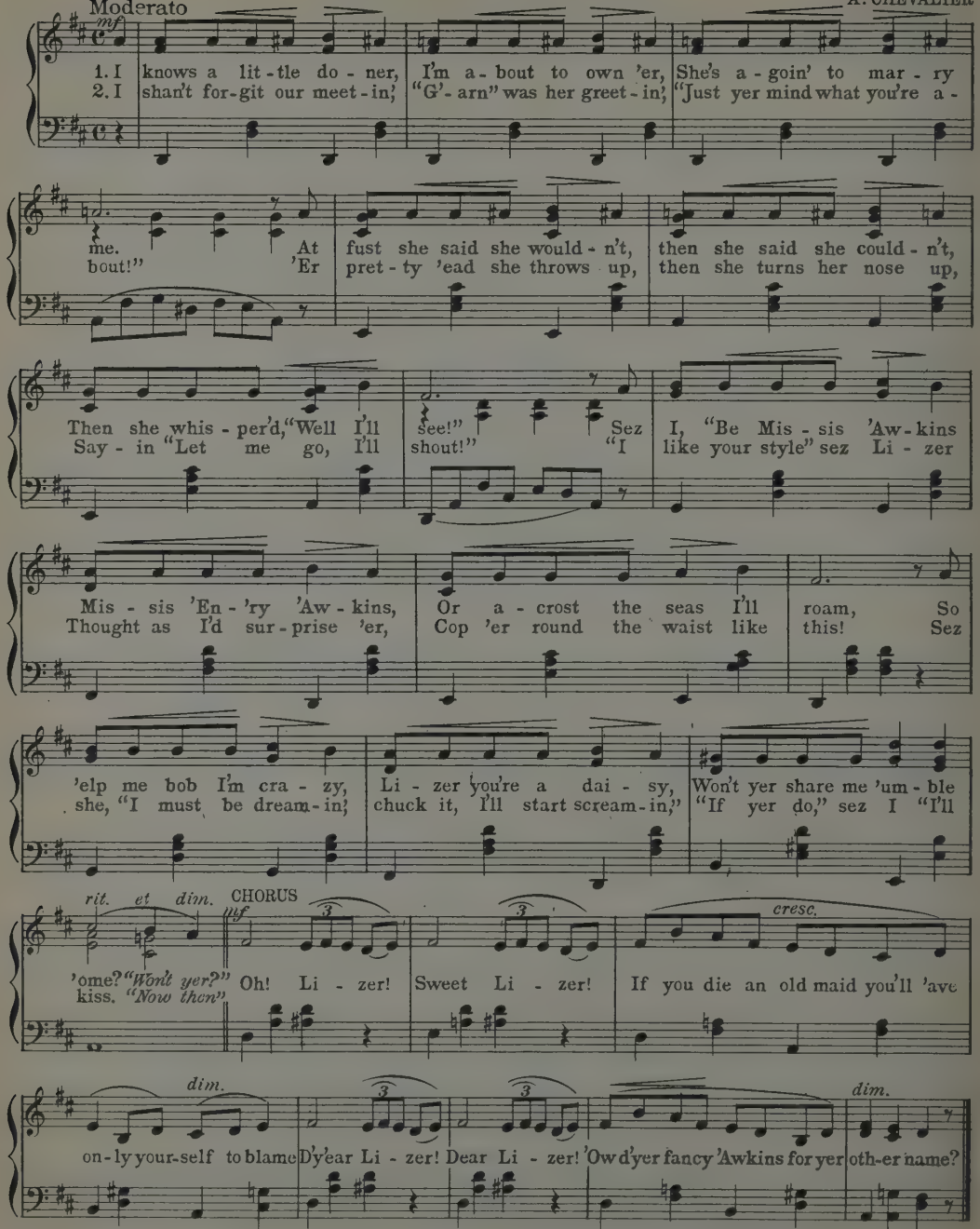
L. DENZA


mf
1. Some think the world is made for fun and frol-ic, And so do I!
2. Ah me! 'tis strange that some should take to sigh-ing, And like it well!
f
And so do I! Some think it well to be all mel-an-chol-ic, To pine and
And like it well! For me, I have not thought it worth the try-ing, So cannot
sigh; To pine and sigh; But I I love to spend my time in sing-ing,
tell! So can-not tell! With laugh, with dance and song the day soon pass-es
cresc.
Some joy-ous song, Some joy-ous song, To set the air with mu-sic brave-ly
Full soon is gone, Full soon is gone, For mirth was made for joyous lads and
ff CHORUS
ring-ing Is far from wrong! Is far from wrong! Lis - ten, lis - ten,
lass-es To call their own! To call their own! Lis - ten, lis - ten,
Ech-oes sound a - far! Lis - ten, lis - ten, Ech-oes sound a - far! Fu-ni - cu-
Hark the soft gui - tar! Lis - ten, lis - ten, Hark the soft gui-tar! Fu-ni - cu-
li, fu-ni-cu-la, fu-ni-cu - li, fu-ni-cu-la! Echoes sound a-far, Fu-ni-cu-la, fu-ni-cu-la!
li, fu-ni-cu-la, fu-ni-cu - li, fu-ni-cu-la! Hark the soft gui-tar? Fu-ni-cu-la, fu-ni-cu-la!

# The Future Mrs. 'Awkins

A. CHEVALIER

Moderato


mf
1. I knows a lit-tle do-ner, I'm a-bout to own 'er, She's a-goin' to mar-ry
2. I shan't for-git our meet-in', "G'-arn" was her greet-in', "Just yer mind what you're a-
me. At fust she said she would-n't, then she said she could-n't,
bout!" 'Er pret-ty 'ead she throws up, then she turns her nose up,
Then she whis-per'd, "Well I'll see!" Sez I, "Be Mis-sis 'Aw-kins
Say-in "Let me go, I'll shout!" "I like your style" sez Li-zer
Mis-sis 'En-'ry 'Aw-kins, Or a-crost the seas I'll roam, So
Thought as I'd sur-prise 'er, Cop 'er round the waist like this! Sez
'elp me bob I'm cra-zy, Li-zer you're a dai-sy, Won't yer share me 'um-ble
she, "I must be dream-in', chuck it, I'll start scream-in'," "If yer do," sez I "I'll
rit. et dim.
CHORUS
mf
cresc.
'ome? "Won't yer?" Oh! Li-zer! Sweet Li-zer! If you die an old maid you'll 'ave
kiss. "Now then"
dim.
dim.
on-ly your-self to blame D'y'ear Li-zer! Dear Li-zer! 'Ow d'yer fancy 'Awkins for yer oth-er name?

Adapted

# Funeral Song Of The Nation

FR. CHOPIN

Lento

*p*

Muffled the drum, muffled the drum, Heroes borne home while hearts and hopes are numb, Heroes borne home while

*mf*

hearts and hopes are numb; Sav-iours of the land, Grim, de-vot-ed band, Now let them rest, who for

*dim.* *mf*

coun-try gave their best. Sav-iours of the land Grim, de-vot-ed band, Now let them rest, who for

*f* *p* *f*

coun-try gave their best, For them, an-gel-ic songs are sound-ing From skies a-bove in joy re-sounding!

Let them rest, Let them rest, Those who for coun-try and home gave their best!

6 6 6 6

# The First Nowell

Old Carol

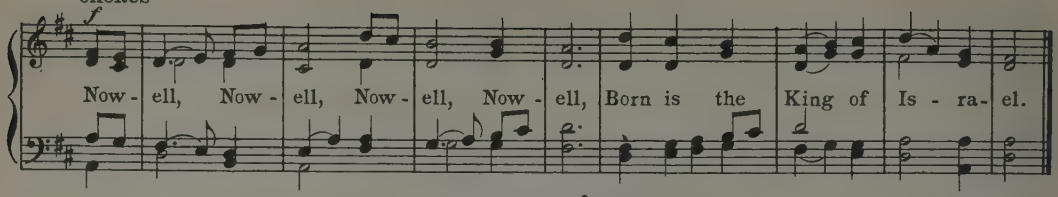
Moderato

*mf*

1. The first Now-ell the an-gel did say, Was to cer-tain poor shepherds in fields as they
2. They looked a-bove, and there saw a star, As it shone in the East but be-yond them a-
3. And by the light of that same bright star There were three wise men came from the east country

lay In fields where they lay keep-ing their sheep, On a cold winter's night, that was so deep.
far; And to the earth it gave forth great light, And con-tin-u-ed so both day and night
far; To seek the King it was their in-tent, And to fol-low the star wher-ever it went.

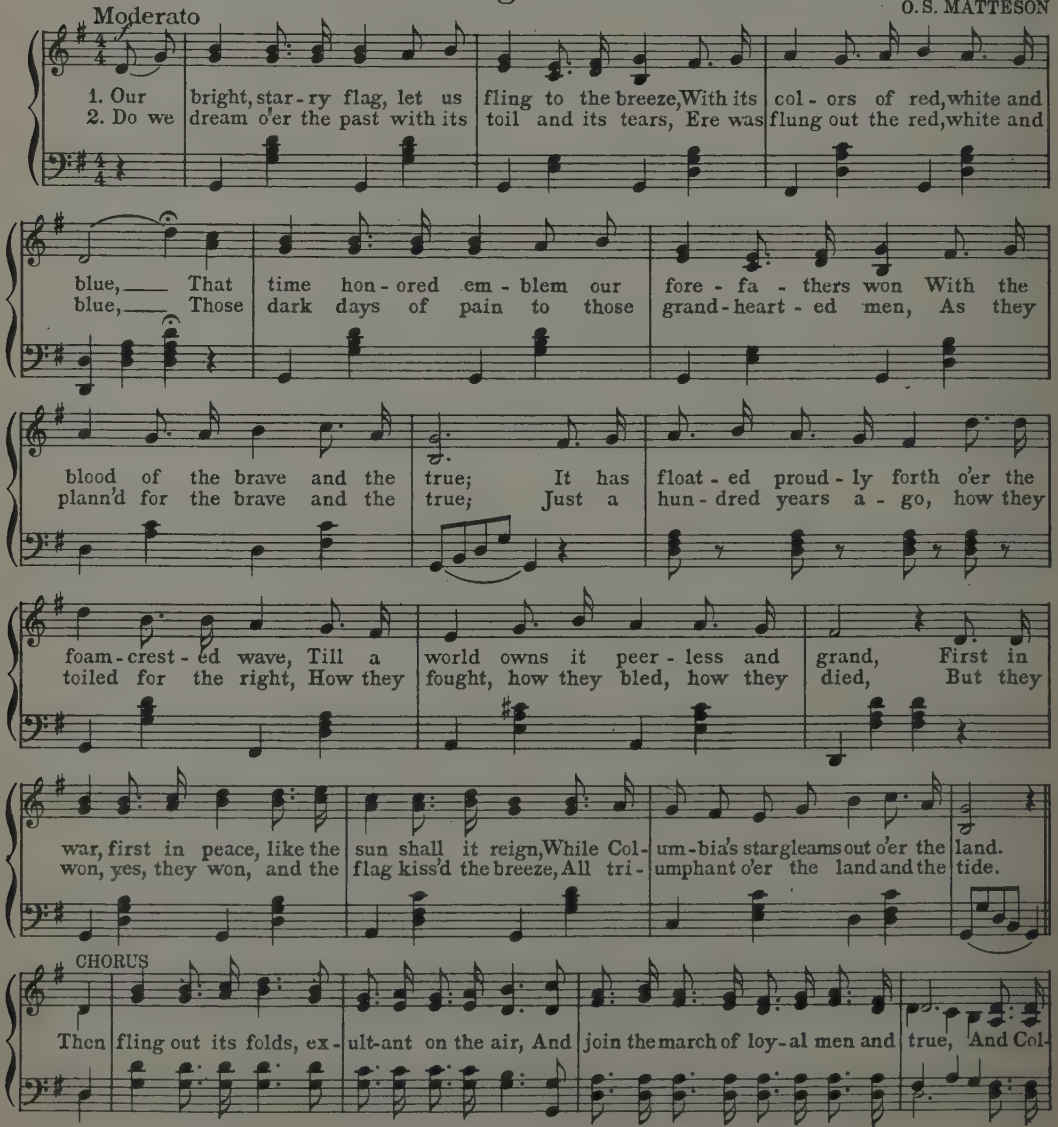
CHORUS

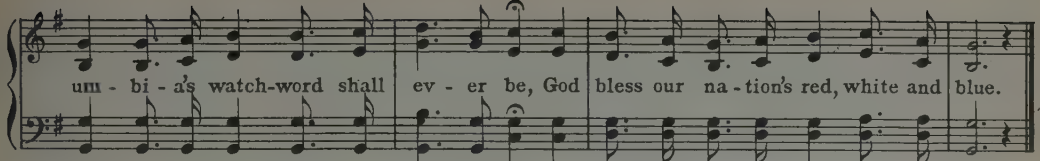



## Flag Of '76

O. S. MATTESON

Moderato

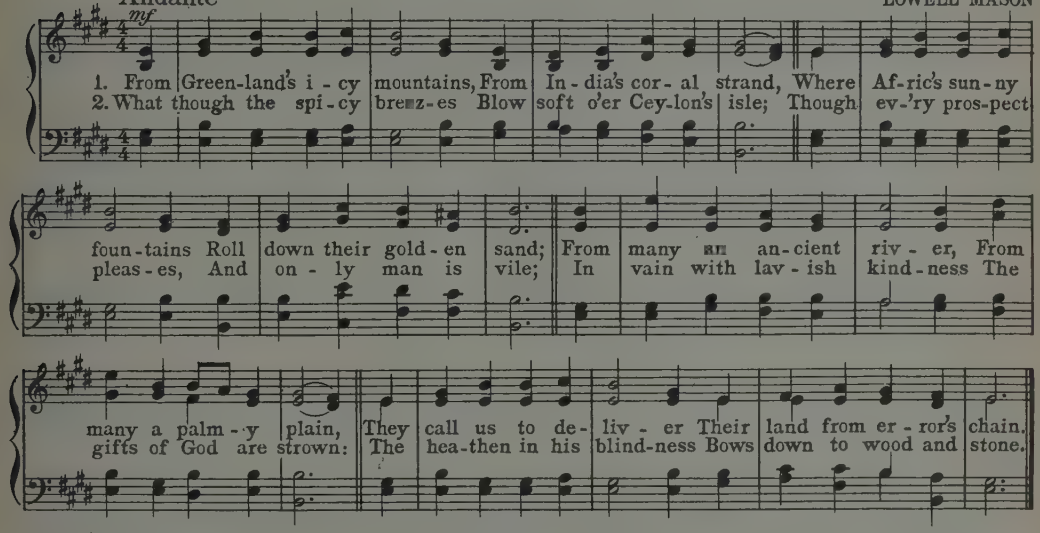

1. Our bright, star - ry flag, let us fling to the breeze, With its col - ors of red, white and
2. Do we dream o'er the past with its toil and its tears, Ere was flung out the red, white and
blue, That time hon - ored em - blem our fore - fa - thers won With the
blue, Those dark days of pain to those grand - heart - ed men, As they
blood of the brave and the true; It has float - ed proud - ly forth o'er the
plann'd for the brave and the true; Just a hun - dred years a - go, how they
foam - crest - ed wave, Till a world owns it peer - less and grand, First in
toiled for the right, How they fought, how they bled, how they died, But they
war, first in peace, like the sun shall it reign, While Col - um - bia's star gleams out o'er the land.
won, yes, they won, and the flag kiss'd the breeze, All tri - umphant o'er the land and the tide.
CHORUS
Then fling out its folds, ex - ult - ant on the air, And join the march of loy - al men and true, And Col -




## From Greenland's Icy Mountains

Andante

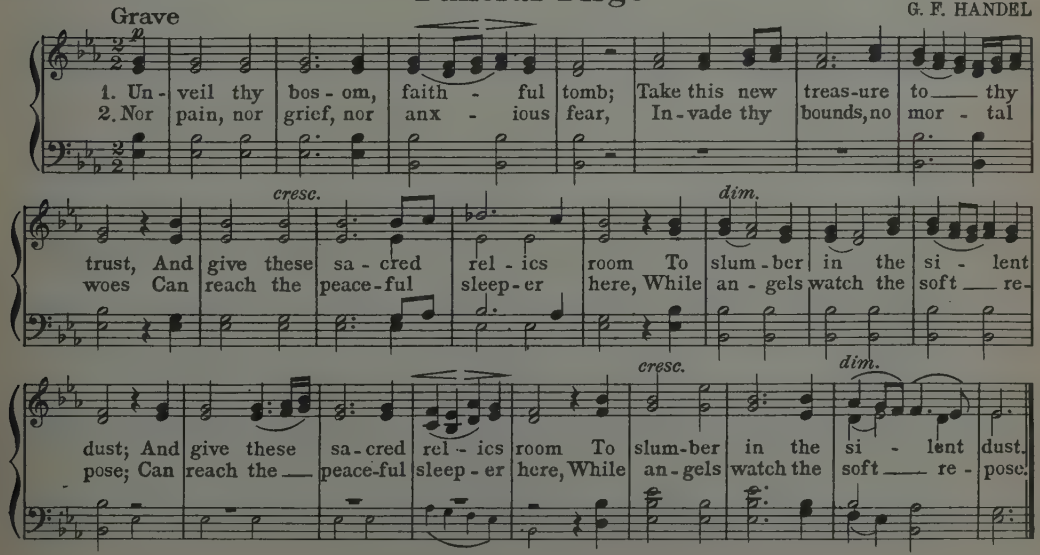
LOWELL MASON


mf
1. From Green-land's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's cor - al strand, Where Af-ric's sun-ny
2. What though the spi - cy breez-es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle; Though ev-'ry pros-pect
foun-tains Roll down their gold-en sand; From many an an-cient riv - er, From
pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile; In vain with lav - ish kind-ness The
many a palm - y plain, They call us to de- liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
gifts of God are strown: The hea-then in his blind-ness Bows down to wood and stone.

## Funeral Dirge

Grave

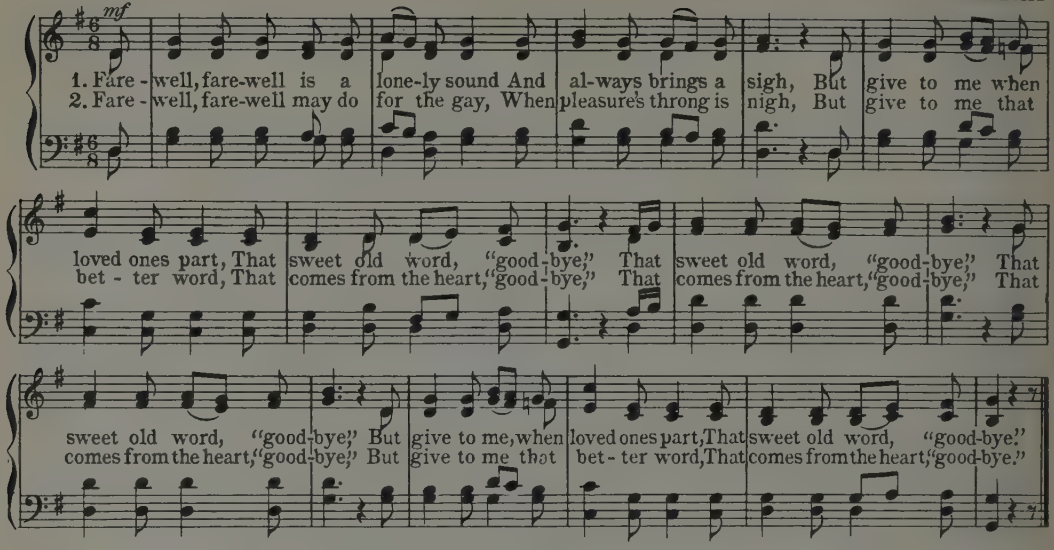
G. F. HANDEL


1. Un - veil thy bos - om, faith - ful tomb; Take this new treas-ure to thy
2. Nor pain, nor grief, nor anx - ious fear, In - vade thy bounds, no mor - tal
cresc.
dim.
trust, And give these sa - cred rel - ics room To slum - ber in the si - lent
woes Can reach the peace-ful sleep-er here, While an - gels watch the soft re-
cresc.
dim.
dust; And give these sa - cred rel - ics room To slum-ber in the si - lent dust.
pose; Can reach the peace-ful sleep - er here, While an - gels watch the soft re - pose.

## Good-Bye

Moderato

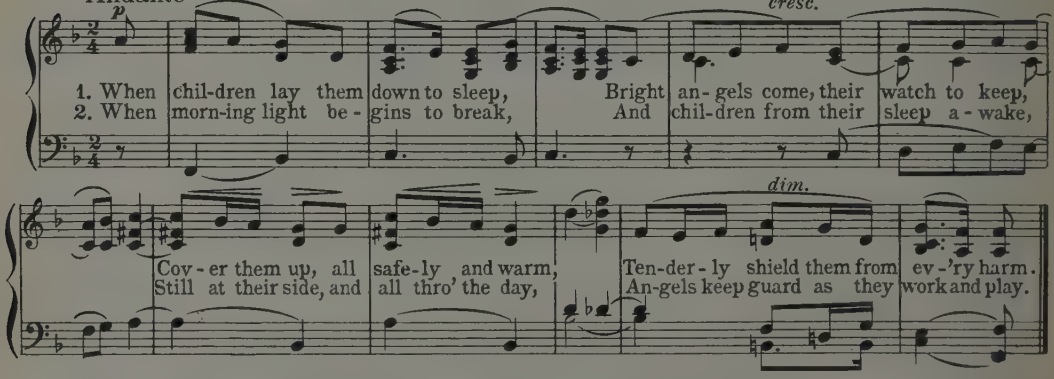
J. C. ENGELBRECHT


mf
1. Fare - well, fare-well is a lone-ly sound And al-ways brings a sigh, But give to me when
2. Fare - well, fare-well may do for the gay, When pleasure's throng is nigh, But give to me that
loved ones part, That sweet old word, "good - bye," That sweet old word, "good-bye," That
bet - ter word, That comes from the heart, "good - bye," That comes from the heart, "good-bye," That
sweet old word, "good-bye," But give to me, when loved ones part, That sweet old word, "good-bye."
comes from the heart, "good-bye," But give to me that bet - ter word, That comes from the heart, "good-bye."

## Guardian Angels

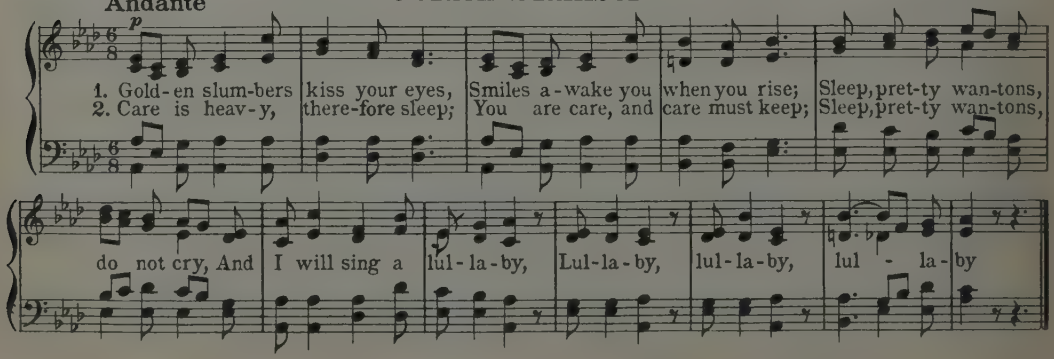
Andante

R. SCHUMANN


p
cresc.
1. When chil-dren lay them down to sleep, Bright an-gels come, their watch to keep,
2. When morn-ing light be - gins to break, And chil-dren from their sleep a - wake,
dim.
Cov - er them up, all safe-ly and warm, Ten-der - ly shield them from ev - 'ry harm.
Still at their side, and all thro' the day, An-gels keep guard as they work and play.

## Golden Slumbers

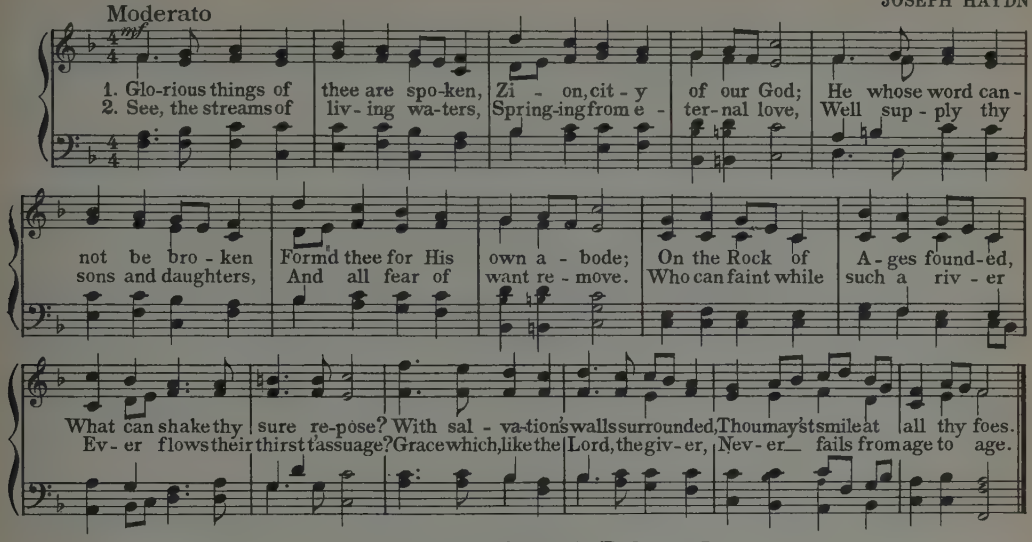
Andante


p
1. Gold - en slum-bers kiss your eyes, Smiles a - wake you when you rise; Sleep, pret-ty wan-tons,
2. Care is heav - y, there-fore sleep; You are care, and care must keep; Sleep, pret-ty wan-tons,
do not cry, And I will sing a lul - la - by, Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by

JOHN NEWTON

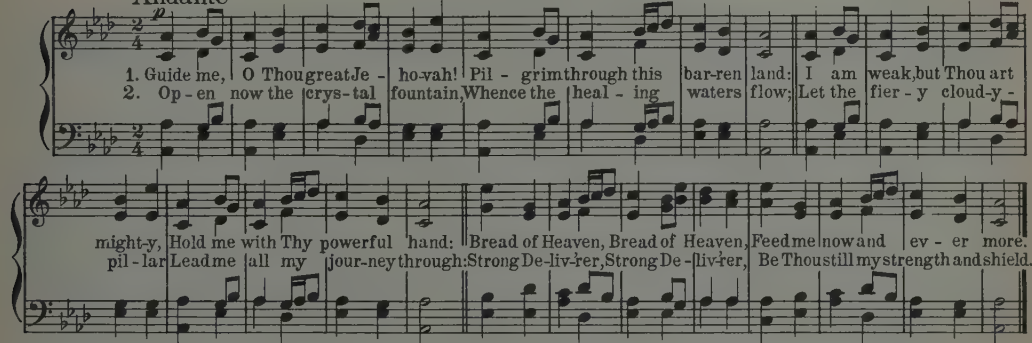
## Glorious Things Of Thee Are Spoken

JOSEPH HAYDN


Moderato
mf
1. Glo-rious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God; He whose word can-
2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa-ters, Spring-ing from e - ter-nal love, Well sup - ply thy
not be bro - ken Form'd thee for His own a - bode; On the Rock of A-ges found-ed,
sons and daughters, And all fear of want re - move. Who can faint while such a riv - er
What can shake thy sure re-pose? With sal - va-tion's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
Ev - er flows their thirst t'assuage? Grace which, like the Lord, the giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.

## Guide Me, Great Jehovah

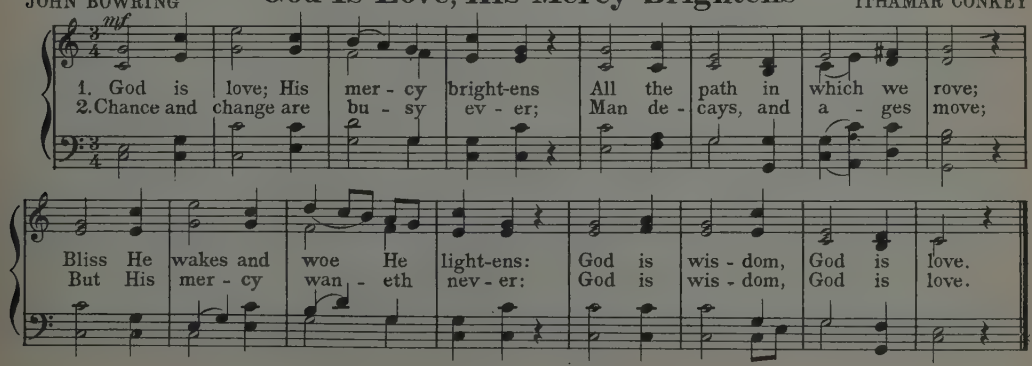
F. HEROLD


Andante
p
1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho-vah! Pil - grim through this bar-ren land; I am weak, but Thou art
2. Op - en now the crys-tal fountain, Whence the heal - ing waters flow; Let the fier - y cloud-y -
might-y, Hold me with Thy powerful hand: Bread of Heaven, Bread of Heaven, Feed me now and ev - er more.
pil - lar Lead me all my jour-ney through: Strong De-liv-rer, Strong De - liv-rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.

JOHN BOWRING

## God Is Love, His Mercy Brightens

ITHAMAR CONKEY


mf
1. God is love; His mer - cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove;
2. Chance and change are bu - sy ev - er; Man de - cays, and a - ges move;
Bliss He wakes and woe He light-ens: God is wis - dom, God is love.
But His mer - cy wan - eth nev - er: God is wis - dom, God is love.

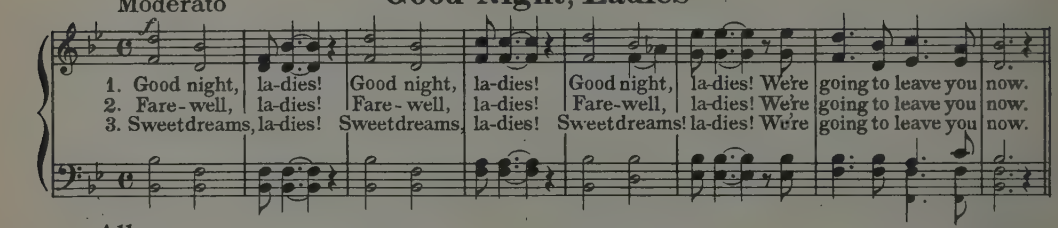
## Gaudeamus Igitur

Andante

1. Gau - de-a - mus i - gi-tur, Ju - ve-nes dum su - mus; Gau - de-a - mus
2. U - bi sunt, qui an - te nos, In mun-do fu-e - re? Tran-se-as ad
i - gi-tur, Ju - ve-nes dum su - mus; Post ju-cun-dam ju-ven-tu - tem, Post mo-les-tam
su-per-os, A - be-as ad in-fe-ros;
se-nec-tu - tem, Nos ha-be - bit hu - mus, Nos ha-be - bit hu - mus.

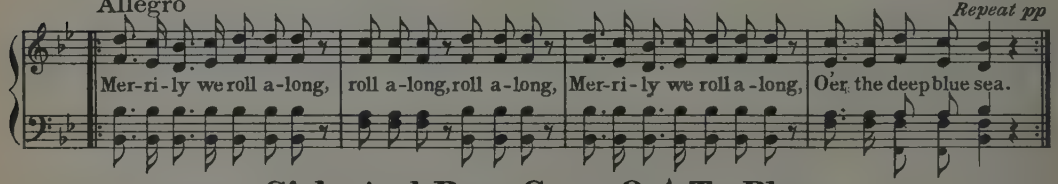
## Good-Night, Ladies

Moderato


1. Good night, la-dies! Good night, la-dies! Good night, la-dies! We're going to leave you now.
2. Fare-well, la-dies! Fare-well, la-dies! Fare-well, la-dies! We're going to leave you now.
3. Sweet dreams, la-dies! Sweet dreams, la-dies! Sweet dreams! la-dies! We're going to leave you now.

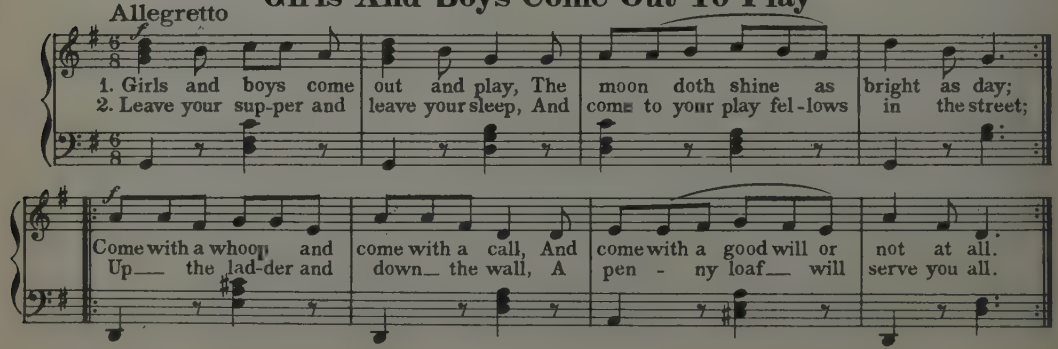
Allegro

*Repeat pp*




## Girls And Boys Come Out To Play

Allegretto

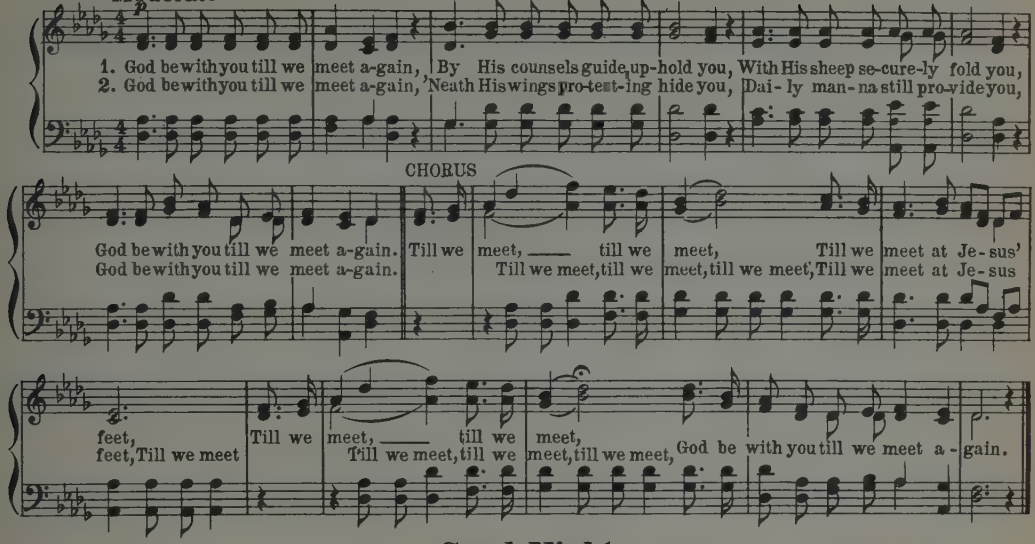

1. Girls and boys come out and play, The moon doth shine as bright as day;
2. Leave your sup-per and leave your sleep, And come to your play fel-lows in the street;
Come with a whoop and come with a call, And come with a good will or not at all.
Up the lad-der and down the wall, A pen - ny loaf will serve you all.

## God Be With You

J. E. RANKIN

W. G. TOMER

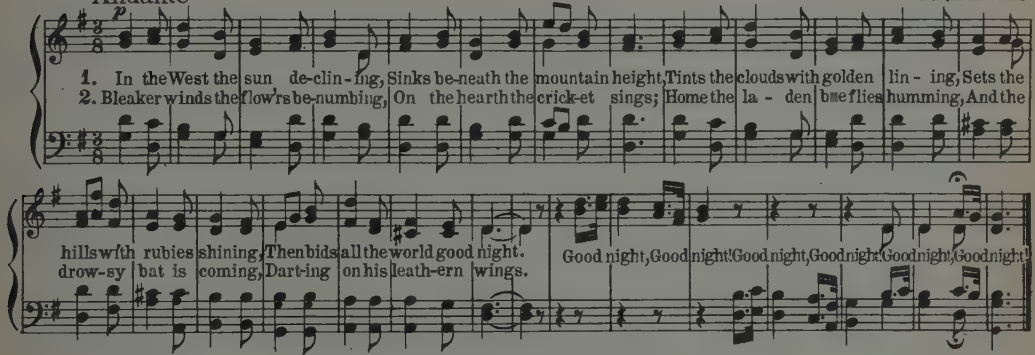
Moderato


1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His counsels guide, up-hold you, With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings pro-tect-ing hide you, Dai-ly man-na still pro-vide you,
CHORUS
God be with you till we meet a-gain. Till we meet, — till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus'
God be with you till we meet a-gain. Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, till we meet at Je-sus
feet, Till we meet
feet, Till we meet, — till we meet,
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

## Good Night

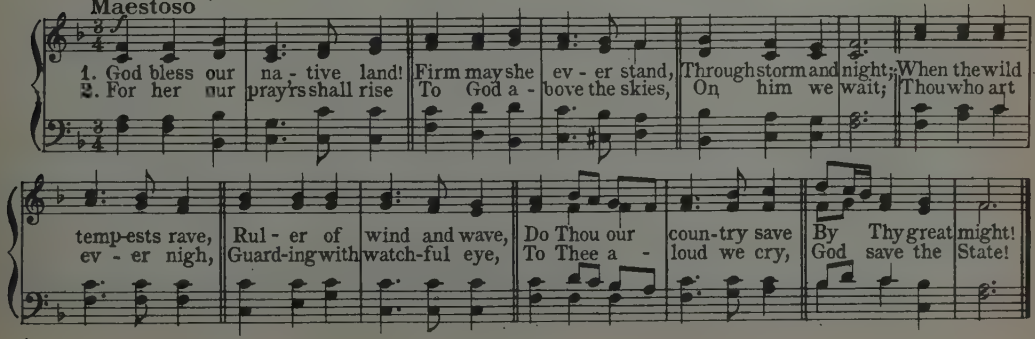
FRANZ ABT

Andante

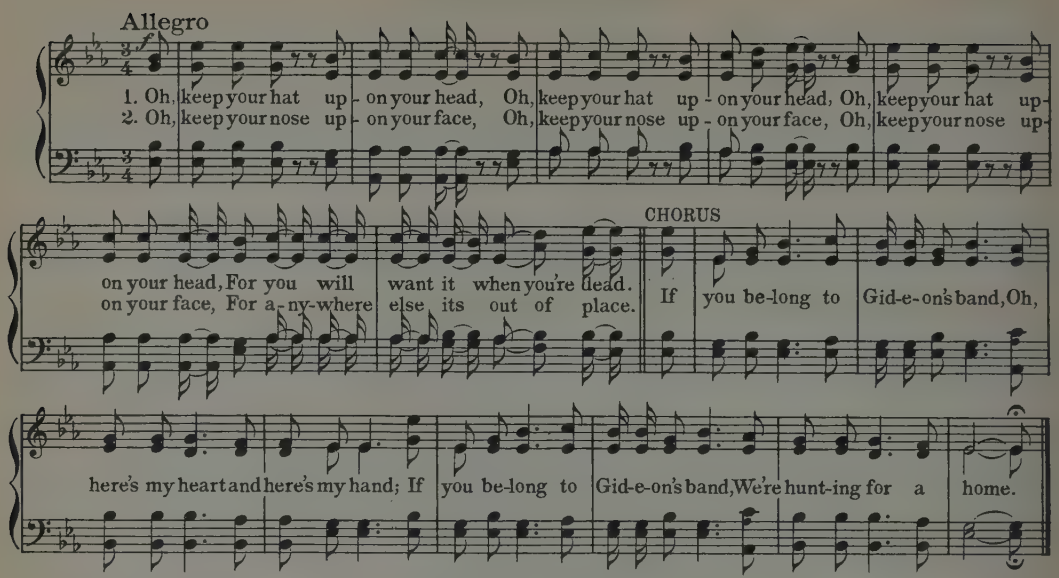

1. In the West the sun de-clin-ing, Sinks be-neath the mountain height, Tints the clouds with golden lin-ing, Sets the
2. Bleaker winds the flow'rs be-numbing, On the hearth the crick-et sings; Home the la-den bee flies humming, And the
hills with rubies shining, Then bids all the world good night.
drow-sy bat is coming, Dart-ing on his leath-ern wings.
Good night, Good night! Good night, Good night! Good night, Good night!

## God Bless Our Native Land

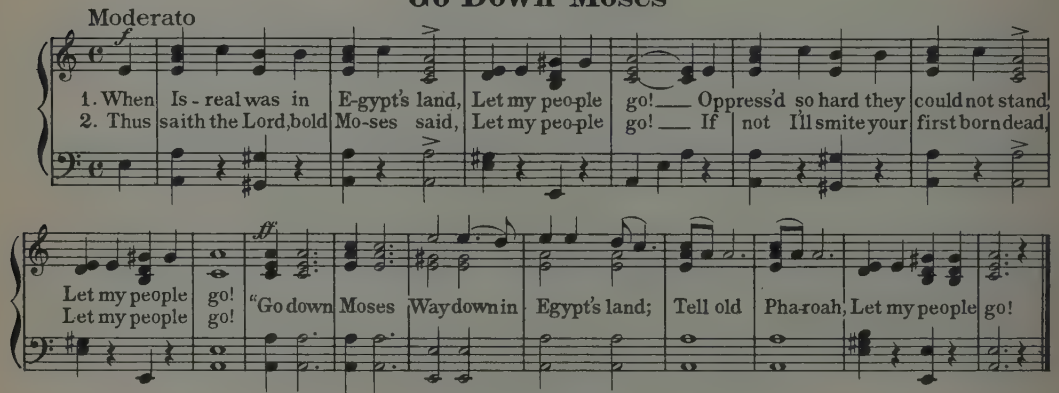
Maestoso


1. God bless our na-tive land! Firm may she ev-er stand, Through storm and night; When the wild
2. For her our prayrs shall rise To God a-bove the skies, On him we wait; Thou who art
temp-ests rave, Rul-er of wind and wave, Do Thou our coun-try save By Thy great might!
ev-er nigh, Guard-ing with watch-ful eye, To Thee a-loud we cry, God save the State!

## Gideon's Band

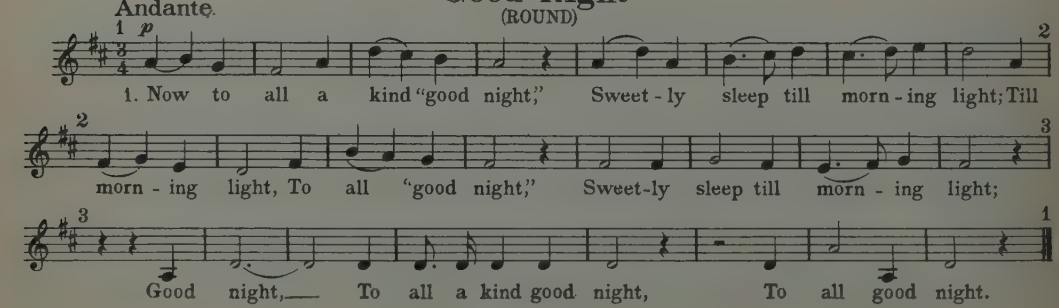

Allegro
1. Oh, keep your hat up - on your head, Oh, keep your hat up - on your head, Oh, keep your hat up-
2. Oh, keep your nose up - on your face, Oh, keep your nose up - on your face, Oh, keep your nose up-
CHORUS
on your head, For you will want it when you're dead. If you be-long to Gid-e-on's band, Oh,
on your face, For a-ny-where else its out of place.
here's my heart and here's my hand; If you be-long to Gid-e-on's band, We're hunt-ing for a home.

## Go Down Moses


Moderato
1. When Is - real was in E-gypt's land, Let my peo-ple go! Oppress'd so hard they could not stand,
2. Thus saith the Lord, bold Mo-ses said, Let my peo-ple go! If not I'll smite your first born dead,
Let my people go!
Let my people go!
"Go down Moses Way down in Egypt's land; Tell old Pha-roah, Let my people go!

## Good Night

(ROUND)


Andante.
1. Now to all a kind "good night," Sweet - ly sleep till morn - ing light; Till
morn - ing light, To all "good night," Sweet-ly sleep till morn - ing light;
Good night, To all a kind good night, To all good night.

# Grave Of Washington

Andante

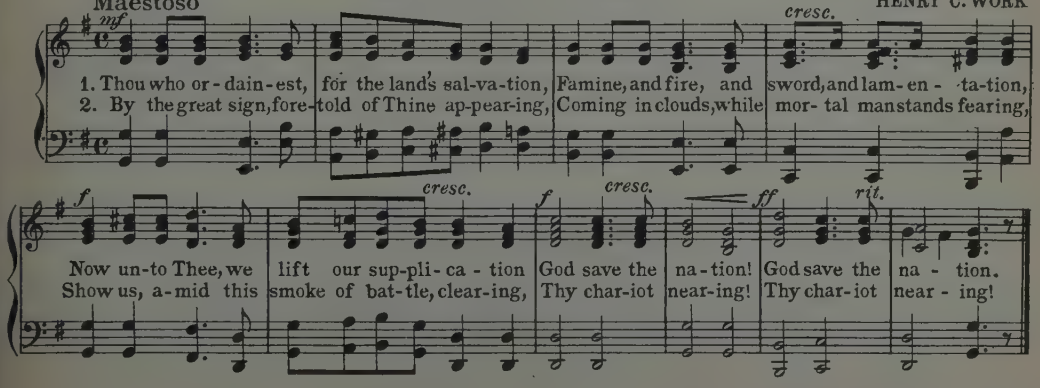
MARSHALL S. PIKE

p
1. Dis-turb not his slumbers, let Washington sleep, 'Neath the boughs of the wil-low that o-ver him weep; His
2. A-wake not his slumbers, tread lightly a-round, 'Tis the grave of a freeman, 'tis Lib-er-ty's mound; Thy
arm is un-nerved, but his deeds re-main bright, As the stars in the dark vaul-ted heav-en at night. Oh!
name is im-mor-tal, our free-dom you won, Brave sire of Co-lum-bia, our own Wash-ing-ton. Oh!
wake not the he-ro, his bat-tles are o'er, Let him rest un-dis-turbed on Po-
wake not the he-ro, his bat-tles are o'er, Let him rest, calm-ly rest, on his
to-mac's fair shore; On the riv-er's green bor-der so flow-er-y drest, With the
dear na-tive shore; While the stars and the stripes of our coun-try shall wave, O'er the
hearts he loved fond-ly, let Wash-ing-ton rest, With the hearts he loved fond-ly, let Wash-ing-ton rest.
land that can boast of a Wash-ing-ton's grave, O'er the land that can boast of a Wash-ing-ton's grave.
ad lib.

# God Save The Nation

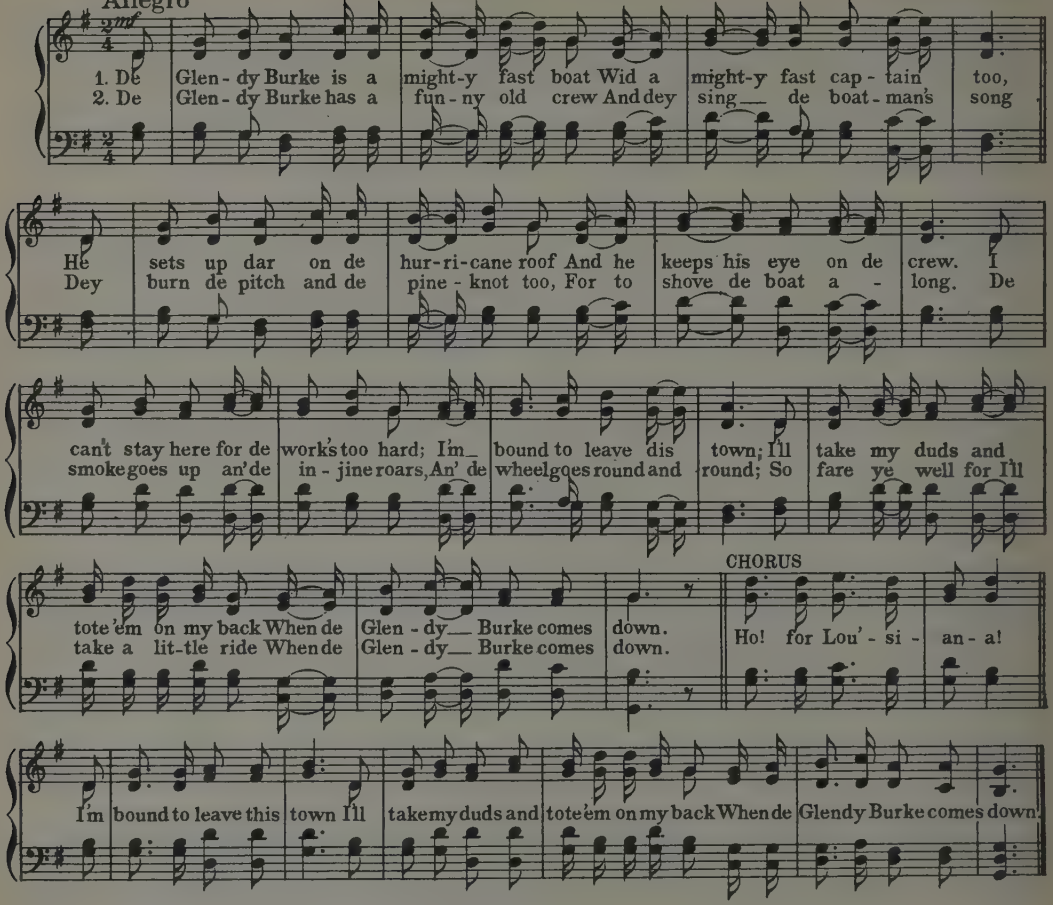
Maestoso

HENRY C. WORK

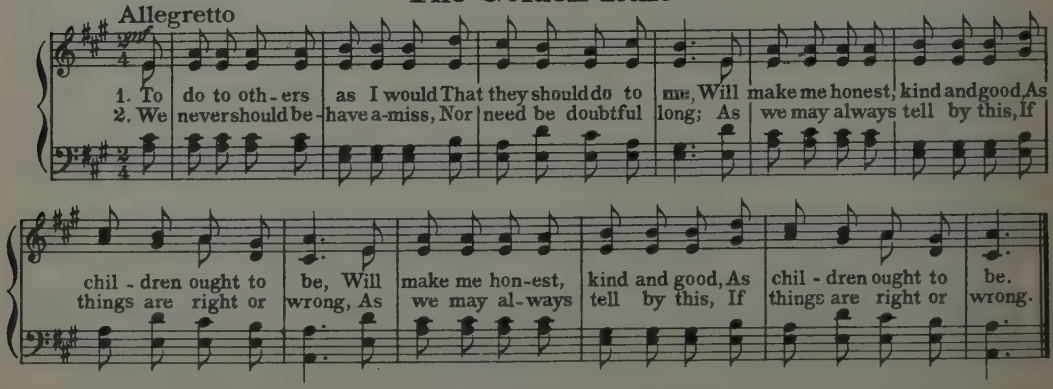

mf
cresc.
1. Thou who or-dain-est, for the land's sal-va-tion, Famine, and fire, and sword, and lam-en-ta-tion,
2. By the great sign, fore-told of Thine ap-pear-ing, Coming in clouds, while mor-tal man stands fearing,
f
cresc.
f
cresc.
ff
rit.
Now un-to Thee, we lift our sup-pli-ca-tion God save the na-tion! God save the na-tion.
Show us, a-mid this smoke of bat-tle, clear-ing, Thy char-iot near-ing! Thy char-iot near-ing!

# The Glendy Burke

STEPHEN C. FOSTER


Allegro
1. De Glen - dy Burke is a might-y fast boat Wid a might-y fast cap - tain too,
2. De Glen - dy Burke has a fun - ny old crew And dey sing de boat - man's song
He sets up dar on de hur-ri-cane roof And he keeps his eye on de crew. I
Dey burn de pitch and de pine - knot too, For to shove de boat a - long. De
can't stay here for de work's too hard; I'm bound to leave dis town; I'll take my duds and
smoke goes up an' de in - jine roars, An' de wheel goes round and round; So fare ye well for I'll
CHORUS
tote 'em on my back When de Glen - dy Burke comes down.
take a lit-tle ride When de Glen - dy Burke comes down.
Ho! for Lou' - si - an - a!
I'm bound to leave this town I'll take my duds and tote 'em on my back When de Glendy Burke comes down.

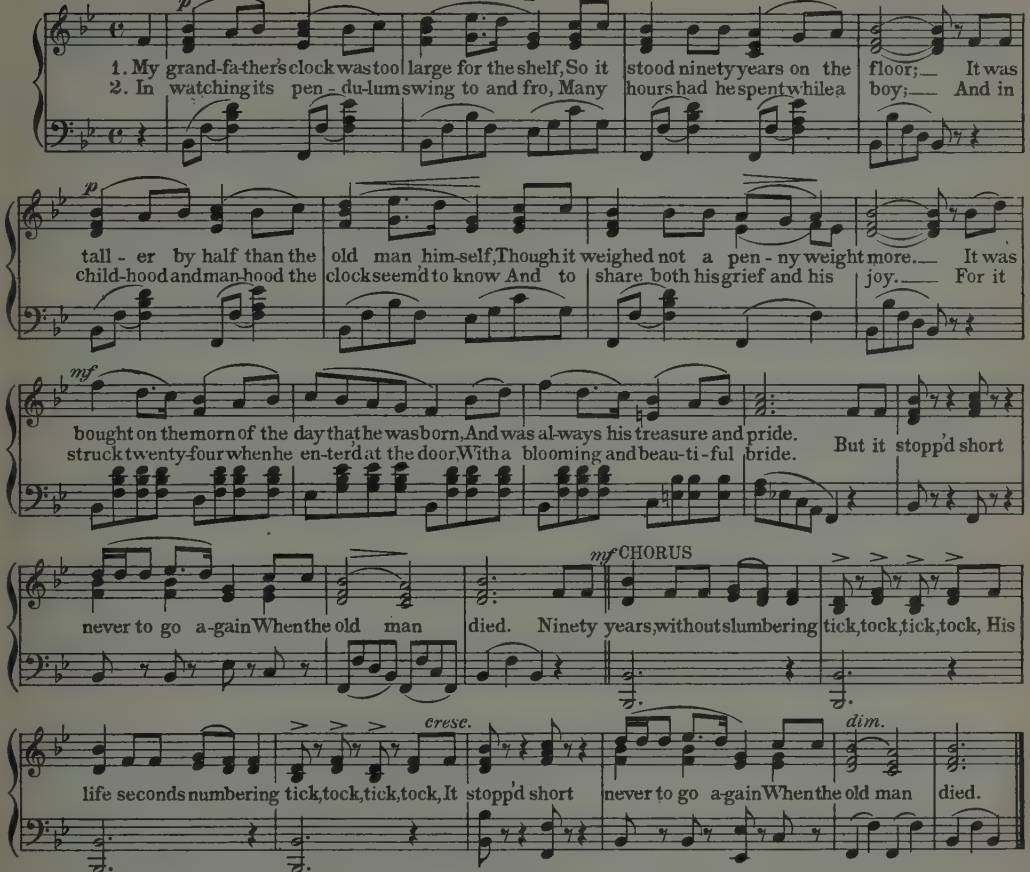
# The Golden Rule


Allegretto
1. To do to oth - ers as I would That they should do to me, Will make me honest, kind and good, As
2. We never should be - have a-miss, Nor need be doubtful long; As we may always tell by this, If
chil - dren ought to be, Will make me hon-est, kind and good, As chil - dren ought to be.
things are right or wrong, As we may al-ways tell by this, If things are right or wrong.

# Grandfather's Clock

Moderato

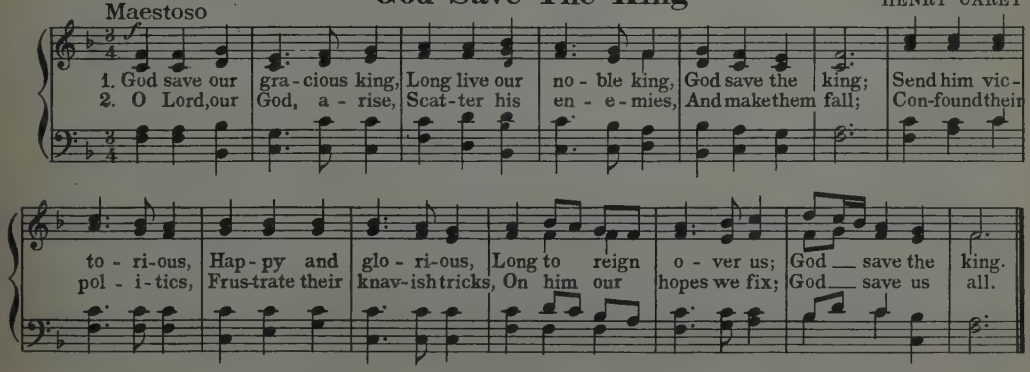
HENRY C. WORK


p
1. My grand-fa-ther's clock was too large for the shelf, So it stood ninety years on the floor; — It was
2. In watching its pen - du-lum swing to and fro, Many hours had he spent while a boy; — And in
tall - er by half than the old man him-self, Though it weighed not a pen - ny weight more. — It was
child-hood and man-hood the clock seem'd to know And to share both his grief and his joy. — For it
mf
bought on the morn of the day that he was born, And was al-ways his treasure and pride.
struck twenty-four when he en-terd at the door With a blooming and beau-ti-ful bride.
But it stopp'd short
never to go a-gain When the old man died.
mf CHORUS
Ninety years, without slumbering tick, tock, tick, tock, His
cresc.
life seconds numbering tick, tock, tick, tock, It stopp'd short never to go a-gain When the old man died.
dim.

# God Save The King

Maestoso

HENRY CAREY


f
1. God save our gra - cious king, Long live our no - ble king, God save the king; Send him vic -
2. O Lord, our God, a - rise, Scat-ter his en - e - mies, And make them fall; Con-found their
to - ri-ous, Hap - py and glo - ri-ous, Long to reign o - ver us; God — save the king.
pol - i-tics, Frus-trate their knav-ish tricks, On him our hopes we fix; God — save us all.

"Bohemian Girl"

# Gipsy Song

M.W. BALFE

Allegro

*mf*

Come with the gip-sy bride, And re-pair To the fair, Where the ma-zy dance

*segue*

*p*

Will the hours en-trance! Love is the first thing to clasp, But if he es-cape your grasp,

*cresc.*

Friendship will then be at hand in the young rogue's place to stand, Hope will then be no-thing

*poco a poco*

loath to point out the way to both, Hope will then be no-thing loath To

*dim. et rit.* *a tempo* *pp*

point out the way to both. Come with the Gip-sy bride, And re-pair

To the fair, Where the ma-zy dance Will the hours en-trance.

# God Save America

Tempo marcia

Round

*f*

1 2 3 4 5

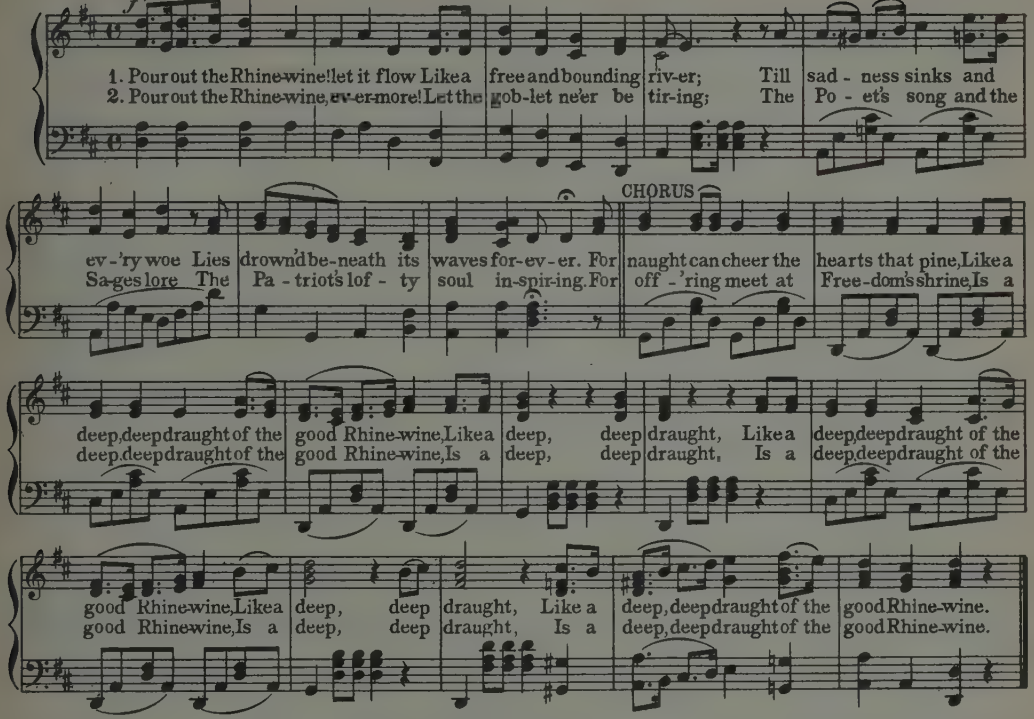
God save A-mer-i-ca! Bless the U-nit-ed States! Con-

tin-ue the Un-ion for-ev-er, and ev-er, A-men.

## The Good Rhine Wine

Moderato

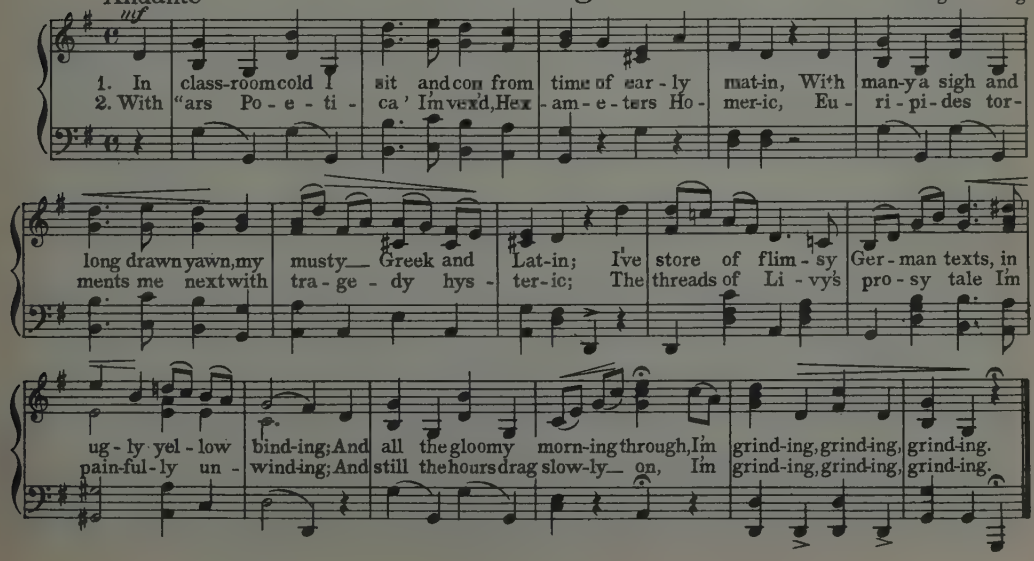
JOHN GAY


1. Pour out the Rhine-wine! let it flow Like a free and bounding riv-er; Till sad - ness sinks and
2. Pour out the Rhine-wine, ev-er-more! Let the gob-let ne'er be tir-ing; The Po - et's song and the
CHORUS
ev - 'ry woe Lies drown'd be-neath its waves for-ev-er. For naught can cheer the hearts that pine, Like a
Sa-ges lore The Pa - triot's lof - ty soul in-spir-ing. For off - 'ring meet at Free-dom's shrine, Is a
deep, deep draught of the good Rhine-wine, Like a deep, deep draught, Like a deep, deep draught of the
deep, deep draught of the good Rhine-wine, Is a deep, deep draught, Is a deep, deep draught of the
good Rhine-wine, Like a deep, deep draught, Like a deep, deep draught of the good Rhine-wine.
good Rhine-wine, Is a deep, deep draught, Is a deep, deep draught of the good Rhine-wine.

## Grinding

Andante

English Song


1. In class-room cold I sit and con from time of ear - ly mat-in, With man-y a sigh and
2. With "ars Po - e - ti - ca' I'm vex'd, Hex - am - e - ters Ho - mer-ic, Eu - ri - pi - des tor-
long drawn yawn, my musty Greek and Lat-in; I've store of flim - sy Ger - man texts, in
ments me next with tra - ge - dy hys - ter-ic; The threads of Li - vy's pro - sy tale I'm
ug - ly yel - low bind-ing; And all the gloomy morn-ing through, I'm grind-ing, grind-ing, grind-ing.
pain-ful-ly un - wind-ing; And still the hours drag slow-ly on, I'm grind-ing, grind-ing, grind-ing.

# Good Night And Pleasant Dreams

Wm V. WALLACE

Andantino

*p*

1. When on its couch of ro-sy clouds The burn-ing sun has sunk to rest, And tired of song, the
2. Oh, bit-ter is the ex-ile's fate Who wan-ders from his peace-ful cot, No gen-tle wish, or

wood-land bird Is sleep-ing in its qui-et nest, When eve-ning lays its mis-ty hand On
sooth-ing word Can min-gle in his lone-ly lot. On some still bank of moss and flow'rs, Be-

*mf*

dew-y flow'rs and prat-tling streams, How sweet to hear from lips we love, Good night! good night and
neath the star's in-con-stant beams, He rests a-lone, with none to breathe, Good night! good night and

*mf*

*cresc.*

pleas-ant dreams! How sweet to hear from lips we love, Good-night! good-night and pleasant dreams!
pleas-ant dreams! He rests a-lone, with none to breathe Good-night! good-night and pleasant dreams!

*dim. e rit.*

# The Girl I Left Behind Me

Allegretto

*mf*

1. I'm lone-some since I cross'd the hill, And o'er the moor and val-ley; Such heav-y thoughts my
2. Oh, ne'er shall I for-get the night, The stars were bright a-bove me, And gen-tly lent their

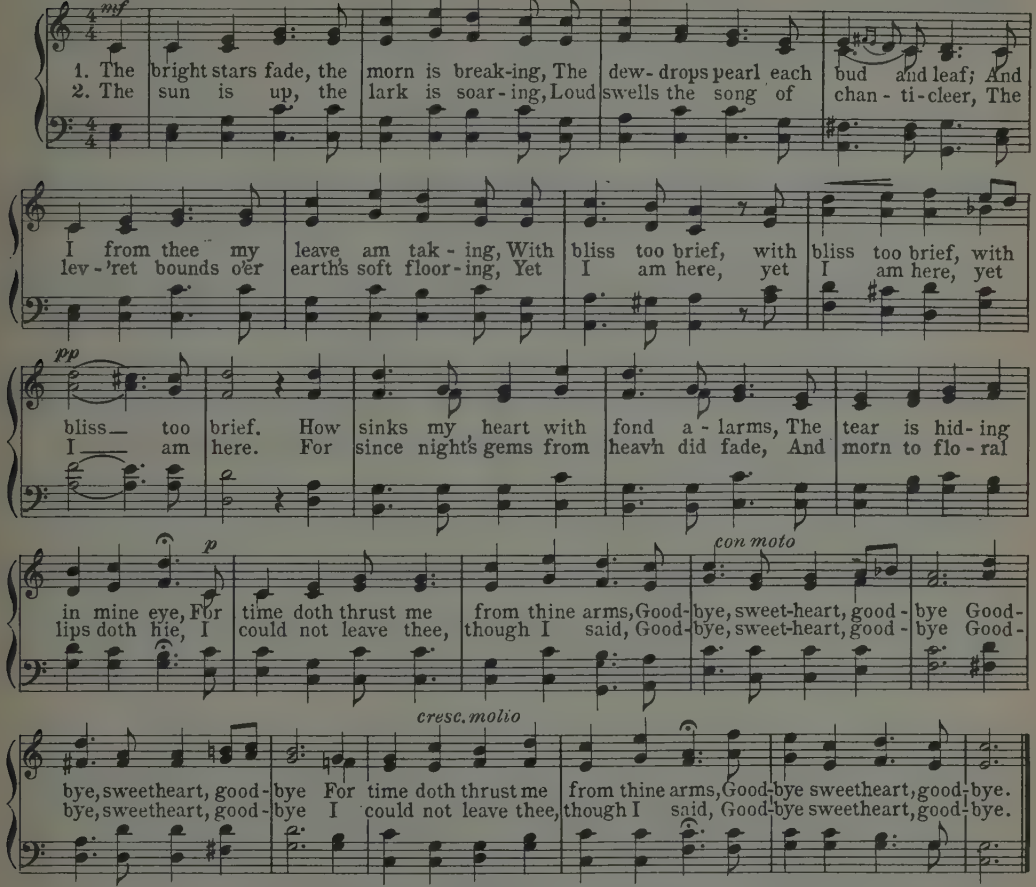
heart do fill, Since part-ing with my Sal-ly. I seek no more the fine and gay, For
sil-v'ry light, When first she vow'd she loved me. But now I'm bound to Bright-on camp, Kind

each does but re-mind me How swift the hours did pass a-way With the girl I've left be-hind me.
Heav'n, may fa-vor find me, And send me safe-ly back a-gain To the girl I've left be-hind me.

## Goodbye, Sweetheart, Goodbye

Andante con moto

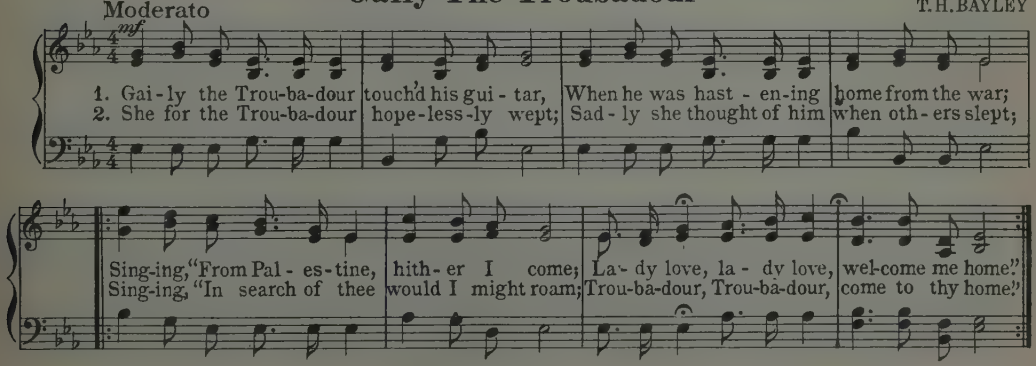
J. L. HATTON


mf
1. The bright stars fade, the morn is break-ing, The dew-drops pearl each bud and leaf; And
2. The sun is up, the lark is soar-ing, Loud swells the song of chan-ti-cleer, The
I from thee my leave am tak-ing, With bliss too brief, with bliss too brief, with
lev-'ret bounds o'er earth's soft floor-ing, Yet I am here, yet I am here, yet
pp
bliss— too brief. How sinks my heart with fond a-larms, The tear is hid-ing
I— am here. For since night's gems from heav'n did fade, And morn to flo-ral
p
con moto
in mine eye, For time doth thrust me from thine arms, Good-bye, sweet-heart, good-bye Good-
lips doth hie, I could not leave thee, though I said, Good-bye, sweet-heart, good-bye Good-
cresc. molto
bye, sweetheart, good-bye For time doth thrust me from thine arms, Good-bye sweetheart, good-bye.
bye, sweetheart, good-bye I could not leave thee, though I said, Good-bye sweetheart, good-bye.

## Gaily The Troubadour

Moderato

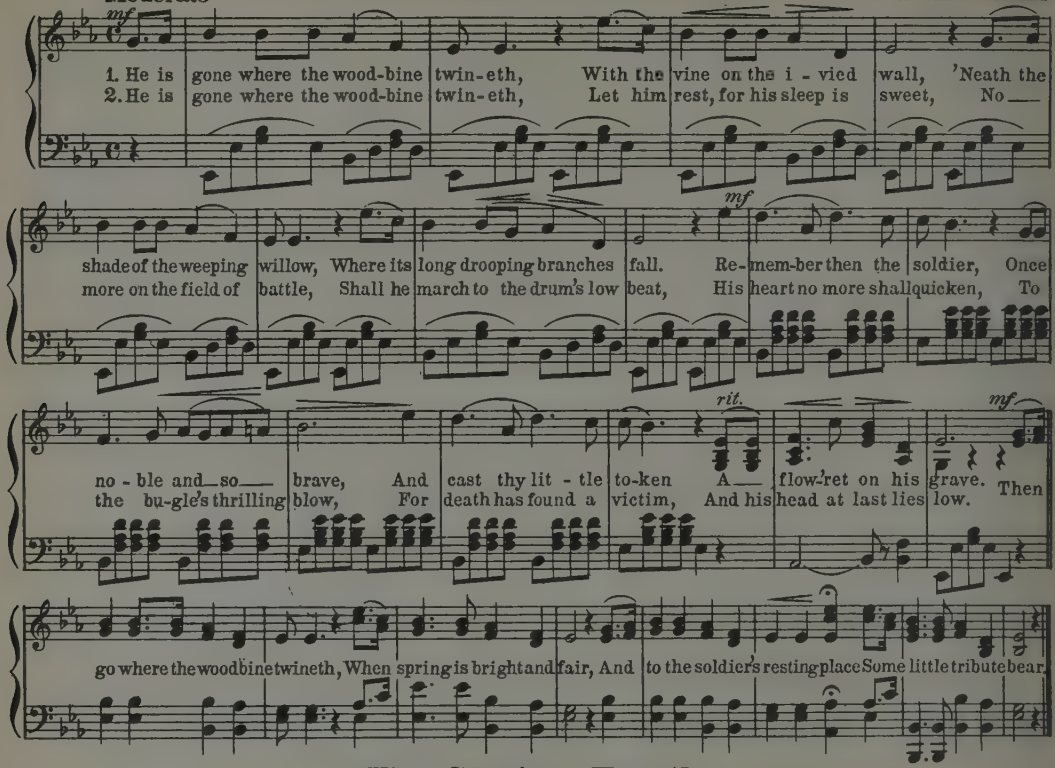
T. H. BAYLEY


mf
1. Gai-ly the Trou-ba-dour touch'd his gui-tar, When he was hast-en-ing home from the war;
2. She for the Trou-ba-dour hope-less-ly wept; Sad-ly she thought of him when oth-ers slept;
Sing-ing, "From Pal-es-tine, hith-er I come; La-dy love, la-dy love, wel-come me home."
Sing-ing, "In search of thee would I might roam; Trou-ba-dour, Trou-ba-dour, come to thy home."

## Gone Where The Woodbine Twineth

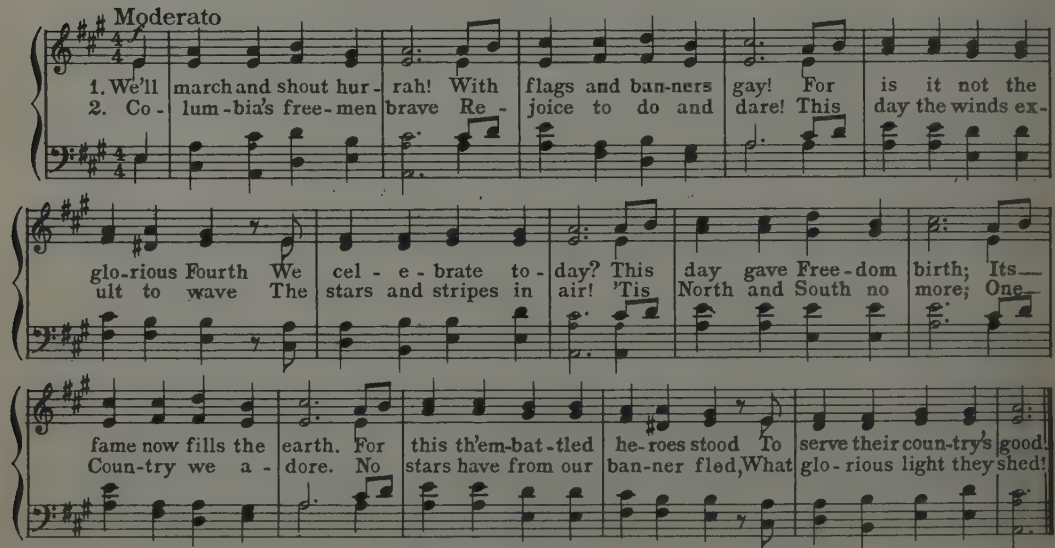
Moderato

APSLEY STREET


mf
1. He is gone where the wood-bine twin-eth, With the vine on the i - vied wall, 'Neath the
2. He is gone where the wood-bine twin-eth, Let him rest, for his sleep is sweet, No
shade of the weeping willow, Where its long drooping branches fall. Re-mem-ber then the soldier, Once
more on the field of battle, Shall he march to the drum's low beat, His heart no more shall quicken, To
mf
rit.
mf
no - ble and so brave, And cast thy lit - tle to-ken A flow'ret on his grave. Then
the bu-gle's thrilling blow, For death has found a victim, And his head at last lies low.
go where the woodbine twineth, When spring is bright and fair, And to the soldier's resting place Some little tribute bear.

## The Glorious Fourth

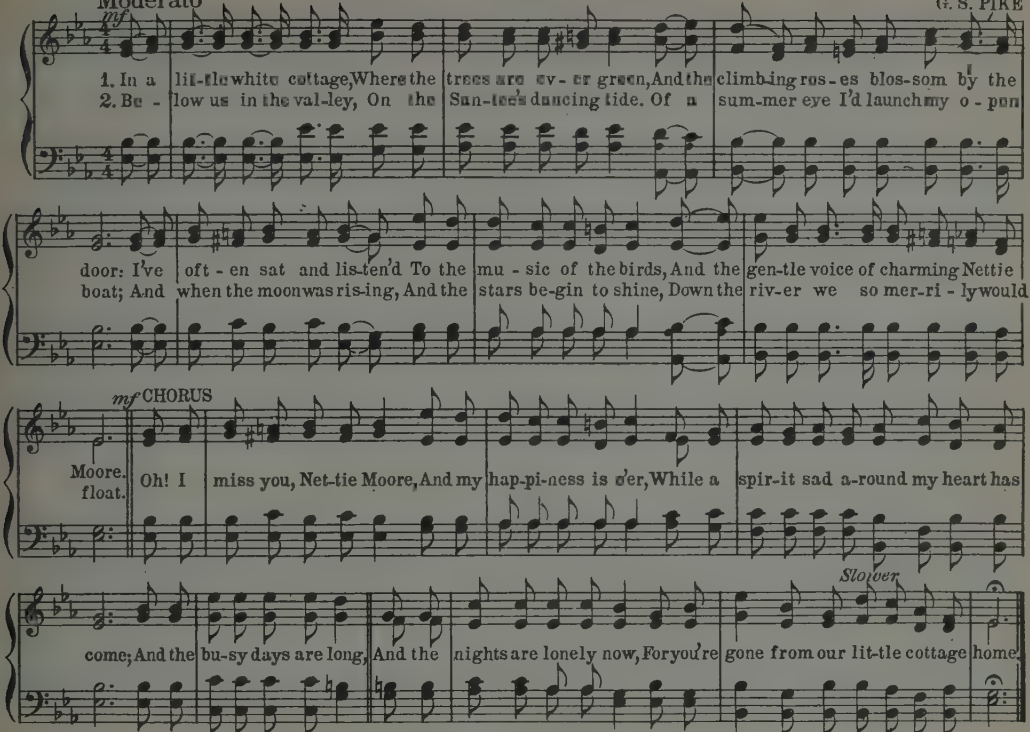
Moderato


mf
1. We'll march and shout hur - rah! With flags and ban-ners gay! For is it not the
2. Co - lum - bia's free-men brave Re - joice to do and dare! This day the winds ex-
glo-rious Fourth We cel - e - brate to - day? This day gave Free - dom birth; Its
ult to wave The stars and stripes in air! 'Tis North and South no more; One
fame now fills the earth. For this th'em-bat-tled he-roes stood To serve their coun-try's good.
Coun-try we a - dore. No stars have from our ban-ner fled, What glo - rious light they shed!

## Gentle Nettie Moore

Moderato

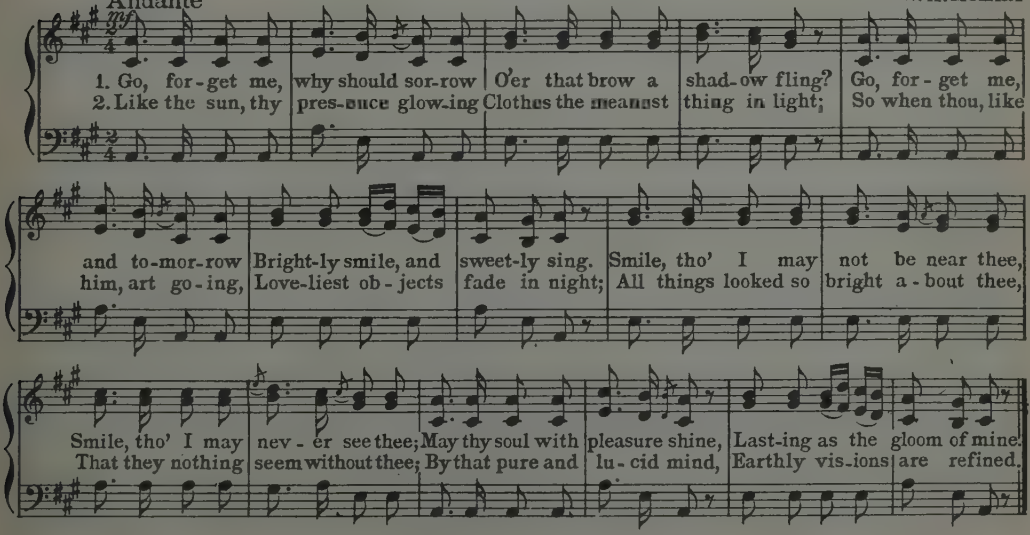
G. S. PIKE


mf
1. In a lit-tle white cottage, Where the trees are ev-er green, And the climbing ros-es blos-som by the
2. Be - low us in the val-ley, On the San-tee's dancing tide. Of a sum-mer eve I'd launch my o - pen
door: I've oft - en sat and lis-ten'd To the mu - sic of the birds, And the gen-tle voice of charming Nettie
boat; And when the moon was ris-ing, And the stars be-gin to shine, Down the riv-er we so mer-ri - ly would
mf CHORUS
Moore.
float.
Oh! I miss you, Net-tie Moore, And my hap-pi-ness is o'er, While a spir-it sad a-round my heart has
Slower
come; And the bu-sy days are long, And the nights are lonely now, For you're gone from our lit-tle cottage home.

## Go, Forget Me

Andante

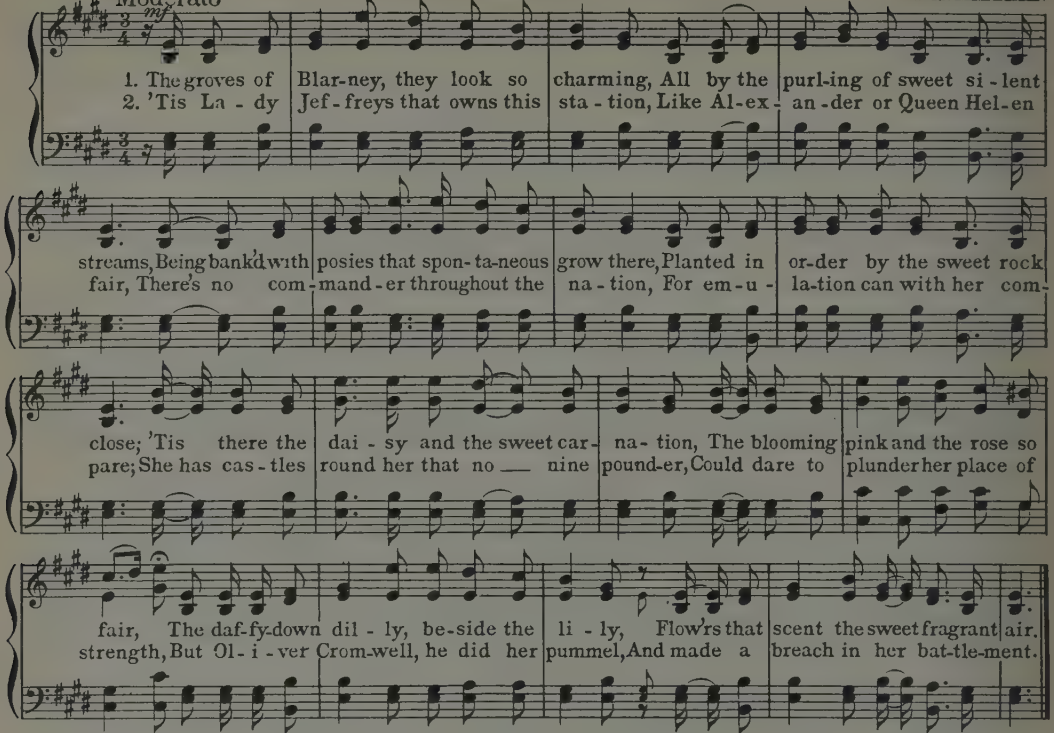
W. A. MOZART


mf
1. Go, for-get me, why should sor-row O'er that brow a shad-ow fling? Go, for - get me,
2. Like the sun, thy pres-ence glow-ing Clothes the meanest thing in light; So when thou, like
and to-mor-row Bright-ly smile, and sweet-ly sing. Smile, tho' I may not be near thee,
him, art go-ing, Love-liest ob - jects fade in night; All things looked so bright a - bout thee,
Smile, tho' I may nev - er see thee; May thy soul with pleasure shine, Last-ing as the gloom of mine.
That they nothing seem without thee; By that pure and lu - cid mind, Earthly vis-ions are refined.

# The Groves Of Blarney

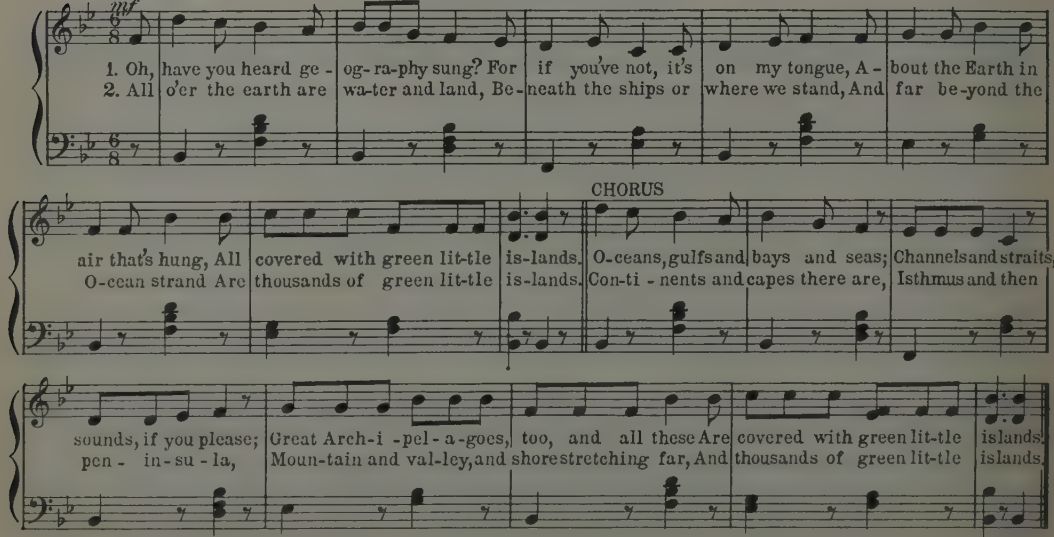
R. A. MILLIKIN

Moderato


1. The groves of Blar-ney, they look so charming, All by the purl-ing of sweet si-lent
2. 'Tis La-dy Jef-freys that owns this sta-tion, Like Al-ex-an-der or Queen Hel-en
streams, Being bank'd with posies that spon-ta-neous grow there, Planted in or-der by the sweet rock
fair, There's no com-mand-er throughout the na-tion, For em-u-la-tion can with her com-
close; 'Tis there the dai-sy and the sweet car-na-tion, The blooming pink and the rose so
pare; She has cas-tles round her that no — nine pound-er, Could dare to plunder her place of
fair, The daf-fy-down dil-ly, be-side the li-ly, Flow'rs that scent the sweet fragrant air.
strength, But Ol-i-ver Crom-well, he did her pummel, And made a breach in her bat-tle-ment.

# Geography Song

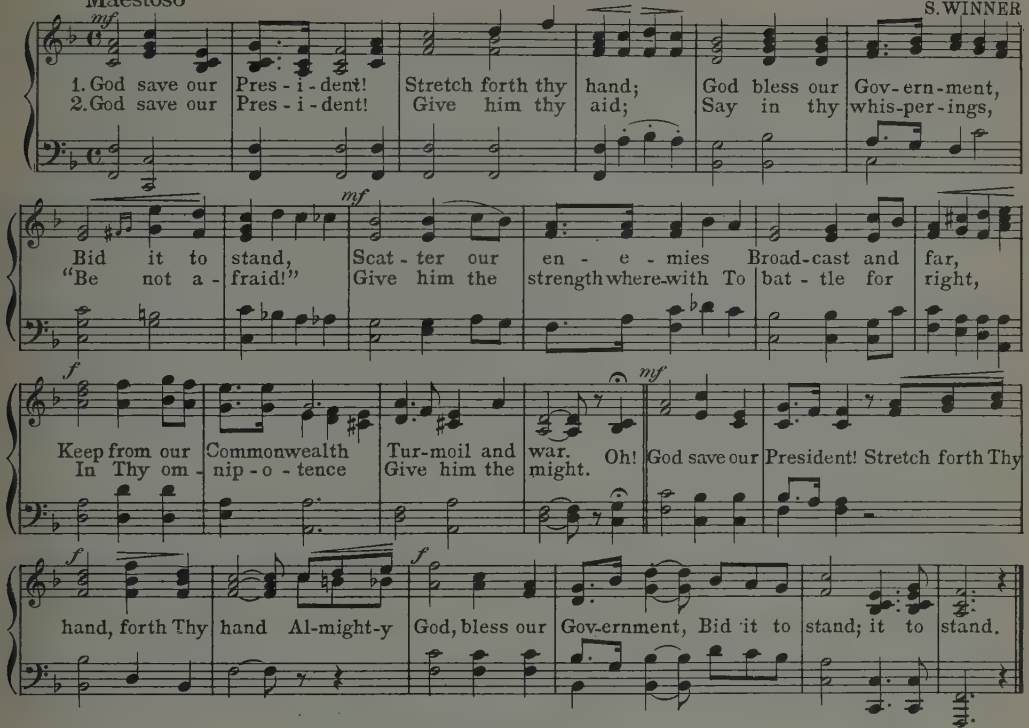
Allegretto


1. Oh, have you heard ge-og-ra-phy sung? For if you've not, it's on my tongue, A-bout the Earth in
2. All o'er the earth are wa-ter and land, Be-neath the ships or where we stand, And far be-yond the
CHORUS
air that's hung, All covered with green lit-tle is-lands. O-ceans, gulfs and bays and seas; Channels and straits,
O-cean strand Are thousands of green lit-tle is-lands. Con-ti-nents and capes there are, Isthmus and then
sounds, if you please; Great Arch-i-pel-a-goes, too, and all these Are covered with green lit-tle islands.
pen-in-su-la, Moun-tain and val-ley, and shore stretching far, And thousands of green lit-tle islands.

## God Save Our President

Maestoso

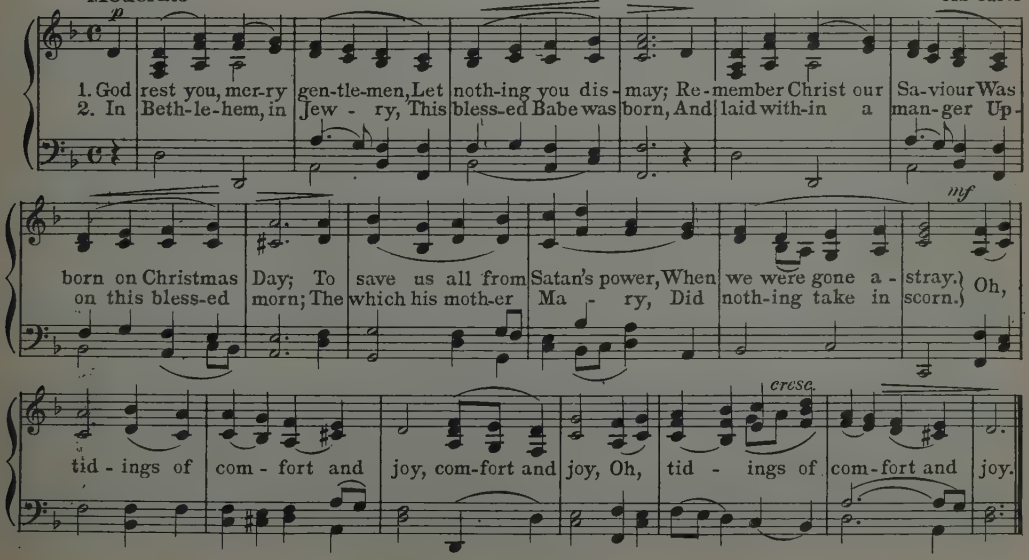
S. WINNER


mf
1. God save our Pres - i - dent! Stretch forth thy hand; God bless our Gov - ern - ment,
2. God save our Pres - i - dent! Give him thy aid; Say in thy whis-per - ings,
mf
Bid it to stand, Scat - ter our en - e - mies Broad-cast and far,
"Be not a - fraid!" Give him the strength where-with To bat - tle for right,
f
Keep from our Commonwealth Tur-moil and war. Oh!
In Thy om - nip - o - tence Give him the might.
mf
God save our President! Stretch forth Thy
f
hand, forth Thy hand Al-might-y
f
God, bless our Gov-ernment, Bid it to stand; it to stand.

## God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen

Moderato

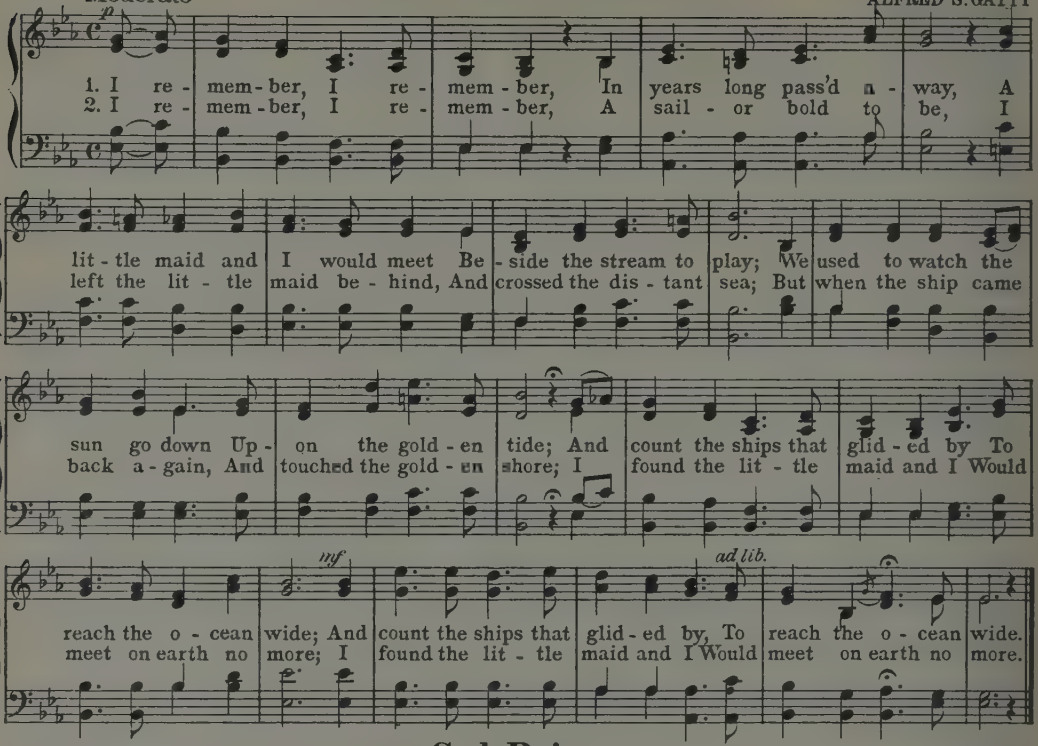
Old Carol


p
1. God rest you, mer-ry gen-tle-men, Let noth-ing you dis - may; Re-member Christ our Sa-viour Was
2. In Beth-le-hem, in Jew - ry, This bless-ed Babe was born, And laid with-in a man-ger Up -
born on Christmas Day; To save us all from Satan's power, When we were gone a - stray.)
on this bless-ed morn; The which his moth-er Ma - ry, Did noth-ing take in scorn.) Oh,
mf
cresc.
tid - ings of com - fort and joy, com-fort and joy, Oh, tid - ings of com-fort and joy.

## The Golden Shore

Moderato

ALFRED S. GATTY

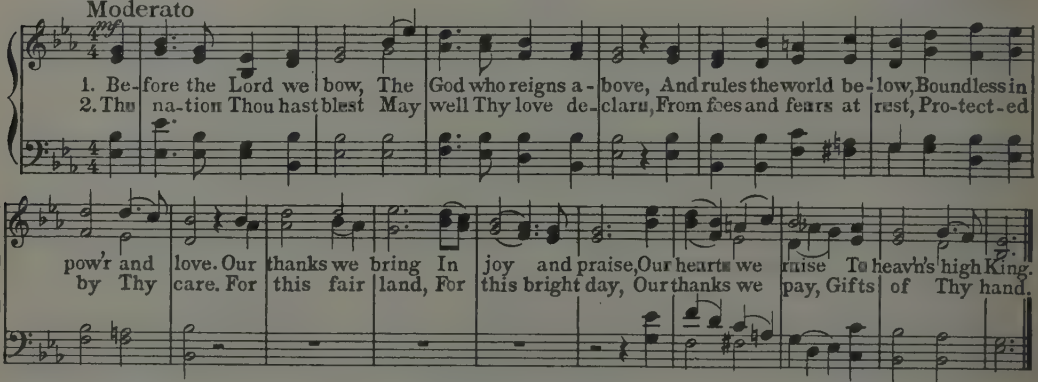

1. I re - mem - ber, I re - mem - ber, In years long pass'd a - way, A
2. I re - mem - ber, I re - mem - ber, A sail - or bold to be, I
lit - tle maid and I would meet Be - side the stream to play; We used to watch the
left the lit - tle maid be - hind, And crossed the dis - tant sea; But when the ship came
sun go down Up - on the gold - en tide; And count the ships that glid - ed by To
back a - gain, And touched the gold - en shore; I found the lit - tle maid and I Would
mf
ad lib.
reach the o - cean wide; And count the ships that glid - ed by, To reach the o - cean wide.
meet on earth no more; I found the lit - tle maid and I Would meet on earth no more.

## God Reigns

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

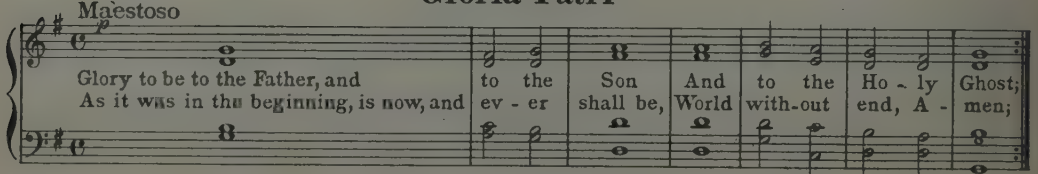
FELIX MENDELSSOHN

Moderato


mf
1. Be - fore the Lord we bow, The God who reigns a - bove, And rules the world be - low, Boundless in
2. Thu na - tion Thou hast blest May well Thy love de - clare, From foes and fears at rest, Pro - tect - ed
pow'r and love. Our thanks we bring In joy and praise, Our hearts we raise To heav'n's high King.
by Thy care. For this fair land, For this bright day, Our thanks we pay, Gifts of Thy hand.

## Gloria Patri

Maestoso

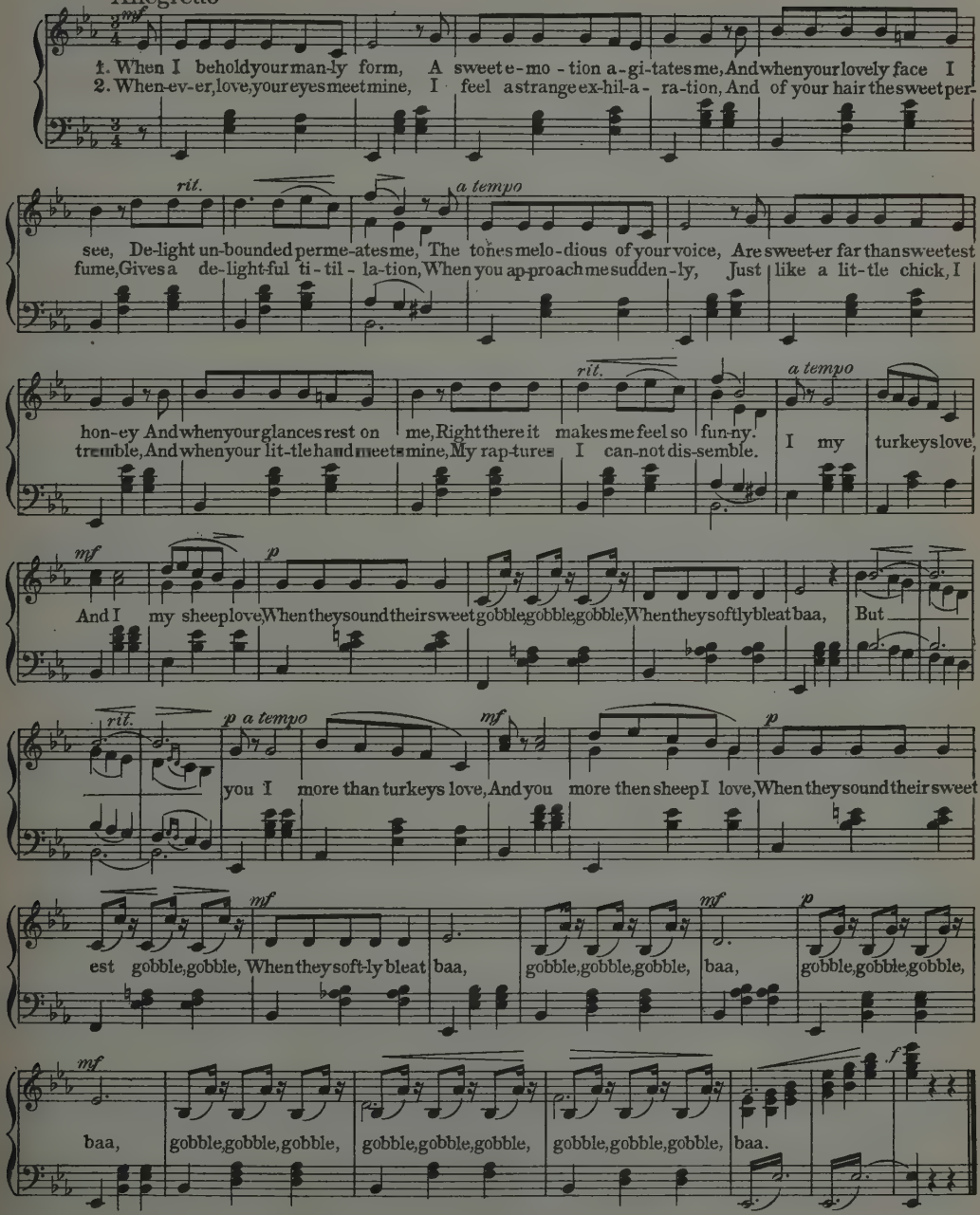

Glory to be to the Father, and to the Son And to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, World with - out end, A - men;

"The Mascot"

# Gobble Duet

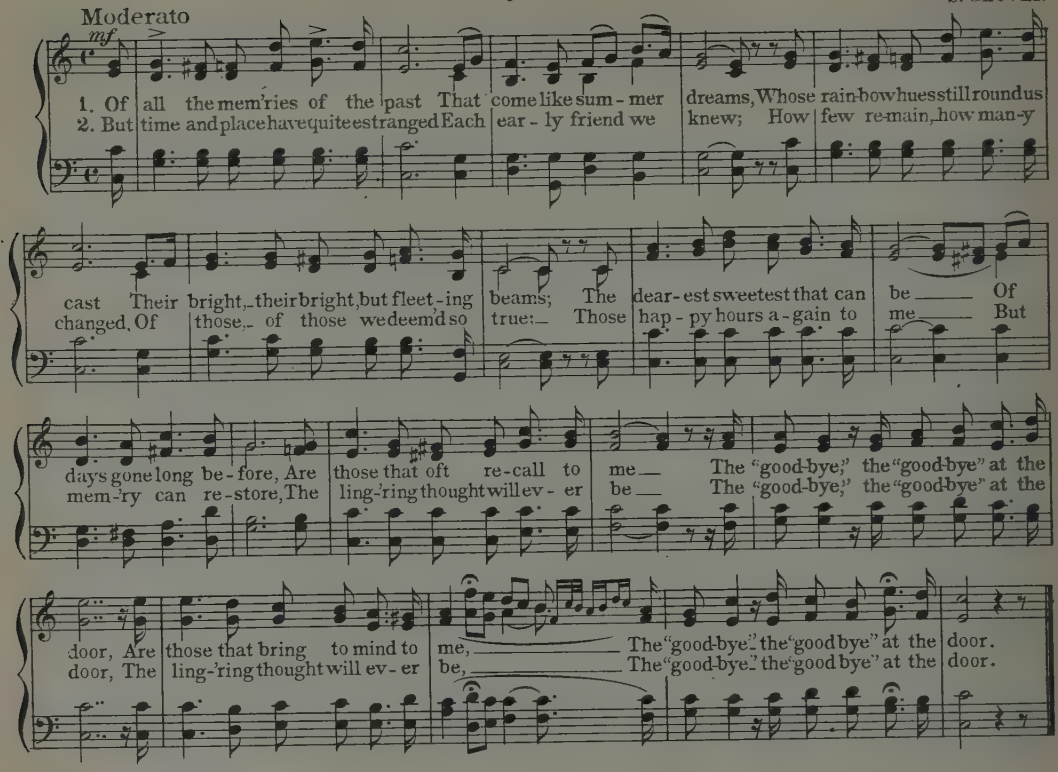
E. AUDRAN

Allegretto


mf
1. When I beholdyourman-ly form, A sweete-mo-tion a-gi-tatesme,Andwhenyourlovely face I
2. When-ev-er,love,youreyesmeetmine, I feel astrangeex-hil-a-ra-tion,And of your hair thesweetper-
rit.
a tempo
see, De-light un-bounded perme-atesme, The tonesmelo-dious of your voice, Are sweet-er far than sweetest
fume,Gives a de-light-ful ti-til-la-tion,When you ap-proachmesudden-ly, Just like a lit-tle chick, I
hon-ey And whenyourglancesrest on me,Right there it makesmefeel so fun-ny.
tremble,And whenyour lit-tle hand meetsmine,My rap-tures I can-not dis-semble.
I my turkeys love,
mf
p
And I my sheeplove,When theysoundtheirsweetgobble,gobble,gobble,When theysoftlybleat baa,
But
rit.
p a tempo
mf
p
you I more than turkeys love,And you more then sheep I love,When theysoundtheir sweet
mf
mf
p
est gobble,gobble, When theysoft-lybleat baa, gobble,gobble,gobble, baa, gobble,gobble,gobble,
mf
f
baa, gobble,gobble,gobble, gobble,gobble,gobble, gobble,gobble,gobble, baa.

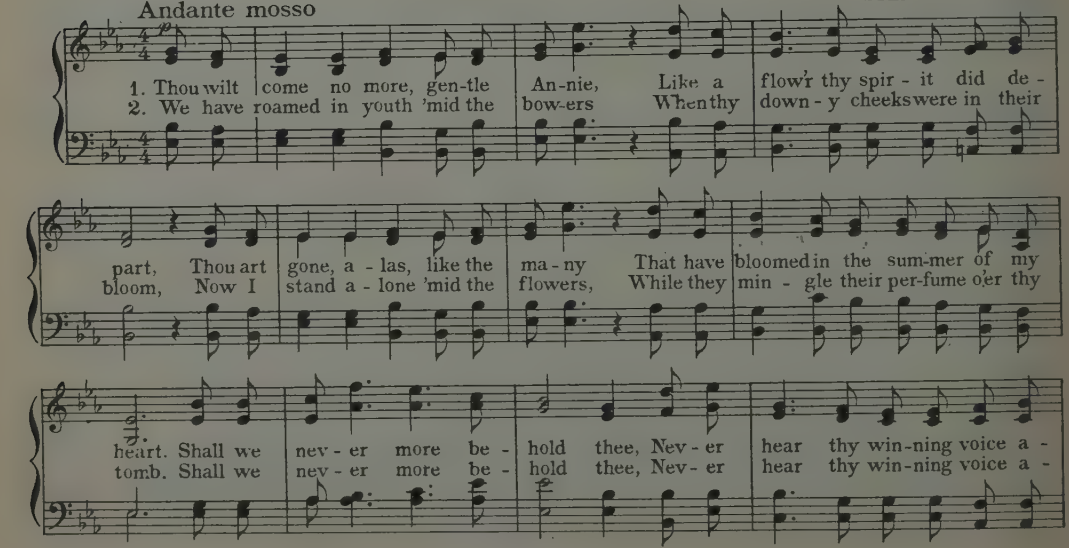
# The Good-Bye At The Door

S. GLOVER


Moderato
mf
1. Of all the mem'ries of the past That come like sum - mer dreams, Whose rain-bow hues still round us
2. But time and place have quite estranged Each ear - ly friend we knew; How few re-main, how man-y
cast Their bright, their bright, but fleet-ing beams; The dear-est sweetest that can be Of
changed, Of those, of those we deem'd so true: Those hap - py hours a-gain to me But
days gone long be-fore, Are those that oft re-call to me The "good-bye," the "good-bye" at the
mem-'ry can re-store, The ling-'ring thought will ev - er be The "good-bye," the "good-bye" at the
door, Are those that bring to mind to me, The "good-bye," the "good bye" at the door.
door, The ling-'ring thought will ev - er be, The "good-bye," the "good bye" at the door.

# Gentle Annie

STEPHEN C. FOSTER


Andante mosso
1. Thou wilt come no more, gen-tle An-nie, Like a flow'r thy spir - it did de -
2. We have roamed in youth 'mid the bow-ers When thy down - y cheeks were in their
part, Thou art gone, a - las, like the ma - ny That have bloomed in the sum-mer of my
bloom, Now I stand a - lone 'mid the flowers, While they min - gle their per-fume o'er thy
heart. Shall we nev - er more be - hold thee, Nev - er hear thy win-ning voice a -
tomb. Shall we nev - er more be - hold thee, Nev - er hear thy win-ning voice a -

gain, When the spring-time comes, gentle Annie, When the wild flow'rs are scatter'd o'er the plain?

## Good-Bye, My Lover, Good-Bye

Allegro

*mf* *cresc.* *dim.*

1. The ship goes sail - ing down the bay, Good-bye, my lov-er, good - bye! — We may not meet for
2. I'll miss you on the stor-my deep, Good-bye, my lov-er, good - bye! — What can I do but

*cresc.* *rit.* *slower* *f*

ma-ny a day, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! — My heart will ev - er-more be true, Tho' now we sad - ly
ev - er weep? Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! — My heart is bro-ken with re-gret! But nev - er dream that

*mf* CHORUS

say a-dieu; Oh, kiss - es sweet I leave with you, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! The ship goes sail - ing
I'll for-get; I lov'd you once, I love you yet, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye!

*cresc.* *rit.*

down the bay, Good-bye, my lover, good-bye! — 'Tis sad to tear my heart a-way! Good-bye, my lover, good-bye! —

## The Good "Three Bells"

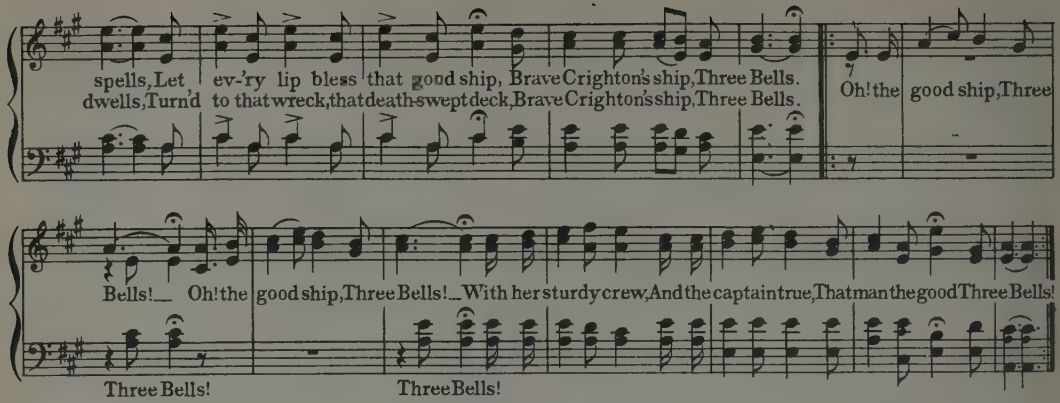
CHARLES JARVIS

Allegro

*f*

1. Come swell the strain, the proud re-frain, That sings of no - ble deeds; How true men brave on
2. When storms came down with blackest frown, And woke the o - cean's wrath; And one lost bark in

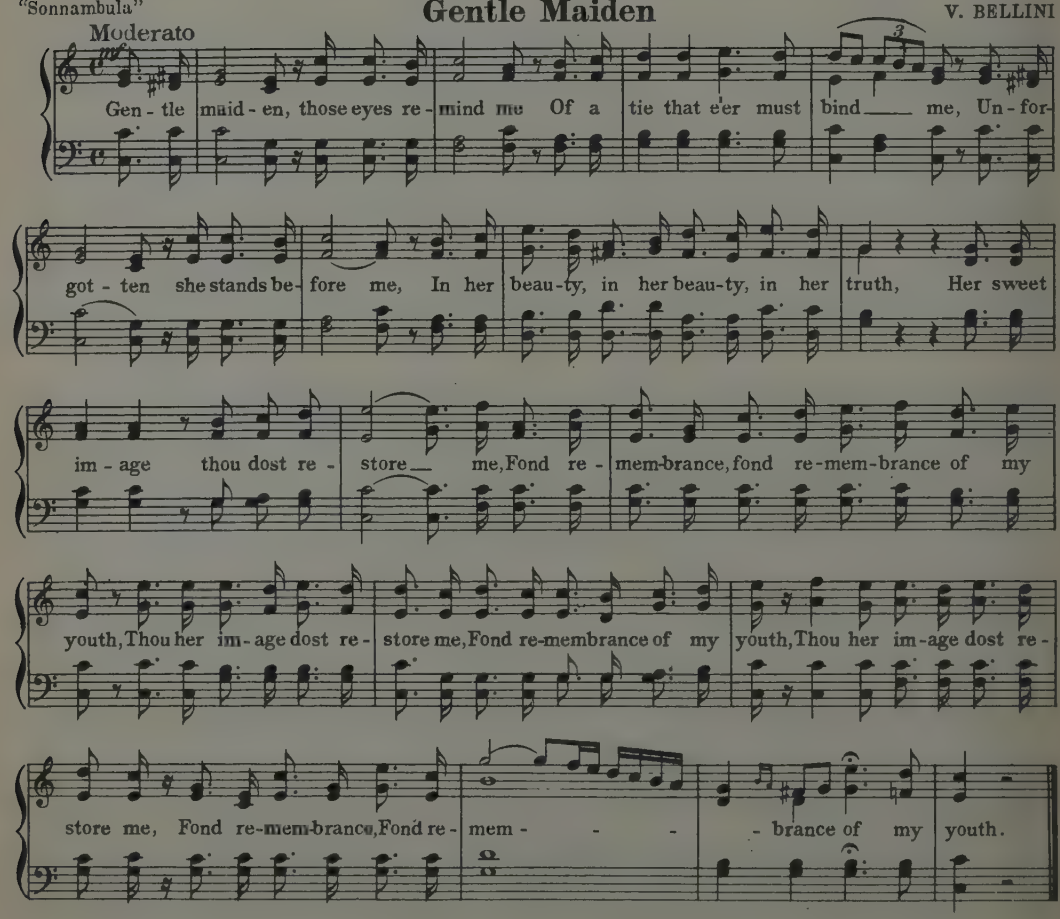
o-cean's wave, Win fame's most worthy meeds! And high to-day, in grate-ful lay, 'Mid mu-sic's witching
tempest dark, Lay in the mad wind's path, Heav'n, pleas'd to prove how hu-man love In Al-bi'n bos-oms


spells, Let ev-'ry lip bless that good ship, Brave Crighton's ship, Three Bells.
dwells, Turn'd to that wreck, that death-swept deck, Brave Crighton's ship, Three Bells.
Oh! the good ship, Three
Bells! Oh! the good ship, Three Bells! With her sturdy crew, And the captain true, That man the good Three Bells!
Three Bells!
Three Bells!

"Sonnambula"

## Gentle Maiden

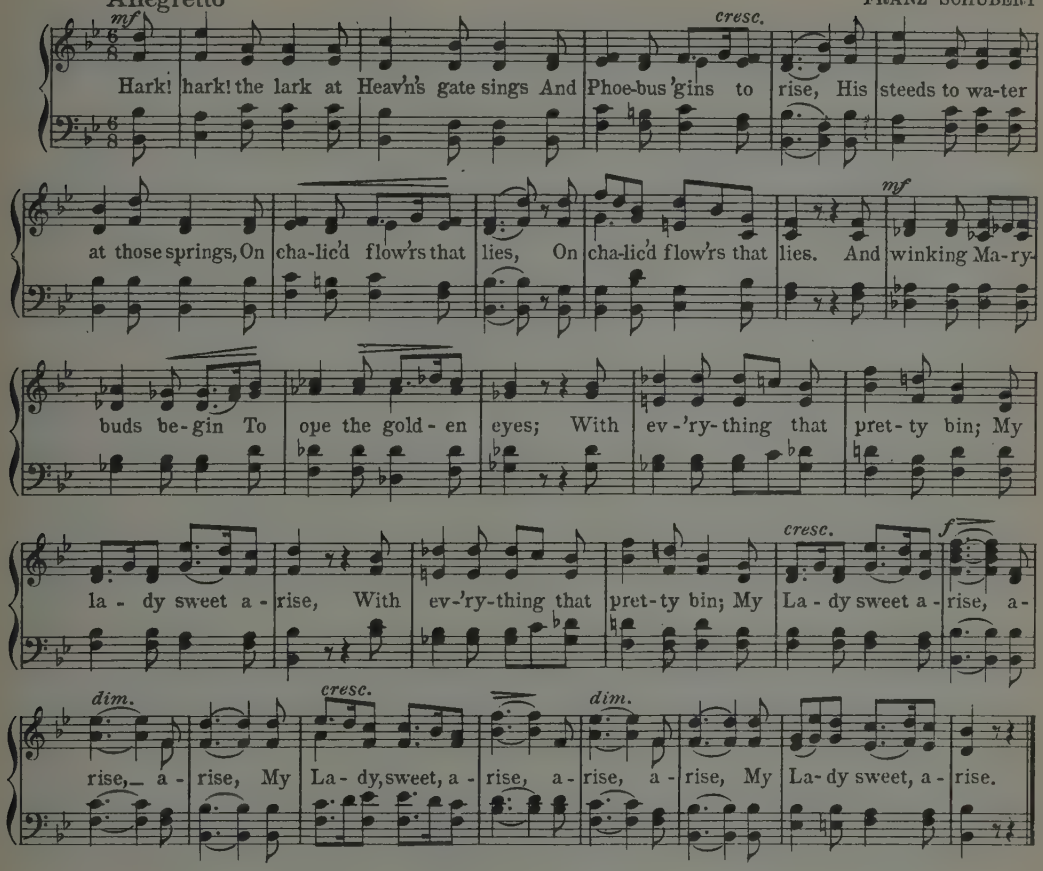
V. BELLINI


Moderato
Gen - tle maid - en, those eyes re - mind me Of a tie that e'er must bind me, Un - for-
got - ten she stands be - fore me, In her beau-ty, in her beau-ty, in her truth, Her sweet
im - age thou dost re - store me, Fond re - mem-brance, fond re-mem-brance of my
youth, Thou her im - age dost re - store me, Fond re-membrance of my youth, Thou her im-age dost re -
store me, Fond re-mem-brance, Fond re - mem - - - brance of my youth.

## Hark! Hark! The Lark

Allegretto

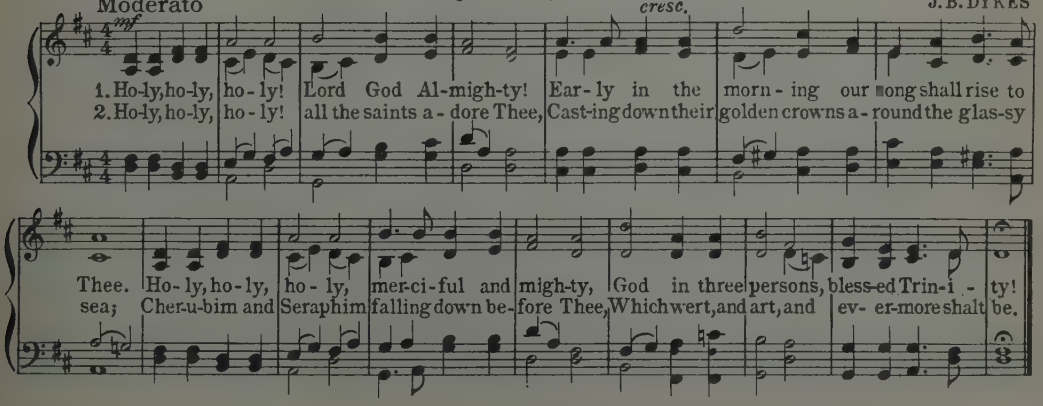
FRANZ SCHUBERT


mf
cresc.
Hark! hark! the lark at Heav'n's gate sings And Phoe-bus 'gins to rise, His steeds to wa-ter
mf
at those springs, On cha-lic'd flow'rs that lies, On cha-lic'd flow'rs that lies. And winking Ma-ry-
buds be-gin To ope the gold-en eyes; With ev-'ry-thing that pret-ty bin; My
cresc.
f
la-dy sweet a-rise, With ev-'ry-thing that pret-ty bin; My La-dy sweet a-rise, a-
dim.
cresc.
dim.
rise, a-rise, My La-dy, sweet, a-rise, a-rise, a-rise, My La-dy sweet, a-rise.

## Holy! Holy! Holy!

Moderato

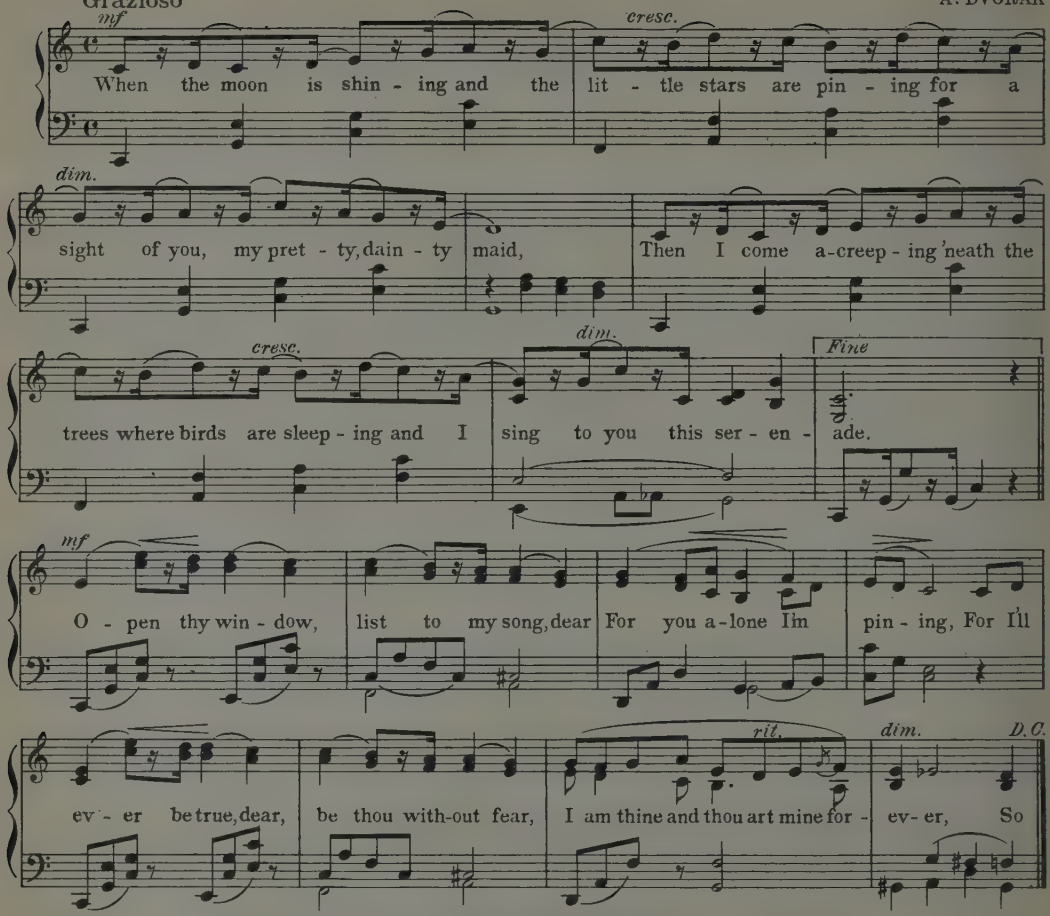
J. B. DYKES


mf
cresc.
1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! Lord God Al-migh-ty! Ear-ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! all the saints a-dore Thee, Cast-ing down their golden crowns a-round the glas-sy
Thee. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, mer-ci-ful and migh-ty, God in three persons, bless-ed Trin-i-ty!
sea; Cher-u-bim and Ser-a-phim fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.

# Humoreske

Grazioso

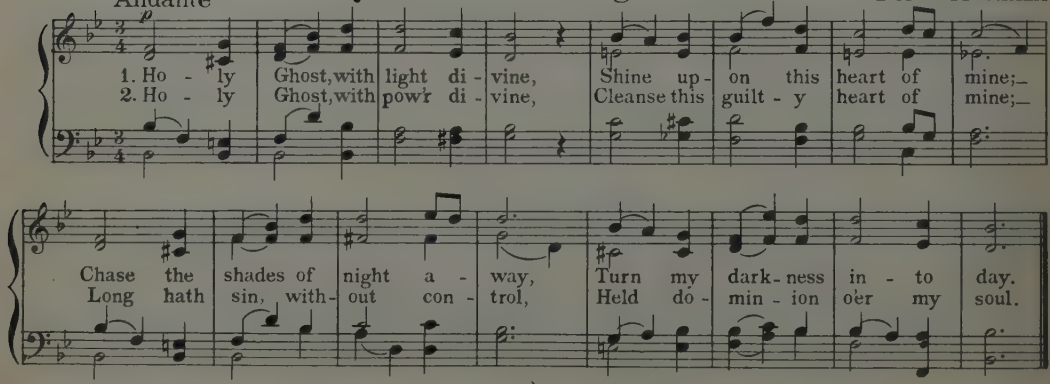
A. DVŘAK


mf
When the moon is shin - ing and the
cresc.
lit - tle stars are pin - ing for a
dim.
sight of you, my pret - ty, dain - ty
maid,
Then I come a-creep - ing 'neath the
cresc.
trees where birds are sleep - ing and I
dim.
sing to you this ser - en -
Fine
ade.
mf
O - pen thy win - dow,
list to my song, dear
For you a-lone I'm
pin - ing, For I'll
ev - er be true, dear,
be thou with-out fear,
rit.
I am thine and thou art mine for -
dim.
D.C.
ev - er, So

# Holy Ghost, With Light Divine

Andante

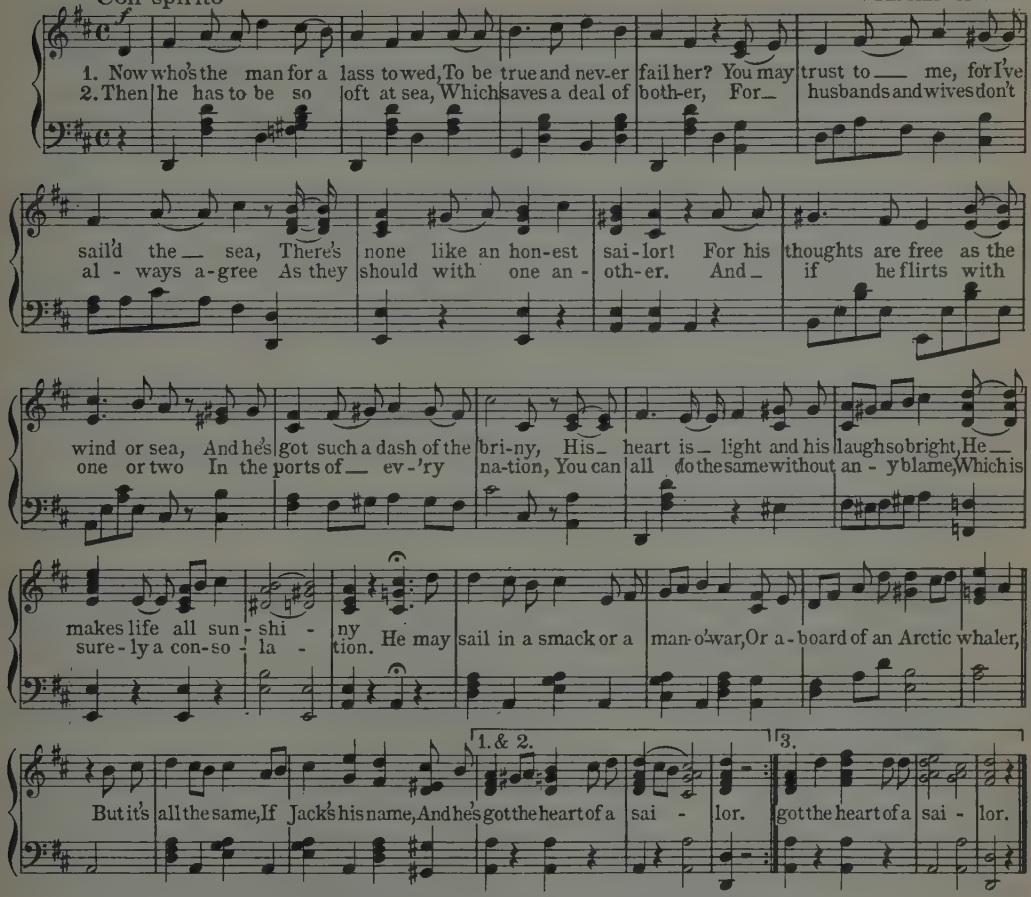
L. M. GOTTSCHALK


p
1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine,
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine,
Shine up - on this heart of mine;
Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night a - way,
Long hath sin, with - out con - trol,
Turn my dark - ness in - to day.
Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.

# The Heart Of A Sailor

Con spirito

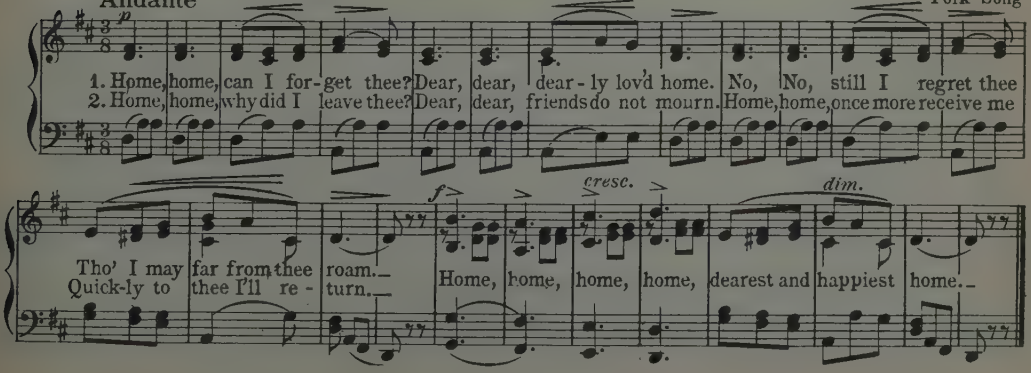
STEPHEN ADAMS


1. Now who's the man for a lass to wed, To be true and nev-er fail her? You may trust to me, for I've
2. Then he has to be so oft at sea, Which saves a deal of both-er, For husbands and wives don't
sail'd the sea, There's none like an hon-est sai-lor! For his thoughts are free as the
al - ways a-gree As they should with one an - oth-er. And if he flirts with
wind or sea, And he's got such a dash of the bri-ny, His heart is light and his laughs so bright, He
one or two In the ports of ev-'ry na-tion, You can all do the same without an - y blame, Which is
makes life all sun - shi - ny
sure - ly a con-so - la - tion. He may sail in a smack or a man-o'-war, Or a - board of an Arctic whaler,
1. & 2.
3.
But it's all the same, If Jack's his name, And he's got the heart of a sai - lor.
got the heart of a sai - lor.

# Home, Home, Can I Forget Thee?

Andante

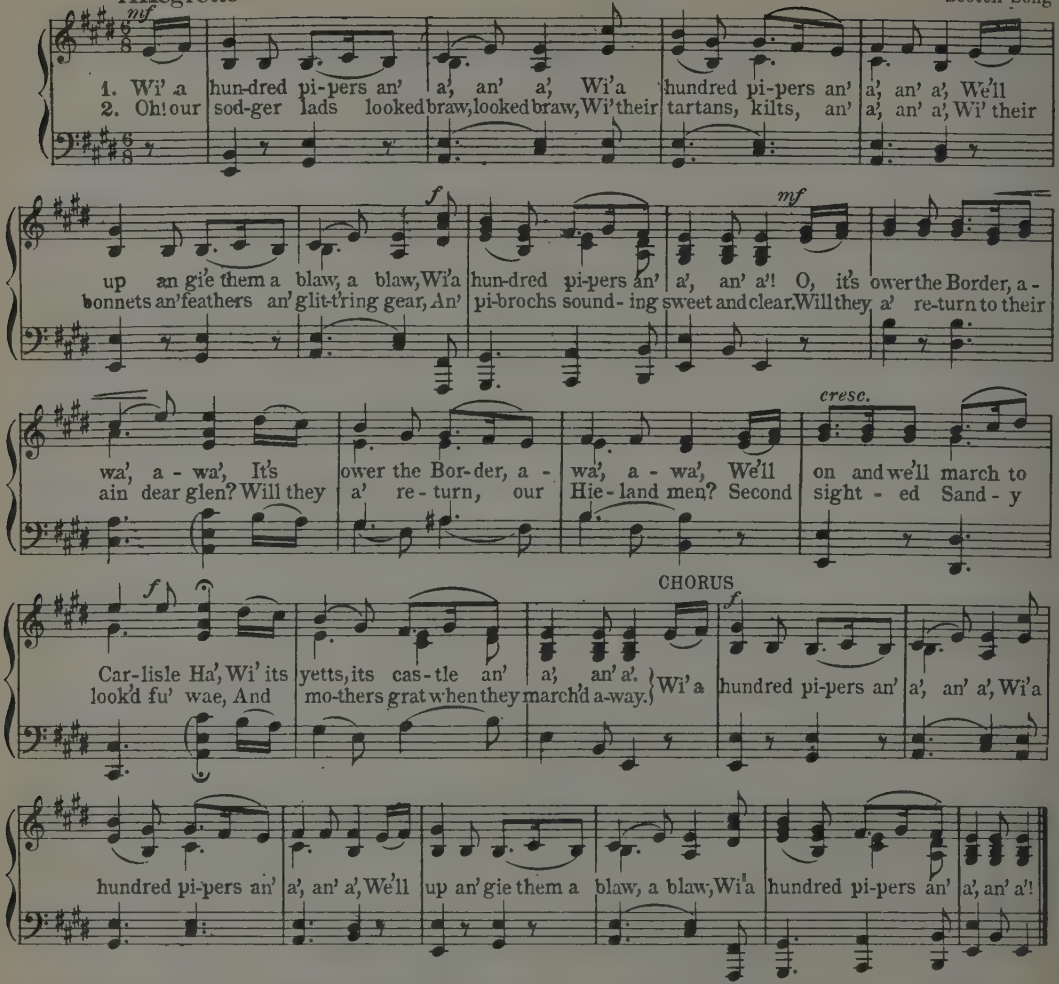
Folk Song


1. Home, home, can I for-get thee? Dear, dear, dear - ly lov'd home. No, No, still I regret thee
2. Home, home, why did I leave thee? Dear, dear, friends do not mourn. Home, home, once more receive me
cresc.
dim.
Tho' I may far from thee roam.
Quick-ly to thee I'll re - turn.
Home, home, home, home, dearest and happiest home.

# The Hundred Pipers

Allegretto

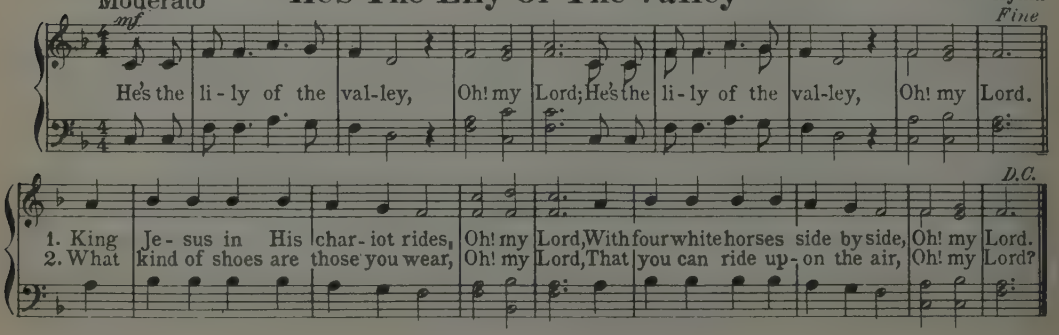
Scotch Song


mf
1. Wi' a hun-dred pi-pers an' a', an' a', Wi'a hundred pi-pers an' a', an' a', We'll
2. Oh! our sod-ger lads looked braw, looked braw, Wi' their tartans, kilts, an' a', an' a', Wi' their
f
up an gie them a blaw, a blaw, Wi'a hun-dred pi-pers an' a', an' a'! O, it's ower the Border, a-
bonnets an' feathers an' glit-t'ring gear, An' pi-brochs sound-ing sweet and clear. Will they a' re-turn to their
mf
wa', a-wa', It's ower the Bor-der, a-wa', a-wa', We'll on and we'll march to
ain dear glen? Will they a' re-turn, our Hie-land men? Second sight-ed Sand-y
cresc.
Car-lisle Ha', Wi' its yetts, its cas-tle an' a', an' a'.
look'd fu' wae, And mo-thers grat when they march'd a-way.
CHORUS
f
Wi' a hundred pi-pers an' a', an' a', Wi'a
hundred pi-pers an' a', an' a', We'll up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw, Wi'a hundred pi-pers an' a', an' a'!

# He's The Lily Of The Valley

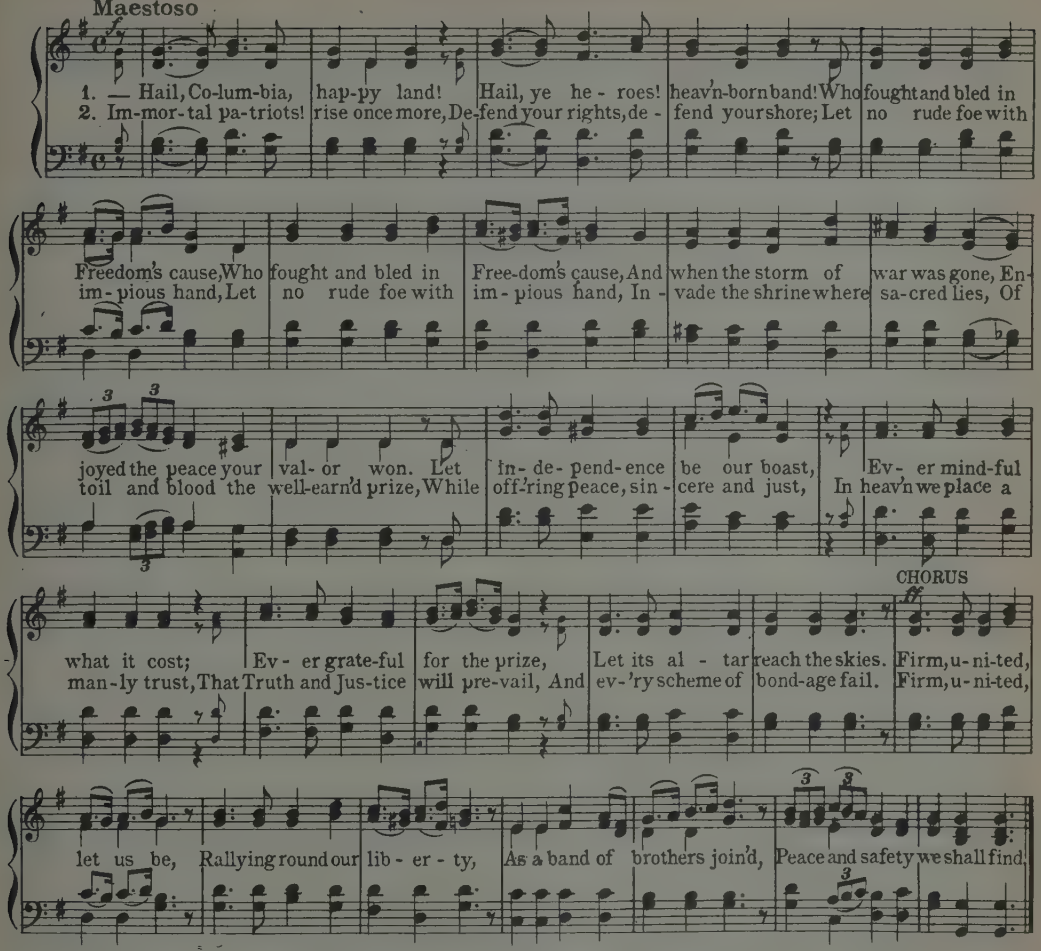
Moderato

Slave Hymn

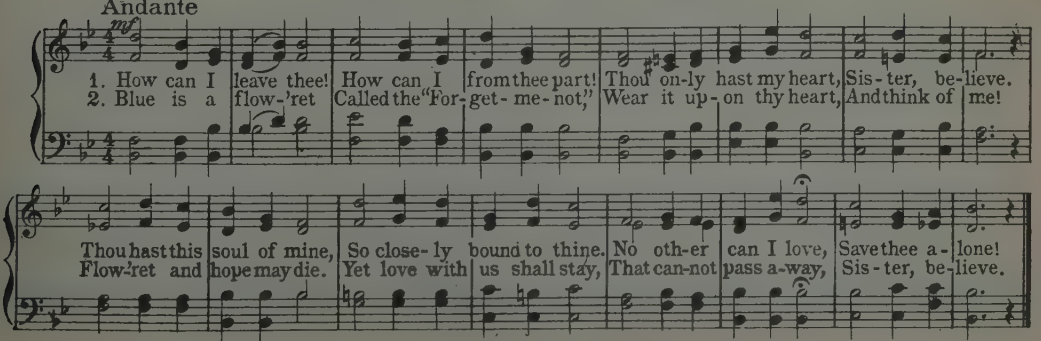

mf
Fine
He's the li-ly of the val-ley, Oh! my Lord; He's the li-ly of the val-ley, Oh! my Lord.
D.C.
1. King Je-sus in His char-iot rides, Oh! my Lord, With four white horses side by side, Oh! my Lord.
2. What kind of shoes are those you wear, Oh! my Lord, That you can ride up-on the air, Oh! my Lord?

# Hail Columbia!




Maestoso
1. — Hail, Co-lum-bia, hap-py land! Hail, ye he - roes! heav'n-born band! Who fought and bled in
2. Im-mor-tal pa-triots! rise once more, De-fend your rights, de - fend your shore; Let no rude foe with
Freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in Free-dom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone, En-
im-pious hand, Let no rude foe with im-pious hand, In - vade the shrine where sa-cred lies, Of
joyed the peace your val-or won. Let in-de-pend-ence be our boast, Ev- er mind-ful
toil and blood the well-earn'd prize, While off-'ring peace, sin - cere and just, In heav'n we place a
CHORUS
what it cost; Ev- er grate-ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies. Firm, u-ni-ted,
man-ly trust, That Truth and Jus-tice will pre-vail, And ev-'ry scheme of bond-age fail. Firm, u-ni-ted,
let us be, Rallying round our lib - er - ty, As a band of brothers join'd, Peace and safety we shall find.

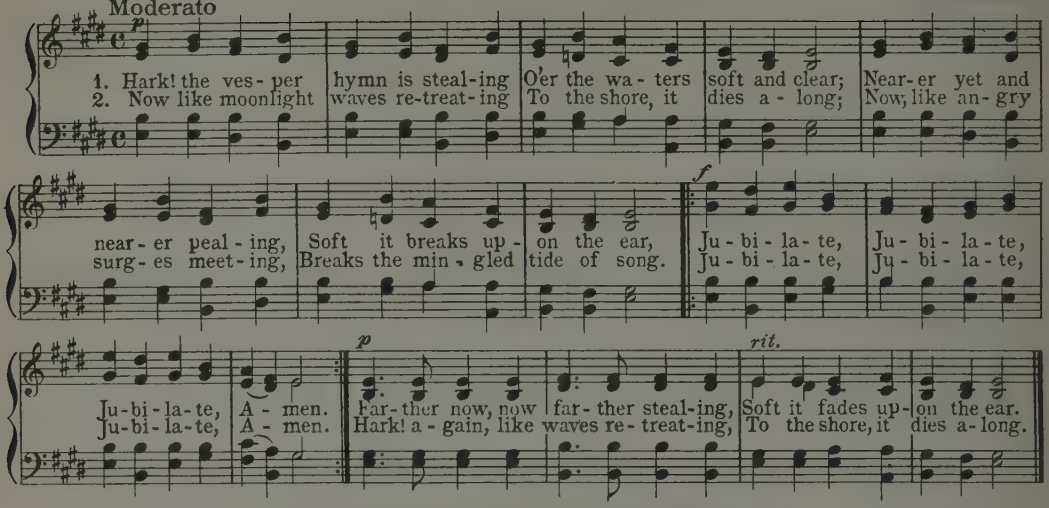
# How Can I Leave Thee!


Andante
1. How can I leave thee! How can I from thee part! Thou on-ly hast my heart, Sis-ter, be-lieve.
2. Blue is a flow-'ret Called the "For-get-me-not," Wear it up-on thy heart, And think of me!
Thou hast this soul of mine, So close-ly bound to thine. No oth-er can I love, Save thee a-lone!
Flow-'ret and hope may die. Yet love with us shall stay, That can-not pass a-way, Sis-ter, be-lieve.

THOMAS MOORE

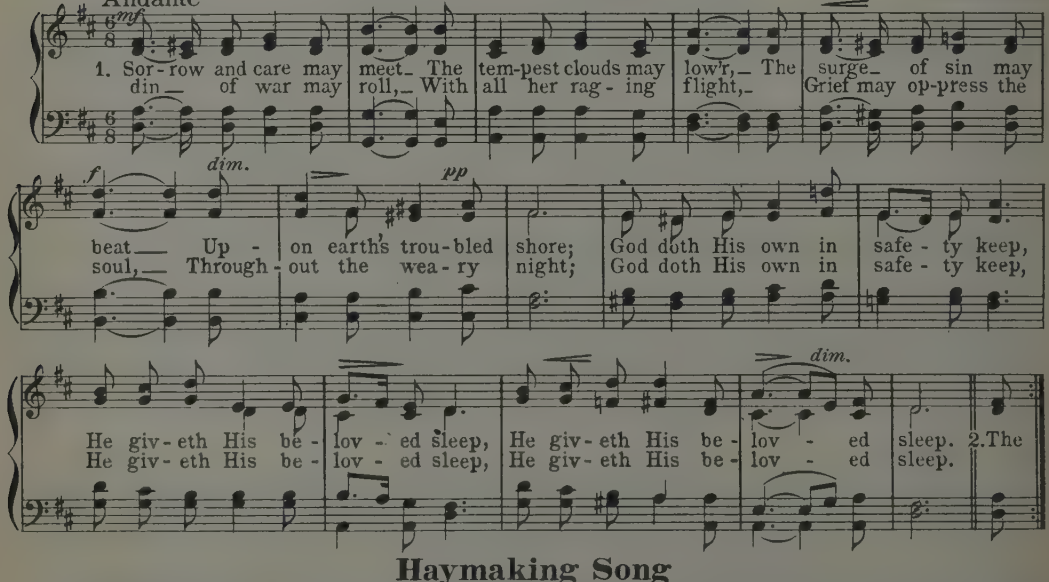
## Hark! The Vesper Hymn

J. ROUSSEAU

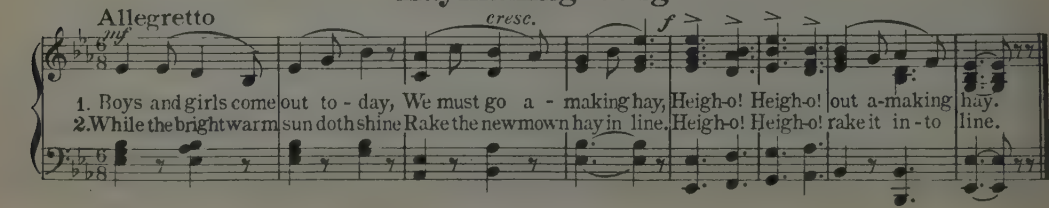

Moderato
1. Hark! the ves - per hymn is steal-ing O'er the wa - ters soft and clear; Near-er yet and
2. Now like moonlight waves re-treat-ing To the shore, it dies a - long; Now, like an-gry
near-er peal - ing, Soft it breaks up - on the ear, Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te,
surg - es meet - ing, Breaks the min - gled tide of song. Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te,
Ju-bi-la-te, A - men. Far-ther now, now far - ther steal-ing, Soft it fades up - on the ear.
Ju-bi-la-te, A - men. Hark! a - gain, like waves re - treat-ing, To the shore, it dies a-long.

## He Giveth His Beloved Sleep

FRANZ ABT


Andante
1. Sor - row and care may meet_ The tem-pest clouds may low'r,_ The surge_ of sin may
din_ of war may roll,_ With all her rag - ing flight,_ Grief may op-press the
beat_ Up - on earth's trou-bled shore; God doth His own in safe - ty keep,
soul,_ Through - out the wea - ry night; God doth His own in safe - ty keep,
He giv-eth His be - lov - ed sleep, He giv-eth His be - lov - ed sleep. 2.The
He giv-eth His be - lov - ed sleep, He giv-eth His be - lov - ed sleep.

## Haymaking Song


Allegretto
1. Boys and girls come out to - day, We must go a - making hay, Heigh-o! Heigh-o! out a-making hay.
2. While the bright warm sun doth shine Rake the new-mown hay in line, Heigh-o! Heigh-o! rake it in - to line.

## Hark! My Soul

L. Von BEETHOVEN

Andante

1. Hark! my soul, how ev - ry thing Strives to serve our boun-teous King; Na-ture's chief and
2. All the flow'rs that gild the spring Hi - ther their still mu - sic bring, Learn of birds, and

sweet - est choir Him with cheer-ful notes ad - mire, Chant-ing ev-'ry day their lands,
springs, and flow'rs, How to use thy no - bler pow'rs. Call whole na-ture to thy aid,

While the grove their song ap - plauds. Though their voi-ces low - er be, Streams have too their
Since 'twas He whole na-ture made; Join in one e - ter - nal song, Who to one God

mel - o - dy; Night and day they war-bling run, Nev-er pause, but still sing on.
all be - long; Live for - ev - er, glo - rious Lord! Live, by all Thy works a - dored.

## Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

F. MENDELSSOHN

Moderato

1. Hark! the her-ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth, and mer-cy mild,
2. Christ, by high-est heav'n a - dored; Christ, the ev-er - last-ing Lord; Late in time be-hold him come,

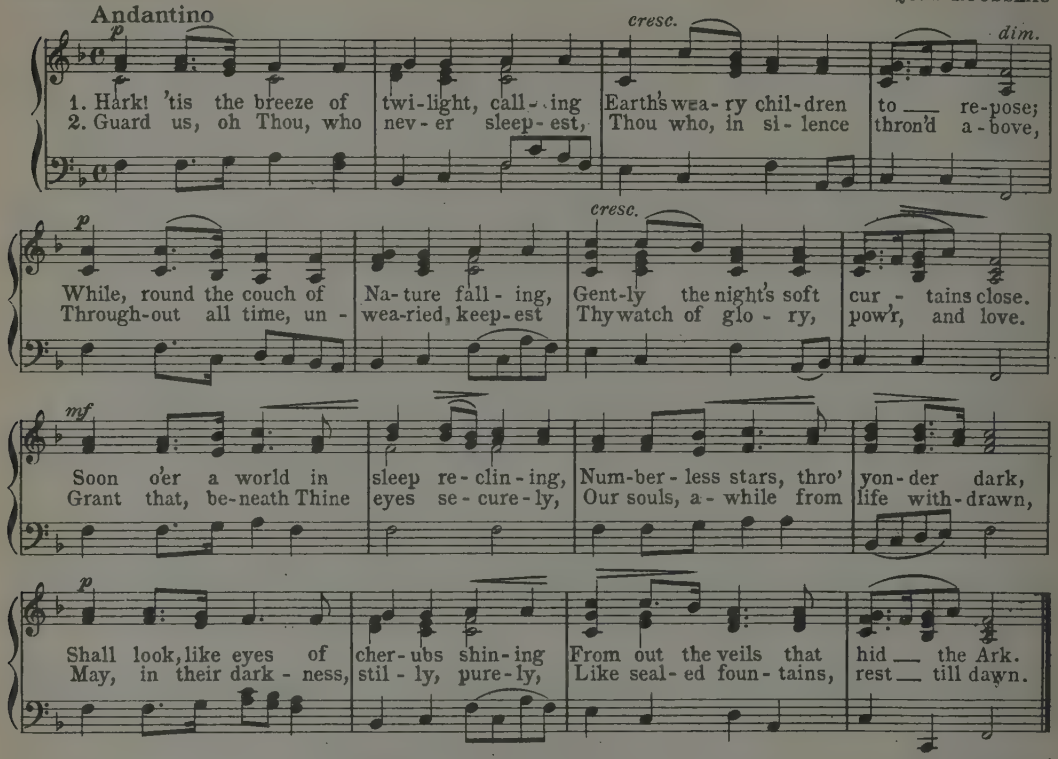
God and sin-ners re-con-ciled." Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise, Join the tri-umph of the skies; With th'angelic
Offspring of the favored one. Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead see; Hail th' incarnate De-i-ty: Pleased, as man, with

host pro-claim, "Christ is born in Beth-le-hem!" Hark! the herald an-gels sing, "Glory to the new-born King!"
men to dwell, Je - sus, our Im-man-u - el!

## Hark! 'Tis The Breeze

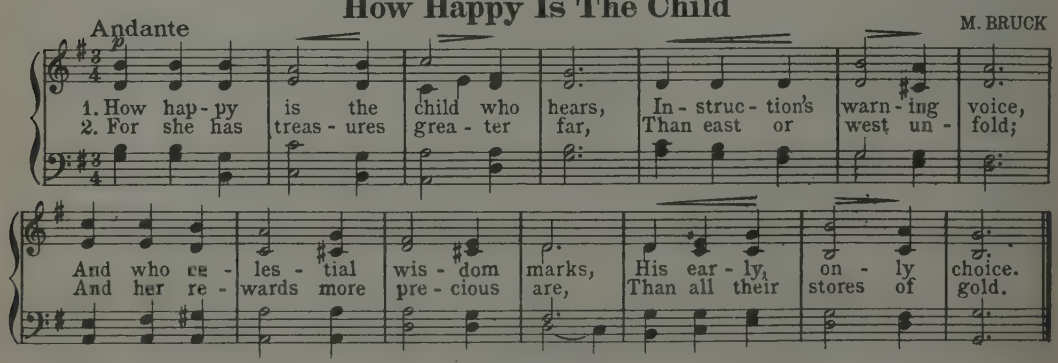
THOMAS MOORE

JACQUES ROUSSEAU


Andantino
p
cresc.
dim.
1. Hark! 'tis the breeze of twi-light, call-ing Earth's wea-ry chil-dren to re-pose;
2. Guard us, oh Thou, who nev-er sleep-est, Thou who, in si-lence thron'd a-bove,
While, round the couch of Na-ture fall-ing, Gent-ly the night's soft cur-tains close.
Through-out all time, un-wea-ried, keep-est Thy watch of glo-ry, pow'r, and love.
mf
Soon o'er a world in sleep re-clin-ing, Num-ber-less stars, thro' yon-der dark,
Grant that, be-neath Thine eyes se-cure-ly, Our souls, a-while from life with-drawn,
Shall look, like eyes of cher-ubs shin-ing From out the veils that hid the Ark.
May, in their dark-ness, stil-ly, pure-ly, Like seal-ed foun-tains, rest till dawn.

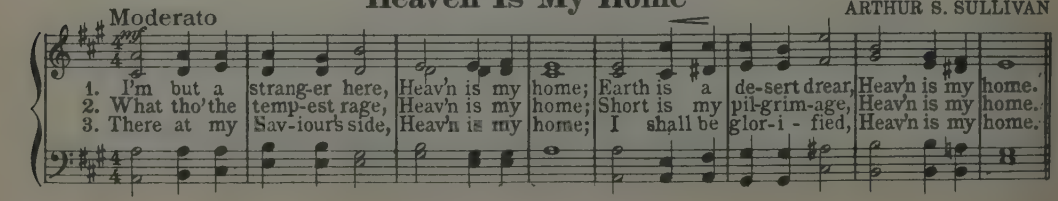
## How Happy Is The Child

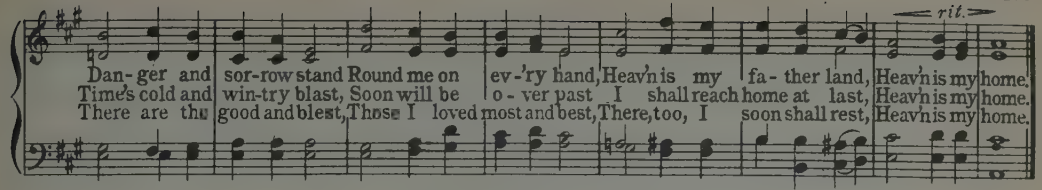
M. BRUCK


Andante
p
1. How hap-py is the child who hears, In-struc-tion's warn-ing voice,
2. For she has treas-ures grea-ter far, Than east or west un-fold;
And who ce-les-tial wis-dom marks, His ear-ly, on-ly choice.
And her re-wards more pre-cious are, Than all their stores of gold.

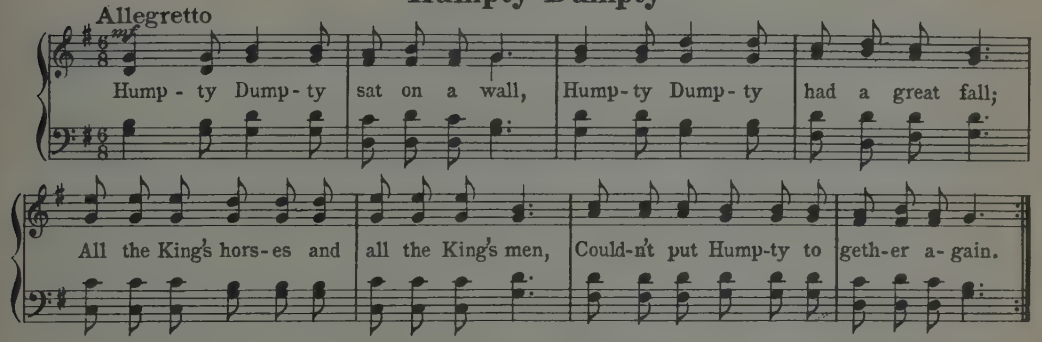
## Heaven Is My Home

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

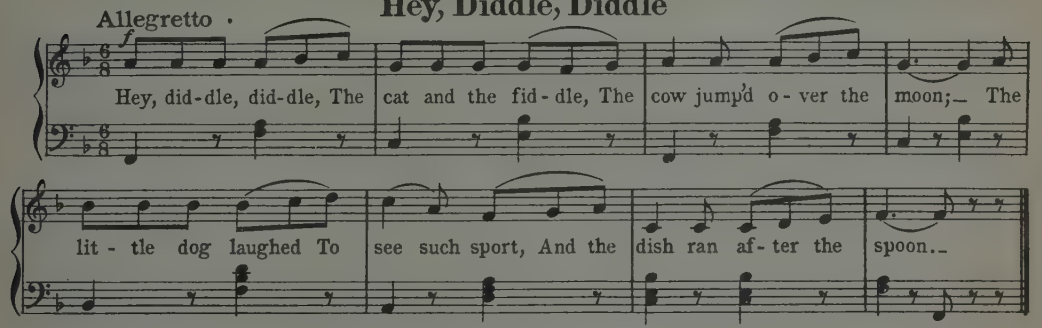

Moderato
mf
1. I'm but a strang-er here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a de-sert drear, Heav'n is my home.
2. What tho' the temp-est rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my pil-grim-age, Heav'n is my home.
3. There at my Sav-iour's side, Heav'n is my home; I shall be glor-i-fied, Heav'n is my home.


rit.
Dan-ger and sor-row stand Round me on ev-'ry hand, Heav'n is my fa-ther land, Heav'n is my home.
Time's cold and win-try blast, Soon will be o-ver past I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
There are the good and blest, Those I loved most and best, There, too, I soon shall rest, Heav'n is my home.

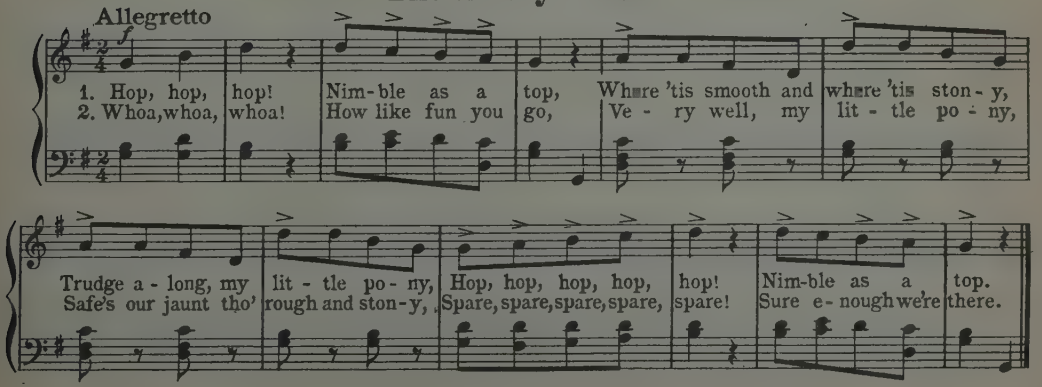
## Humpty Dumpty


Allegretto
mf
Hump-ty Dump-ty sat on a wall, Hump-ty Dump-ty had a great fall;
All the King's hors-es and all the King's men, Could-n't put Hump-ty to geth-er a-gain.

## Hey, Diddle, Diddle


Allegretto
f
Hey, did-dle, did-dle, The cat and the fid-dle, The cow jump'd o-ver the moon; The
lit-tle dog laughed To see such sport, And the dish ran af-ter the spoon.

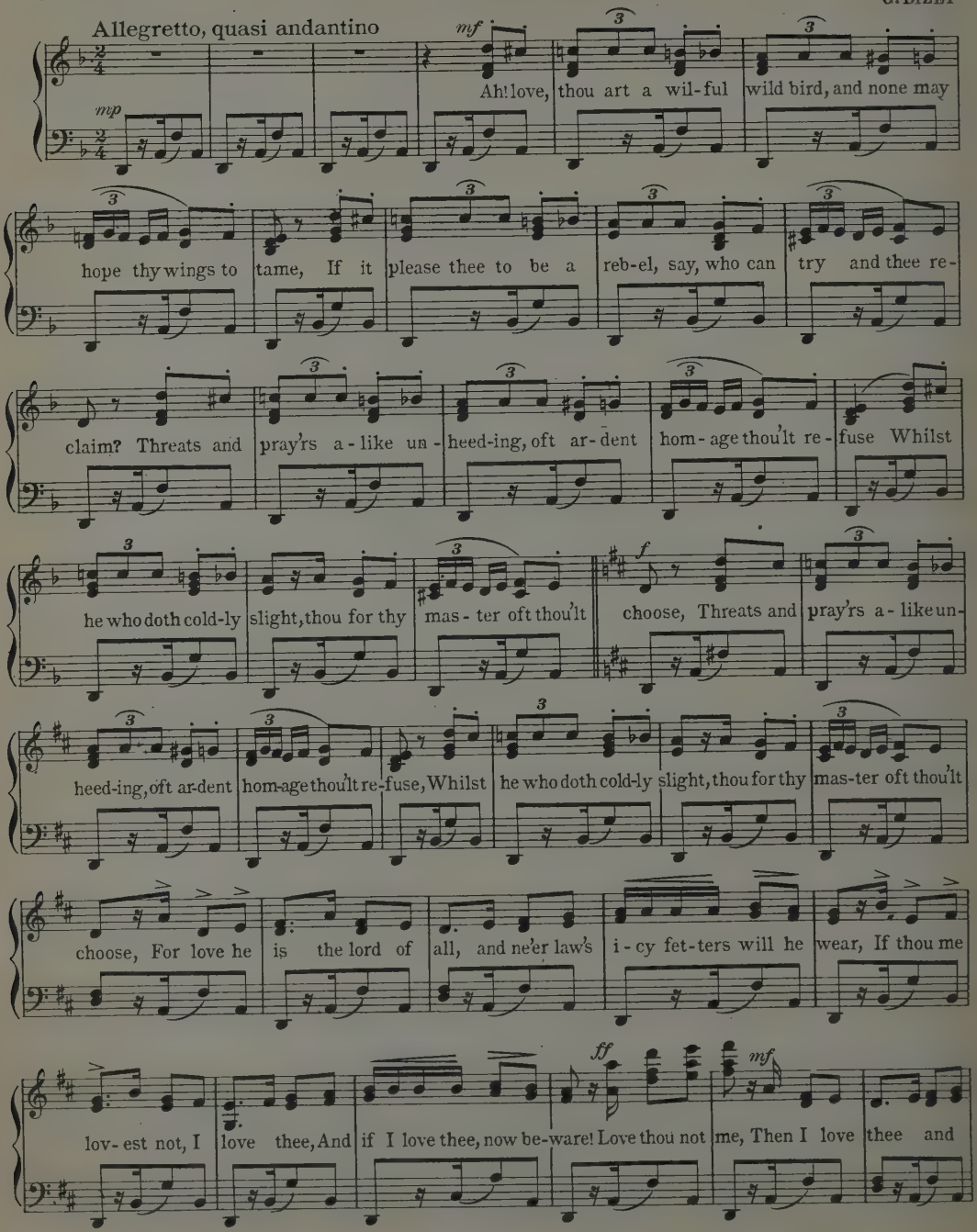
## The Hobby Horse

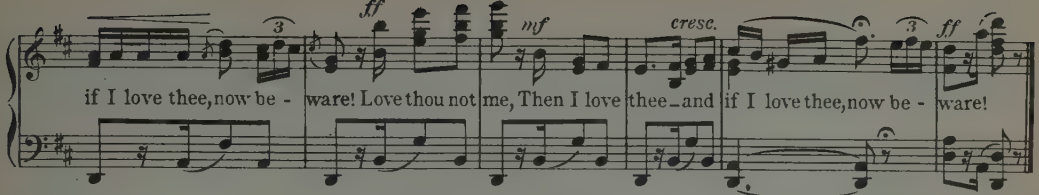

Allegretto
f
1. Hop, hop, hop! Nim-ble as a top, Where 'tis smooth and where 'tis ston-y,
2. Whoa, whoa, whoa! How like fun you go, Ve-ry well, my lit-tle po-ny,
Trudge a-long, my lit-tle po-ny, Hop, hop, hop, hop, hop! Nim-ble as a top.
Safe's our jaunt tho' rough and ston-y, Spare, spare, spare, spare, spare! Sure e-nough we're there.

"Carmen"

# Habanera

G. BIZET

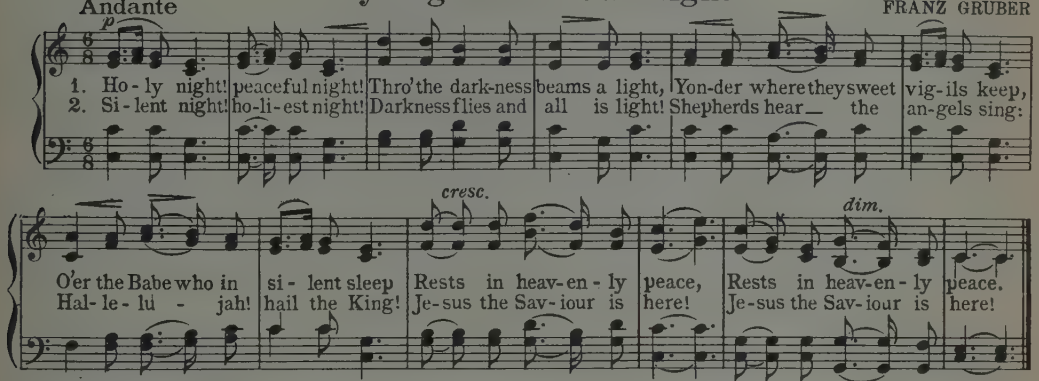

Allegretto, quasi andantino
mp
mf
Ah! love, thou art a wil-ful wild bird, and none may
hope thy wings to tame, If it please thee to be a reb-el, say, who can try and thee re-
claim? Threats and pray'rs a-like un-heed-ing, oft ar-dent hom-age thou'lt re-fuse Whilst
he who doth cold-ly slight, thou for thy mas-ter oft thou'lt
f
choose, Threats and pray'rs a-like un-
heed-ing, oft ar-dent hom-age thou'lt re-fuse, Whilst he who doth cold-ly slight, thou for thy mas-ter oft thou'lt
choose, For love he is the lord of all, and ne'er law's i-cy fet-ters will he wear, If thou me
ff
mf
lov-est not, I love thee, And if I love thee, now be-ware! Love thou not me, Then I love thee and




## Holy Night! Peaceful Night!

Andante

FRANZ GRUBER


p
1. Ho - ly night! peaceful night! Thro' the dark-ness beams a light, Yon-der where they sweet vig-ils keep,
2. Si - lent night! ho-li-est night! Darkness flies and all is light! Shepherds hear the an-gels sing:
cresc.
dim.
O'er the Babe who in si - lent sleep Rests in heav-en - ly peace, Rests in heav-en - ly peace.
Hal-le-lu - jah! hail the King! Je-sus the Sav-iour is here! Je-sus the Sav-iour is here!

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

## How Gentle God's Commands

H. G. NÄGELI

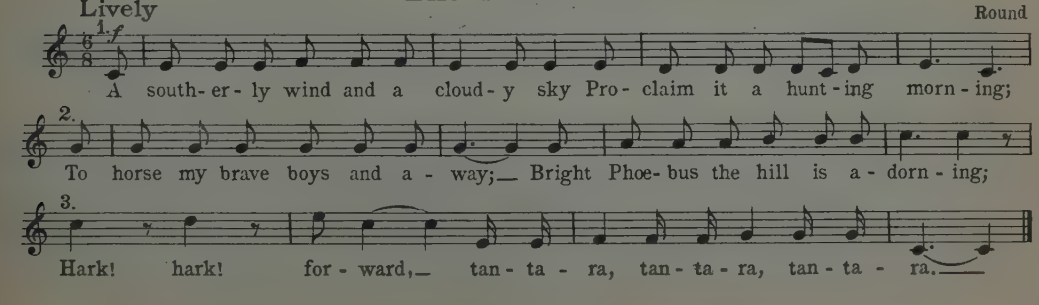
Andante

p
1. How gen - tle God's com - mands! How kind His pre - cepts are! Come,
2. Be - neath His watch - ful eyes His saints se - cure - ly dwell! That
cast your bur - dens on the Lord And trust His con - stant care.
hand which bears all na - ture up, Shall guard His chil - dren well.

## The Huntsmen

Lively

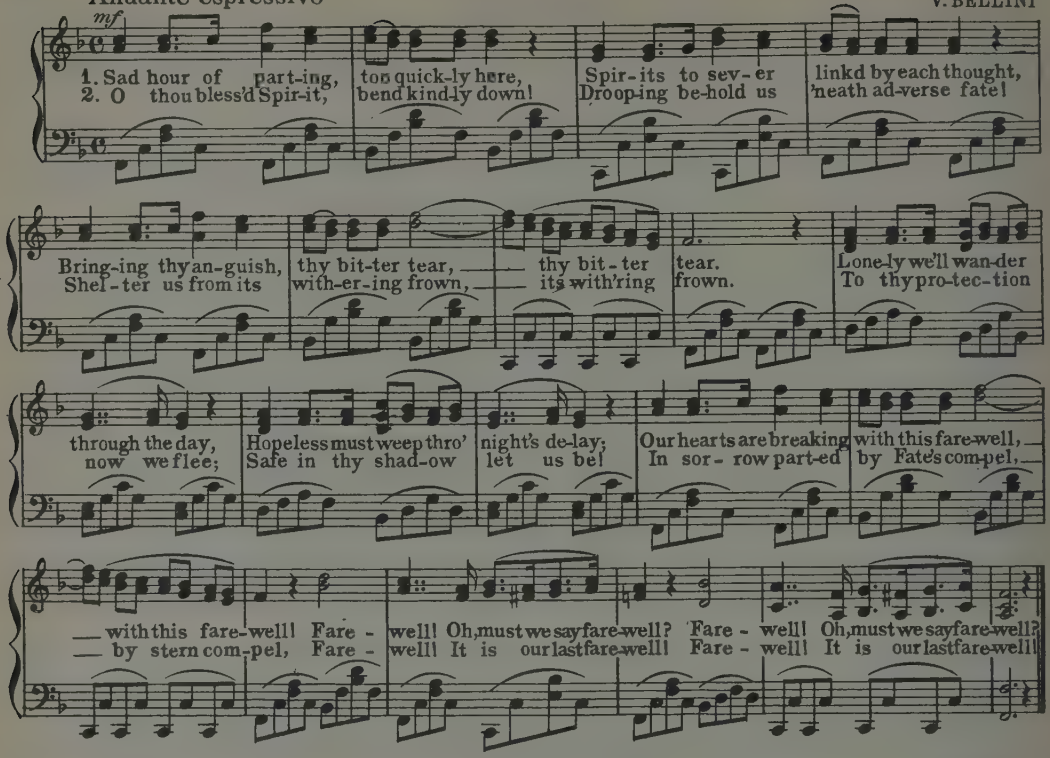
Round


1. f
A south-er-ly wind and a cloud-y sky Pro-claim it a hunt-ing morn-ing;
2.
To horse my brave boys and a - way; Bright Phoe-bus the hill is a-dorn-ing;
3.
Hark! hark! for - ward, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra.

## The Hour Of Parting

Andante espressivo

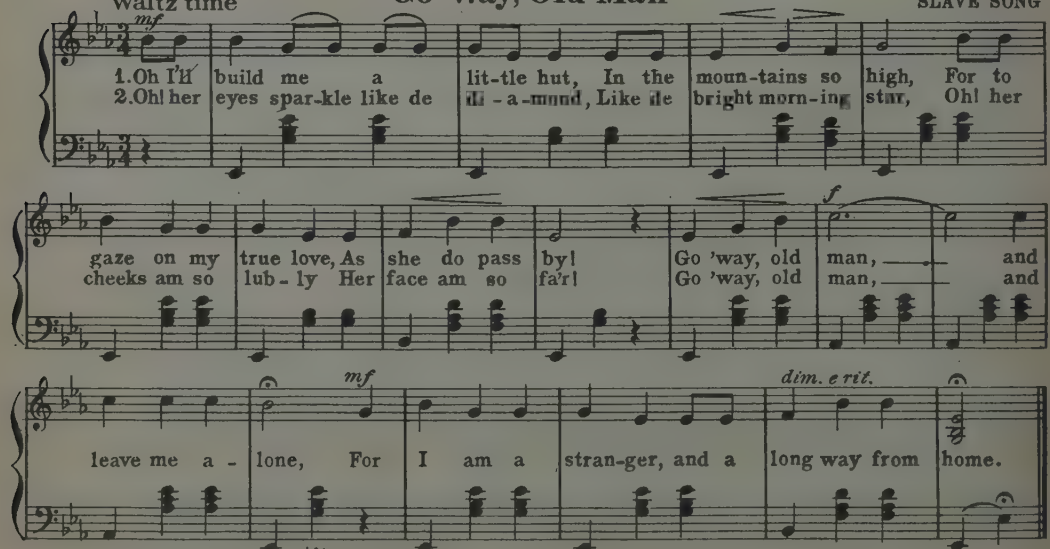
V. BELLINI


mf
1. Sad hour of part-ing, too quick-ly here, Spir-its to sev-er link'd by each thought,
2. O thou bless'd Spir-it, bend kind-ly down! Droop-ing be-hold us 'neath ad-verse fate!
Bring-ing thy an-guish, thy bit-ter tear, thy bit-ter tear. Lone-ly we'll wan-der
Shel-ter us from its with-er-ing frown, its with'ring frown. To thy pro-tec-tion
through the day, Hopeless must weep thro' night's de-lay; Our hearts are breaking with this fare-well,
now we flee; Safe in thy shad-ow let us be! In sor-row part-ed by Fate's com-pel,
with this fare-well! Fare - well! Oh, must we say fare-well? Fare - well! Oh, must we say fare-well?
by stern com-pel, Fare - well! It is our last fare-well! Fare - well! It is our last fare-well!

## Go 'Way, Old Man

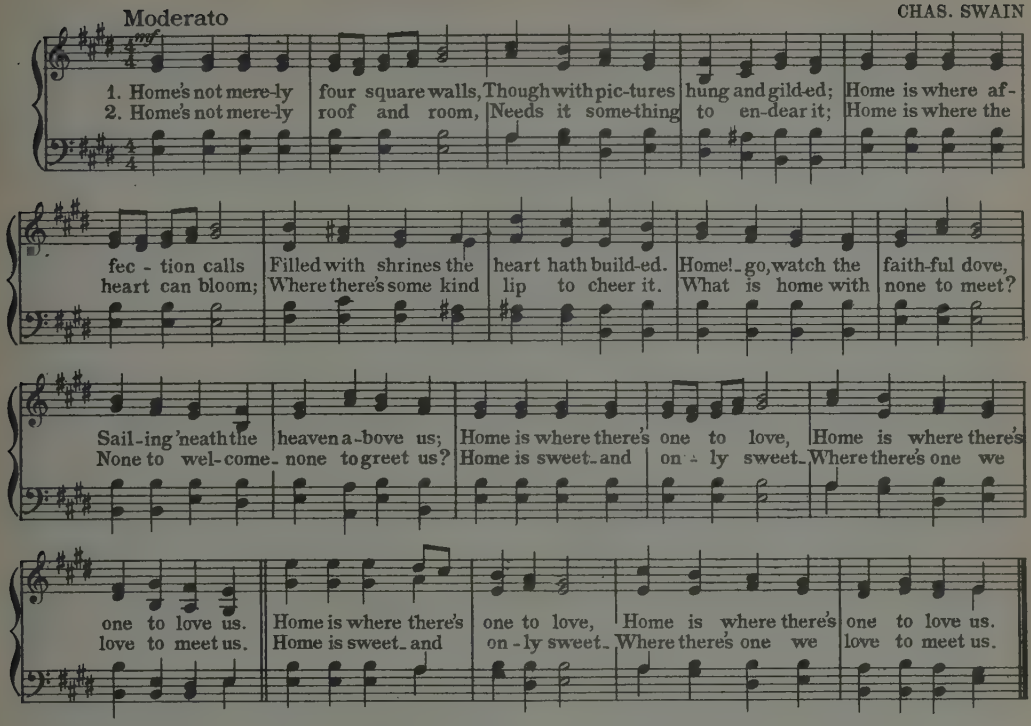
Waltz time

SLAVE SONG


mf
1. Oh I'll build me a lit-tle hut, In the moun-tains so high, For to
2. Oh! her eyes spar-kle like de di-a-mond, Like de bright morn-ing star, Oh! her
gaze on my true love, As she do pass by! Go 'way, old man, and
cheeks am so lub-ly Her face am so fa'r! Go 'way, old man, and
f
mf
dim. e rit.
leave me a-lone, For I am a stran-ger, and a long way from home.

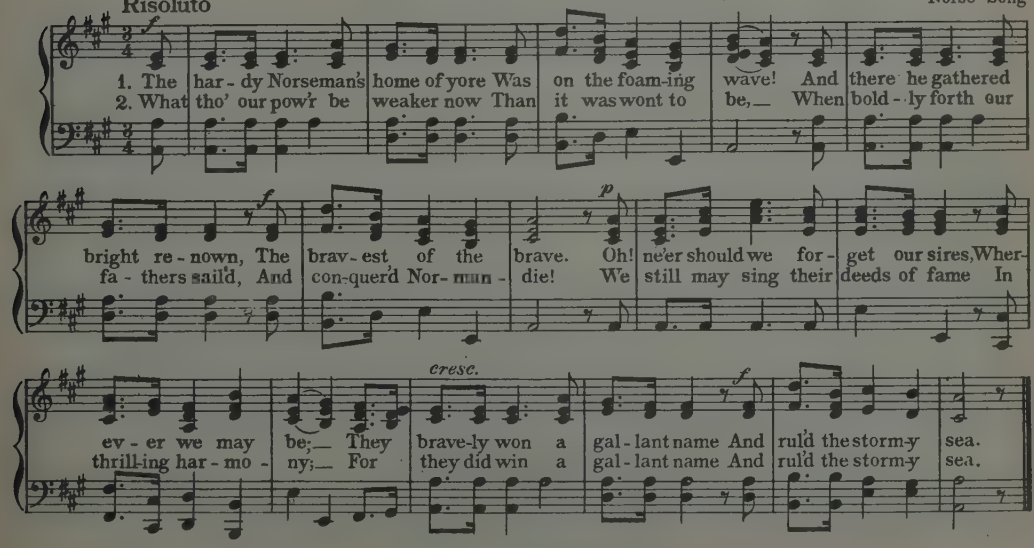
# Home's Not Merely Four Square Walls

CHAS. SWAIN


Moderato
1. Home's not mere-ly four square walls, Though with pic-tures hung and gild-ed; Home is where af-
2. Home's not mere-ly roof and room, Needs it some-thing to en-dear it; Home is where the
fec - tion calls Filled with shrines the heart hath build-ed. Home! go, watch the faith-ful dove,
heart can bloom; Where there's some kind lip to cheer it. What is home with none to meet?
Sail-ing 'neath the heaven a-bove us; Home is where there's one to love, Home is where there's
None to wel-come none to greet us? Home is sweet and on - ly sweet. Where there's one we
one to love us. Home is where there's one to love, Home is where there's one to love us.
love to meet us. Home is sweet and on - ly sweet. Where there's one we love to meet us.

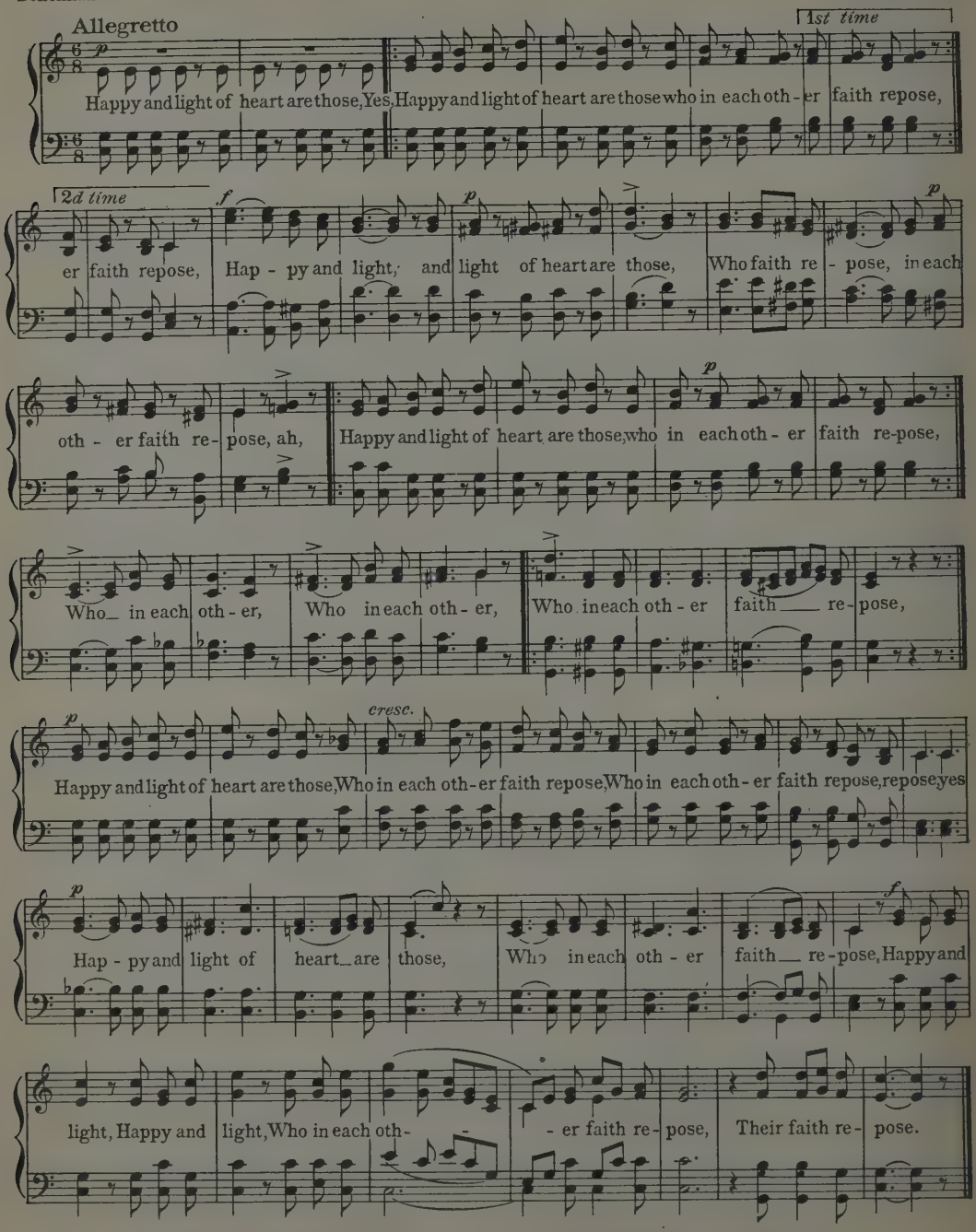
# The Hardy Norseman

Norse Song


Risoluto
1. The har - dy Norseman's home of yore Was on the foam-ing wave! And there he gathered
2. What tho' our pow'r be weaker now Than it was wont to be, When bold - ly forth our
bright re - nown, The brav - est of the brave. Oh! ne'er should we for - get our sires, Wher-
fa - thers sail'd, And con-quer'd Nor-man - die! We still may sing their deeds of fame In
cresc.
ev - er we may be; They brave-ly won a gal - lant name And rul'd the storm-y sea.
thrill-ing har - mo - ny; For they did win a gal - lant name And rul'd the storm-y sea.

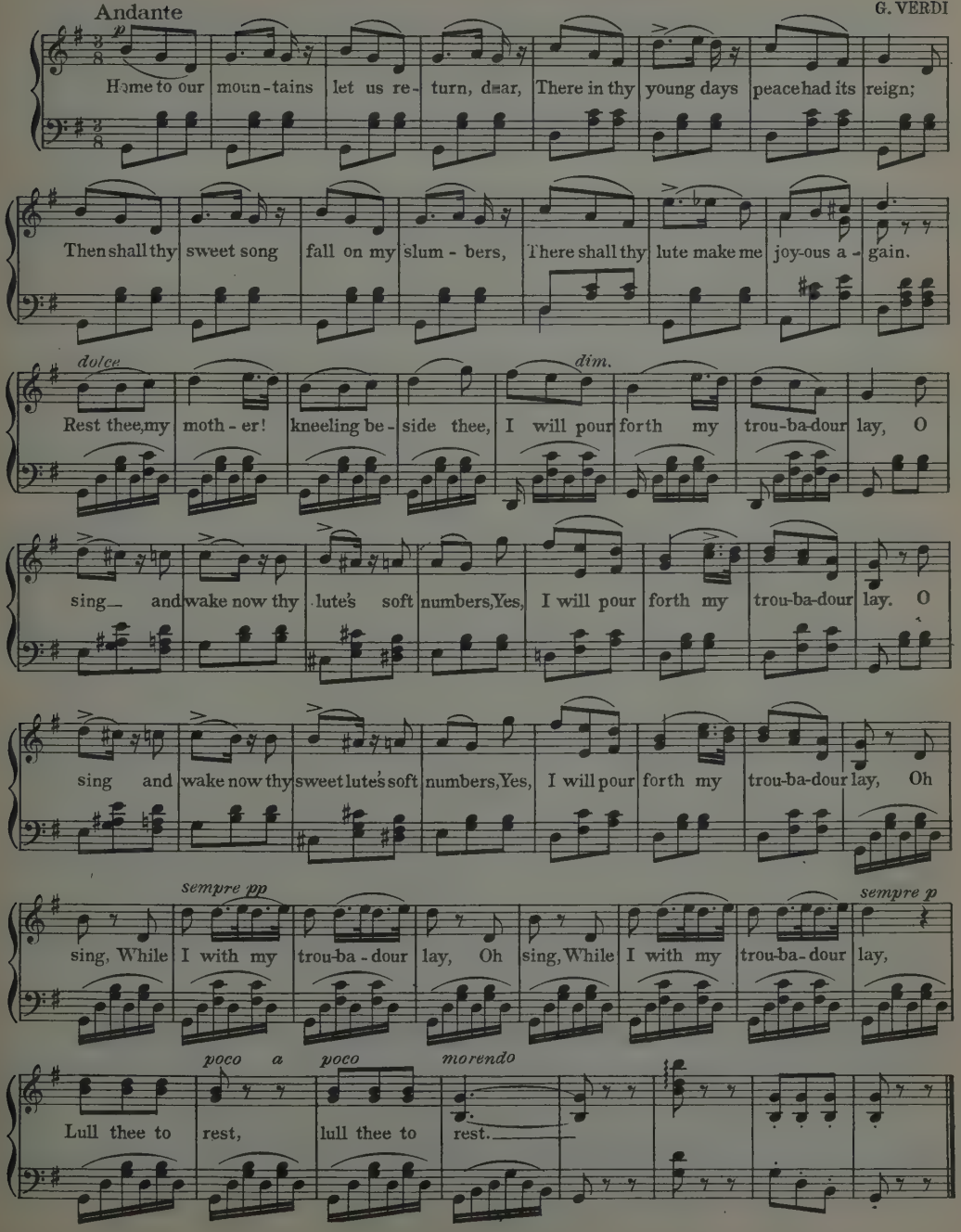
# Happy And Light

M. W. BALFE

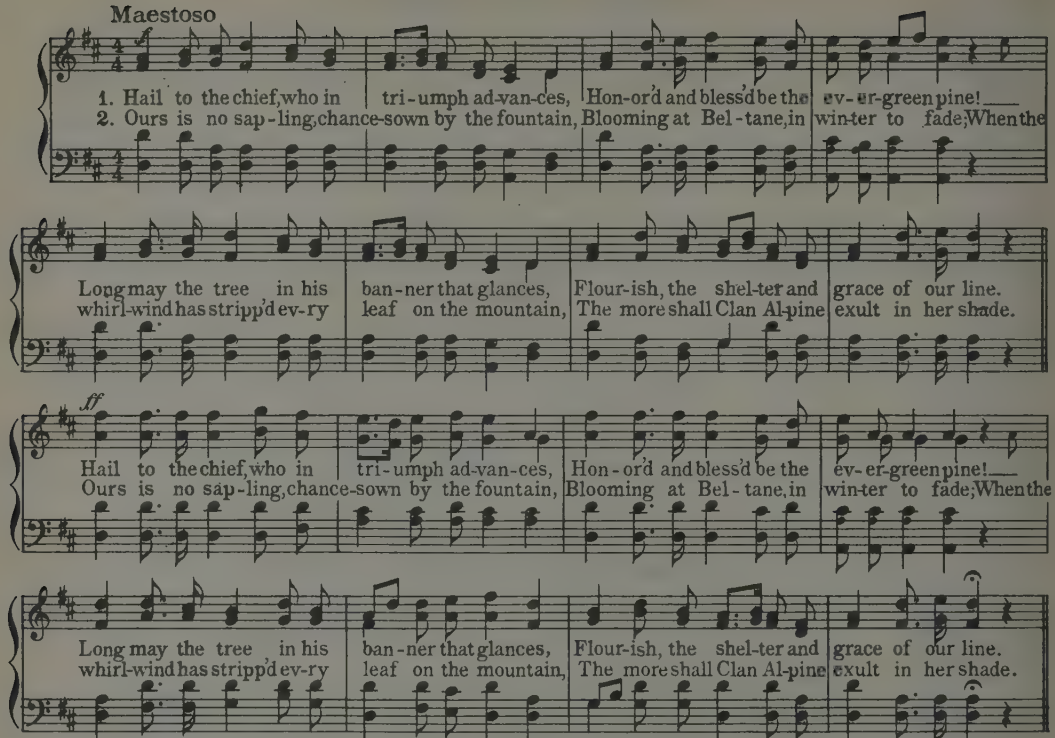

Allegretto
1st time
Happy and light of heart are those, Yes, Happy and light of heart are those who in each oth - er faith repose,
2d time
er faith repose, Hap - py and light, and light of heart are those, Who faith re - pose, in each
oth - er faith re - pose, ah, Happy and light of heart are those, who in each oth - er faith re-pose,
Who in each oth - er, Who in each oth - er, Who in each oth - er faith re - pose,
cresc.
Happy and light of heart are those, Who in each oth-er faith repose, Who in each oth - er faith repose, repose, yes
Hap - py and light of heart are those, Who in each oth - er faith re - pose, Happy and
light, Happy and light, Who in each oth - er faith re - pose, Their faith re - pose.

# Home To Our Mountains

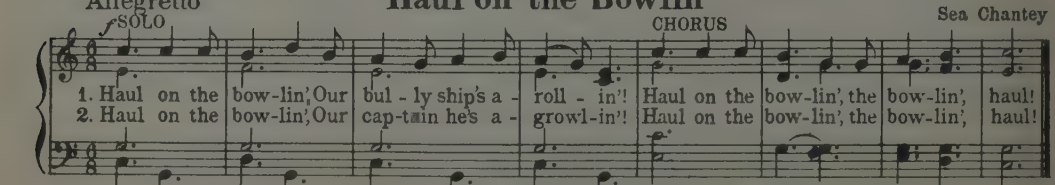
G. VERDI


Andante
p
Home to our moun-tains let us re- turn, dear, There in thy young days peace had its reign;
Then shall thy sweet song fall on my slum - bers, There shall thy lute make me joy-ous a - gain.
dolce
dim.
Rest thee, my moth - er! kneeling be - side thee, I will pour forth my trou-ba-dour lay, O
sing— and wake now thy lute's soft numbers, Yes, I will pour forth my trou-ba-dour lay. O
sing and wake now thy sweet lute's soft numbers, Yes, I will pour forth my trou-ba-dour lay, Oh
sempre pp
sempre p
sing, While I with my trou-ba - dour lay, Oh sing, While I with my trou-ba - dour lay,
poco a poco
morendo
Lull thee to rest, lull thee to rest.

# Hail to the Chief


Maestoso
1. Hail to the chief, who in tri-umph ad-van-ces, Hon-or'd and bless'd be the ev-er-green pine!
2. Ours is no sap-ling, chance-sown by the fountain, Blooming at Bel-tane, in win-ter to fade; When the
Long may the tree in his ban-ner that glances, Flour-ish, the shel-ter and grace of our line.
whirl-wind has strip'd ev-ry leaf on the mountain, The more shall Clan Al-pine exult in her shade.
ff
Hail to the chief, who in tri-umph ad-van-ces, Hon-or'd and bless'd be the ev-er-green pine!
Ours is no sap-ling, chance-sown by the fountain, Blooming at Bel-tane, in win-ter to fade; When the
Long may the tree in his ban-ner that glances, Flour-ish, the shel-ter and grace of our line.
whirl-wind has strip'd ev-ry leaf on the mountain, The more shall Clan Al-pine exult in her shade.
Allegro
Heav'n send it hap-py dew, Earth lend it sap a-new; Gai-ly to bour-geon and broad-ly to grow;
Moor'd in the rift-ed rock, Proof to the tempest shock, Firmer he roots him, the ru-der it blow;
While ev-'ry high-land glen, Sends our shout back a-gain, "Roder-igh Vich Al-pine dhu, ho! i-e-roe!"
Menteith and Breadal-bane, then Ech-o his praise a-gain, "Roder-igh Vich Al-pine dhu, ho! i-e-roe!"

# Haul on the Bowlin'


Allegretto
Sea Chantey
f SOLO
CHORUS
1. Haul on the bow-lin', Our bul-ly ship's a-roll-in'! Haul on the bow-lin', the bow-lin', haul!
2. Haul on the bow-lin', Our cap-tain he's a-growl-in'! Haul on the bow-lin', the bow-lin', haul!

## Herdsman's Mountain Home

Andante

mf

1. On the mountain, steep and hoar-y, Sounds the herdsman's eve-ning song; Where the clouds, in gold-en glo-ry, Float the am-bient tide a-long, Where the clouds, in gold-en glo-ry, Float the am-bient tide a-long.
2. Where the Al-pine rose is blow-ing, Where the herdsman's builds his home; From his couch at morning go-ing, With the lark he loves to roam! From his couch at morn-ing go-ing, With the lark he loves to roam!

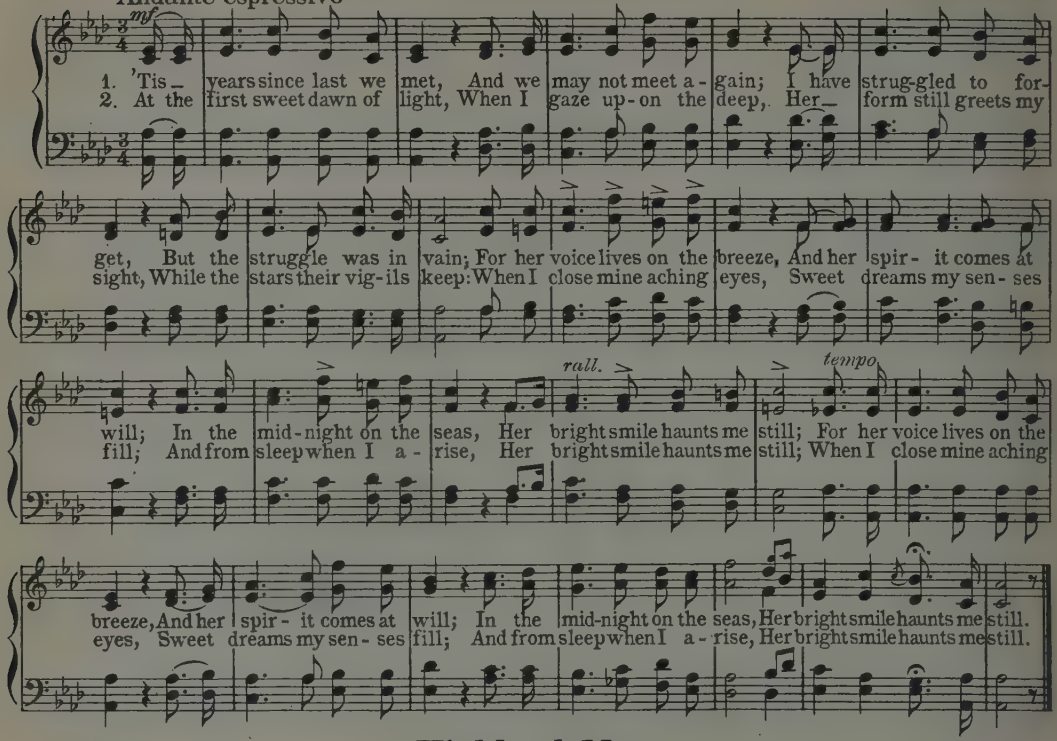
p

La la la la

# Her Bright Smile

Andante espressivo

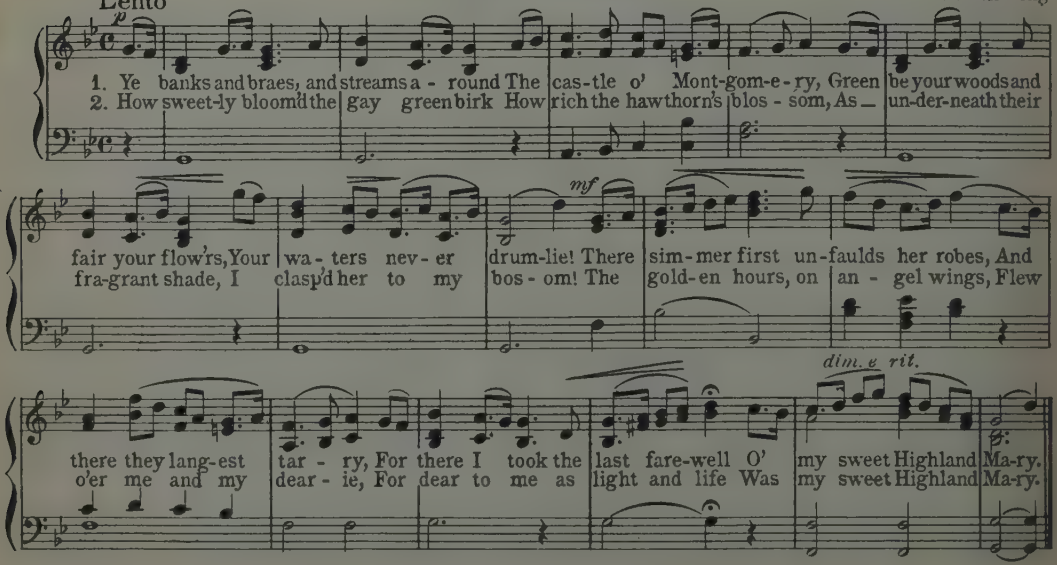
W. T. WRIGHTON


mf
1. 'Tis years since last we met, And we may not meet a - gain; I have strug-gled to for-
2. At the first sweet dawn of light, When I gaze up - on the deep, Her form still greets my
get, But the struggle was in vain; For her voice lives on the breeze, And her spir - it comes at
sight, While the stars their vig - ils keep: When I close mine aching eyes, Sweet dreams my sen - ses
rall.
tempo
will; In the mid-night on the seas, Her bright smile haunts me still; For her voice lives on the
fill; And from sleep when I a - rise, Her bright smile haunts me still; When I close mine aching
breeze, And her spir - it comes at will; In the mid-night on the seas, Her bright smile haunts me still.
eyes, Sweet dreams my sen - ses fill; And from sleep when I a - rise, Her bright smile haunts me still.

# Highland Mary

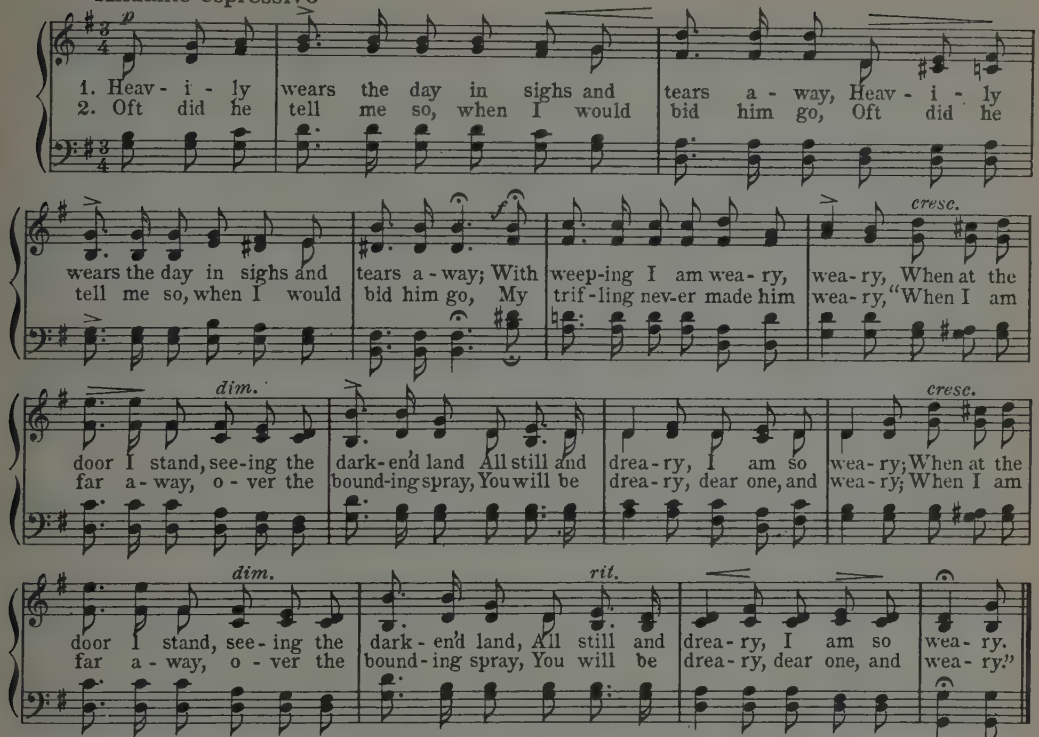
Lento

Scotch Song


p
1. Ye banks and braes, and streams a - round The cas-tle o' Mont-gom-e-ry, Green be your woods and
2. How sweet-ly bloom'd the gay green birk How rich the haw-thorn's blos - som, As un-der-neath their
fair your flow'rs, Your wa - ters nev - er drum-lie! There sim-mer first un-faulds her robes, And
fra-grant shade, I clasp'd her to my bos - om! The gold-en hours, on an - gel wings, Flew
mf
dim. e rit.
there they lang-est tar - ry, For there I took the last fare-well O' my sweet Highland Ma-ry.
o'er me and my dear - ie, For dear to me as light and life Was my sweet Highland Ma-ry.

## Heavily Wears The Day

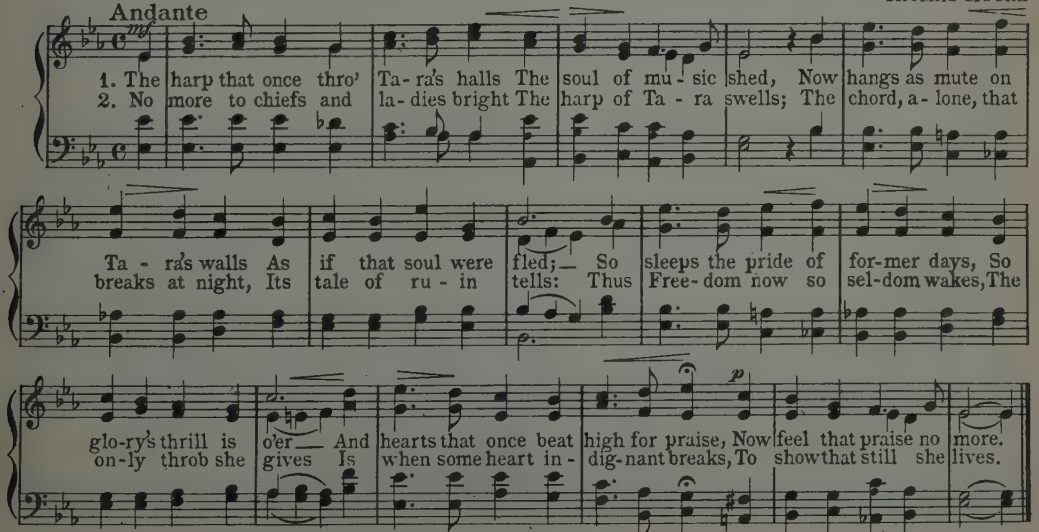
Andante espressivo


p
1. Heav - i - ly wears the day in sighs and tears a - way, Heav - i - ly
2. Oft did he tell me so, when I would bid him go, Oft did he
wears the day in sighs and tears a - way; With weep-ing I am wea - ry,
tell me so, when I would bid him go, My trif - ling nev-er made him
cresc.
wea - ry, When at the
wea - ry," When I am
dim.
door I stand, see-ing the dark-en'd land All still and drea - ry, I am so
far a - way, o - ver the bound-ing spray, You will be drea - ry, dear one, and
cresc.
wea - ry; When at the
wea - ry; When I am
dim.
door I stand, see-ing the dark - en'd land, All still and drea - ry, I am so wea - ry.
far a - way, o - ver the bound - ing spray, You will be drea - ry, dear one, and wea - ry."
rit.

## The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls

THOMAS MOORE

Andante


mf
1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic shed, Now hangs as mute on
2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells; The chord, a - lone, that
Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were fled; So sleeps the pride of for-mer days, So
breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells: Thus Free - dom now so sel-dom wakes, The
p
glo-ry's thrill is o'er And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that praise no more.
on-ly throb she gives Is when some heart in - dig-nant breaks, To show that still she lives.

# Heart Throbs

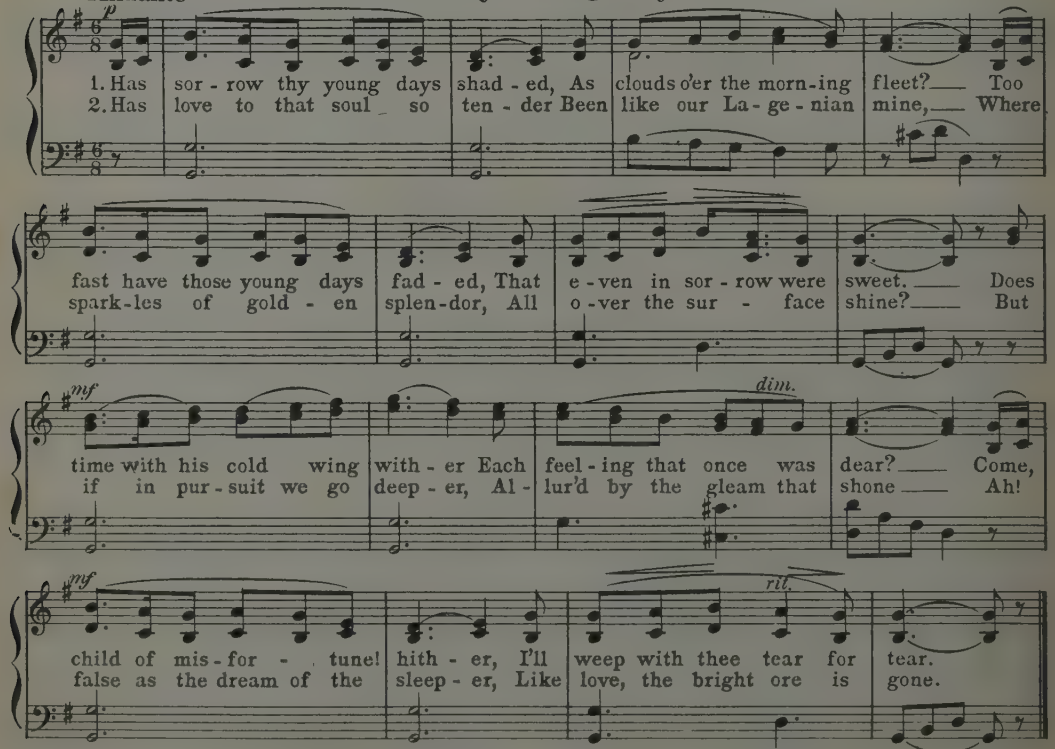
Andante espressivo

FR. BENDEL

Won-der-ful the joy I feel, At one word from thee; When thy lov - ing eyes re-veal
All thou think'st of me.
1. Lays the spell in thee or me? An - swer vain you'll
2. Some deep throb of sym-pa-thy, Binds our souls as
seek, 'Tis our love in sym - pa-thy 'Tis our souls that speak.
one, For our hearts by fate's de-cree, Beat in u - ni - son.
Fine
a tempo
rit.
dolce
D.C.

Andante

# Has Sorrow Thy Young Days Shaded?

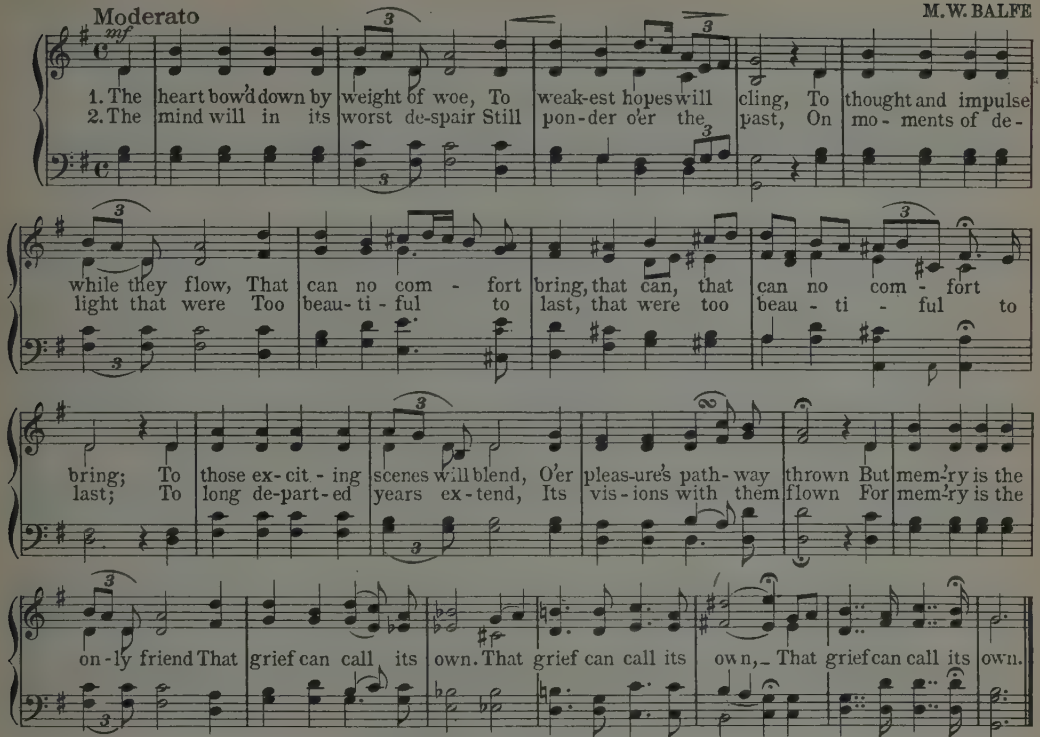

1. Has sor - row thy young days shad - ed, As clouds o'er the morn-ing fleet? Too
2. Has love to that soul so ten - der Been like our La-ge-nian mine, Where
fast have those young days fad - ed, That e - ven in sor - row were sweet. Does
spark-les of gold - en splen-dor, All o - ver the sur - face shine? But
time with his cold wing with - er Each feel - ing that once was dear? Come,
if in pur - suit we go deep - er, Al - lur'd by the gleam that shone Ah!
child of mis-for - tune! hith - er, I'll weep with thee tear for tear.
false as the dream of the sleep - er, Like love, the bright ore is gone.
dim.
rit.

"Bohemian Girl"

## The Heart Bow'd Down

Moderato

M. W. BALFE

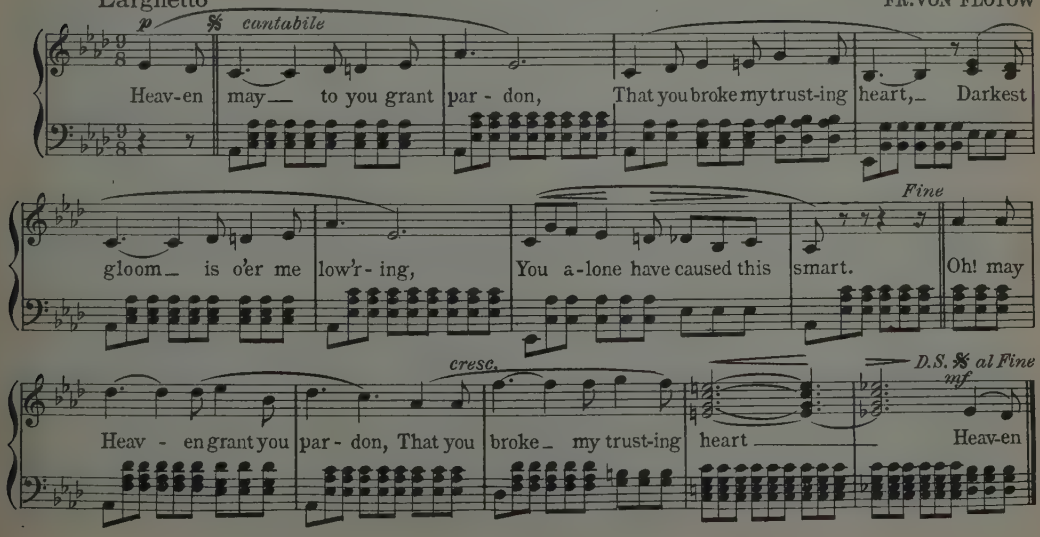

mf
1. The heart bow'd down by weight of woe, To weak-est hopes will cling, To thought and impulse
2. The mind will in its worst de-spair Still pon-der o'er the past, On mo- ments of de-
while they flow, That can no com - fort bring, that can, that can no com - fort
light that were Too beau- ti - ful to last, that were too beau - ti - ful to
bring; To those ex- cit - ing scenes will blend, O'er pleas-ure's path-way thrown But mem'-ry is the
last; To long de-part-ed years ex-tend, Its vis-ions with them flown For mem'-ry is the
on-ly friend That grief can call its own. That grief can call its own, That grief can call its own.

"Martha"

## Heaven May To You Grant Pardon

Larghetto

FR. VON FLOTOW


p
cantabile
Heav-en may to you grant par - don, That you broke my trust-ing heart, Darkest
gloom is o'er me low'r - ing, You a-lone have caused this smart. Oh! may
Fine
cresc.
D.S. al Fine
mf
Heav - en grant you par - don, That you broke my trust-ing heart Heav-en

## Hi-le, Hi-lo

Waltz Time

*mf*

Come, bro-thers, fill your glas - ses, And drink the red wine up, There's naught on earth sur-

pas - ses The cheerful, brim-ming cup. No thought ac-cord the mor - row, But live your lives to-

day! Good wine dis-pels all sor - row, And cour-age gives al-way. Hi - le, hi - lo, hi - le, hi-

CHORUS

lo! With us 'tis ev - er so! Hi - le, hi - lo, hi - le, hi - lo! With us 'tis ev - er so!

## Here's To The Maiden

Allegretto

*mf*

1. Here's to the maid-en of bash-ful fif-teen, Now to the wi - dow of fif - ty;
2. Here's to the char-mer whose dim-ples we prize, Now to the dam-sel with none sir;

Here's to the flaunt-ing ex- tra - va-gant lass; And here's to the house-wife that's thrif - ty.
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes, And now to the nymph with but one, sir.

CHORUS

Let the toast pass, drink to the lass; I war-rant she'll prove an ex - cuse for the glass.

## Hawaiian Farewell Song

"Aloha Oe"

Moderato espressivo

*mf*

1. Now has come the hour sad of part - ing, Our daydream of love, my own, is o'er On - ly
2. When you're far a - way, ah! think of me, love, As I will be dream-ing e'er of you Let fond

mem - o - ries will soon be left us, As our lives seem to glide on as be - fore! Fare -
rec - ol - lec - tion be your fan - cy; And to me may your heart be ev - er true!

CHORUS

*mf* *cresc.*

well, dear love, I'll dream of you, No pass-ing grief is this my heart is feel - ing, I

*f*

love you so, be - fore you go, I'll say "Dear lov'd one, fare - well!"

## Hours There Were

J. WADE

Andante

*mf*

1. Hours there were to mem'ry dear-er Than the sun-bright scenes of day; Friends were fond - er,
2. Oft when ev-'ning fad - ed mild-ly, O'er the wave our bark would rove, Then we've heard the

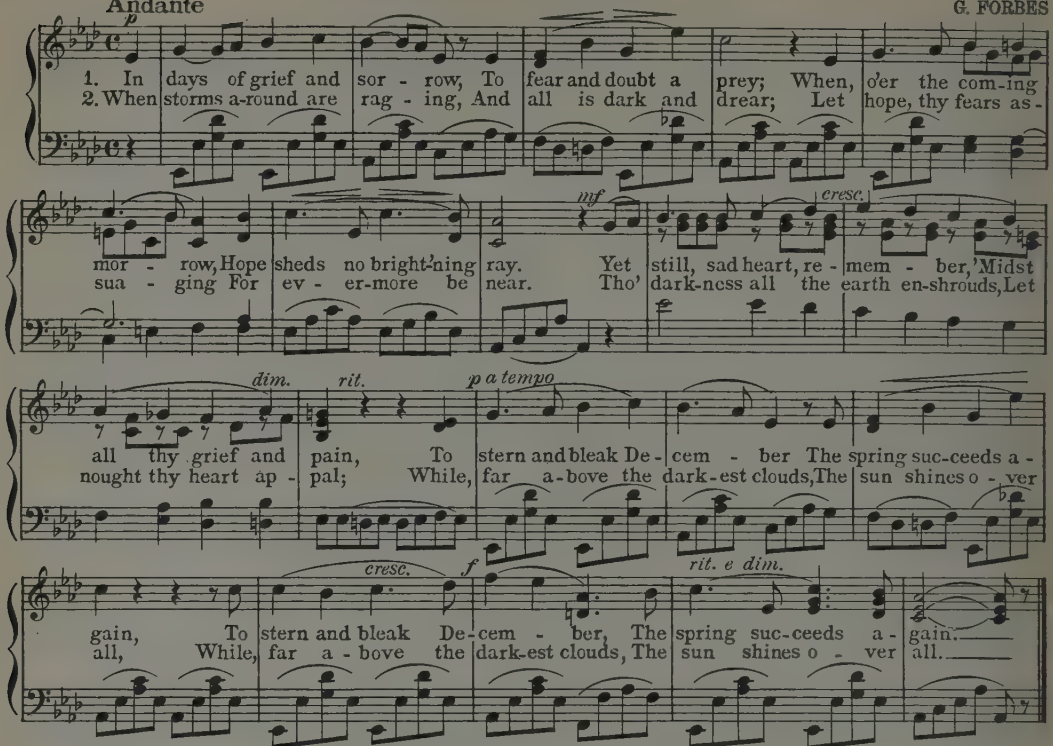
joys were near-er, But a - las! they've fled a - way! Oh, 'twas when the moonlight play-ing On the
night-bird wild-ly Breathe his ves - per tale of love. Songs like these my love would sing me, Songs that

val - ley's si - lent grove, Told the bliss-ful hour for stray-ing With my fond, my faith-ful love.
war - ble round me yet; Ah! but where does mem'ry lead me? Scenes like these I must for - get.

# His Love Shines Over All

Andante

G. FORBES

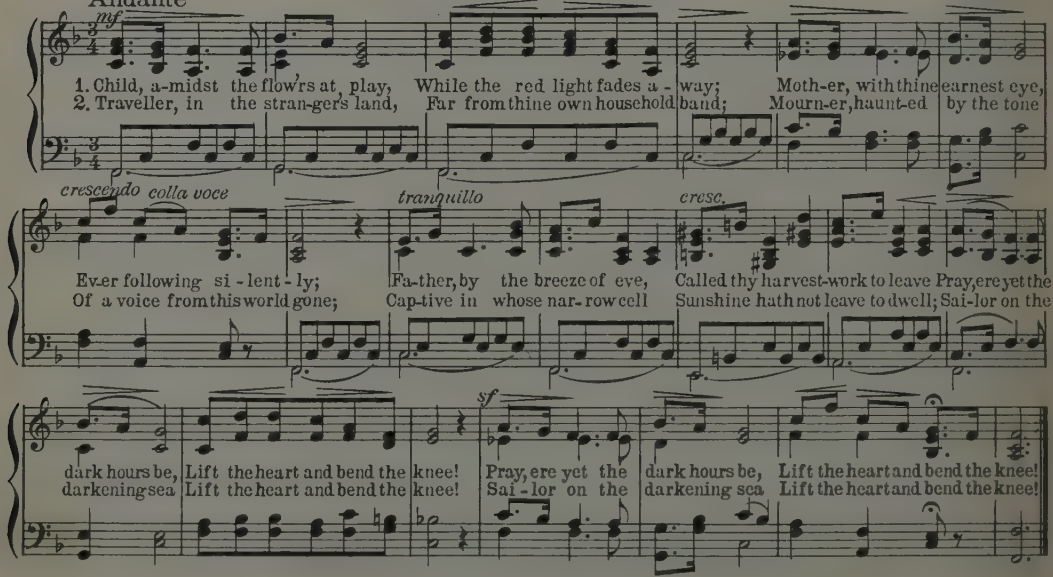

p
1. In days of grief and sor - row, To fear and doubt a prey; When, o'er the com-ing
2. When storms a-round are rag - ing, And all is dark and drear; Let hope, thy fears as -
mf
cresc.
mor - row, Hope sheds no bright'ning ray. Yet still, sad heart, re - mem - ber, 'Midst
sua - ging For ev - er-more be near. Tho' dark-ness all the earth en-shrouds, Let
dim.
rit.
p a tempo
all thy grief and pain, To stern and bleak De - cem - ber The spring suc-ceeds a -
nought thy heart ap - pal; While, far a-bove the dark-est clouds, The sun shines o - ver
cresc.
f
rit. e dim.
gain, To stern and bleak De-cem - ber, The spring suc-ceeds a - gain.
all, While, far a - bove the dark-est clouds, The sun shines o - ver all.

MRS. HEMANS

# The Hour Of Prayer

Andante

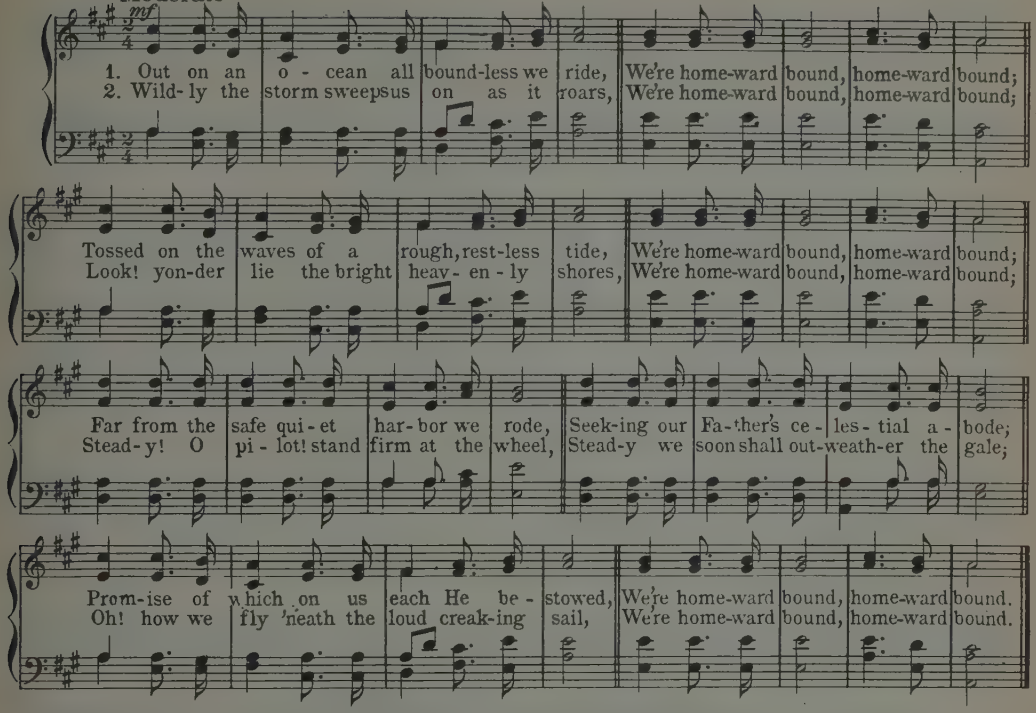
HEROLD


mf
1. Child, a-midst the flow'rs at play, While the red light fades a - way; Moth-er, with thine earnest eye,
2. Traveller, in the stran-ger's land, Far from thine own household band; Mourn-er, haunt-ed by the tone
crescendo colla voce
tranquillo
cresc.
Ev-er following si - lent - ly; Fa-ther, by the breeze of eve, Called thy harvest-work to leave Pray, ere yet the
Of a voice from this world gone; Cap-tive in whose nar-row cell Sunshine hath not leave to dwell; Sai-lor on the
sf
dark hours be, Lift the heart and bend the knee! Pray, ere yet the dark hours be, Lift the heart and bend the knee!
darkening sea Lift the heart and bend the knee! Sai - lor on the darkening sea Lift the heart and bend the knee!

# Homeward Bound

Moderato

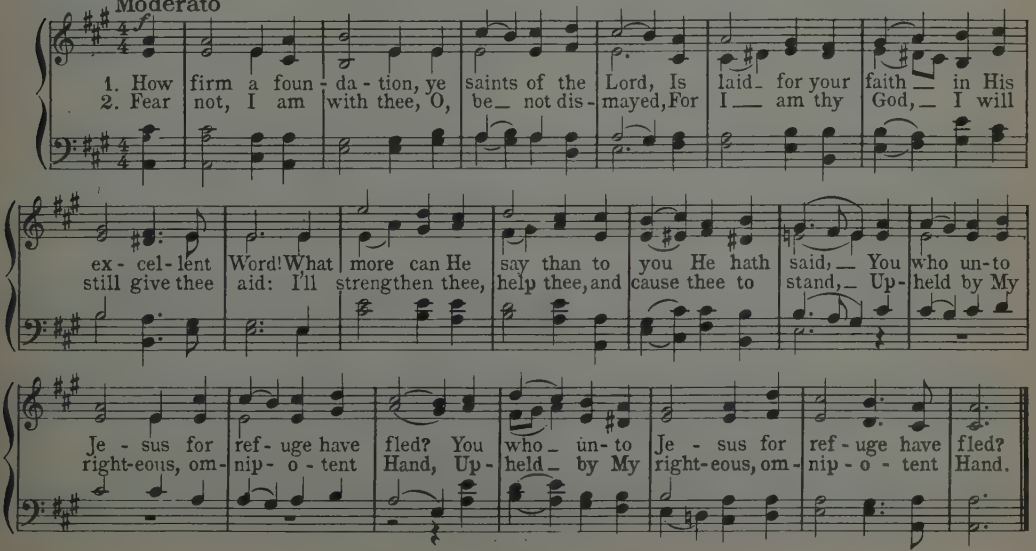
J.W. DADMUN


mf
1. Out on an o - cean all bound-less we ride, We're home-ward bound, home-ward bound;
2. Wild-ly the storm sweepsus on as it roars, We're home-ward bound, home-ward bound;
Tossed on the waves of a rough, rest-less tide, We're home-ward bound, home-ward bound;
Look! yon-der lie the bright heav - en - ly shores, We're home-ward bound, home-ward bound;
Far from the safe qui-et har-bor we rode, Seek-ing our Fa-ther's ce - les - tial a - bode;
Stead-y! O pi - lot! stand firm at the wheel, Stead-y we soon shall out-weath-er the gale;
Prom-ise of which on us each He be - stowed, We're home-ward bound, home-ward bound.
Oh! how we fly 'neath the loud creak-ing sail, We're home-ward bound, home-ward bound.

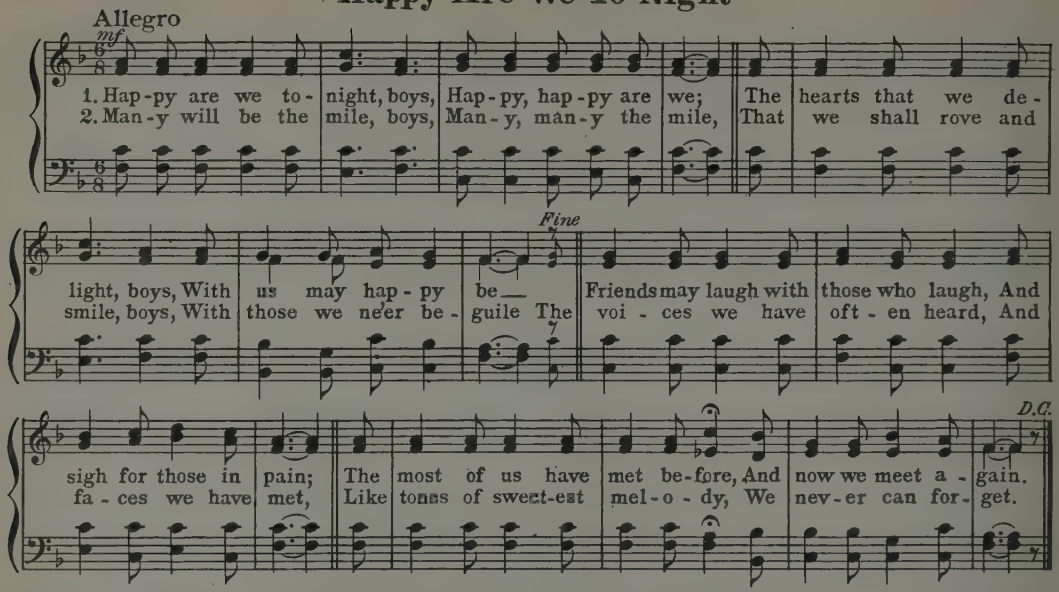
R.KEENE

# How Firm A Foundation

Moderato

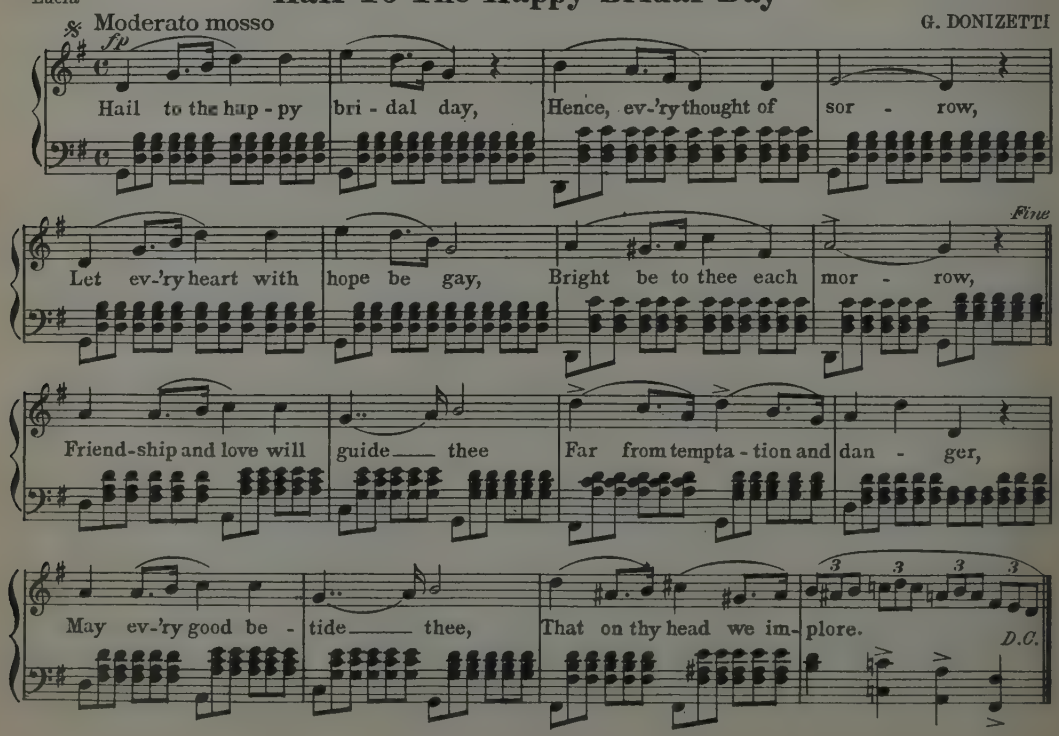

f
1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
2. Fear not, I am with thee, O, be not dis - mayed, For I am thy God, I will
ex - cel - lent Word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, You who un-to
still give thee aid: I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by My
Je - sus for ref - uge have fled? You who un-to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
right-eous, om - nip - o - tent Hand, Up - held by My right-eous, om - nip - o - tent Hand.

## Happy Are We To-Night

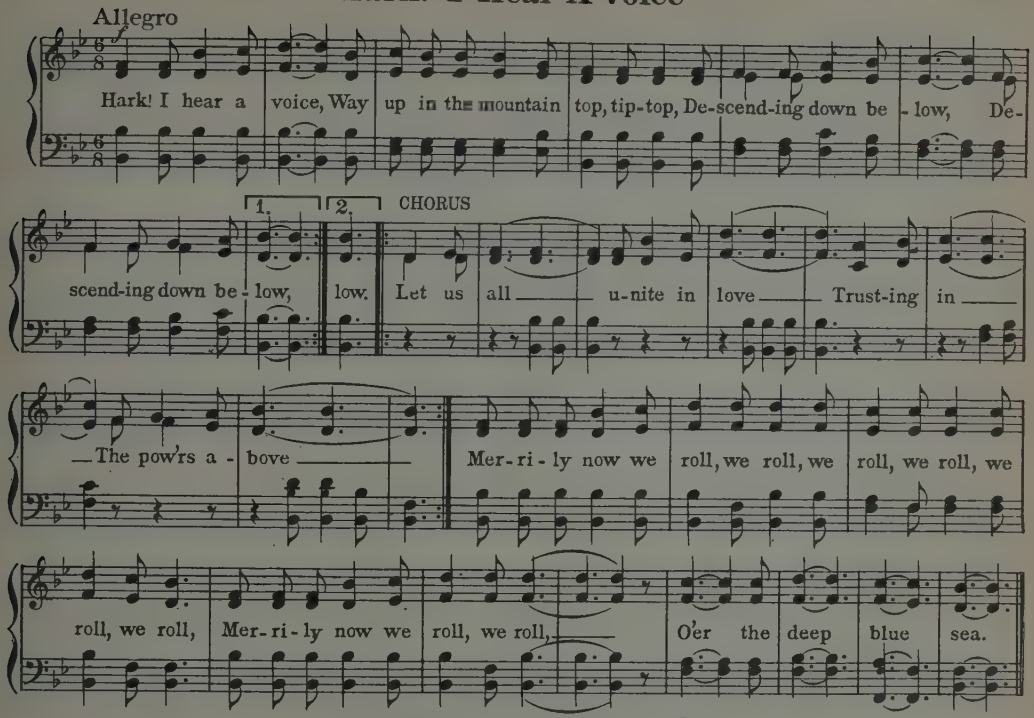

Allegro
mf
1. Hap-py are we to- night, boys, Hap-py, hap-py are we; The hearts that we de-
2. Man-y will be the mile, boys, Man-y, man-y the mile, That we shall rove and
Fine
light, boys, With us may hap-py be— Friends may laugh with those who laugh, And
smile, boys, With those we ne'er be- guile The voi-ces we have oft-en heard, And
D.C.
sigh for those in pain; The most of us have met be-fore, And now we meet a-gain.
fa-ces we have met, Like tones of sweet-est mel-o-dy, We nev-er can for-get.

"Lucia"

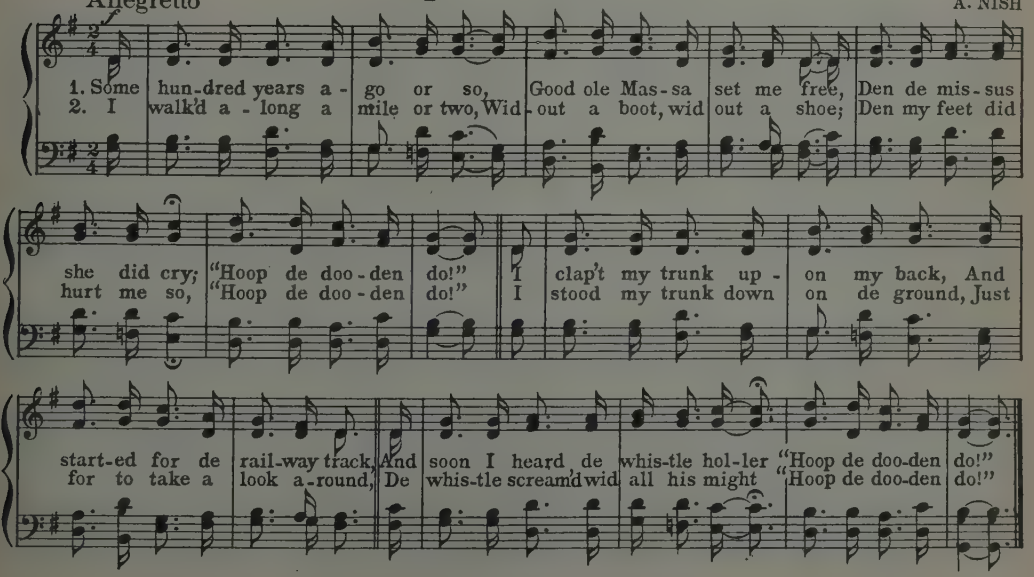
## Hail To The Happy Bridal Day


Moderato mosso
G. DONIZETTI
fp
Hail to the hap-py bri-dal day, Hence, ev-'ry thought of sor-row,
Fine
Let ev-'ry heart with hope be gay, Bright be to thee each mor-row,
Friend-ship and love will guide— thee Far from tempta-tion and dan-ger,
May ev-'ry good be-tide— thee, That on thy head we im-plore.
D.C.

## Hark! I Hear A Voice


Allegro
Hark! I hear a voice, Way up in the mountain top, tip-top, De-scend-ing down be-low, De-
1. 2. CHORUS
scend-ing down be-low, low. Let us all u-nite in love Trust-ing in
The pow'rs a-bove Mer-ri-ly now we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, we
roll, we roll, Mer-ri-ly now we roll, we roll, O'er the deep blue sea.

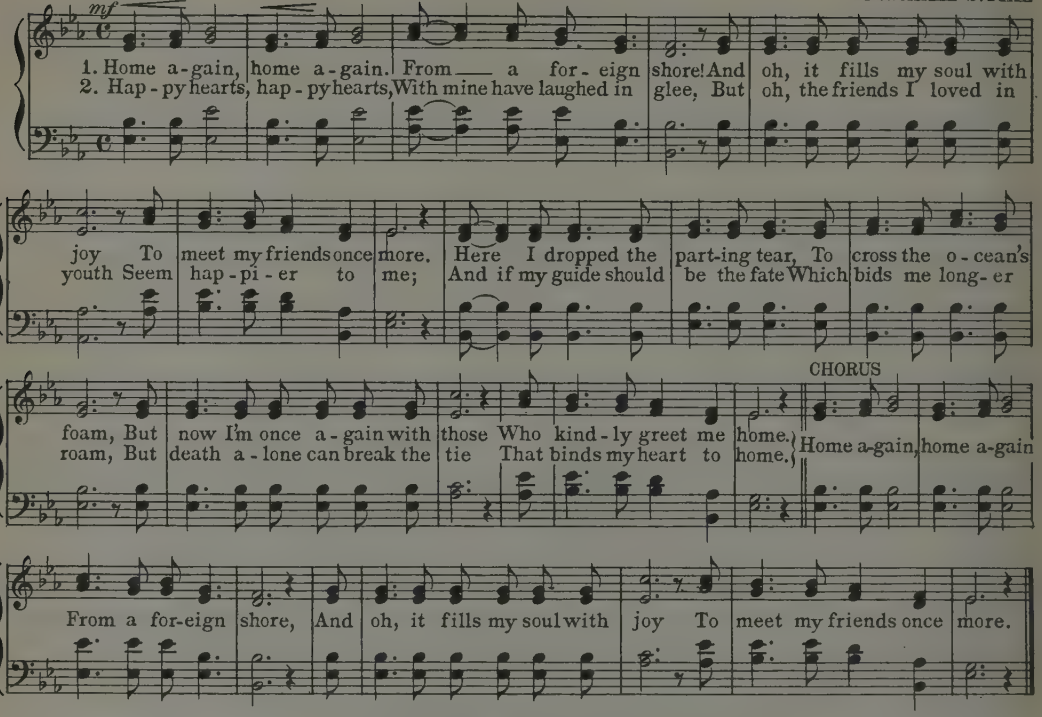
## Hoop De Dooden Do!


Allegretto
A. NISH
1. Some hun-dred years a-go or so, Good ole Mas-sa set me free, Den de mis-sus
2. I walk'd a-long a mile or two, Wid-out a boot, wid out a shoe; Den my feet did
she did cry; "Hoop de doo-den do!" I clap't my trunk up-on my back, And
hurt me so, "Hoop de doo-den do!" I stood my trunk down on de ground, Just
start-ed for de rail-way track, And soon I heard de whis-tle hol-ler "Hoop de doo-den do!"
for to take a look a-round, De whis-tle scream'd wid all his might "Hoop de doo-den do!"

# Home Again

Andante

MARSHALL S. PIKE

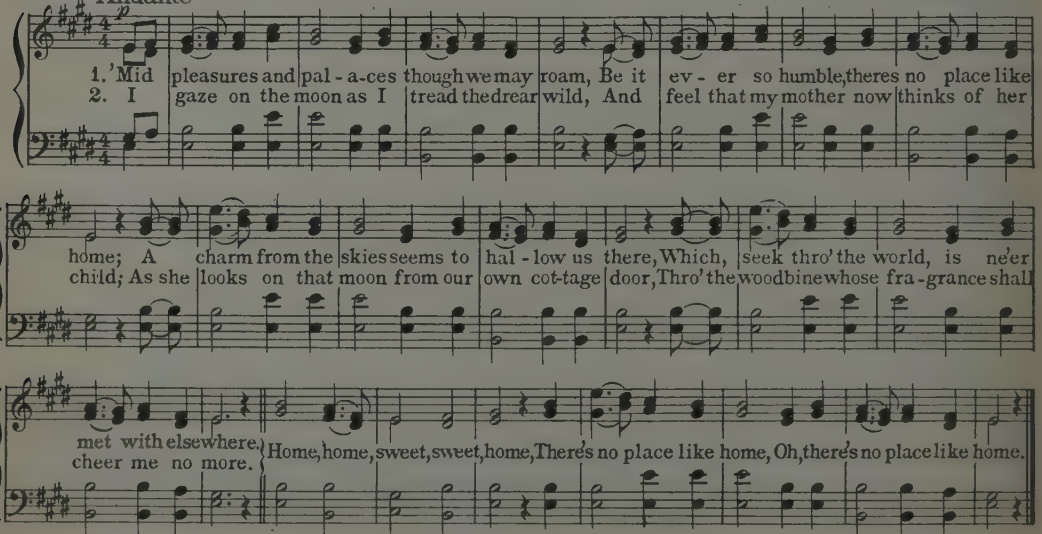

mf
1. Home a-gain, home a-gain. From — a for-eign shore! And oh, it fills my soul with joy To meet my friends once more.
2. Hap-py hearts, hap-py hearts, With mine have laughed in glee, But oh, the friends I loved in youth Seem hap-pi-er to me;
Here I dropped the part-ing tear, To cross the o-cean's foam, But now I'm once a-gain with those Who kind-ly greet me home.
And if my guide should be the fate Which bids me long-er roam, But death a-lone can break the tie That binds my heart to home.
CHORUS
Home a-gain, home a-gain
From a for-eign shore, And oh, it fills my soul with joy To meet my friends once more.

# Home, Sweet Home

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

Andante

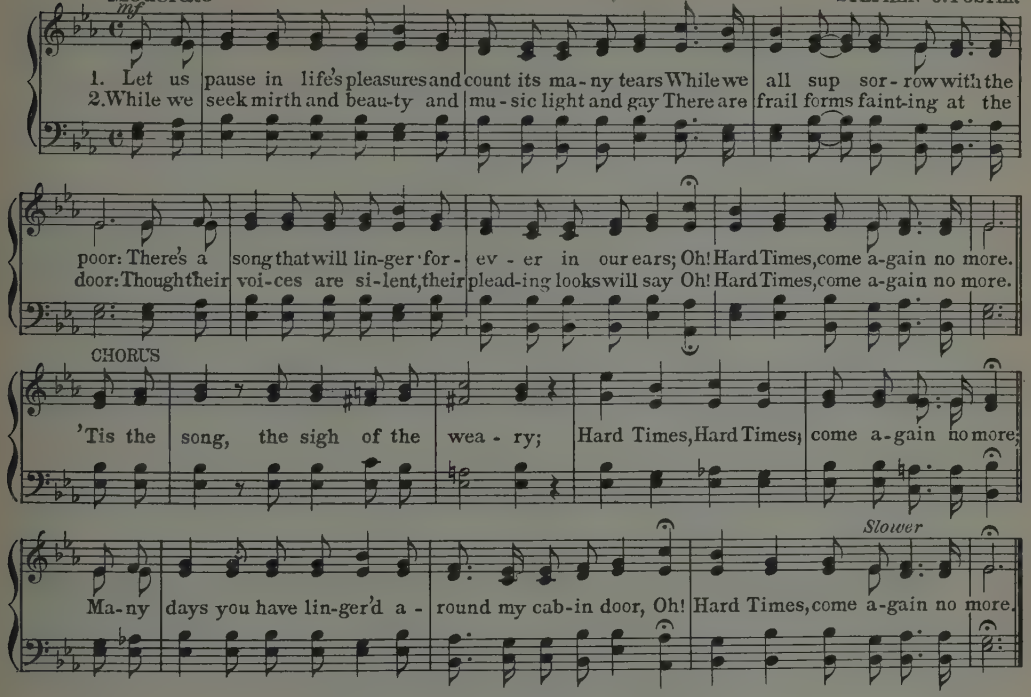
SIR HENRY BISHOP


p
1. 'Mid pleasures and pal-a-ces though we may roam, Be it ev-er so humble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hal-low us there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my mother now thinks of her child; As she looks on that moon from our own cot-tage door, Thro' the woodbine whose fra-grance shall cheer me no more.
Home, home, sweet, sweet, home, There's no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.

## Hard Times Come Again No More

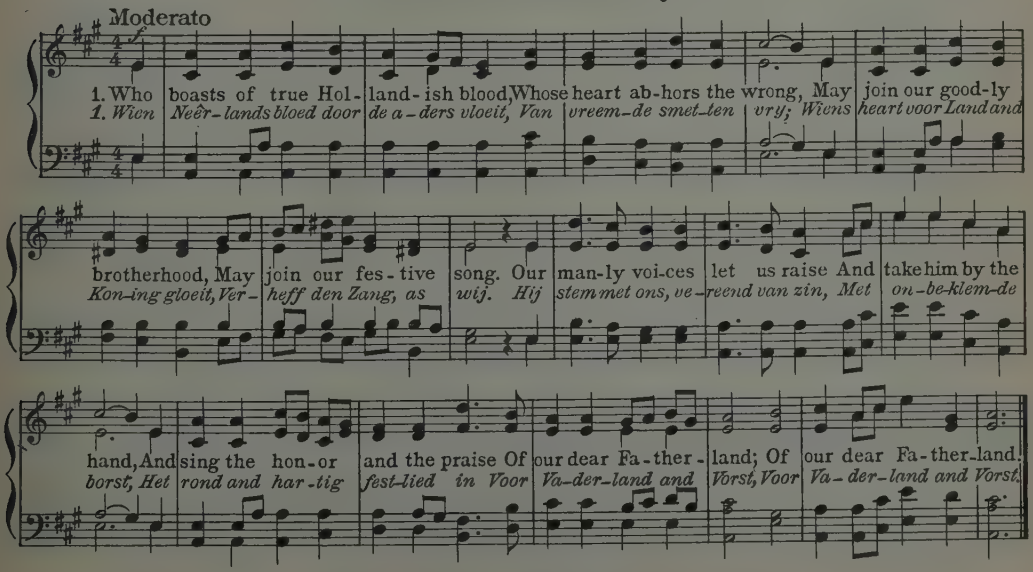
Moderato

STEPHEN C. FOSTER


mf
1. Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its ma-ny tears While we all sup sor-row with the
2. While we seek mirth and beau-ty and mu-sic light and gay There are frail forms faint-ing at the
poor: There's a song that will lin-ger for- ev-er in our ears; Oh! Hard Times, come a-gain no more.
door: Though their voi-ces are si-lent, their plead-ing looks will say Oh! Hard Times, come a-gain no more.
CHORUS
'Tis the song, the sigh of the wea-ry; Hard Times, Hard Times, come a-gain no more;
Slower
Ma-ny days you have lin-ger'd a-round my cab-in door, Oh! Hard Times, come a-gain no more.

## Holland's National Hymn

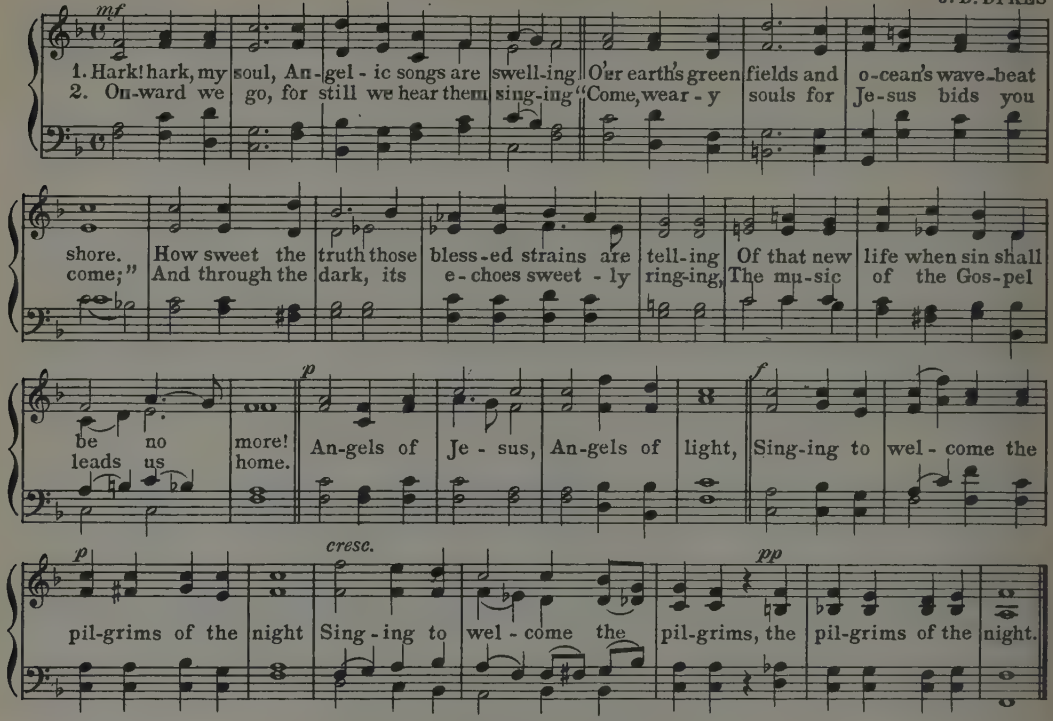
Moderato


1. Who boasts of true Hol-land-ish blood, Whose heart ab-hors the wrong, May join our good-ly
1. Wien Neêr-lands bloed door de a-ders vloeit, Van vreem-de smet-ten vry; Wiens heart voor Land and
brotherhood, May join our fes-tive song. Our man-ly voi-ces let us raise And take him by the
Kon-ing gloeit, Ver- heff den Zang, as wij. Hij stem met ons, ve- reend van zin, Met on-be-klem-de
hand, And sing the hon-or and the praise Of our dear Fa-ther-land; Of our dear Fa-ther-land,
borst, Het rond and har-tig fest-lied in Voor Va-der-land and Vorst, Voor Va-der-land and Vorst,

# Hark! Hark! My Soul

Moderato

J. B. DYKES

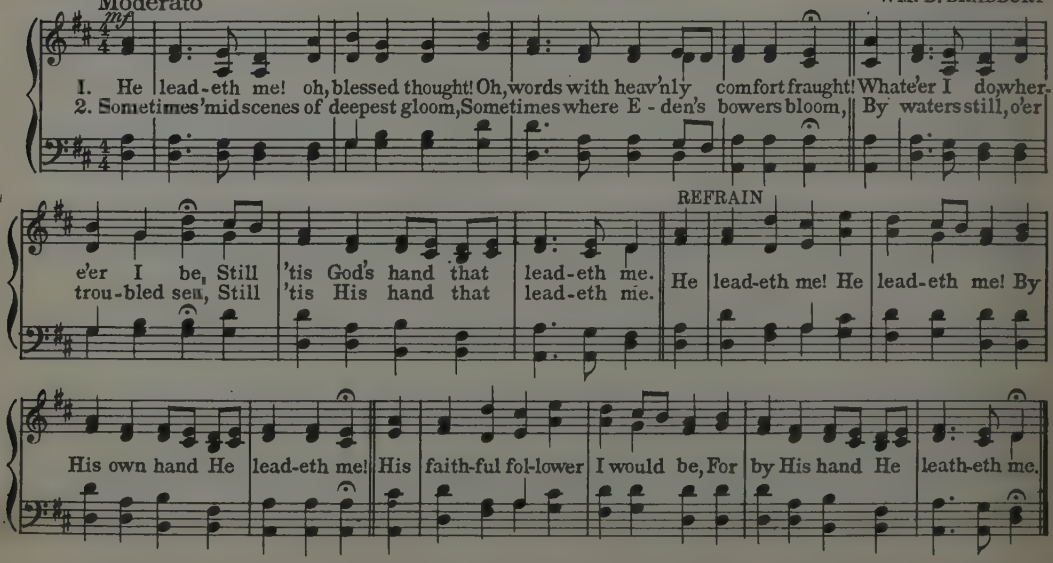

mf
1. Hark! hark, my soul, An-gel-ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and o-cean's wave-beat
2. On-ward we go, for still we hear them sing-ing "Come, wear-y souls for Je-sus bids you
shore. How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell-ing Of that new life when sin shall
come;" And through the dark, its e-choes sweet-ly ring-ing, The mu-sic of the Gos-pel
be no more! An-gels of Je-sus, An-gels of light, Sing-ing to wel-come the
leads us home.
p
f
p
cresc.
pp
pil-grims of the night Sing-ing to wel-come the pil-grims, the pil-grims of the night.

# He Leadeth Me

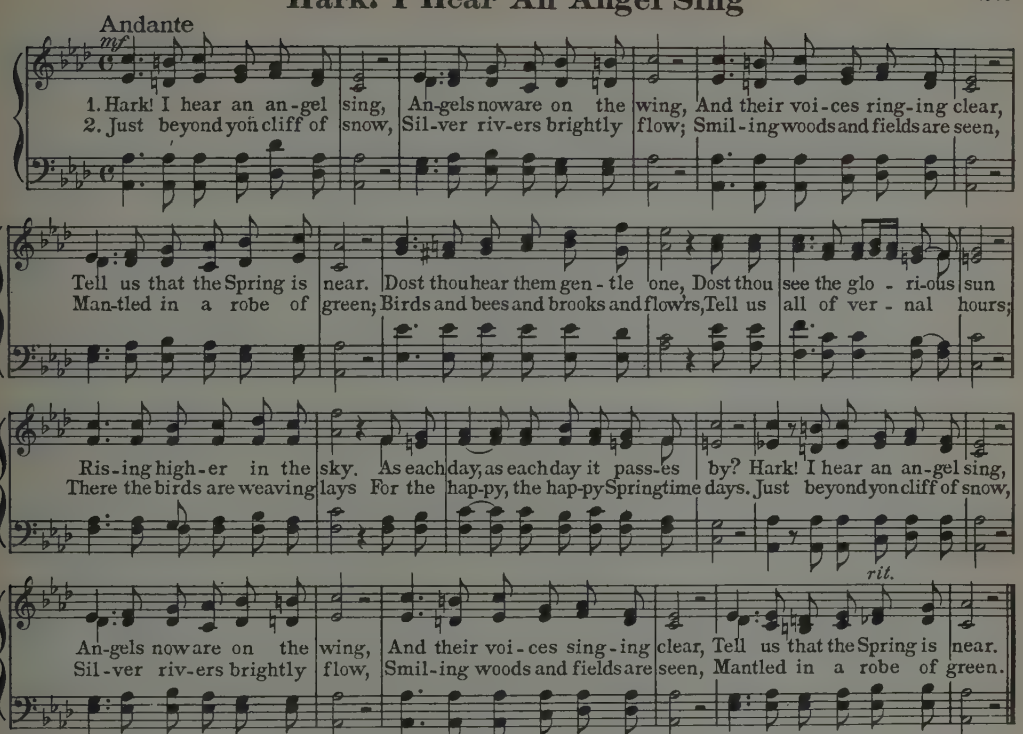
JOS. H. GILMORE

Moderato

WM. B. BRADBURY


mf
1. He lead-eth me! oh, blessed thought! Oh, words with heav'nly comfort fraught! Whate'er I do, wher-
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where E-den's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er
e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
trou-bled sea, Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me.
REFRAIN
He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! By
His own hand He lead-eth me! His faith-ful fol-lower I would be, For by His hand He leath-eth me.

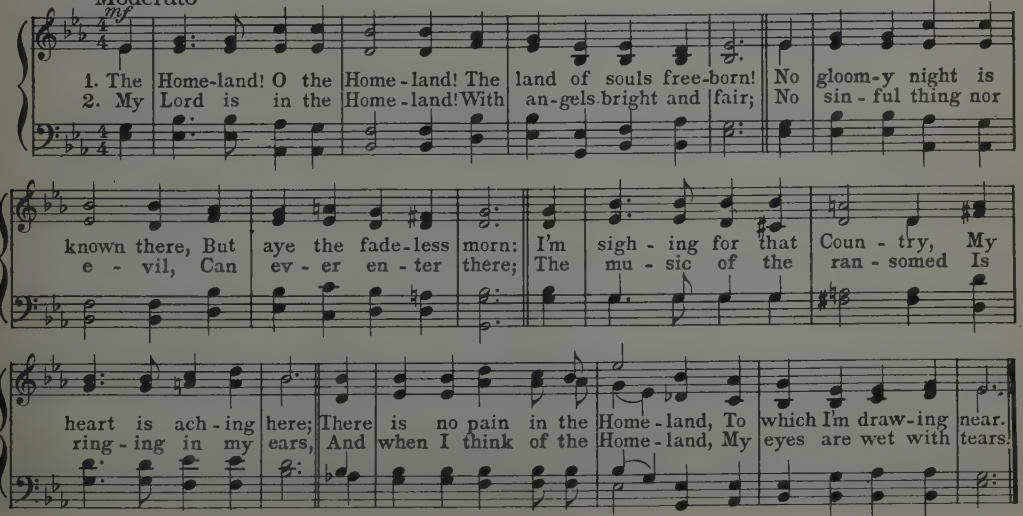
# Hark! I Hear An Angel Sing


Andante
mf
1. Hark! I hear an an-gel sing, An-gels now are on the wing, And their voi-ces ring-ing clear,
2. Just beyond yon cliff of snow, Sil-ver riv-ers bright-ly flow; Smil-ing woods and fields are seen,
Tell us that the Spring is near. Dost thou hear them gen-tle one, Dost thou see the glo-ri-ous sun
Man-tled in a robe of green; Birds and bees and brooks and flow'rs, Tell us all of ver-nal hours;
Ris-ing high-er in the sky. As each day, as each day it pass-es by? Hark! I hear an an-gel sing,
There the birds are weaving lays For the hap-py, the hap-py Spring-time days. Just beyond yon cliff of snow,
rit.
An-gels now are on the wing, And their voi-ces sing-ing clear, Tell us that the Spring is near.
Sil-ver riv-ers bright-ly flow, Smil-ing woods and fields are seen, Mantled in a robe of green.

# The Homeland! O The Homeland!

HUGH R. HARWEIS

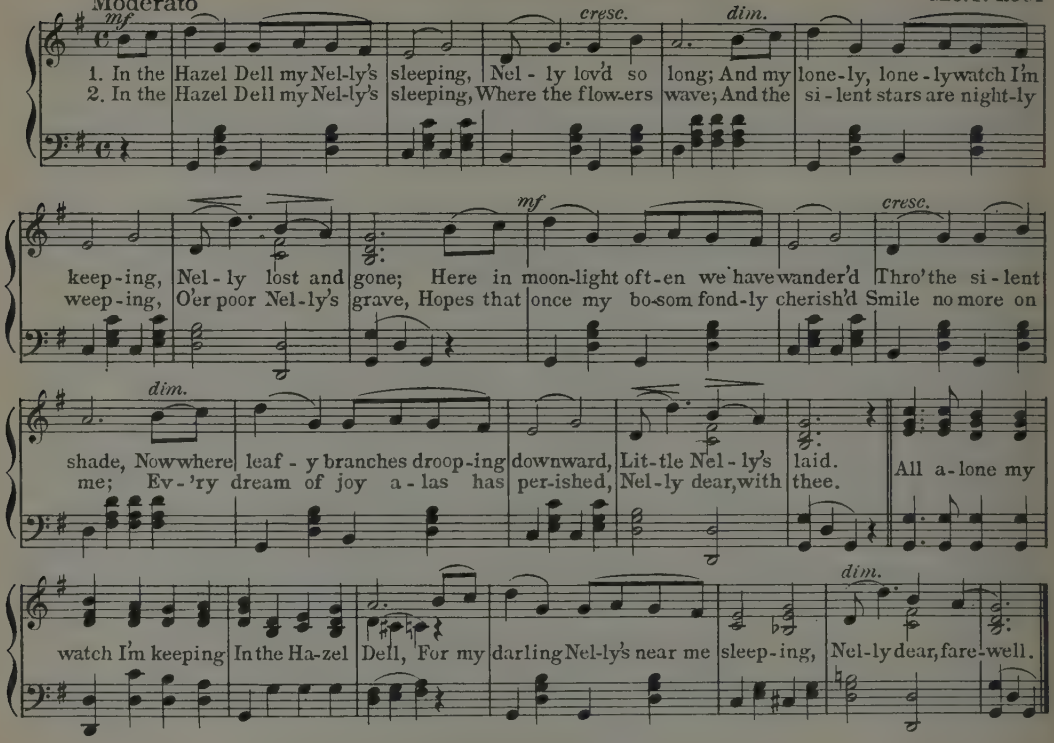
ARTHUR SULLIVAN


Moderato
mf
1. The Home-land! O the Home-land! The land of souls free-born! No gloom-y night is
2. My Lord is in the Home-land! With an-gels bright and fair; No sin-ful thing nor
known there, But aye the fade-less morn: I'm sigh-ing for that Coun-try, My
e-vil, Can ev-er en-ter there; The mu-sic of the ran-somed Is
heart is ach-ing here; There is no pain in the Home-land, To which I'm draw-ing near.
ring-ing in my ears, And when I think of the Home-land, My eyes are wet with tears.

# The Hazel Dell

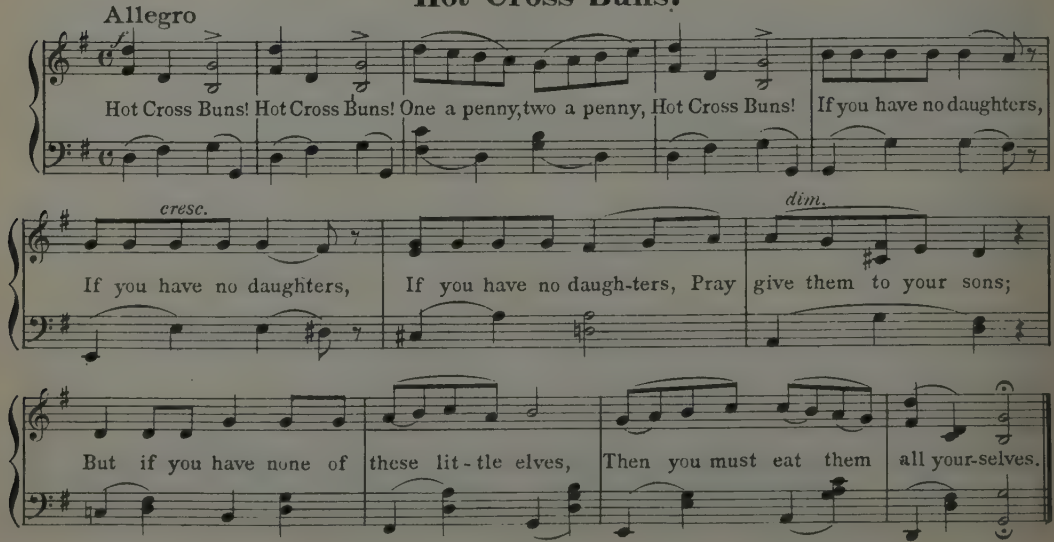
Moderato

GEO. F. ROOT


mf
cresc.
dim.
1. In the Hazel Dell my Nel-ly's sleeping, Nel - ly lov'd so long; And my lone-ly, lone - ly watch I'm
2. In the Hazel Dell my Nel-ly's sleeping, Where the flow-ers wave; And the si - lent stars are night-ly
keep-ing, Nel - ly lost and gone; Here in moon-light oft-en we have wander'd Thro' the si - lent
weep-ing, O'er poor Nel-ly's grave, Hopes that once my bo-som fond-ly cherish'd Smile no more on
mf
cresc.
dim.
shade, Now where leaf - y branches droop-ing downward, Lit-tle Nel - ly's laid.
me; Ev - 'ry dream of joy a - las has per-ished, Nel-ly dear, with thee.
All a-lone my
watch I'm keeping In the Ha-zel Dell, For my darling Nel-ly's near me sleep-ing,
dim.
Nel-ly dear, fare-well.

# Hot Cross Buns!

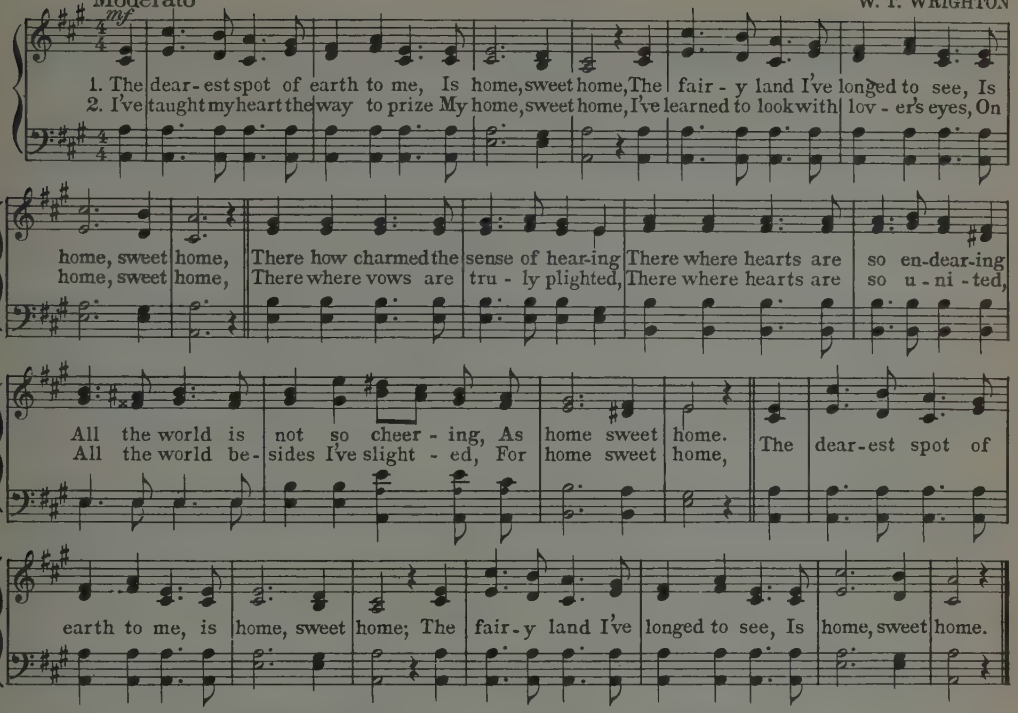
Allegro


Hot Cross Buns! Hot Cross Buns! One a penny, two a penny, Hot Cross Buns!
If you have no daughters,
cresc.
dim.
If you have no daughters, If you have no daugh-ters, Pray give them to your sons;
But if you have none of these lit-tle elves, Then you must eat them all your-selves.

# The Dearest Spot

Moderato

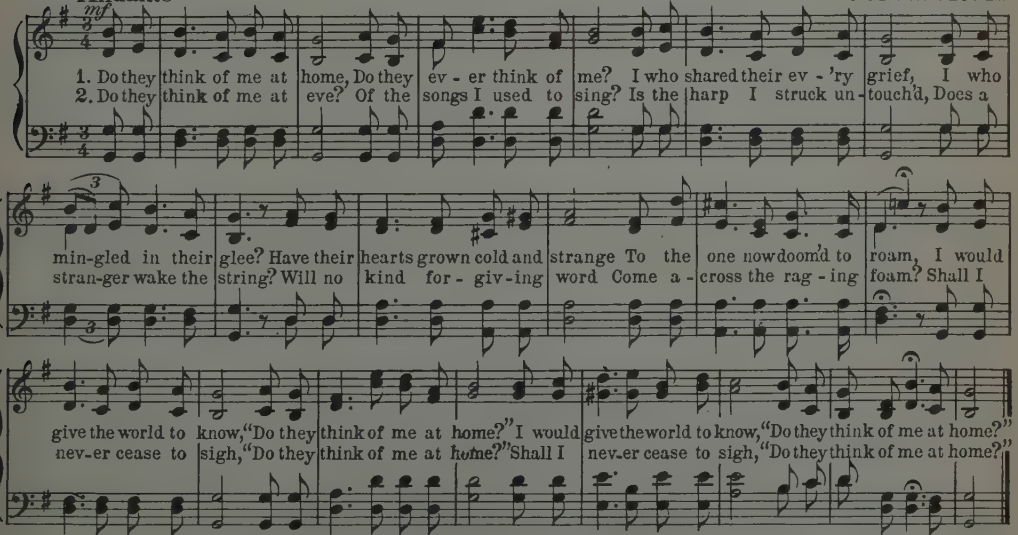
W. T. WRIGHTON


mf
1. The dear-est spot of earth to me, Is home, sweet home, The fair-y land I've longed to see, Is
2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home, I've learned to look with lov-er's eyes, On
home, sweet home, There how charmed the sense of hear-ing There where hearts are so en-dear-ing
home, sweet home, There where vows are tru-ly plighted, There where hearts are so u-ni-ted,
All the world is not so cheer-ing, As home sweet home. The dear-est spot of
All the world be-sides I've slight-ed, For home sweet home,
earth to me, is home, sweet home; The fair-y land I've longed to see, Is home, sweet home.

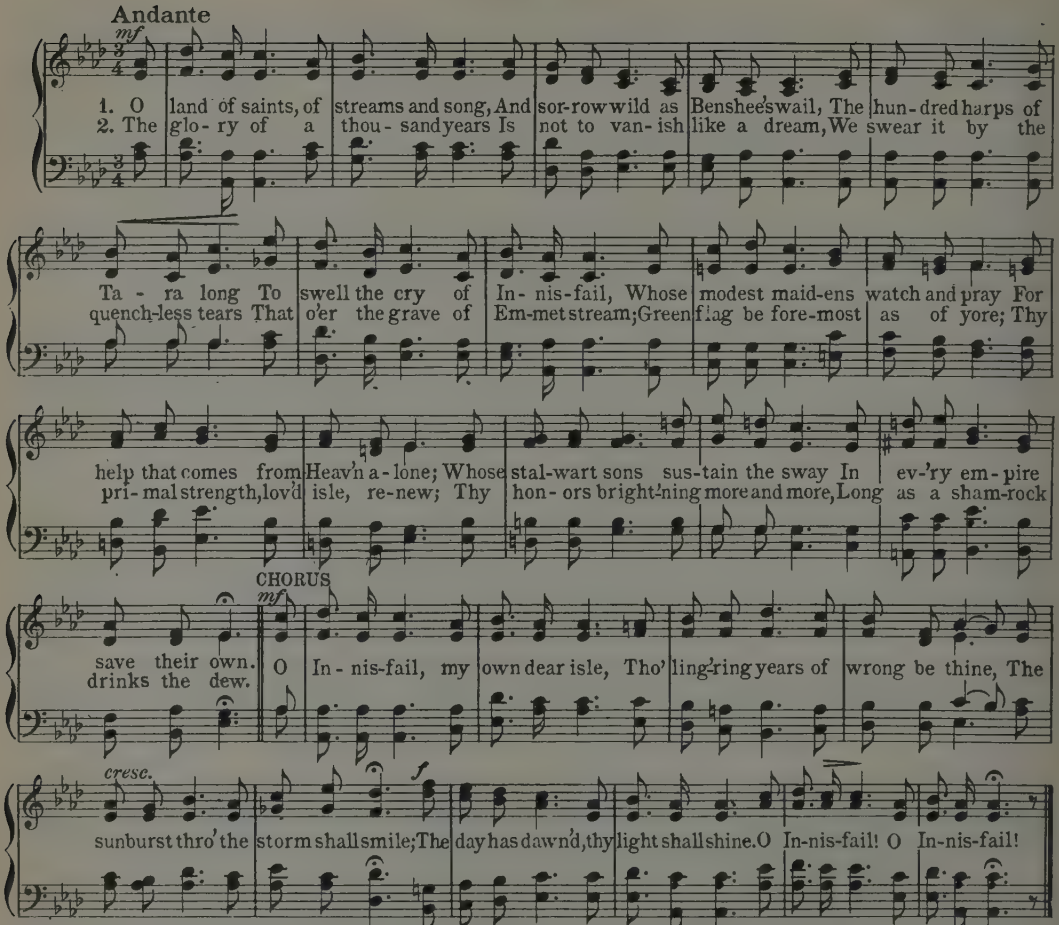
# Do They Think Of Me At Home?

Andante

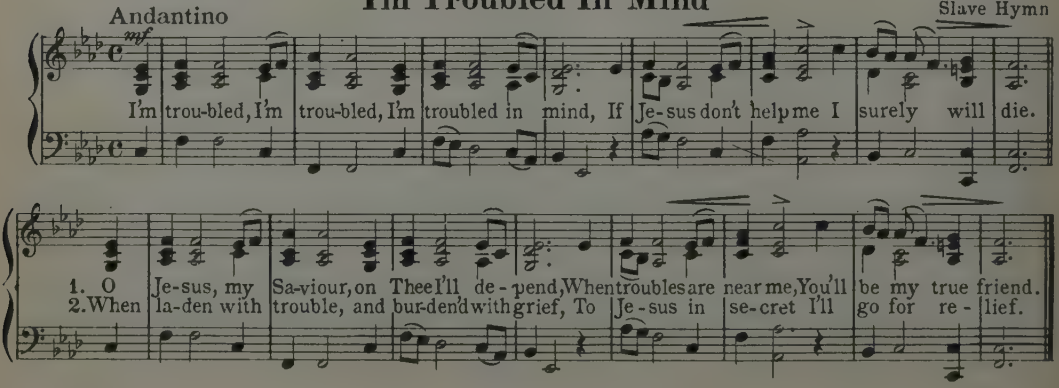
CHAS. W. GLOVER


mf
1. Do they think of me at home, Do they ev-er think of me? I who shared their ev-'ry grief, I who
2. Do they think of me at eve? Of the songs I used to sing? Is the harp I struck un-touch'd, Does a
min-gled in their glee? Have their hearts grown cold and strange To the one now doom'd to roam, I would
stran-ger wake the string? Will no kind for-giv-ing word Come a-cross the rag-ing foam? Shall I
give the world to know, "Do they think of me at home?" I would give the world to know, "Do they think of me at home?"
nev-er cease to sigh, "Do they think of me at home?" Shall I nev-er cease to sigh, "Do they think of me at home?"

# Innisfail


Andante
mf
1. O land of saints, of streams and song, And sor-row wild as Benshee's wail, The hun-dred harps of
2. The glo-ry of a thou-sand years Is not to van-ish like a dream, We swear it by the
Ta - ra long To swell the cry of In-nis-fail, Whose modest maid-ens watch and pray For
quench-less tears That o'er the grave of Em-met stream; Green flag be fore-most as of yore; Thy
help that comes from Heav'n a-lone; Whose stal-wart sons sus-tain the sway In ev-'ry em-pire
pri-mal strength, lov'd isle, re-new; Thy hon-ors bright-'ning more and more, Long as a sham-rock
CHORUS
mf
save their own.
drinks the dew.
O In-nis-fail, my own dear isle, Tho' ling-'ring years of wrong be thine, The
cresc.
f
sunburst thro' the storm shall smile; The day has dawn'd, thy light shall shine. O In-nis-fail! O In-nis-fail!

# I'm Troubled In Mind


Andantino
mf
Slave Hymn
I'm trou-bled, I'm trou-bled, I'm troubled in mind, If Je-sus don't help me I surely will die.
1. O Je-sus, my Sa-viour, on Thee I'll de-pend, When troubles are near me, You'll be my true friend.
2. When la-den with trouble, and bur-den'd with grief, To Je-sus in se-cret I'll go for re-lief.

# In Old Madrid

CLIFTON BINGHAM

H. TROTÉRE

Tempo di Bolero

1. Long years a - go, in old Ma-drid, Where soft-ly sighs of love the light gui-
2. Far, far, a - way, from old Ma-drid, Her lov-er fell long years a - go for

tar, Two sparkling eyes, a lat - tice hid, Two eyes as dark-ly bright as love's own star! There
Spain, A con-vent veil those sweet eyes hid, And all the vows that love had sigh'd were vain. But

on the casement ledge when day was o'er, A ti - ny hand was light-ly laid; A face look'd out, as from the
still be-tween the dusk and night, 'tis said Her white hand opes the lat-tice wide, The faint sweet ech-o of that

riv - er shore, There stole a ten-der ser - a - nade!
ser - en-ade, Floats weird-ly o'er the mist-y tide!

Rang the lov - er's hap-py song,
Still she lists her lov - er's song,

Light and low from shore to shore, But Ah! the riv - er flow'd a - long Be-tween them ever-
Still he sings up - on the shore, Tho' flows a stream than all more strong Be-tween them ever-

more.
more.

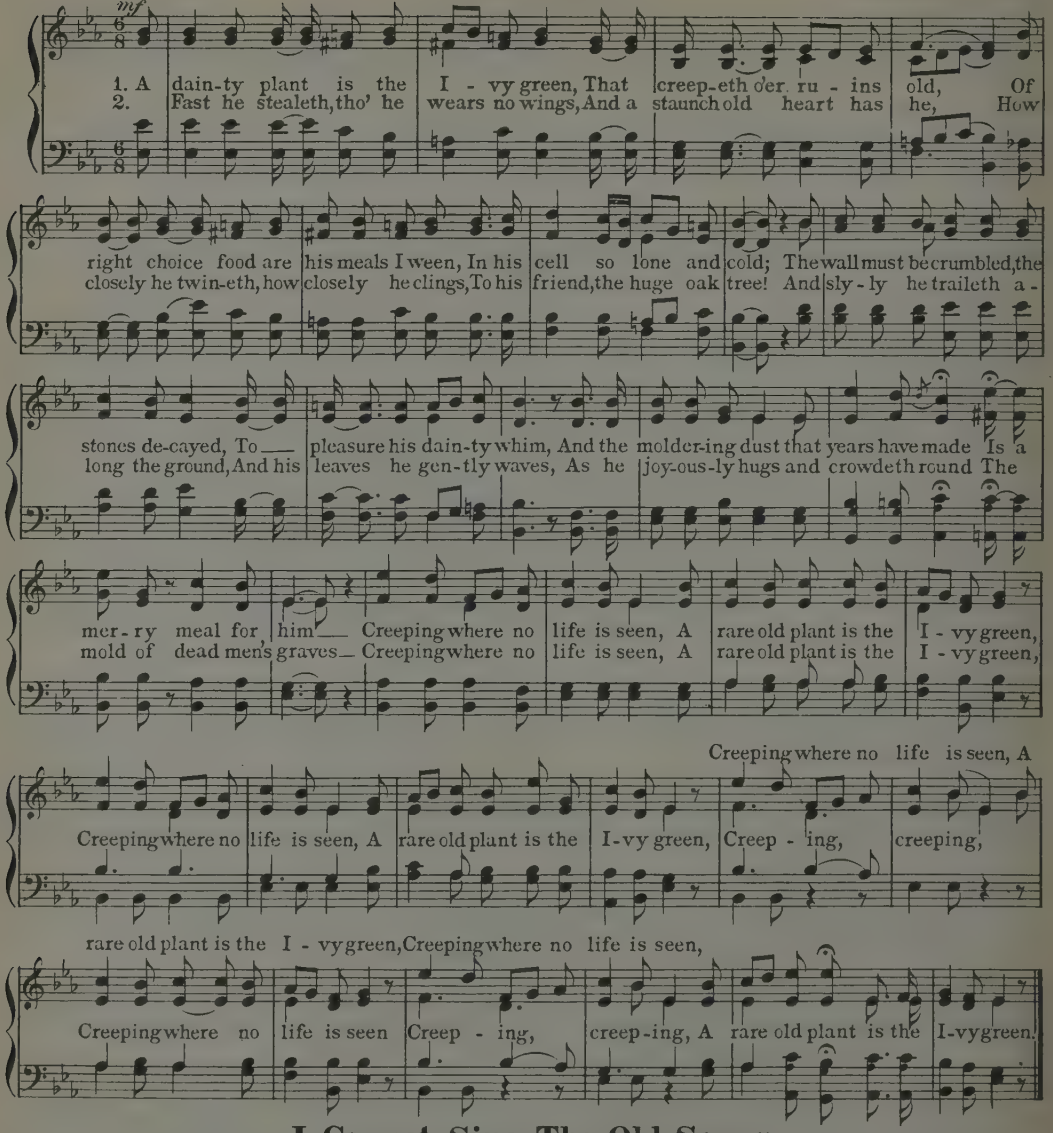
Come, my love, the stars are shin-ing, Time is fly-ing,

Love is sigh-ing, Come, for thee a heart is pin-ing, Here a - lone I wait for thee!

# The Ivy Green

Andantino

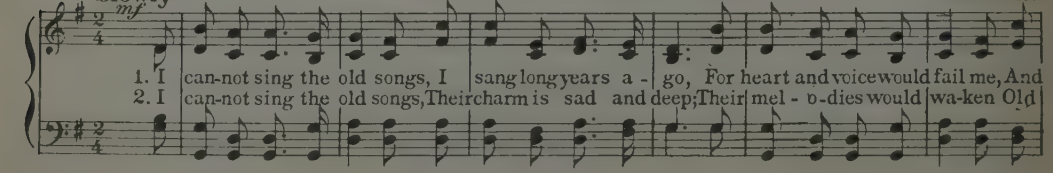
HENRY RUSSELL


mf
1. A dain-ty plant is the I - vy green, That creep-eth o'er ru - ins old, Of
2. Fast he stealeth, tho' he wears no wings, And a staunch old heart has he, How
right choice food are his meals I ween, In his cell so lone and cold; The wall must be crumbled, the
closely he twin-eth, how closely he clings, To his friend, the huge oak tree! And sly - ly he traileth a -
stones de-cayed, To — pleasure his dain-ty whim, And the molder-ing dust that years have made Is a
long the ground, And his leaves he gen-tly waves, As he joy-ous-ly hugs and crowdeth round The
mer - ry meal for him — Creeping where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the I - vy green,
mold of dead men's graves — Creeping where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the I - vy green,
Creeping where no life is seen, A
Creeping where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the I-vy green, Creep - ing, creeping,
rare old plant is the I - vy green, Creeping where no life is seen,
Creeping where no life is seen Creep - ing, creep-ing, A rare old plant is the I-vy green.

# I Cannot Sing The Old Songs

Slowly

CLARIBEL


mf
1. I can-not sing the old songs, I sang long years a - go, For heart and voice would fail me, And
2. I can-not sing the old songs, Their charm is sad and deep; Their mel - o-dies would wa-ken Old

foolish tears would flow; For bygone hours come o'er my heart, with each fa-mil-iar strain. I cannot sing the
sorrows from their sleep, And tho' all un-for-got-ten still, and sad-ly sweet they be, I cannot sing the

old songs, Or dream those dreams a-gain, I cannot sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a-gain.
old songs, They are too dear to me; I cannot sing the old songs, They are too dear to me.

## I'm Saddest When I Sing

Andante

T. H. BAYLY

1. You think I have a mer-ry heart, Be-cause my songs are gay; But oh! they all were
2. I heard them first in that sweet home I nev-er more shall see; And now each song of

taught to me By friends now far a-way. The bird re-tains its sil-ver note, Tho'
joy but breathes In plain-tive tones for me. A-las! 'tis vain in win-ter-time, To

bond-age chains his wing; His song is not a hap-py one; I'm sad-dest when I sing.
mock the songs of spring; Each note re-calls some with-ered leaf; I'm sad-dest when I sing.

## I Think Of You

Andante

E. DEVEREUX

1. I think of you in wak-ing hours, I dream of you by night, To
2. With-out you life would be a bar-ren de-sert void of charm, And

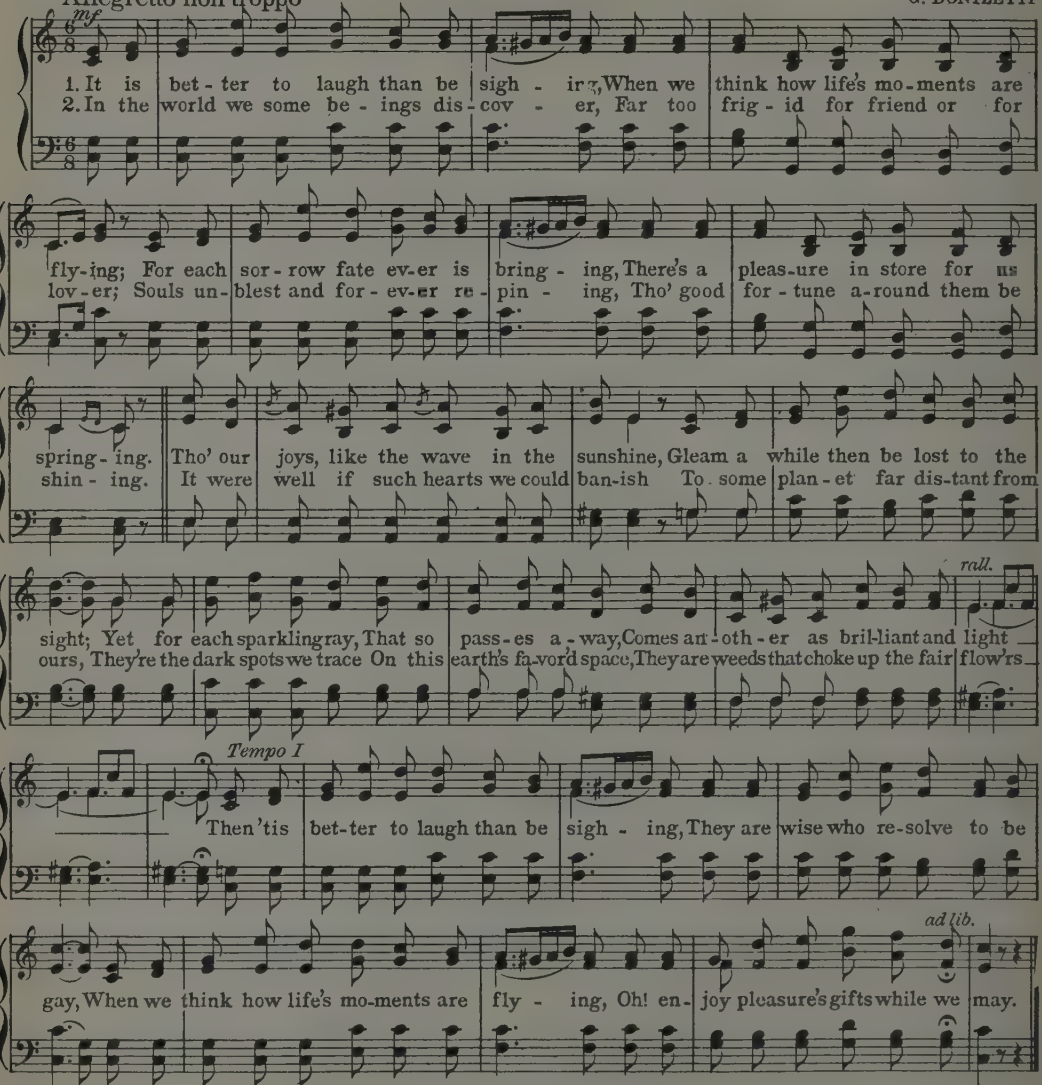
know our hearts may beat as one fills me with sweet de-light.
but the tho't of los-ing you frights me with wild a-larm.

"Lucrezia Borgia"

# It Is Better To Laugh Than Be Sighing

Allegretto non troppo

G. DONIZETTI

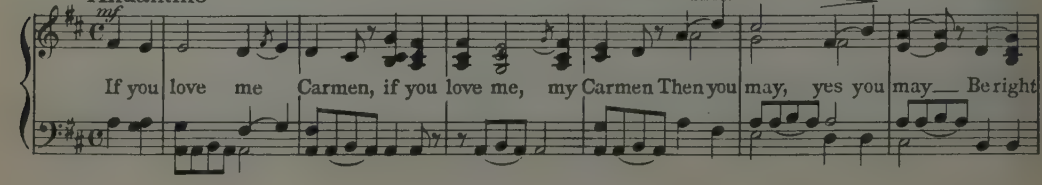

mf
1. It is bet - ter to laugh than be sigh - ing, When we think how life's mo - ments are
2. In the world we some be - ings dis - cov - er, Far too frig - id for friend or for
fly - ing; For each sor - row fate ev - er is bring - ing, There's a pleas - ure in store for us
lov - er; Souls un - blest and for - ev - er re - pin - ing, Tho' good for - tune a - round them be
spring - ing. Tho' our joys, like the wave in the sunshine, Gleam a while then be lost to the
shin - ing. It were well if such hearts we could ban - ish To some plan - et far dis - tant from
rall.
sight; Yet for each sparkling ray, That so pass - es a - way, Comes an - oth - er as bril - liant and light
ours, They're the dark spots we trace On this earth's fa - vor'd space, They are weeds that choke up the fair flow'rs
Tempo I
Then 'tis bet - ter to laugh than be sigh - ing, They are wise who re - solve to be
ad lib.
gay, When we think how life's mo - ments are fly - ing, Oh! en - joy pleasure's gifts while we may.

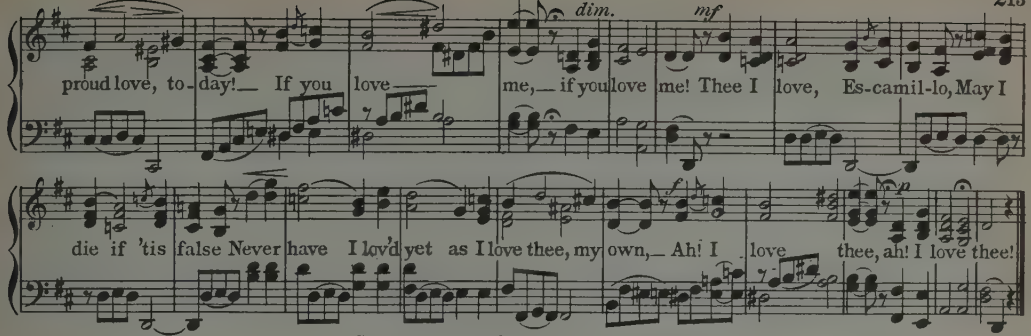
"Carmen"

# If You Love Me

Andantino

G. BIZET

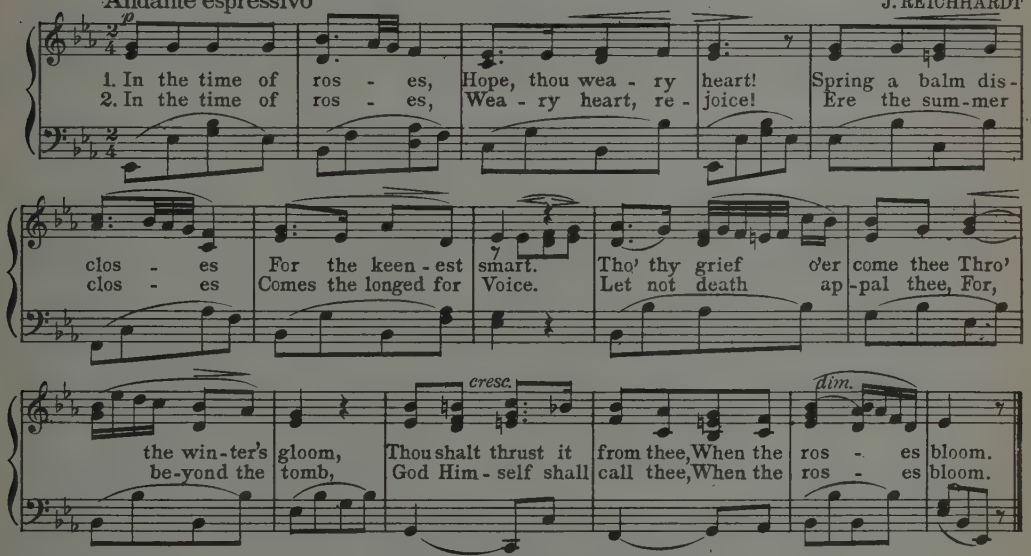



dim.
mf
proud love, to-day! If you love me, if you love me! Thee I love, Es-camil-lo, May I
die if 'tis false Never have I lov'd yet as I love thee, my own, Ah! I love thee, ah! I love thee!

## In The Time Of Roses

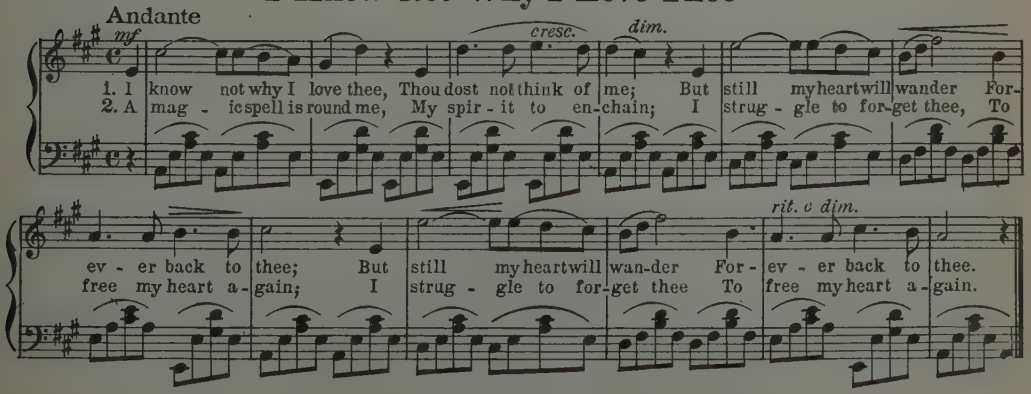
Andante espressivo

J. REICHHARDT


p
1. In the time of ros - es, Hope, thou wea - ry heart! Spring a balm dis-
2. In the time of ros - es, Wea - ry heart, re - joice! Ere the sum-mer
clos - es For the keen - est smart. Tho' thy grief o'er come thee Thro'
clos - es Comes the longed for Voice. Let not death ap - pal thee, For,
cresc.
dim.
the win-ter's gloom, Thou shalt thrust it from thee, When the ros - es bloom.
be-yond the tomb, God Him - self shall call thee, When the ros - es bloom.

## I Know Not Why I Love Thee

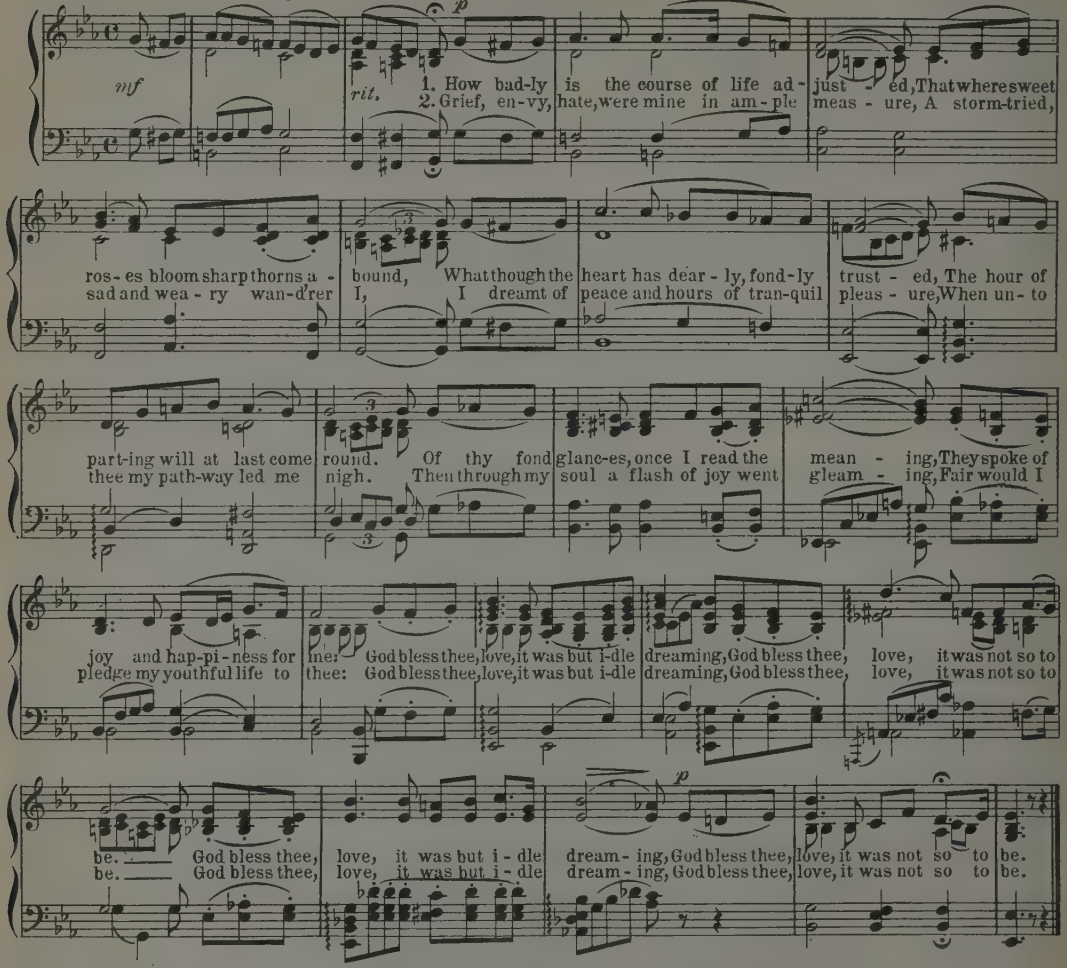
Andante


mf
cresc.
dim.
1. I know not why I love thee, Thou dost not think of me; But still my heart will wander For-
2. A mag - ic spell is round me, My spir - it to en-chain; I strug - gle to for-get thee, To
ev - er back to thee; But still my heart will wan-der For - ev - er back to thee.
free my heart a-gain; I strug - gle to for-get thee To free my heart a - gain.
rit. e dim.

# It Was Not So To Be

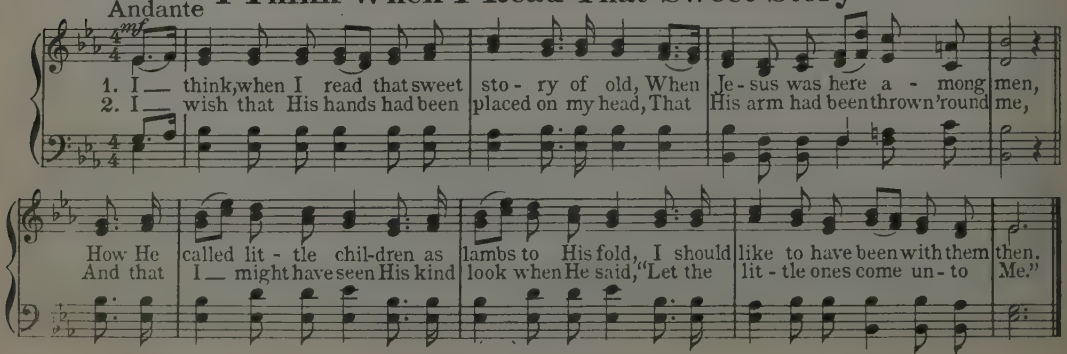
Andante con moto

VICTOR NESSLER


mf
p
rit.
1. How bad-ly is the course of life ad- just - ed, That where sweet
2. Grief, en-vy, hate, were mine in am-ple meas - ure, A storm-tried,
ros-es bloom sharp thorns a - sad and wea - ry wan-d'rer
bound, I, What though the I dreamt of heart has dear - ly, fond-ly peace and hours of tran-quil trust - ed, The hour of pleas - ure, When un - to
part-ing will at last come thee my path-way led me round. nigh. Of thy fond Then through my glanc-es, once I read the soul a flash of joy went mean - ing, They spoke of gleam - ing, Fair would I
joy and hap-pi-ness for pledge my youthful life to me: thee: God bless thee, love, it was but i-dle God bless thee, love, it was but i-dle dreaming, God bless thee, dreaming, God bless thee, love, it was not so to love, it was not so to
be. God bless thee, be. God bless thee, love, it was but i - dle love, it was but i - dle dream - ing, God bless thee, dream - ing, God bless thee, love, it was not so to be. love, it was not so to be.

# I Think When I Read That Sweet Story

Andante


mf
1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a - mong men,
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arm had been thrown 'round me,
How He called lit - tle chil-dren as lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."

# I'm Called Little Buttercup



A. SULLIVAN

Tempo di Valse

*mf*

I'm call'd lit-tle But-ter-cup, Dear lit-tle But-ter-cup Tho' I could nev-er tell why; But

still I'm call'd But-ter-cup, Poor lit-tle But-ter-cup, sweet lit-tle But-ter-cup I — I've snuff and to-

bac-cy, And ex-cel-lent jack-y; I've scis-sors and watches and knives. — I've rib-bons and la-ces to

set off the fa-ces, Of pret-ty young sweethearts and wives, I've trea-cle and tof-fee, I've tea and I've

cof-fee, Soft tom-my and suc-cu-lent chops, I've chickens and con-ies, and pret-ty po-lo-nies, And

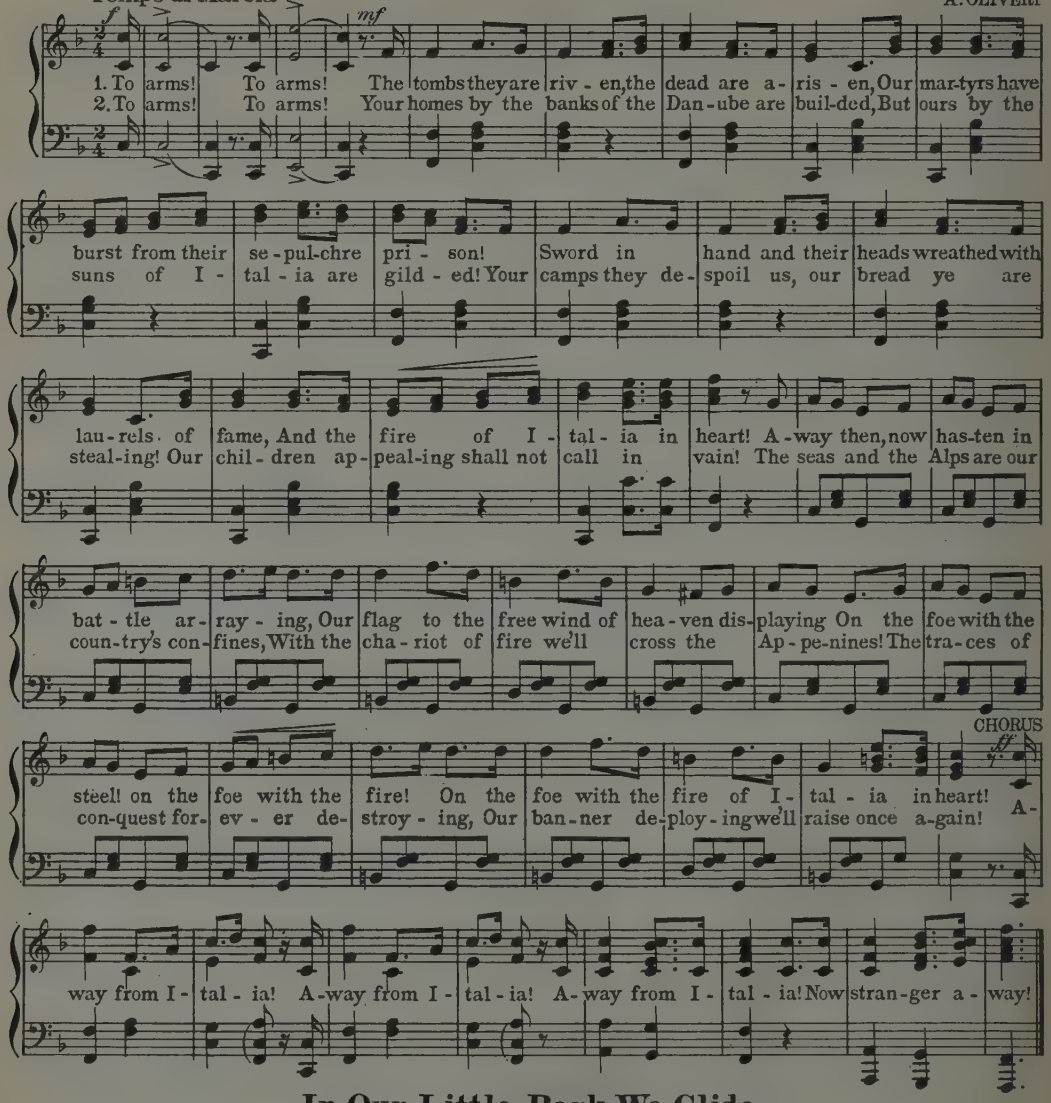
ex-cel-lent pep-per mint drops. — Then buy of your But-ter-cup, Dear lit-tle But-ter-cup, sail-ors should

nev-er be shy, — So buy of your But-ter-cup, poor lit-tle But-ter-cup, Come, of your Buttercup buy. —

# Garibaldi's War Hymn

Tempo di Marcia

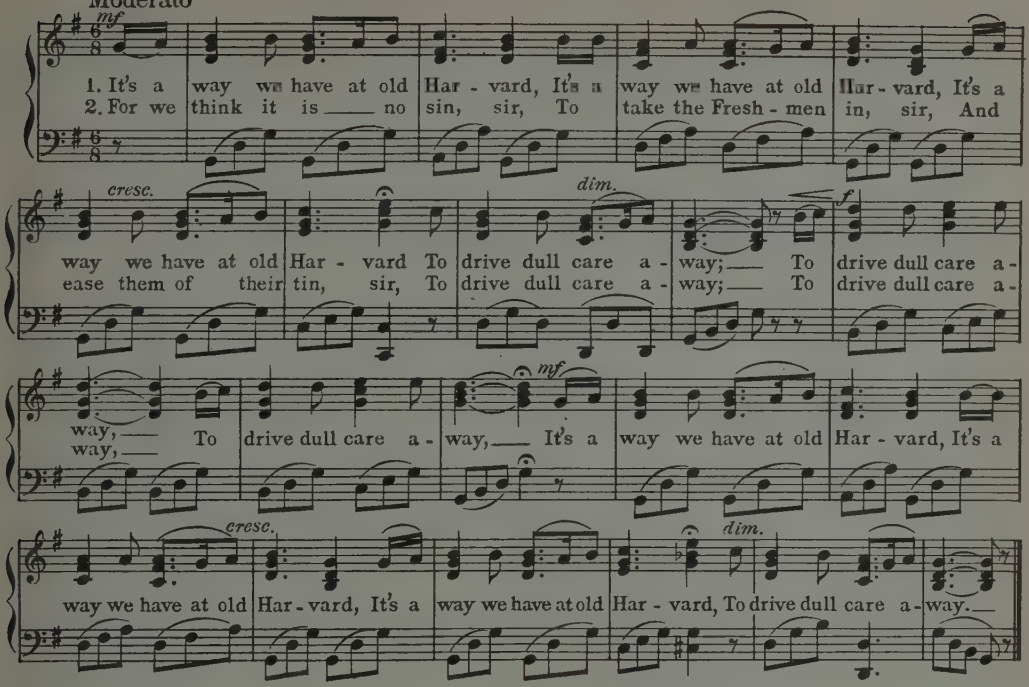
A. OLIVERI


1. To arms! To arms! The tombs they are riv - en, the dead are a - ris - en, Our mar-tyrs have
2. To arms! To arms! Your homes by the banks of the Dan - ube are buil-ded, But ours by the
burst from their se - pul-chre pri - son! Sword in hand and their heads wreathed with
suns of I - tal - ia are gild - ed! Your camps they de - spoil us, our bread ye are
lau-rels of fame, And the fire of I - tal - ia in heart! A - way then, now has-ten in
steal-ing! Our chil - dren ap - peal-ing shall not call in vain! The seas and the Alps are our
bat - tle ar - ray - ing, Our flag to the free wind of hea - ven dis - playing On the foe with the
coun-try's con - fines, With the cha - riot of fire we'll cross the Ap - pe-nines! The tra-ces of
CHORUS
steel! on the foe with the fire! On the foe with the fire of I - tal - ia in heart! A -
con-quest for - ev - er de - stroy - ing, Our ban-ner de-ploy - ing we'll raise once a-gain!
way from I - tal - ia! A-way from I - tal - ia! A-way from I - tal - ia! Now stran-ger a - way!

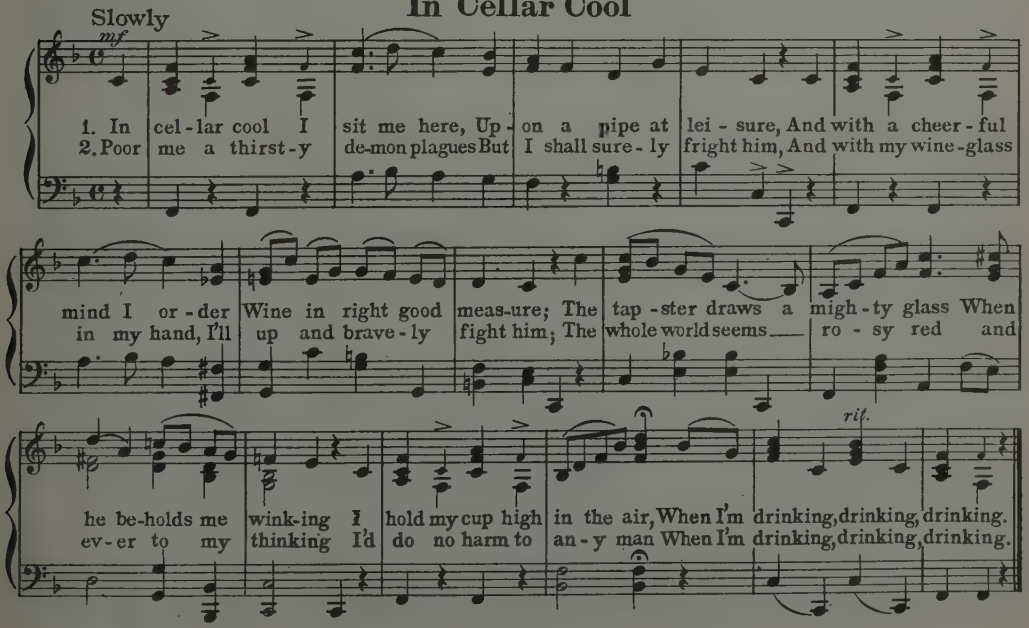
# In Our Little Bark We Glide

Moderato

# It's A Way We Have At Old Harvard


Moderato
mf
1. It's a way we have at old Har - vard, It's a way we have at old Har - vard, It's a
2. For we think it is no sin, sir, To take the Fresh - men in, sir, And
cresc.
dim.
f
way we have at old Har - vard To drive dull care a - way; To drive dull care a -
ease them of their tin, sir, To drive dull care a - way; To drive dull care a -
mf
way, To drive dull care a - way, It's a way we have at old Har - vard, It's a
way,
cresc.
dim.
way we have at old Har - vard, It's a way we have at old Har - vard, To drive dull care a - way.

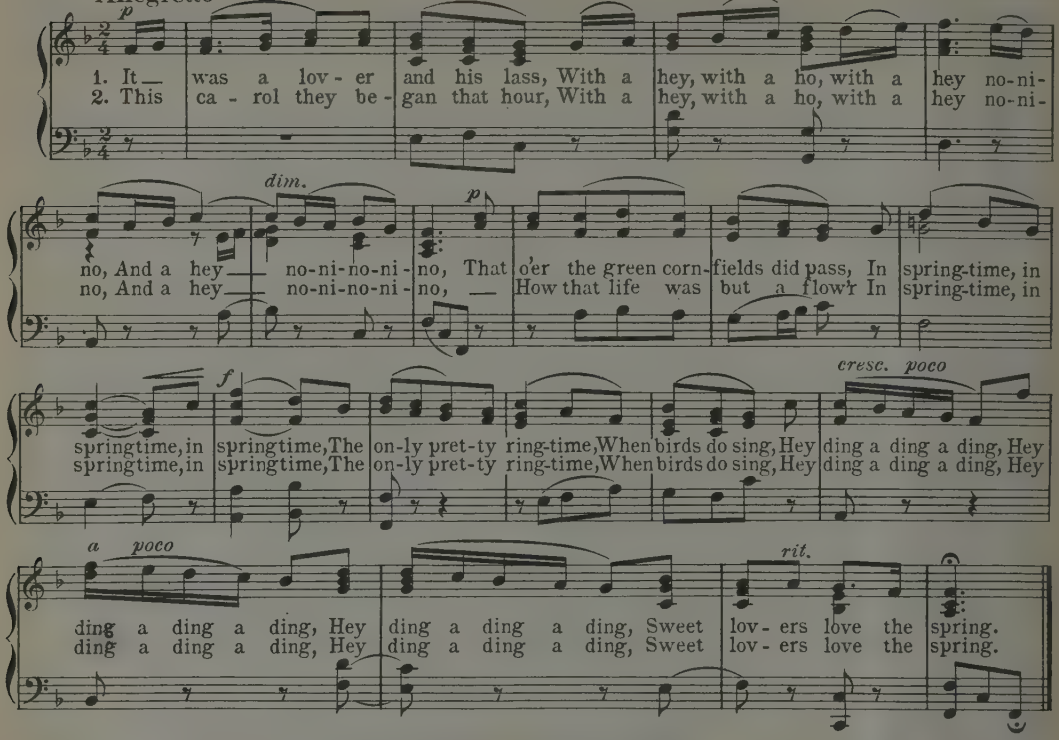
# In Cellar Cool


Slowly
mf
1. In cel - lar cool I sit me here, Up - on a pipe at lei - sure, And with a cheer - ful
2. Poor me a thirst - y de-mon plagues But I shall sure - ly fright him, And with my wine - glass
mind I or - der Wine in right good meas-ure; The tap - ster draws a migh - ty glass When
in my hand, I'll up and brave - ly fight him; The whole world seems ro - sy red and
rit.
he be-holds me wink-ing I hold my cup high in the air, When I'm drinking, drinking, drinking.
ev - er to my thinking I'd do no harm to an - y man When I'm drinking, drinking, drinking.

# It Was A Lover And His Lass

Allegretto

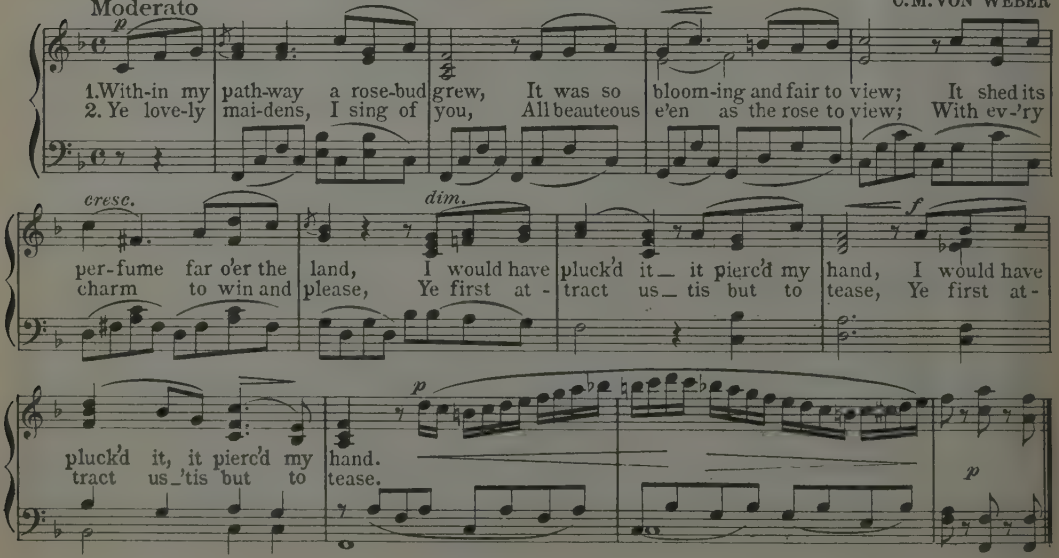
THOMAS MORLEY


p
1. It was a lov - er and his lass, With a hey, with a ho, with a hey no-ni-
2. This ca - rol they be - gan that hour, With a hey, with a ho, with a hey no-ni-
dim.
p
no, And a hey no-ni-no-ni- no, That o'er the green corn-fields did pass, In spring-time, in
no, And a hey no-ni-no-ni- no, How that life was but a flow'r In spring-time, in
f
cresc. poco
springtime, in springtime, The on-ly pret-ty ring-time, When birds do sing, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey
springtime, in springtime, The on-ly pret-ty ring-time, When birds do sing, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey
a poco
rit.
ding a ding a ding, Hey ding a ding a ding, Sweet lov - ers love the spring.
ding a ding a ding, Hey ding a ding a ding, Sweet lov - ers love the spring.

# I Saw A Rosebud

Moderato

C.M.VON WEBER


p
1. With-in my path-way a rose-bud grew, It was so bloom-ing and fair to view; It shed its
2. Ye love-ly mai-dens, I sing of you, All beauteous e'en as the rose to view; With ev-'ry
cresc.
dim.
f
per-fume far o'er the land, I would have pluck'd it it pierc'd my hand, I would have
charm to win and please, Ye first at - tract us tis but to tease, Ye first at -
p
pluck'd it, it pierc'd my hand.
tract us 'tis but to tease.
p

# In The Gloaming

Andante

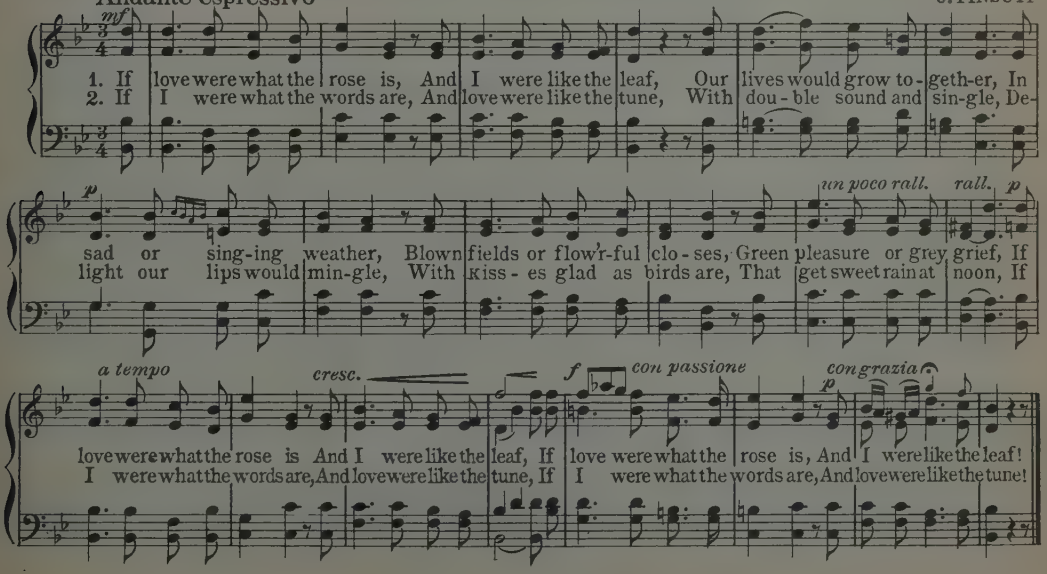
ANNIE F. HARRISON

p
1. In the gloam-ing, oh, my dar-ling! when the lights are dim and low, And the qui - et
2. In the gloam-ing, oh, my dar-ling! think not bit - ter - ly of me! Though I passed a -
rall.
agitato
shad - ows, fall-ing, soft-ly come and soft - ly go; When the winds are sob - bing faint-ly
way in si - lence, left you lone - ly, set you free; For my heart was crushed with long-ing;
con anima
with a gen-tle, un-known woe, Will you think of me and love me, As you did once
what had been could nev-er be. It was best to leave you thus, dear, Best for you and
1.
2.
rall.
cresc.
long a - go?
best for (Omit.)
me, It was best to leave you thus, Best for you and best for me.

# If Love Were What The Rose Is

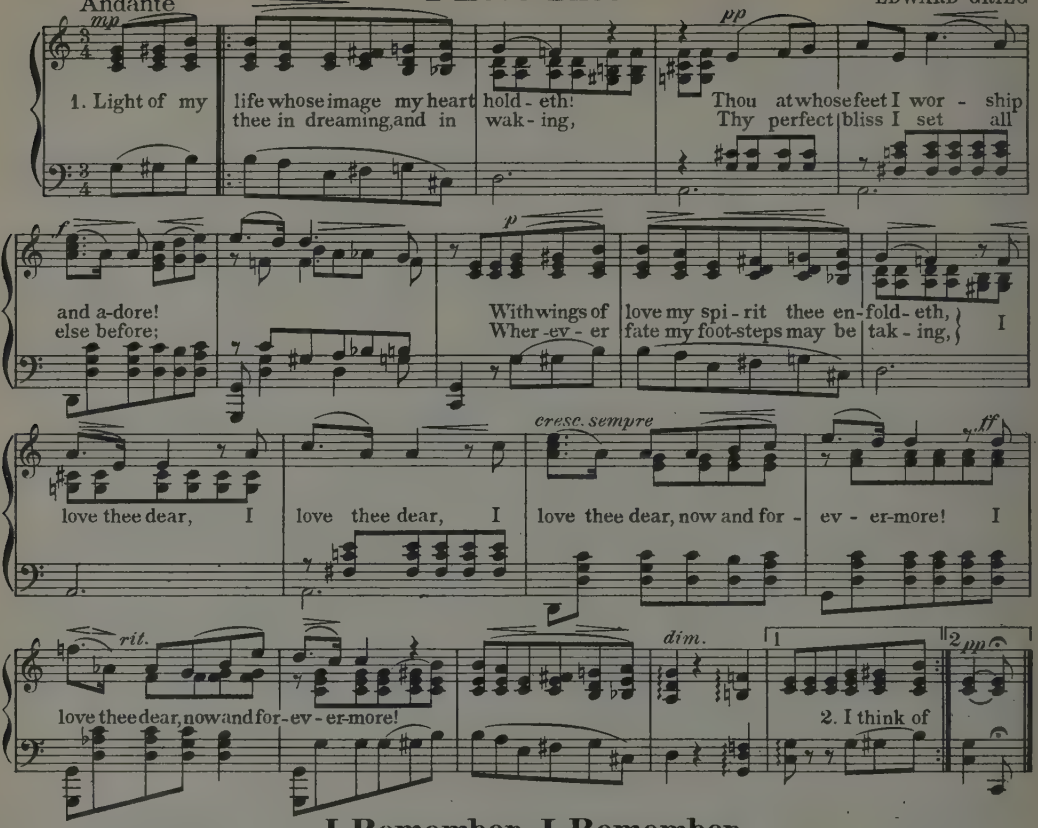
Andante espressivo

C. PINSUTI

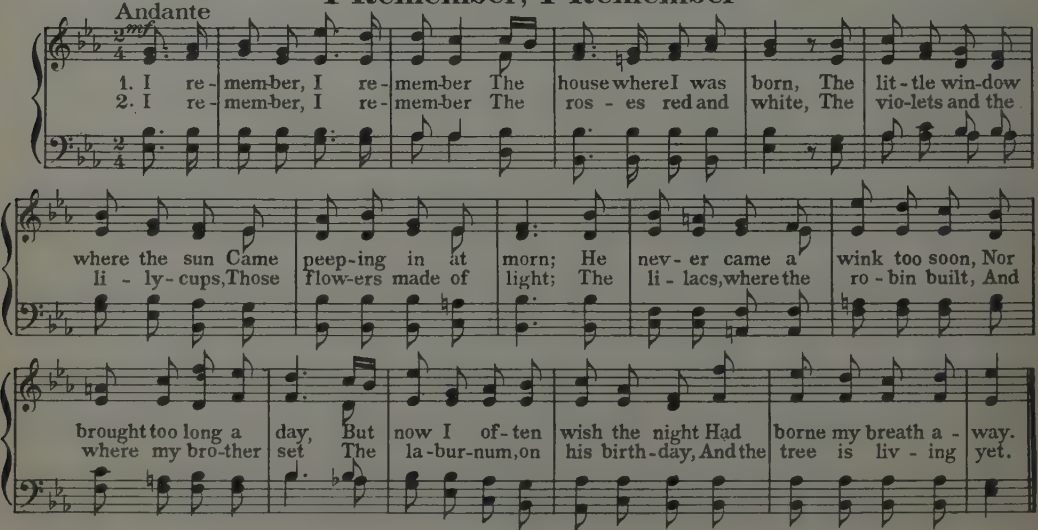

mf
1. If love were what the rose is, And I were like the leaf, Our lives would grow to - geth-er, In
2. If I were what the words are, And love were like the tune, With dou - ble sound and sin-gle, De-
p
un poco rall.
rall.
p
sad or sing-ing weather, Blown fields or flow'r-ful clo - ses, Green pleasure or grey grief, If
light our lips would min-gle, With kiss - es glad as birds are, That get sweet rain at noon, If
a tempo
cresc.
f
con passione
con grazia
p
love were what the rose is And I were like the leaf, If love were what the rose is, And I were like the leaf!
I were what the words are, And love were like the tune, If I were what the words are, And love were like the tune!

# I Love Thee

EDWARD GRIEG


Andante
mp
1. Light of my life whose image my heart hold - eth!
thee in dreaming, and in wak - ing,
pp
Thou at whose feet I wor - ship
Thy perfect bliss I set all
f
and a-dore!
else before;
p
With wings of love my spi - rit thee en-fold - eth,
Wher - ev - er fate my foot-steps may be tak - ing,
I
cresc. sempre
ff
love thee dear, I love thee dear, I love thee dear, now and for - ev - er-more! I
rit.
dim.
1
2
pp
love thee dear, now and for-ev - er-more!
2. I think of

# I Remember, I Remember


Andante
mf
1. I re - mem-ber, I re - mem-ber The house where I was born, The lit - tle win-dow
2. I re - mem-ber, I re - mem-ber The ros - es red and white, The vio-lets and the
where the sun Came peep-ing in at morn; He nev - er came a wink too soon, Nor
li - ly - cups, Those flow-ers made of light; The li - lacs, where the ro - bin built, And
brought too long a day, But now I of-ten wish the night Had borne my breath a - way.
where my bro-ther set The la-bur-num, on his birth-day, And the tree is liv - ing yet.

# Irish Emigrant's Lament

Andantino

mf

1. I'm sit - ting on the stile, Ma-ry, Where we sat side by side, On a bright May morning,
2. The place is lit - tle changed, Ma-ry, The day as bright as then, The lark's loud song is

long a - go, When first you were my bride. The corn was springing fresh and green, And the
in my ear, And the corn is green a - gain! But I miss the soft clasp of your hand, And your

cresc. sotto voce e con espress. cresc.

lark sang loud and high, And the red was on your lip, Ma-ry, And the love-light in your
breath warm on my cheek, And I still keep list-'ning for the words You nev - er more will

rall. ad lib.

eye, And the red was on your lip, Ma - ry, And the love - light in your eye.
speak, And I still keep list-'ning for the words You nev - er more will speak.

# I Seen Her At De Window

Moderato

mf

1. As I walked out last Sun-day night, The wed-der it was ha-zy A pret-ty girl I
2. Her hair was curl-ed tight round her head, I could not keep from grinning; I real-ly thought I

CHORUS

chanced to meet Oh! she set this col-or'd man cra - zy! I seen her at de win-dow, It
should sus-pire, When I heard that yal-ler girl sing-ing.

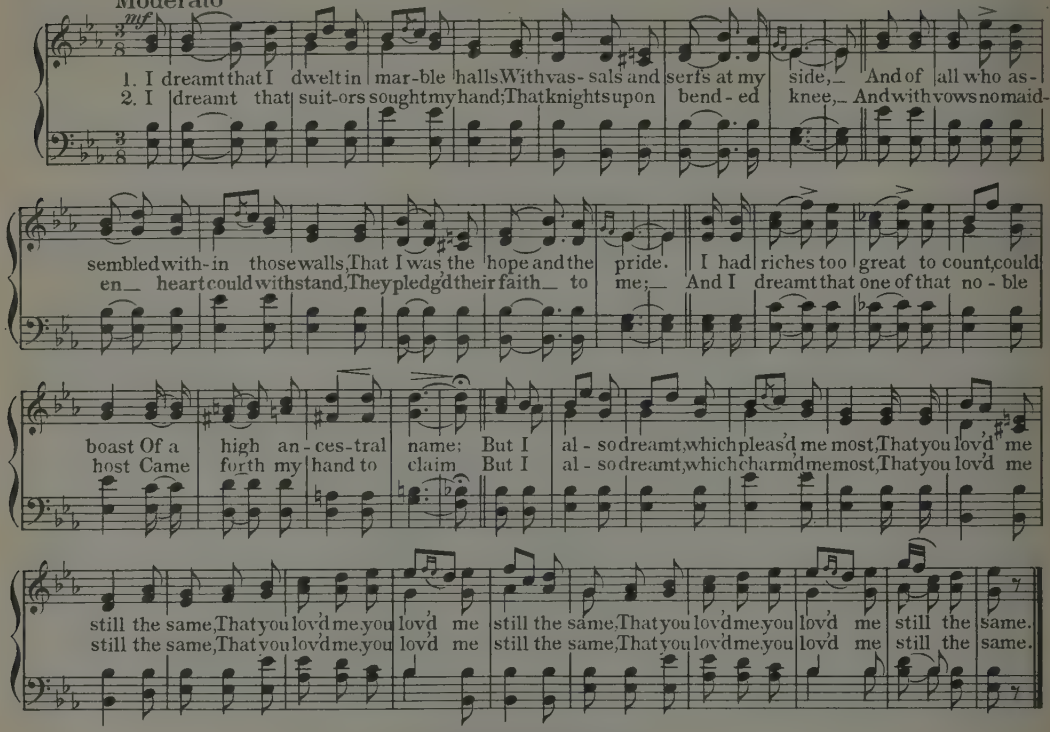
was my dear Lu - cin-da; She dress'd so neat, and looked so sweet, I'd gin my life to bin in thar.

"Bohemian Girl"

# I Dreamt I Dwelt In Marble Halls

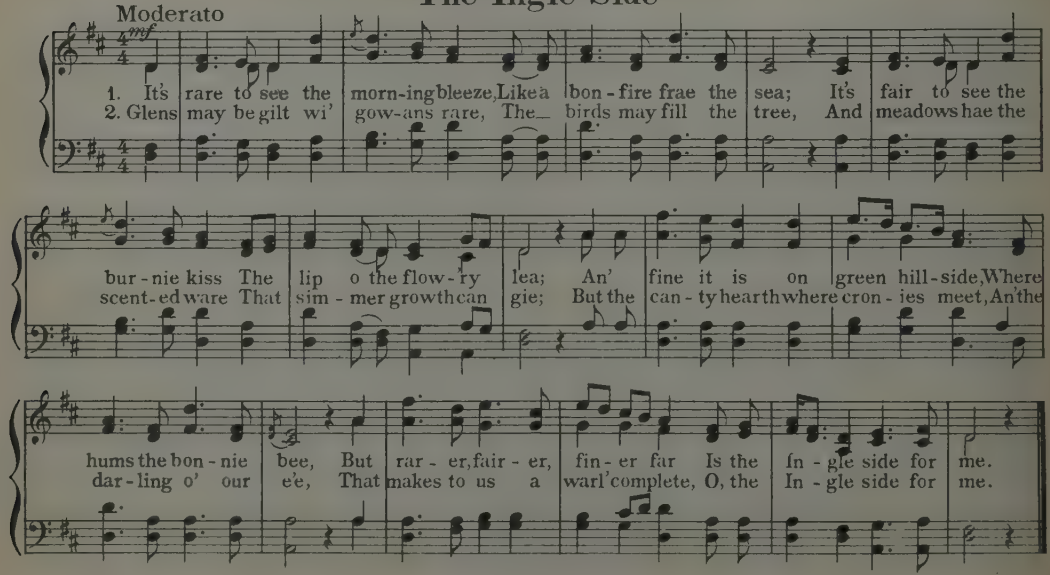
M. W. BALFE

Moderato


mf
1. I dreamt that I dwelt in mar-ble halls With vas-sals and serfs at my side, And of all who as-
2. I dreamt that suit-ors sought my hand; That knights upon bend-ed knee, And with vows no maid-
sembled with-in those walls, That I was the hope and the pride. I had riches too great to count, could
en heart could withstand, They pledg'd their faith to me; And I dreamt that one of that no-ble
boast Of a high an-ces-tral name; But I al-so dreamt, which pleas'd me most, That you lov'd me
host Came forth my hand to claim But I al-so dreamt, which charm'd me most, That you lov'd me
still the same, That you lov'd me, you lov'd me still the same, That you lov'd me, you lov'd me still the same.
still the same, That you lov'd me, you lov'd me still the same, That you lov'd me, you lov'd me still the same.

# The Ingle Side

Moderato


mf
1. It's rare to see the morn-ing breeze, Like a bon-fire frae the sea; It's fair to see the
2. Glens may be gilt wi' gow-ans rare, The birds may fill the tree, And meadows hae the
bur-nie kiss The lip o the flow-'ry lea; An' fine it is on green hill-side, Where
scent-ed ware That sim-mer growth can gie; But the can-ty hearth where cron-ies meet, An' the
hums the bon-nie bee, But rar-er, fair-er, fin-er far Is the in-gle side for me.
dar-ling o' our e'e, That makes to us a warl' complete, O, the In-gle side for me.

# I'll Hang My Harp On A Willow Tree

Moderato

*mf*

1. I'll hang my harp on a wil-low tree, I'll off to the wars a-gain; My peace-ful home has no
2. She took me a-way from my war-like lord, And gave me a silk-en suit, I thought no more of my

*cresc.* *f*

charms for me, The bat - tle field no pain; The la-dy I love will soon be a bride, With a
mas-ter's sword, When I play'd on my mas-ter's lute; She seem'd to think me a boy a-bove Her

*dim.*

di-a-dem on her brow; Oh! why did she flat-ter my boy-ish pride, She's go-ing to leave me
pages of low de-gree; Oh! had I but lov'd with a boy-ish love, It would have been better for

*dim. e rit.*

now, Oh! why did she flat-ter my boy-ish pride, She's go-ing to leave me now!
me, Oh! had I but lov'd with a boy-ish love, It would have been bet-ter for me.

# I've Been Roaming

Allegretto

CHAS. E. HORN

*mf*

1. I've been roam-ing, I've been roam-ing Where the mea-dow dew is sweet; And I'm
2. I've been roam-ing, I've been roam-ing By the rose and lil - y fair; And I'm

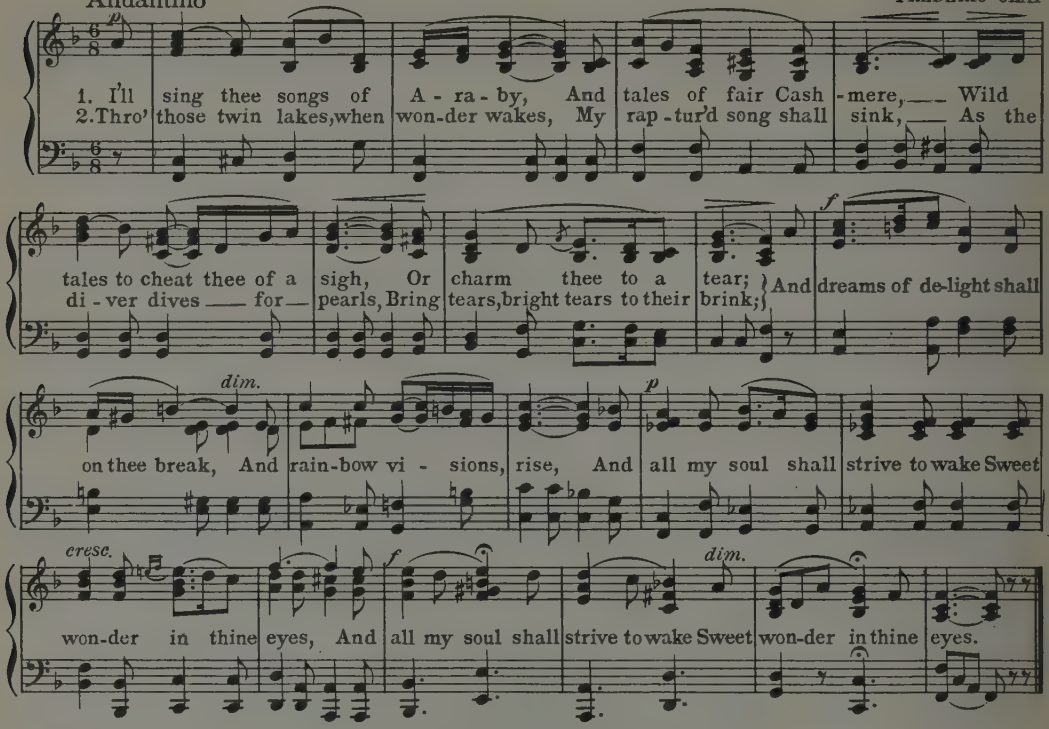
com-ing, and I'm com-ing With its pearls up - on my feet, } I've been roam-ing, I've been roam-ing
com-ing, and I'm com-ing With their blos-soms in my hair, }

Where the mea-dow dew is sweet, And I'm com-ing, and I'm com-ing With its pearls up-on my feet.

# I'll Sing Thee Songs Of Araby

Andantino

FREDERIC CLAY

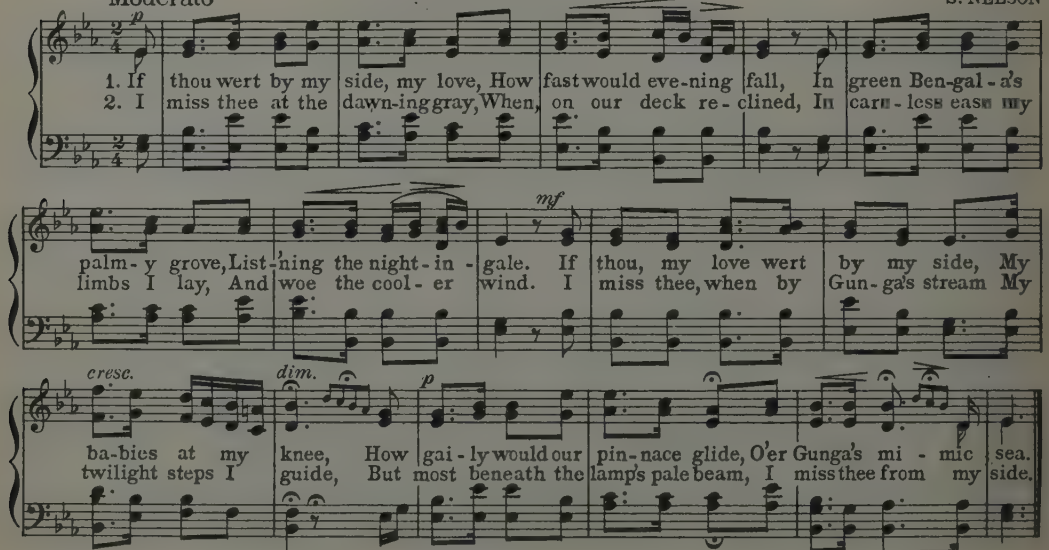

1. I'll sing thee songs of A - ra - by, And tales of fair Cash - mere, Wild
2. Thro' those twin lakes, when won-der wakes, My rap - tur'd song shall sink, As the
tales to cheat thee of a sigh, Or charm thee to a tear;
di - ver dives for pearls, Bring tears, bright tears to their brink;
And dreams of de-light shall
on thee break, And rain-bow vi - sions, rise, And all my soul shall strive to wake Sweet
won-der in thine eyes, And all my soul shall strive to wake Sweet won-der in thine eyes.

R. HEBER

# If Thou Wert By My Side

Moderato

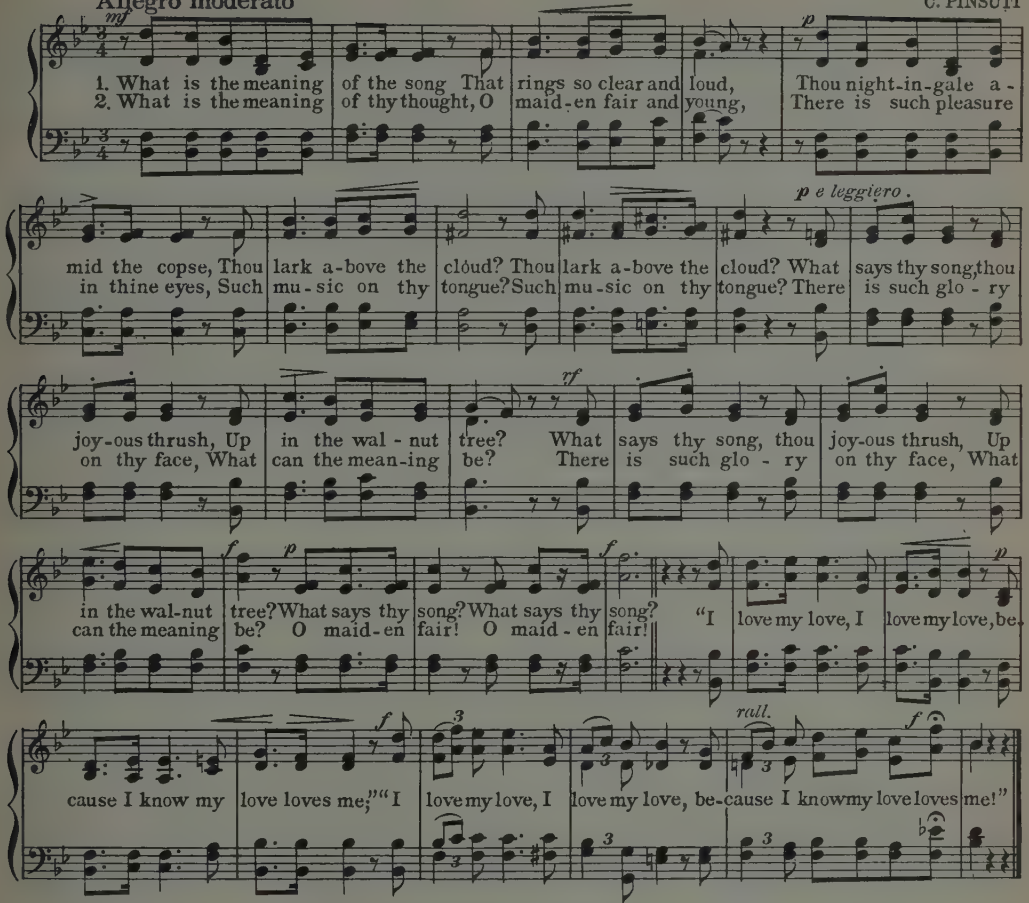
S. NELSON


1. If thou wert by my side, my love, How fast would eve-ning fall, In green Ben-gal - a's
2. I miss thee at the dawn-ing gray, When, on our deck re - clined, In care - less ease my
palm - y grove, List - ning the night - in - gale. If thou, my love wert by my side, My
limbs I lay, And woe the cool - er wind. I miss thee, when by Gun - ga's stream My
ba-bies at my knee, How gai - ly would our pin-nace glide, O'er Gunga's mi - mic sea.
twilight steps I guide, But most beneath the lamp's pale beam, I miss thee from my side.

# I Love My Love

Allegro moderato

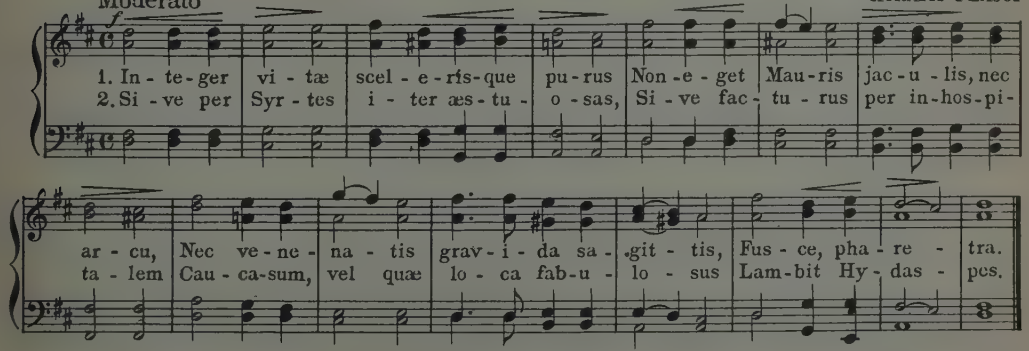
C. PINSUTI


mf
1. What is the meaning of the song That rings so clear and loud,
2. What is the meaning of thy thought, O maid-en fair and young,
p
Thou night-in-gale a-mid the copse, Thou lark a-bove the clóud? Thou lark a-bove the cloud? What says thy song, thou
There is such pleasure in thine eyes, Such mu-sic on thy tongue? Such mu-sic on thy tongue? There is such glo-ry
p e leggiero.
joy-ous thrush, Up in the wal-nut tree? What says thy song, thou joy-ous thrush, Up
on thy face, What can the mean-ing be? There is such glo-ry on thy face, What
rf
in the wal-nut tree? What says thy song? What says thy song? "I love my love, I love my love, be-
can the meaning be? O maid-en fair! O maid-en fair!
f
p
f
p
cause I know my love loves me;" "I love my love, I love my love, be-cause I know my love loves me!"
rall.
f

# Integer Vitæ

Moderato

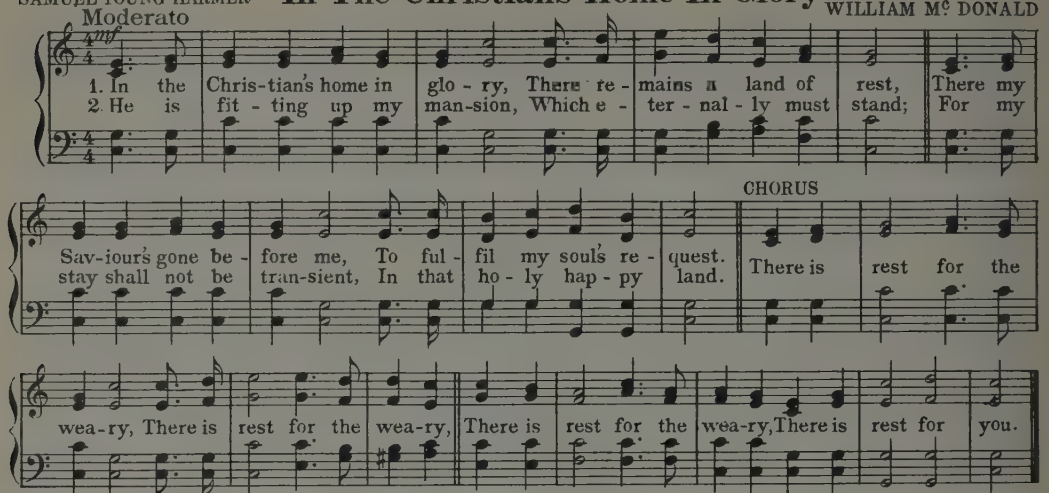
HORATII FLACCI


f
1. In-te-ger vi-tæ scel-e-ris-que pu-rus Non-e-get Mau-ris jac-u-lis, nec
2. Si-ve per Syr-tes i-ter æs-tu-o-sas, Si-ve fac-tu-rus per in-hos-pi-
ar-cu, Nec ve-ne-na-tis grav-i-da sa-git-tis, Fus-ce, pha-re-tra.
ta-lem Cau-ca-sum, vel quæ lo-ca fab-u-lo-sus Lam-bit Hy-das-pes.

SAMUEL YOUNG HARMER

## In The Christian's Home In Glory

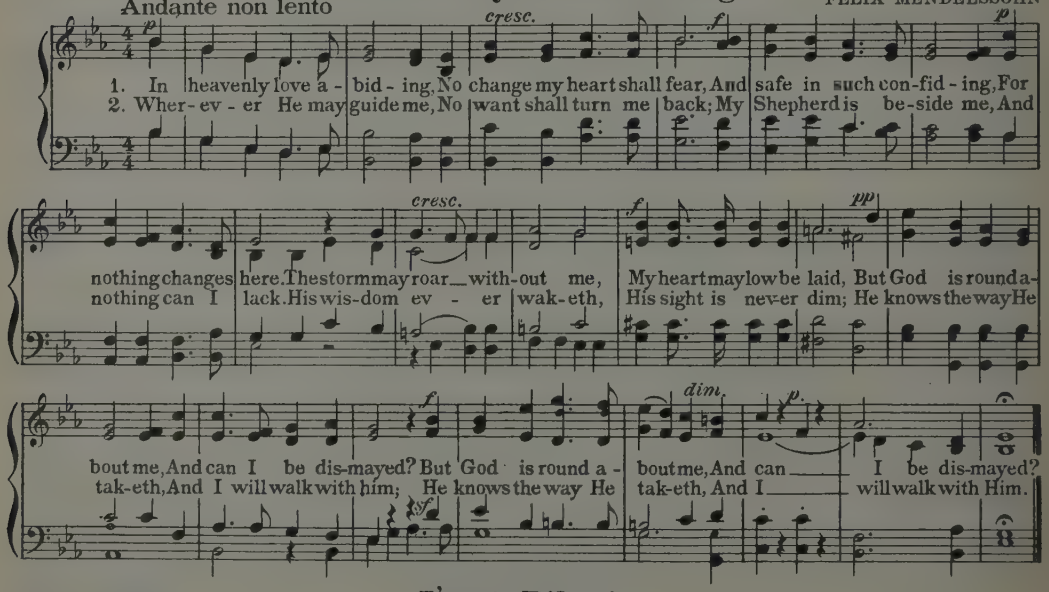
WILLIAM Mc DONALD


Moderato
mf
1. In the Chris-tian's home in glo - ry, There re - mains a land of rest, There my
2. He is fit - ting up my man-sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly must stand; For my
CHORUS
Sav-iour's gone be - fore me, To ful - fil my soul's re - quest.
stay shall not be tran-sient, In that ho - ly hap - py land.
There is rest for the
wea-ry, There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for you.

## In Heavenly Love Abiding

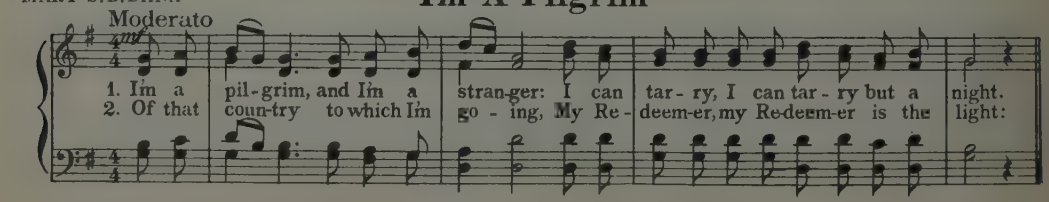
Andante non lento

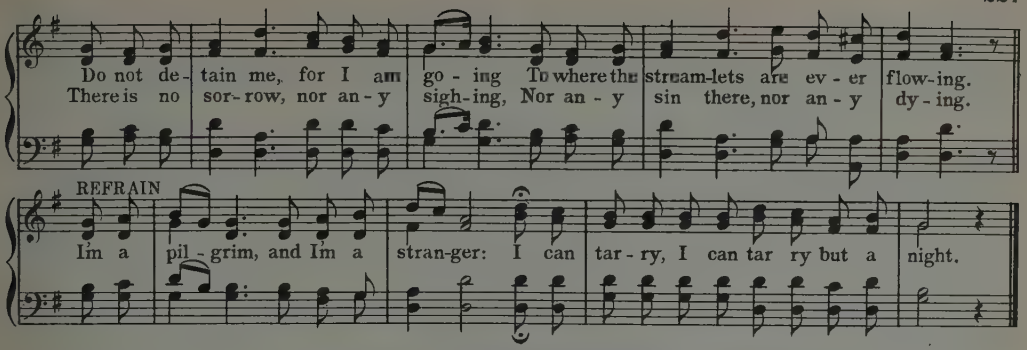
FELIX MENDELSSOHN


p
cresc.
f
p
1. In heavenly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear, And safe in such con-fid - ing, For
2. Wher - ev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shepherd is be-side me, And
cresc.
f
pp
nothing changes here. The storm may roar — with-out me, My heart may low be laid, But God is round a-
nothing can I lack. His wis-dom ev - er wak-eth, His sight is nev-er dim; He knows the way He
f
dim.
p
bout me, And can I be dis-mayed? But God is round a - bout me, And can — I be dis-mayed?
tak-eth, And I will walk with him; He knows the way He tak-eth, And I — will walk with Him.

MARY S. B. DANA

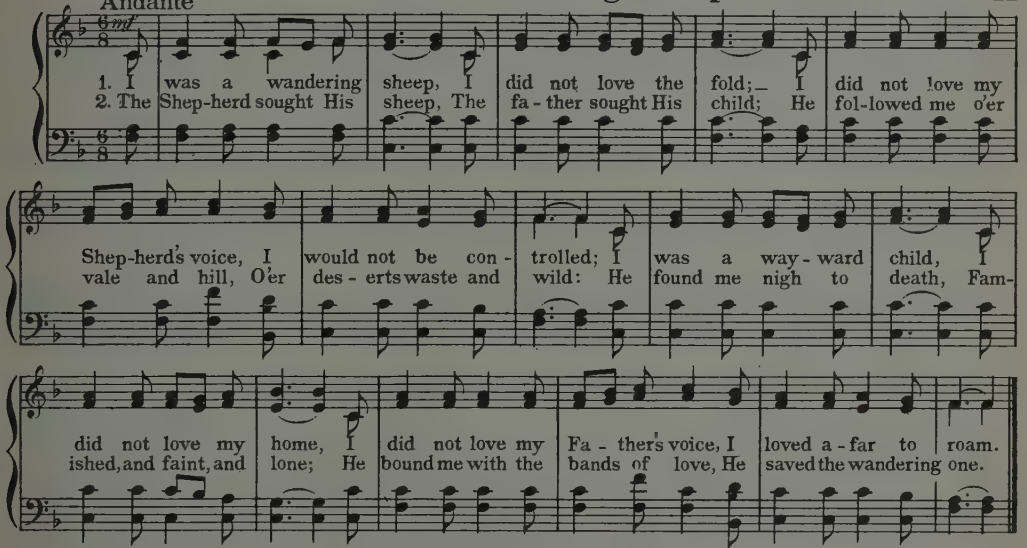
## I'm A Pilgrim


Moderato
mf
1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger: I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night.
2. Of that coun-try to which I'm go - ing, My Re - deem-er, my Re-deem-er is the light:

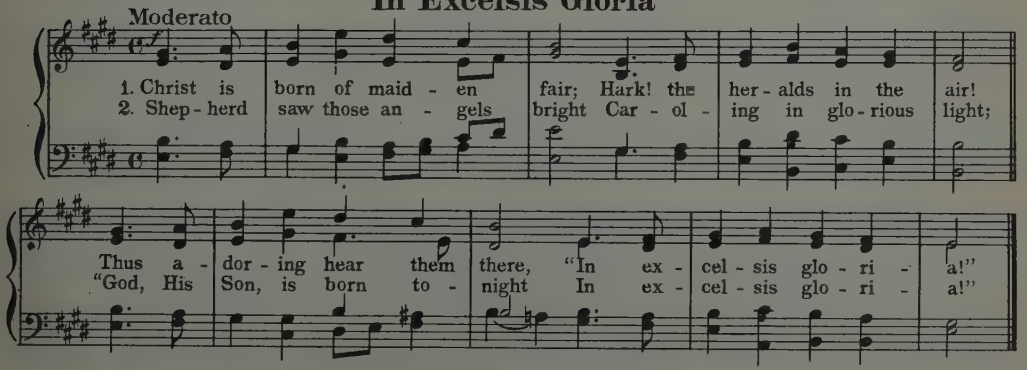

Do not de- tain me, for I am go - ing To where the stream-lets are ev - er flow-ing.
There is no sor- row, nor an - y sigh - ing, Nor an - y sin there, nor an - y dy - ing.
REFRAIN
I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran-ger: I can tar - ry, I can tar ry but a night.

## I Was A Wandering Sheep

JOHN ZUNDEL


Andante
mf
1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold; I did not love my
2. The Shep-herd sought His sheep, The fa - ther sought His child; He fol-lowed me o'er
Shep-herd's voice, I would not be con - trolled; I was a way - ward child, I
vale and hill, O'er des - erts waste and wild: He found me nigh to death, Fam-
did not love my home, I did not love my Fa - ther's voice, I loved a - far to roam.
ished, and faint, and lone; He bound me with the bands of love, He saved the wandering one.

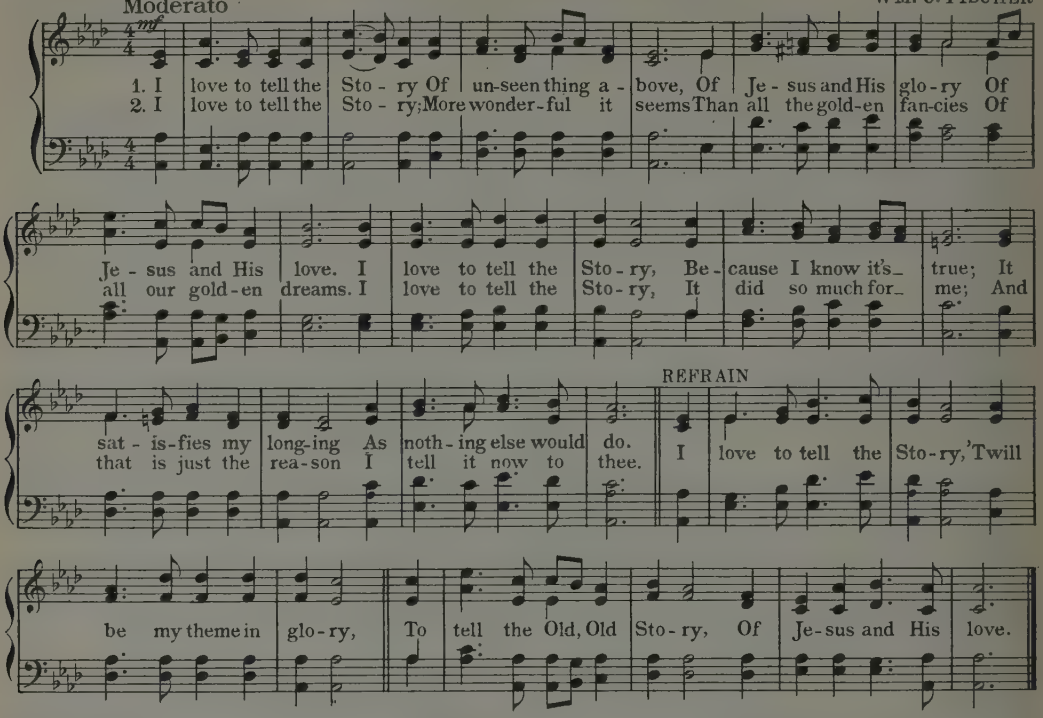
## In Excelsis Gloria


Moderato
1. Christ is born of maid - en fair; Hark! the her - alds in the air!
2. Shep - herd saw those an - gels bright Car - ol - ing in glo - rious light;
Thus a - dor - ing hear them there, "In ex - cel - sis glo - ri - a!"
"God, His Son, is born to - night In ex - cel - sis glo - ri - a!"

KATHERINE HANKEY

## I Love To Tell The Story

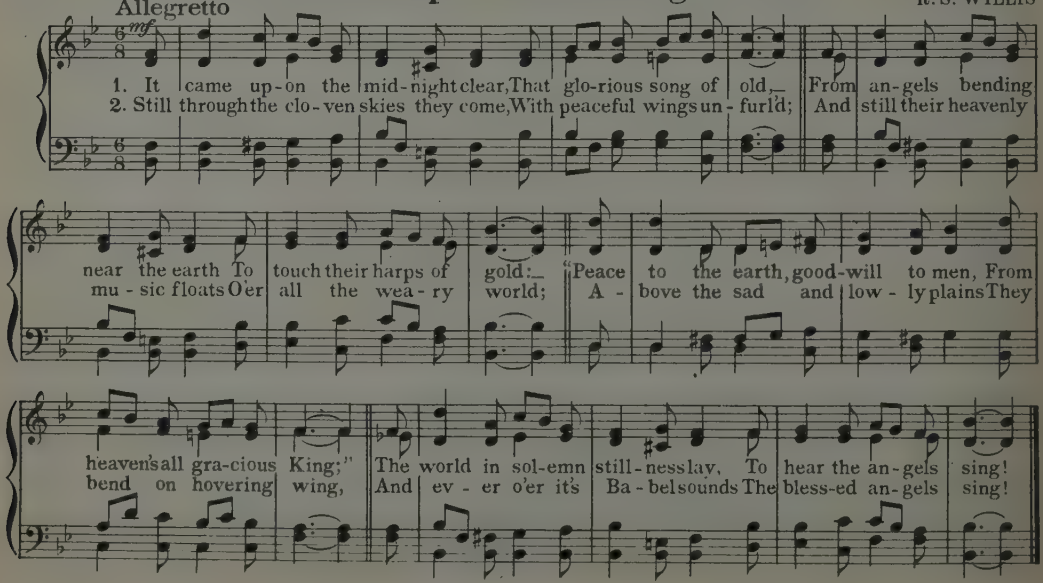
WM. C. FISCHER


Moderato
mf
1. I love to tell the Sto - ry Of un-seen thing a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry Of
2. I love to tell the Sto - ry; More wonder-ful it seems Than all the gold-en fan-cies Of
Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the Sto - ry, Be - cause I know it's_ true; It
all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the Sto - ry, It did so much for_ me; And
sat - is-fies my long-ing As noth - ing else would do.
that is just the rea-son I tell it now to thee.
REFRAIN
I love to tell the Sto-ry, 'Twill
be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of Je-sus and His love.

EDWIN H. SEARS

## It Came Upon The Midnight Clear

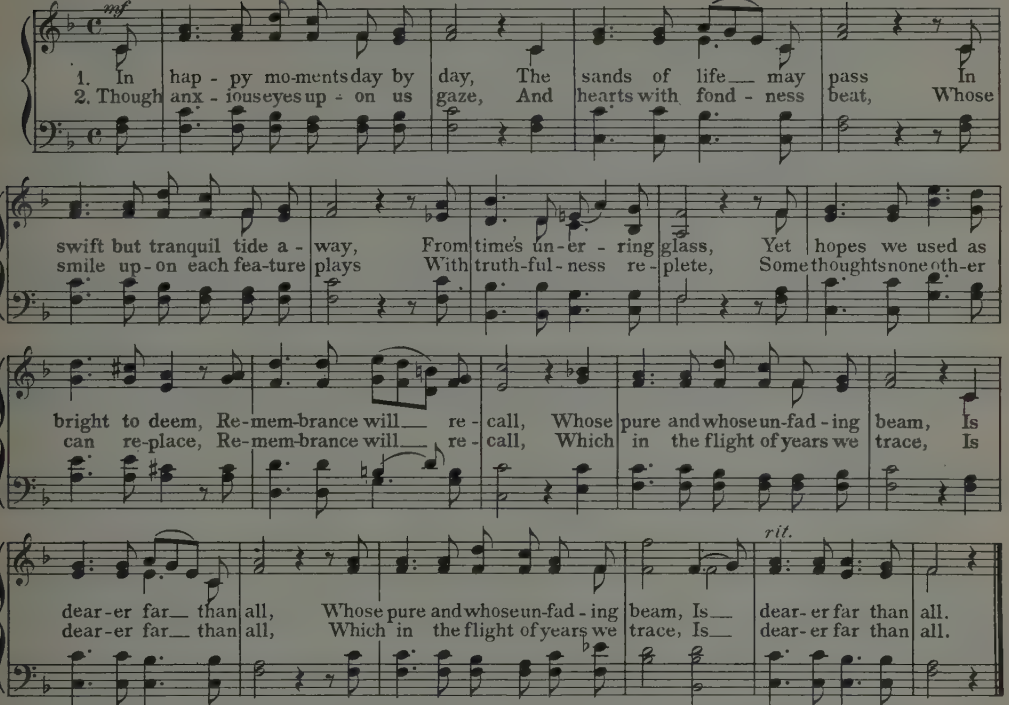
R. S. WILLIS


Allegretto
mf
1. It came up-on the mid-night clear, That glo-rious song of old,_ From an-gels bending
2. Still through the clo-ven skies they come, With peaceful wings un - furl'd; And still their heavenly
near the earth To touch their harps of gold:_ "Peace to the earth, good-will to men, From
mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world; A - bove the sad and low - ly plains They
heaven's all gra-cious King;" The world in sol-emn still-ness lay, To hear the an-gels sing!
bend on hovering wing, And ev - er o'er it's Ba - bel sounds The bless-ed an-gels sing!

## In Happy Moments

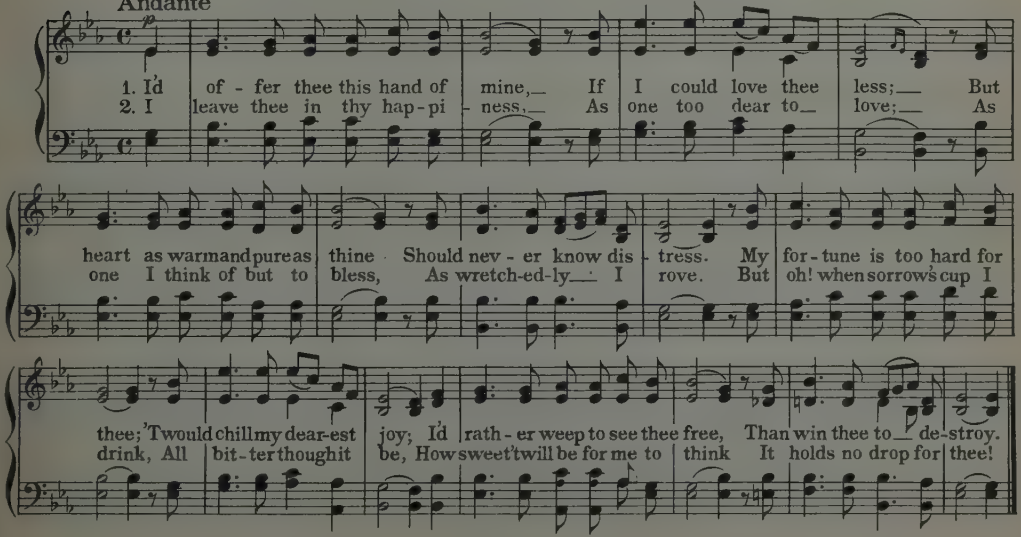
Moderato

W. V. WALLACE


mf
1. In hap - py mo-ments day by day, The sands of life may pass In
2. Though anx - ious eyes up - on us gaze, And hearts with fond - ness beat, Whose
swift but tranquil tide a - way, From time's un-er - ring glass, Yet hopes we used as
smile up - on each fea-ture plays With truth-ful-ness re - plete, Some thoughts none oth-er
bright to deem, Re-mem-brance will re - call, Whose pure and whose un-fad - ing beam, Is
can re-place, Re-mem-brance will re - call, Which in the flight of years we trace, Is
rit.
dear-er far than all, Whose pure and whose un-fad - ing beam, Is dear-er far than all.
dear-er far than all, Which in the flight of years we trace, Is dear-er far than all.

## I'd Offer Thee This Hand Of Mine

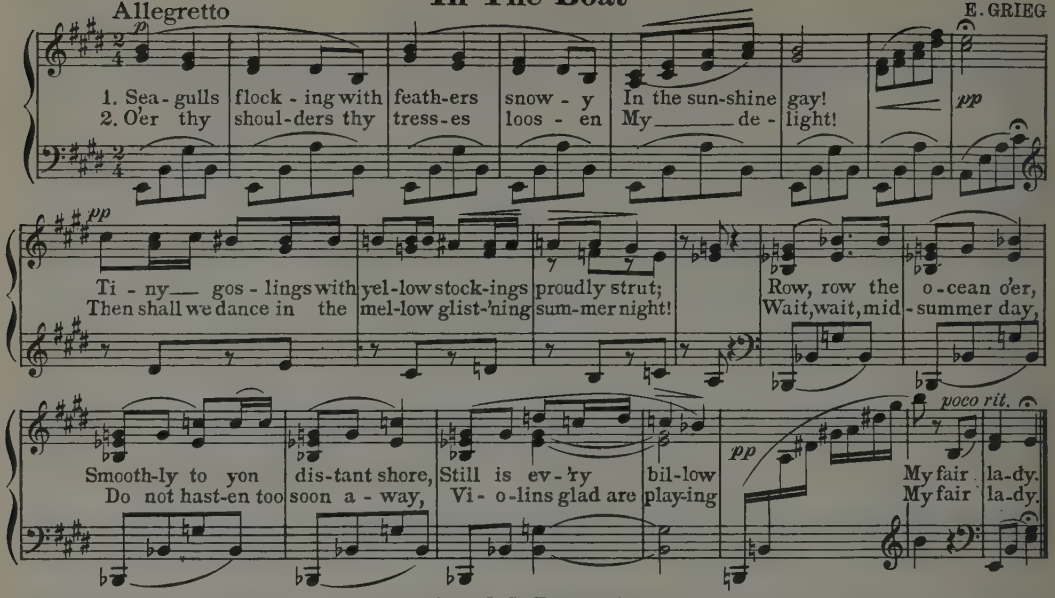
Andante


1. I'd of - fer thee this hand of mine, If I could love thee less; But
2. I leave thee in thy hap - pi - ness, As one too dear to love; As
heart as warm and pure as thine Should nev - er know dis - tress. My for-tune is too hard for
one I think of but to bless, As wretch-ed-ly I rove. But oh! when sorrow's cup I
thee; 'Twould chill my dear-est joy; I'd rath - er weep to see thee free, Than win thee to de-stroy.
drink, All bit-ter though it be, How sweet 'twill be for me to think It holds no drop for thee!

## In The Boat

Allegretto

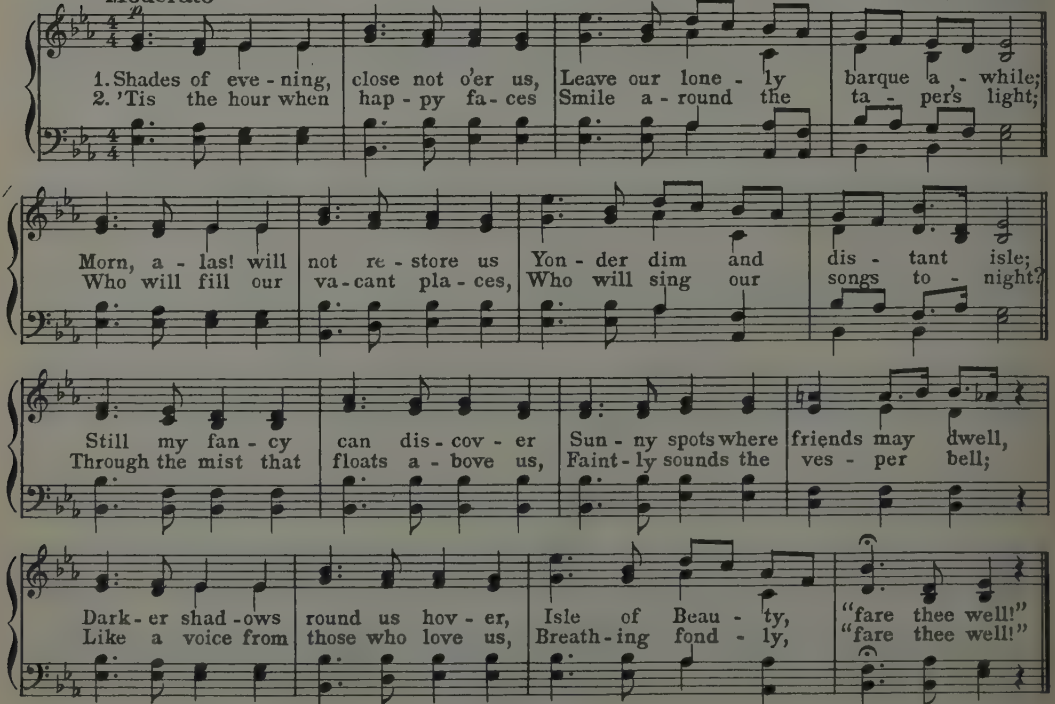
E. GRIEG


1. Sea-gulls flock-ing with feath-ers snow-y In the sun-shine gay!
2. O'er thy shoul-ders thy tress-es loos-en My de-light!
Ti-ny gos-lings with yel-low stock-ings proudly strut;
Then shall we dance in the mel-low glist-'ning sum-mer night!
Row, row the o-cean o'er,
Wait, wait, mid-summer day,
Smooth-ly to yon dis-tant shore,
Do not hast-en too soon a-way,
Still is ev-'ry bil-low
Vi-o-lins glad are play-ing
My fair la-dy.
My fair la-dy.
pp
poco rit.

## Isle Of Beauty

Moderato

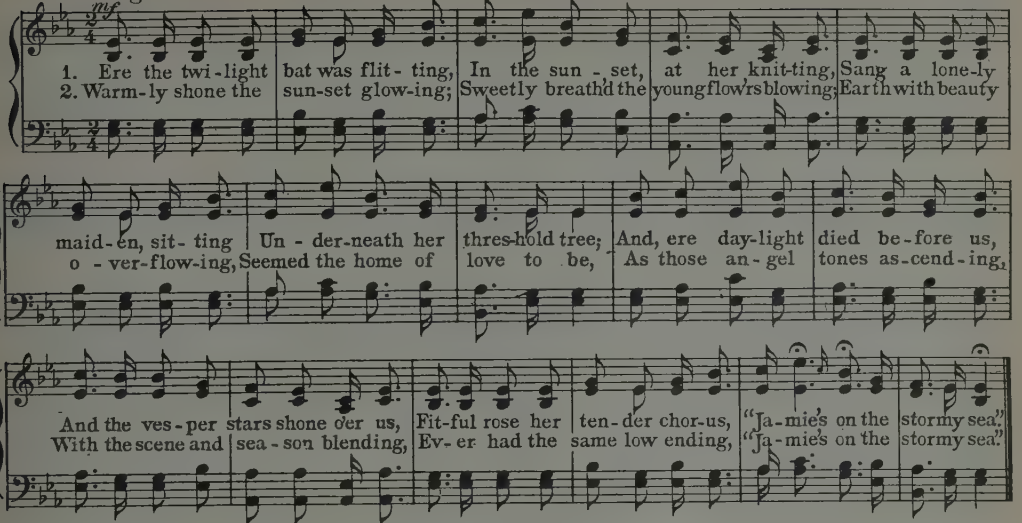
THOS. H. BAYLY


1. Shades of eve-ning, close not o'er us, Leave our lone-ly barque a-while;
2. 'Tis the hour when hap-py fa-ces Smile a-round the ta-per's light;
Morn, a-las! will not re-store us Yon-der dim and dis-tant isle;
Who will fill our va-cant pla-ces, Who will sing our songs to-night?
Still my fan-cy can dis-cov-er Sun-ny spots where friends may dwell,
Through the mist that floats a-bove us, Faint-ly sounds the ves-per bell;
Dark-er shad-ows round us hov-er, Isle of Beau-ty, "fare thee well!"
Like a voice from those who love us, Breath-ing fond-ly, "fare thee well!"

## Jamie's On The Stormy Sea

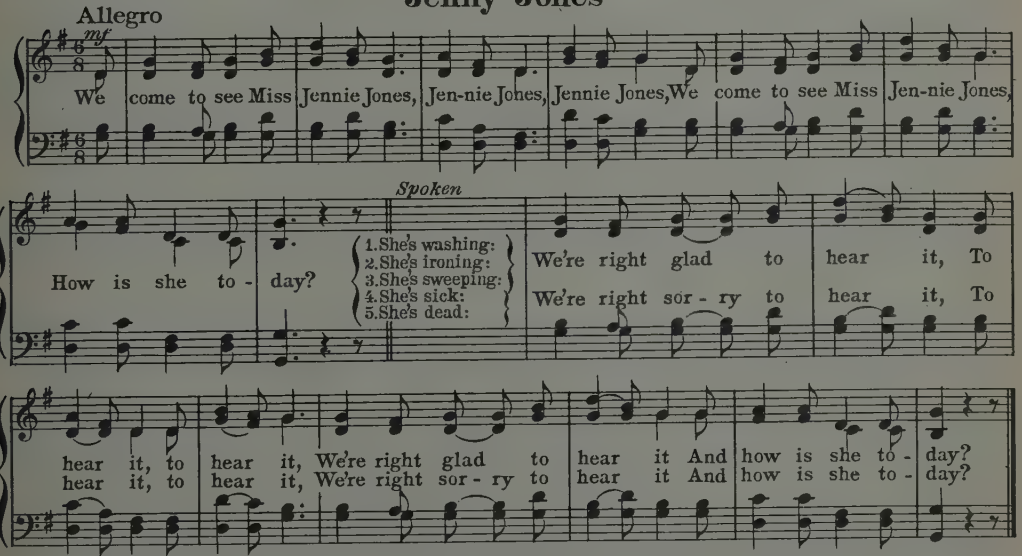
Allegretto

BERNARD COVERT


mf
1. Ere the twi-light bat was flit-ting, In the sun-set, at her knit-ting, Sang a lone-ly
2. Warm-ly shone the sun-set glow-ing; Sweetly breath'd the young flow'rs blowing; Earth with beauty
maid-en, sit-ting Un-der-neath her thres-hold tree; And, ere day-light died be-fore us,
o-ver-flow-ing, Seemed the home of love to be, As those an-gel tones as-cend-ing,
And the ves-per stars shone o'er us, Fit-ful rose her ten-der chor-us, "Ja-mie's on the stormy sea."
With the scene and sea-son blending, Ev-er had the same low ending, "Ja-mie's on the stormy sea."

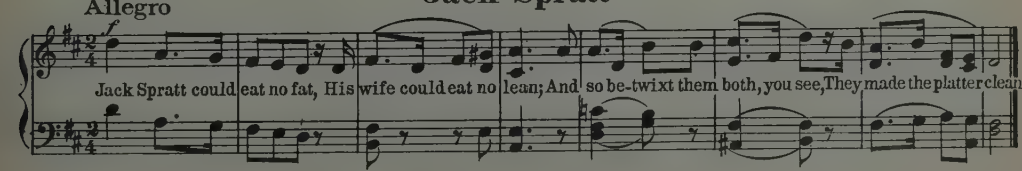
## Jenny Jones

Allegro

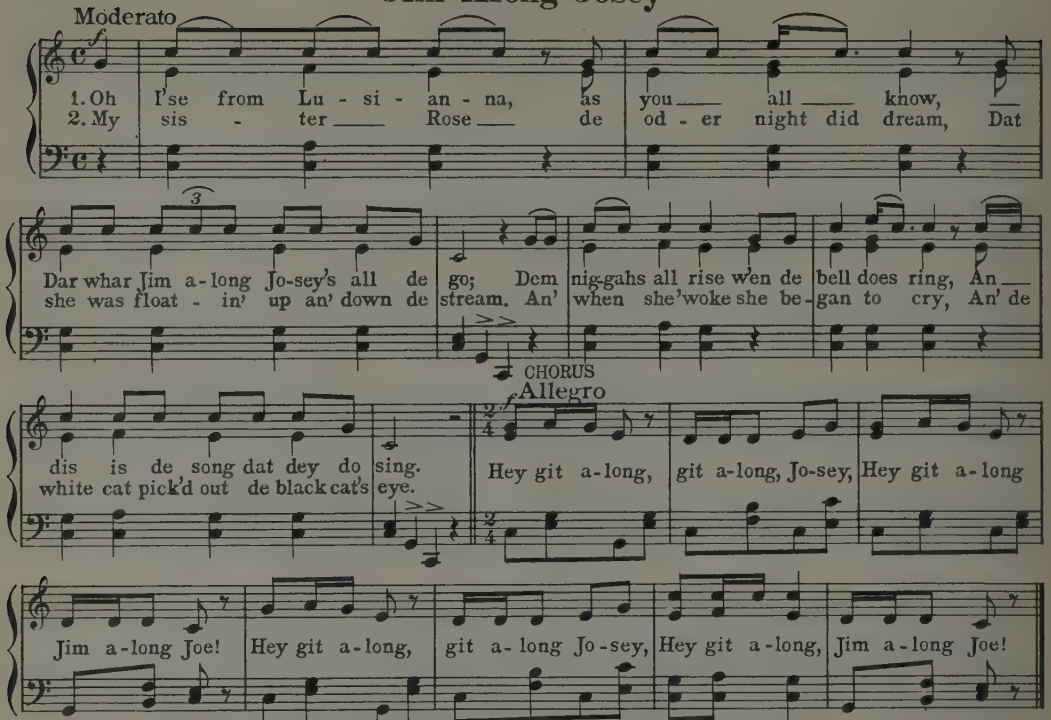

mf
We come to see Miss Jennie Jones, Jen-nie Jones, Jennie Jones, We come to see Miss Jen-nie Jones,
Spoken
How is she to-day?
1. She's washing:
2. She's ironing:
3. She's sweeping:
4. She's sick:
5. She's dead:
We're right glad to hear it, To
We're right sor-ry to hear it, To
hear it, to hear it, We're right glad to hear it And how is she to-day?
hear it, to hear it, We're right sor-ry to hear it And how is she to-day?

## Jack Spratt

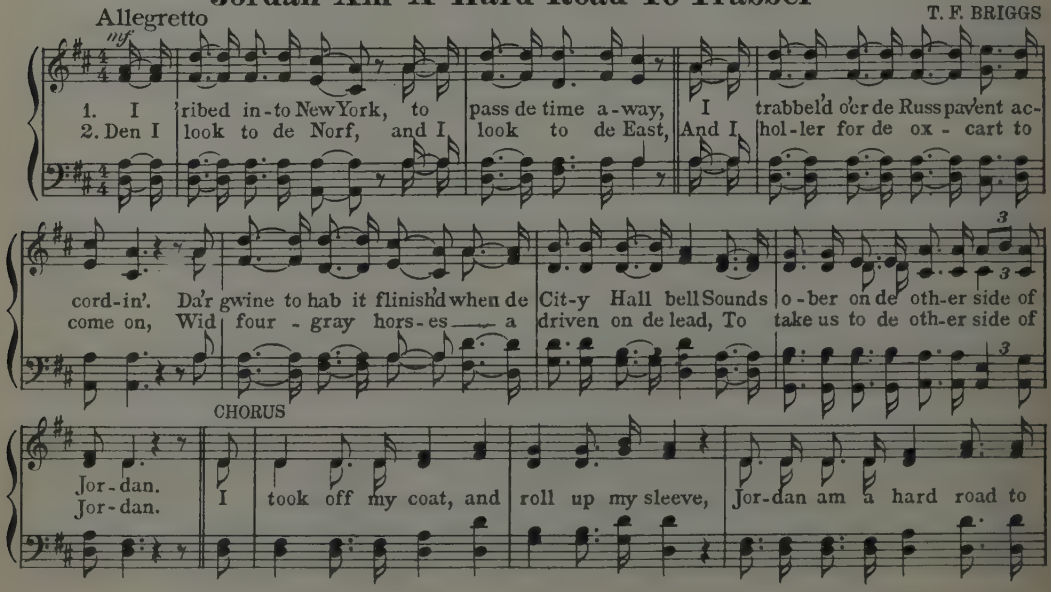
Allegro

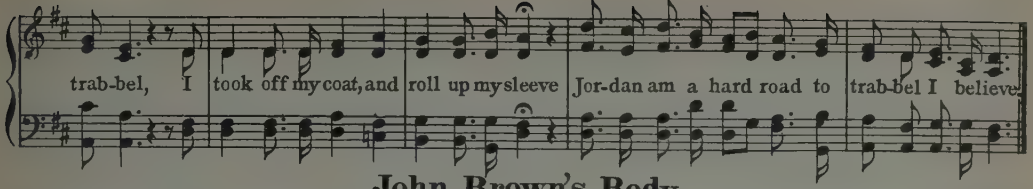


## Jim Along Josey


Moderato
1. Oh I'se from Lu - si - an - na, as you all know,
2. My sis - ter Rose de od - er night did dream, Dat
Dar whar Jim a-long Jo-sey's all de go; Dem nig-gahs all rise wen de bell does ring, An
she was float - in' up an' down de stream. An' when she'woke she be-gan to cry, An' de
CHORUS
Allegro
dis is de song dat dey do sing.
white cat pick'd out de black cat's eye.
Hey git a-long, git a-long, Jo-sey, Hey git a-long
Jim a-long Joe! Hey git a-long, git a-long Jo-sey, Hey git a-long, Jim a-long Joe!

## Jordan Am A Hard Road To Trabbel

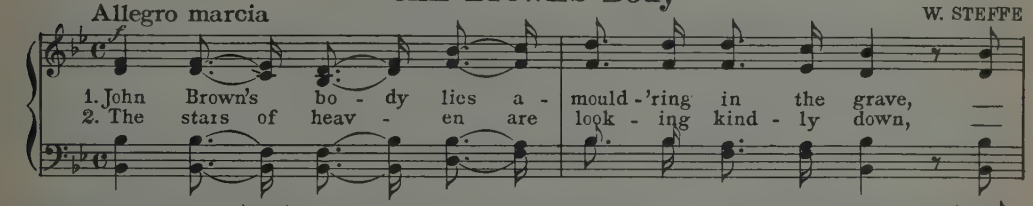

Allegretto
T. F. BRIGGS
1. I ribed in-to New York, to pass de time a-way, I trabbel'd o'er de Russ pavent ac-
2. Den I look to de Norf, and I look to de East, And I hol-ler for de ox - cart to
cord-in'. Da'r gwine to hab it flinish'd when de Cit-y Hall bell Sounds o-ber on de oth-er side of
come on, Wid four - gray hors-es a driven on de lead, To take us to de oth-er side of
CHORUS
Jor-dan.
Jor-dan.
I took off my coat, and roll up my sleeve, Jor-dan am a hard road to

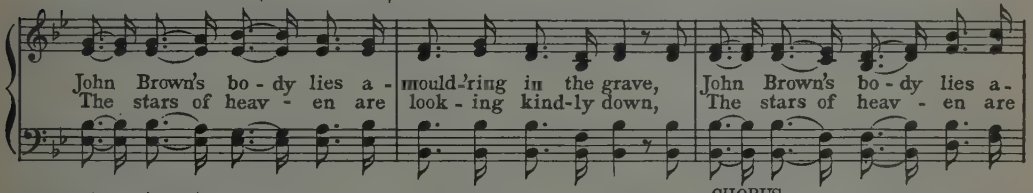


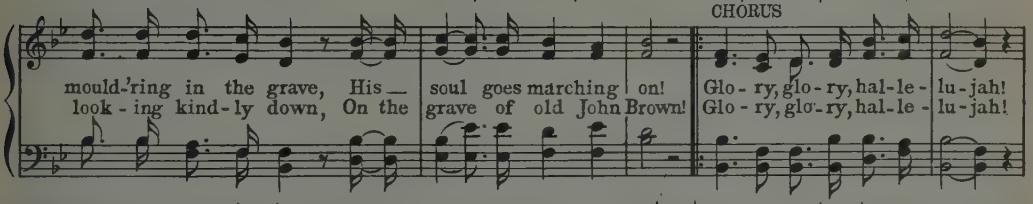

## John Brown's Body

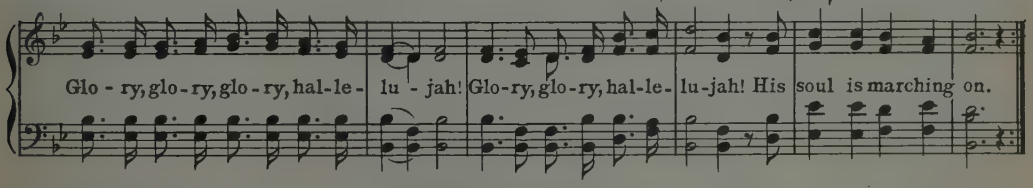
Allegro marcia

W. STEFFE



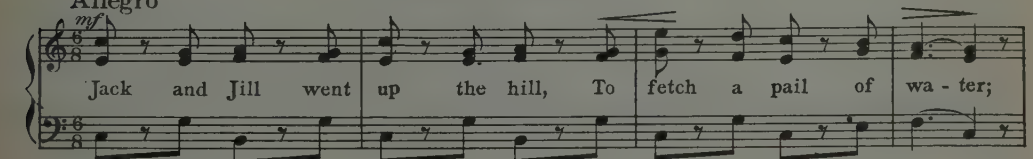


John Brown's bo - dy lies a - mould-'ring in the grave, John Brown's bo - dy lies a-
The stars of heav - en are look - ing kind-ly down, The stars of heav - en are

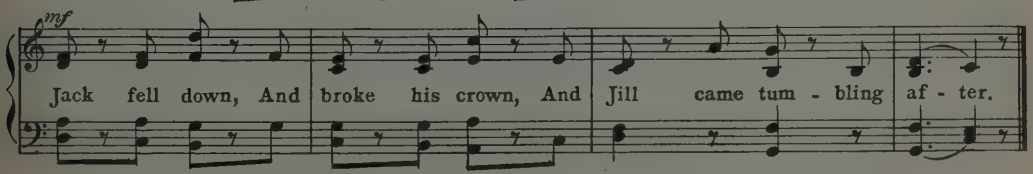

CHORUS
mould-'ring in the grave, His soul goes marching on! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal-le - lu-jah!
look - ing kind-ly down, On the grave of old John Brown! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal-le - lu-jah!




## Jack And Jill

Allegro

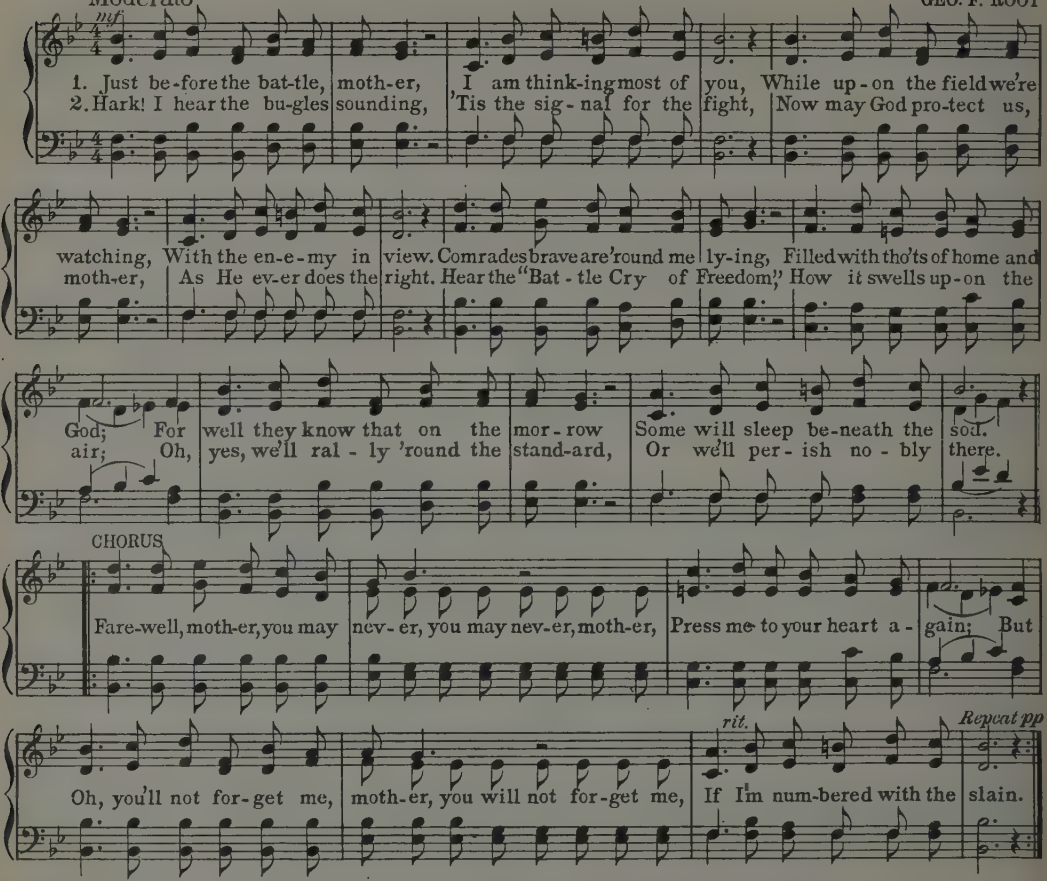


## Just Before The Battle, Mother

Moderato

GEO. F. ROOT

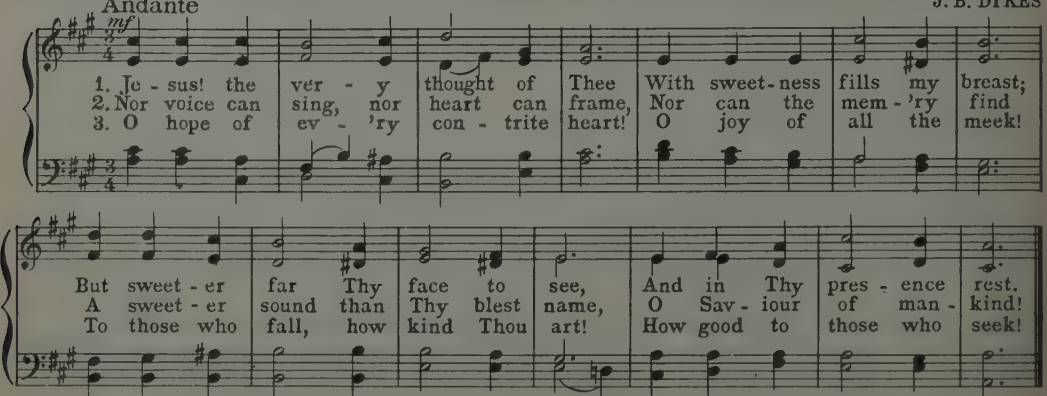

mf
1. Just be-fore the bat-tle, moth-er, I am think-ing most of you, While up-on the field we're
2. Hark! I hear the bu-gles sounding, 'Tis the sig-nal for the fight, Now may God pro-tect us,
watching, With the en-e-my in view. Comrades brave are 'round me ly-ing, Filled with tho'ts of home and
moth-er, As He ev-er does the right. Hear the "Bat-tle Cry of Freedom," How it swells up-on the
God; For well they know that on the mor-row Some will sleep be-neath the sod.
air; Oh, yes, we'll ral-ly 'round the stand-ard, Or we'll per-ish no-bly there.
CHORUS
Fare-well, moth-er, you may nev-er, you may nev-er, moth-er, Press me to your heart a-gain; But
rit.
Repeat pp
Oh, you'll not for-get me, moth-er, you will not for-get me, If I'm num-bered with the slain.

E. CASWALL

## Jesus! The Very Thought Of Thee

Andante

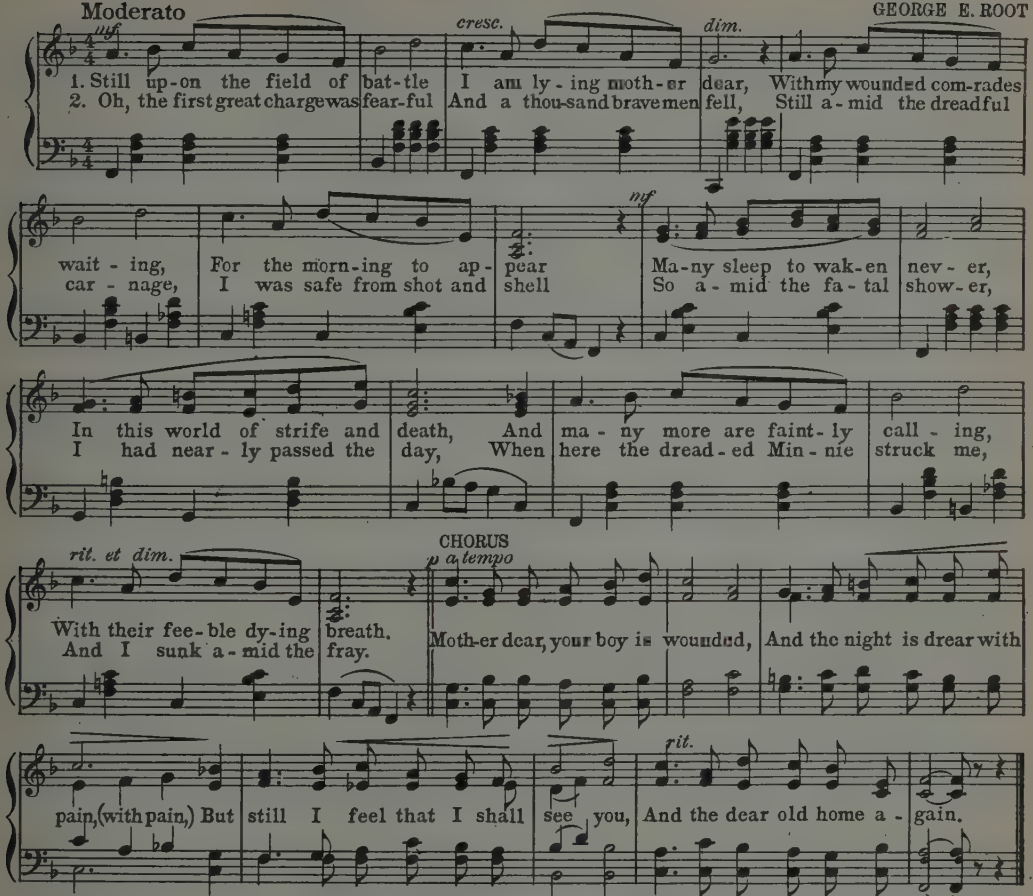
J. B. DYKES


mf
1. Je-sus! the ver-y thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills my breast;
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem-'ry find
3. O hope of ev-'ry con-trite heart! O joy of all the meek!
But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest.
A sweet-er sound than Thy blest name, O Sav-iour of man-kind!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!

## Just After The Battle

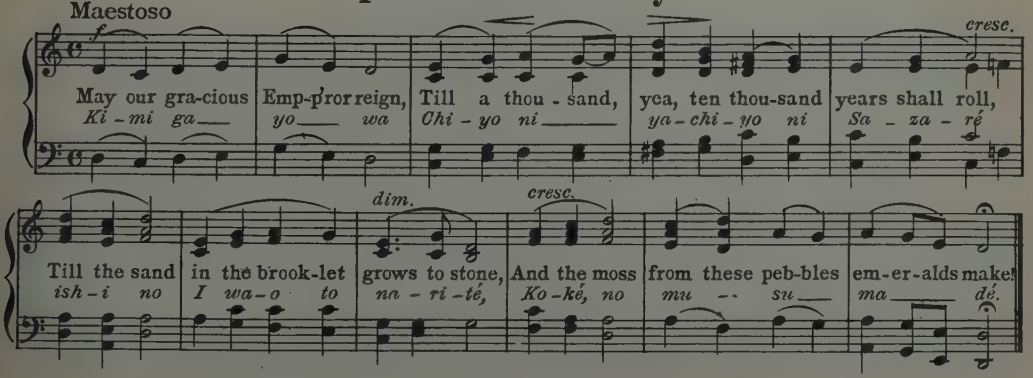
Moderato

GEORGE E. ROOT


mf
cresc.
dim.
1. Still up-on the field of bat-tle I am ly-ing moth-er dear, With my wounded com-rades
2. Oh, the first great charge was fear-ful And a thou-sand brave men fell, Still a-mid the dreadful
wait-ing, For the morn-ing to ap-pear Ma-ny sleep to wak-en nev-er,
car-nage, I was safe from shot and shell So a-mid the fa-tal show-er,
nf
In this world of strife and death, And ma-ny more are faint-ly call-ing,
I had near-ly passed the day, When here the dread-ed Min-nie struck me,
rit. et dim.
CHORUS
p a tempo
With their fee-ble dy-ing breath.
And I sunk a-mid the fray.
Moth-er dear, your boy is wounded, And the night is drear with
pain, (with pain,) But still I feel that I shall see you, And the dear old home a-gain.
rit.

## Japanese National Hymn

Maestoso

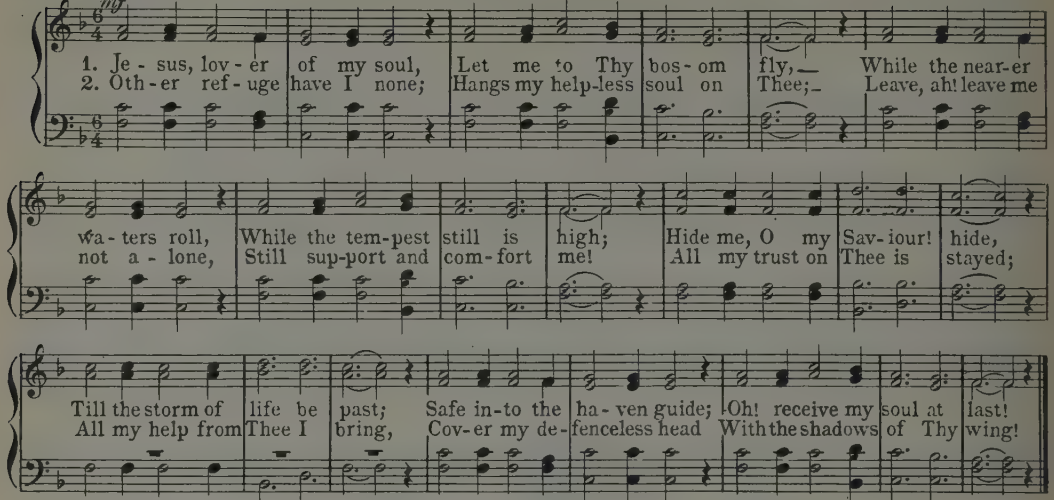

f
cresc.
May our gra-cious Emp-ror reign, Till a thou-sand, yea, ten thou-sand years shall roll,
Ki-mi ga yo wa Chi-yo ni ya-chi-yo ni Sa-za-ré
dim.
cresc.
Till the sand in the brook-let grows to stone, And the moss from these peb-bles em-er-alds make!
ish-i no I wa-o to na-ri-té, Ko-ké, no mu-su ma dé.

CHARLES WESLEY

## Jesus, Lover Of My Soul

Andante

S. B. MARSH


1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly, While the near-er
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee; Leave, ah! leave me
wa - ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high; Hide me, O my Sav-iour! hide,
not a - lone, Still sup-port and com-fort me! All my trust on Thee is stayed;
Till the storm of life be past; Safe in-to the ha - ven guide; Oh! receive my soul at last!
All my help from Thee I bring, Cov-er my de-fenceless head With the shadows of Thy wing!

MARY L. DUNCAN

## Jesus, Tender Shepherd, Hear Me

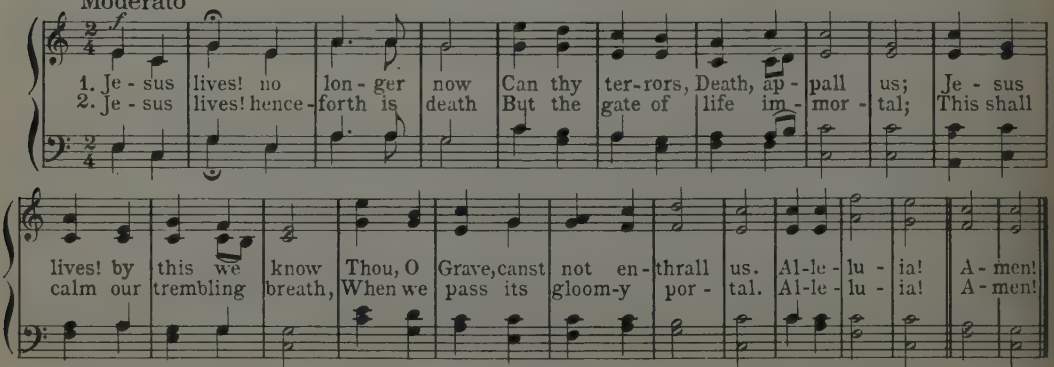
Adagio

J. B. DYKES

1. Je - sus, ten - der Shep-herd, hear me, Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;
2. All this day Thy hand has led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thro' the dark - ness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morn - ing light.
Thou hast cloth'd me, warm'd and fed me, List - en to my eve - ning pray'r.

## Jesus Lives

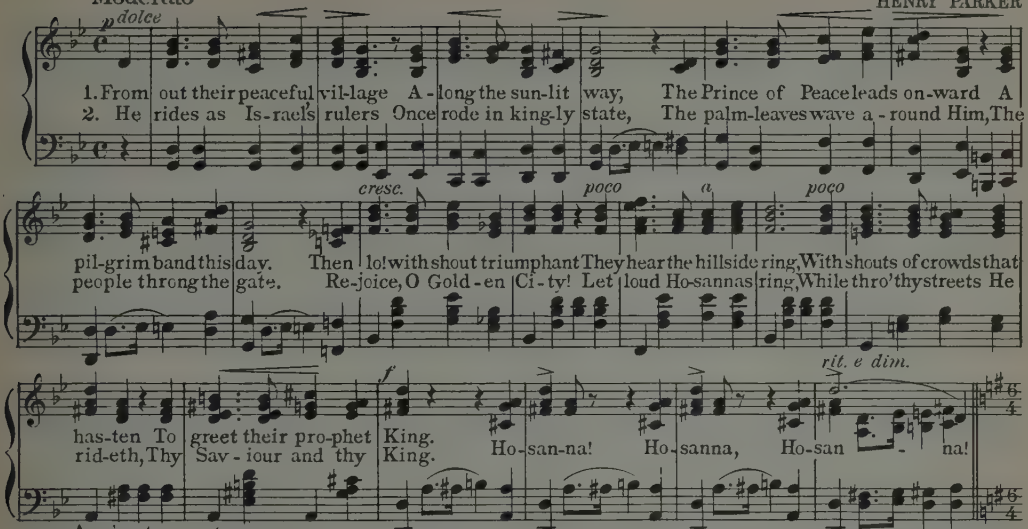
Moderato


1. Je - sus lives! no lon - ger now Can thy ter-rors, Death, ap - pall us; Je - sus
2. Je - sus lives! hence - forth is death But the gate of life im - mor - tal; This shall
lives! by this we know Thou, O Grave, canst not en - thrall us. Al-le - lu - ia! A - men!
calm our trembling breath, When we pass its gloom-y por - tal. Al-le - lu - ia! A - men!

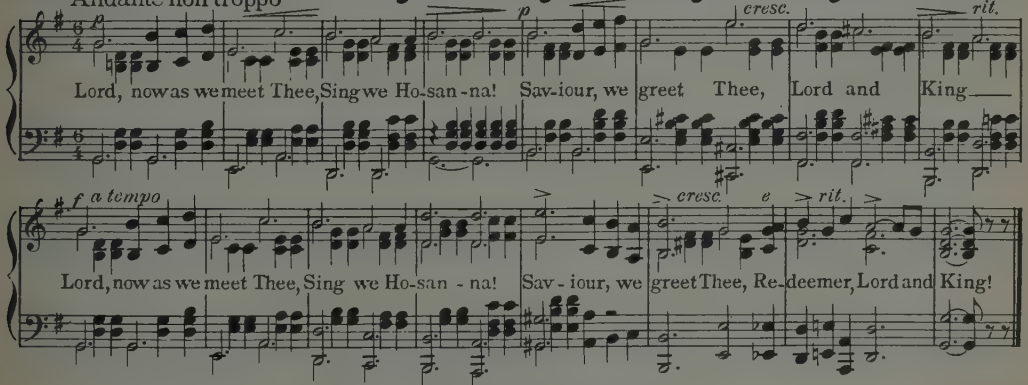
# Jerusalem

Moderato

HENRY PARKER


p dolce
1. From out their peaceful vil-lage A-long the sun-lit way, The Prince of Peace leads on-ward A
2. He rides as Is-rael's rulers Once rode in king-ly state, The palm-leaves wave a-round Him, The
cresc.
poco a poco
pil-grim band this day. Then lo! with shout triumphant They hear the hillside ring, With shouts of crowds that
people throng the gate. Re-joice, O Gold-en Ci-ty! Let loud Ho-sannas ring, While thro' thy streets He
f
rit. e dim.
has-ten To greet their pro-phet King. Ho-san-na! Ho-sanna, Ho-san - na!
rid-eth, Thy Sav-iour and thy King.

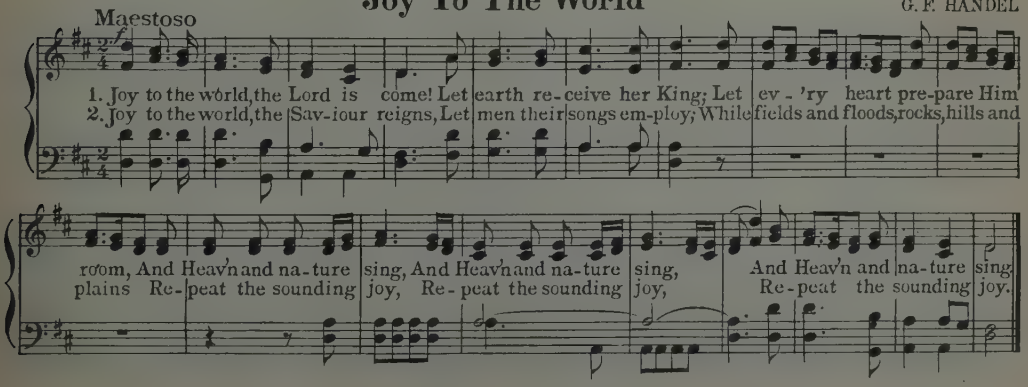
Andante non troppo


p
cresc.
rit.
Lord, now as we meet Thee, Sing we Ho-san-na! Sav-iour, we greet Thee, Lord and King
f a tempo
cresc. e
rit.
Lord, now as we meet Thee, Sing we Ho-san-na! Sav-iour, we greet Thee, Re-deemer, Lord and King!

# Joy To The World

G. F. HANDEL

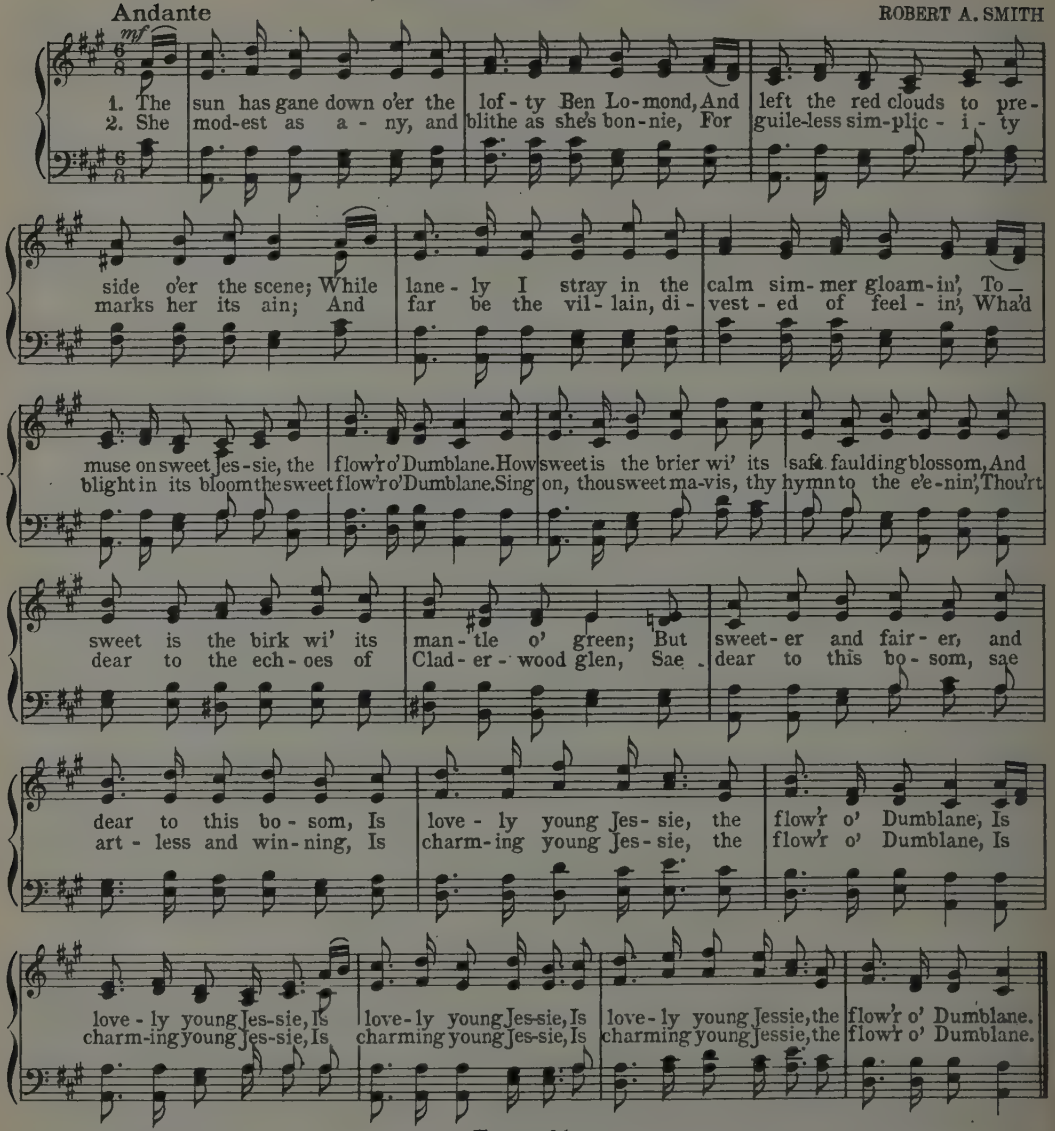
Maestoso


1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him
2. Joy to the world, the Sav-iour reigns, Let men their songs em-ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
room, And Heav'n and na-ture sing, And Heav'n and na-ture sing, And Heav'n and na-ture sing,
plains Re-peat the sounding joy, Re-peat the sounding joy, Re-peat the sounding joy.

# Jessie, The Flower O' Dumblane

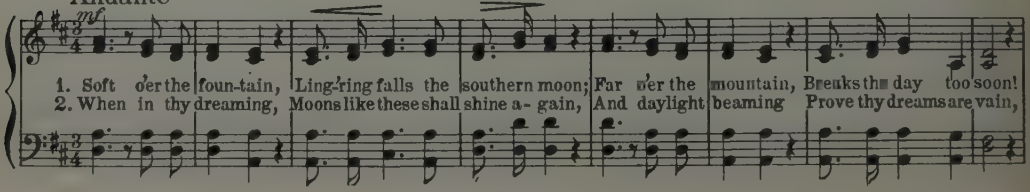
Andante

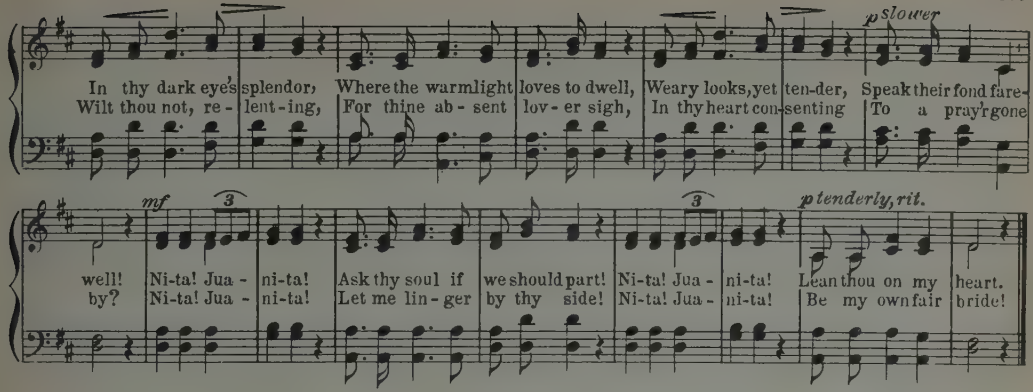
ROBERT A. SMITH


mf
1. The sun has gane down o'er the lof - ty Ben Lo - mond, And left the red clouds to pre -
2. She mod - est as a - ny, and blithe as she's bon - nie, For guile - less sim - plic - i - ty
side o'er the scene; While lane - ly I stray in the calm sim - mer gloam - in', To —
marks her its ain; And far be the vil - lain, di - vest - ed of feel - in', Wha'd
muse on sweet Jes - sie, the flow'r o' Dumblane. How sweet is the brier wi' its saft faulding blossom, And
blight in its bloom the sweet flow'r o' Dumblane. Sing on, thou sweet ma - vis, thy hymn to the e'e - nin', Thou'rt
sweet is the birk wi' its man - tle o' green; But sweet - er and fair - er, and
dear to the ech - oes of Clad - er - wood glen, Sae dear to this bo - som, sae
dear to this bo - som, Is love - ly young Jes - sie, the flow'r o' Dumblane, Is
art - less and win - ning, Is charm - ing young Jes - sie, the flow'r o' Dumblane, Is
love - ly young Jes - sie, Is love - ly young Jes - sie, Is love - ly young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.
charm - ing young Jes - sie, Is charming young Jes - sie, Is charming young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

# Juanita

Andante

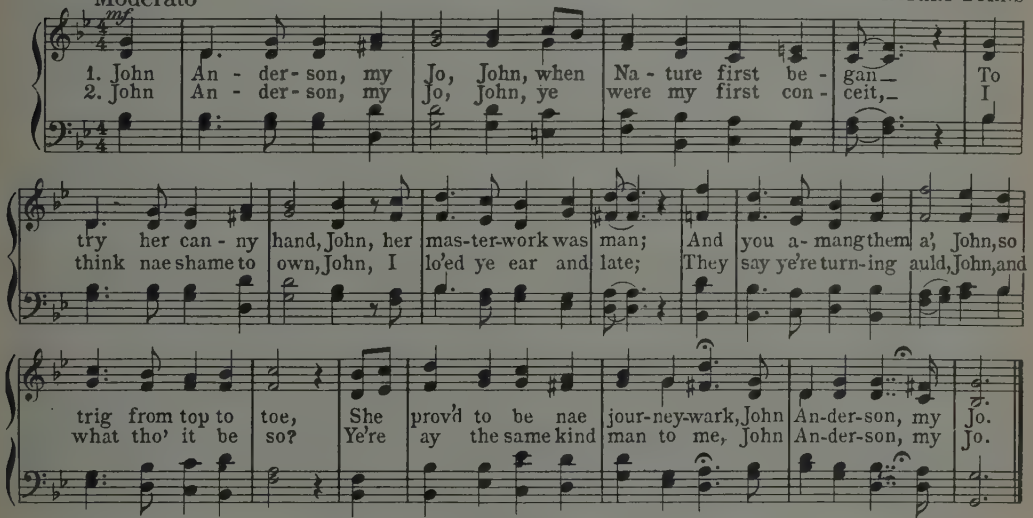

mf
1. Soft o'er the foun - tain, Ling - ring falls the southern moon; Far o'er the mountain, Breaks the day too soon!
2. When in thy dreaming, Moons like these shall shine a - gain, And daylight beaming Prove thy dreams are vain,


p slower
In thy dark eye's splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell, Weary looks, yet ten-der, Speak their fond fare-
Wilt thou not, re-lent-ing, For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh, In thy heart con-senting To a pray'r gone
mf
p tenderly, rit.
well! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Lean thou on my heart.
by? Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Let me lin-ger by thy side! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Be my own fair bride!

## John Anderson, My Jo

Moderato

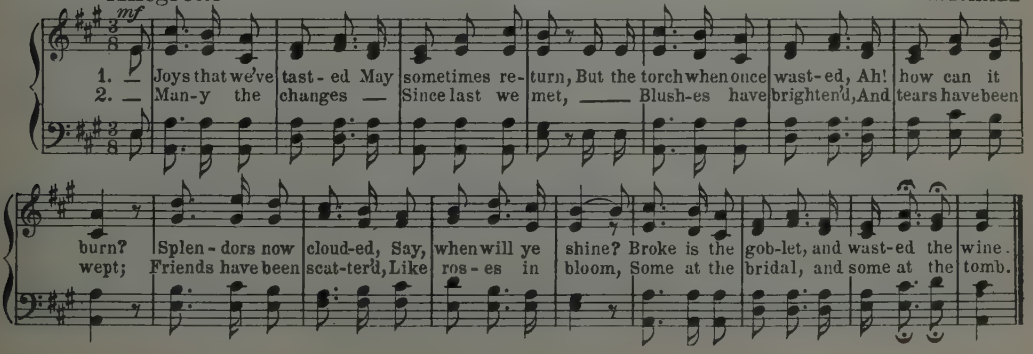
ROBERT BURNS


mf
1. John An-der-son, my Jo, John, when Na-ture first be-gan To
2. John An-der-son, my Jo, John, ye were my first con-ceit, I
try her can-ny hand, John, her mas-ter-work was man; And you a-mang them a', John, so
think nae shame to own, John, I lo'ed ye ear and late; They say ye're turn-ing auld, John, and
trig from top to toe, She prov'd to be nae jour-ney-wark, John An-der-son, my Jo.
what tho' it be so? Ye're ay the same kind man to me, John An-der-son, my Jo.

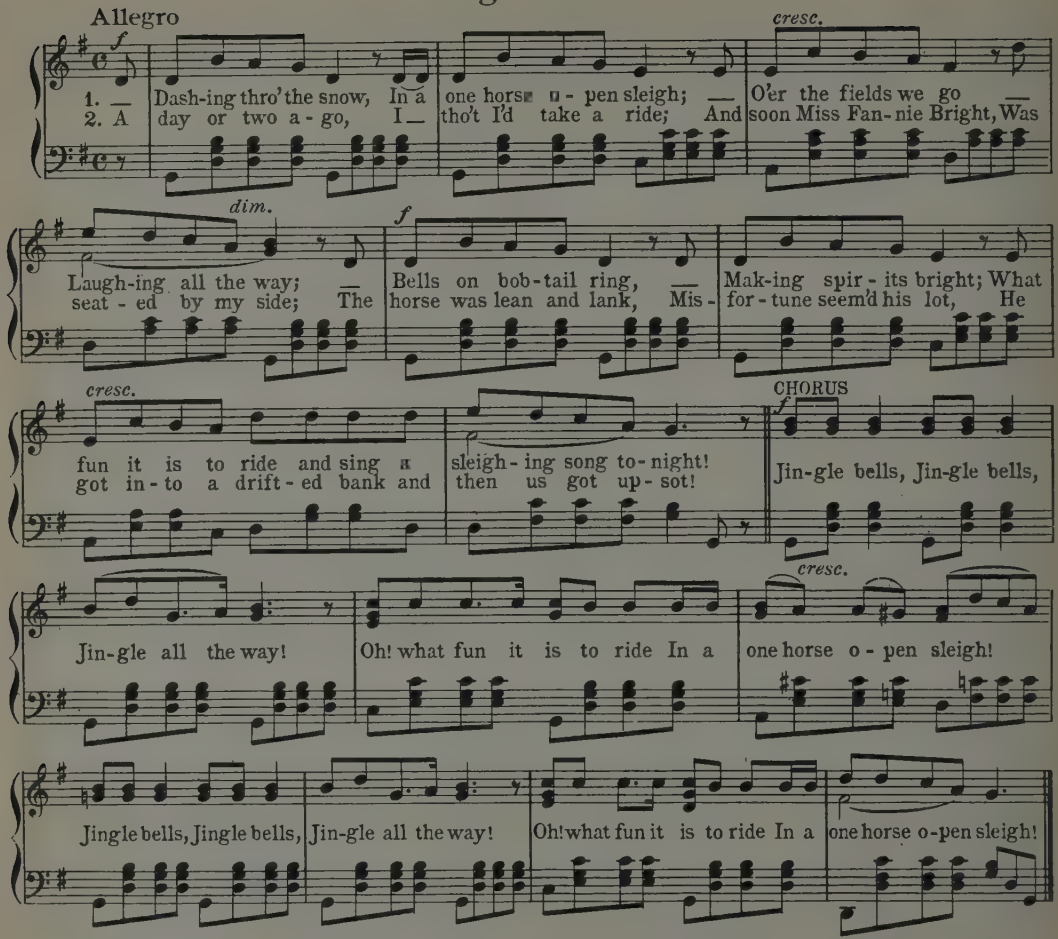
## Joys That We've Tasted

Allegretto

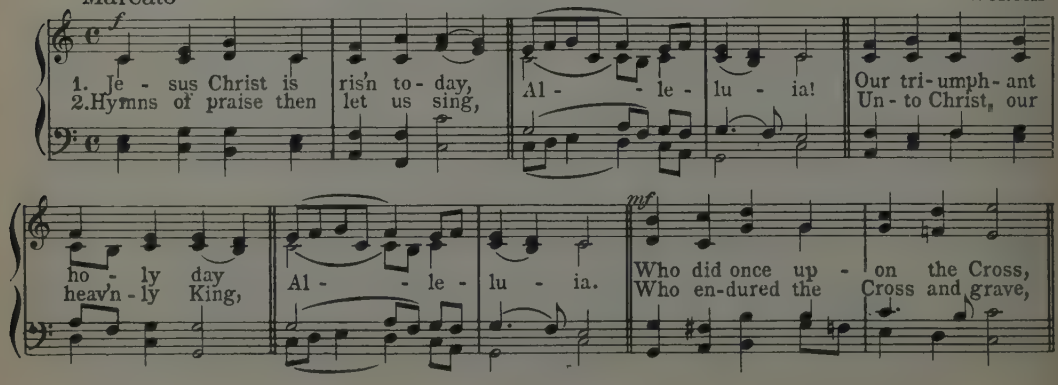
W. B. HALL

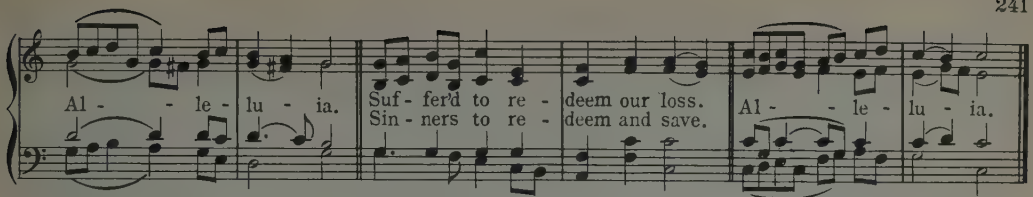

mf
1. Joys that we've tast-ed May sometimes re-turn, But the torch when once wast-ed, Ah! how can it
2. Man-y the changes Since last we met, Blush-es have brighten'd, And tears have been
burn? Splen-dors now cloud-ed, Say, when will ye shine? Broke is the gob-let, and wast-ed the wine.
wept; Friends have been scat-ter'd, Like ros-es in bloom, Some at the bridal, and some at the tomb.

# Jingle Bells


Allegro
cresc.
1. — Dash-ing thro' the snow, In a one horse o - pen sleigh; — O'er the fields we go —
2. A day or two a - go, I — tho't I'd take a ride; And soon Miss Fan-nie Bright, Was
dim.
Laugh-ing all the way; — Bells on bob-tail ring, — Mak-ing spir - its bright; What
seat - ed by my side; The horse was lean and lank, Mis - for - tune seem'd his lot, He
cresc.
fun it is to ride and sing a sleigh - ing song to - night!
got in - to a drift - ed bank and then us got up - sot!
CHORUS
Jin-gle bells, Jin-gle bells,
Jin-gle all the way!
Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one horse o - pen sleigh!
Jingle bells, Jingle bells, Jin-gle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one horse o-pen sleigh!

# Jesus Christ Is Risen To Day


Marcato
WORGAN
1. Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, Al - - le - lu - ia! Our tri-umph- ant
2. Hymns of praise then let us sing, Un - to Christ, our
ho - ly day Al - - le - lu - ia. Who did once up - on the Cross,
heav'n - ly King, Who en-dured the Cross and grave,

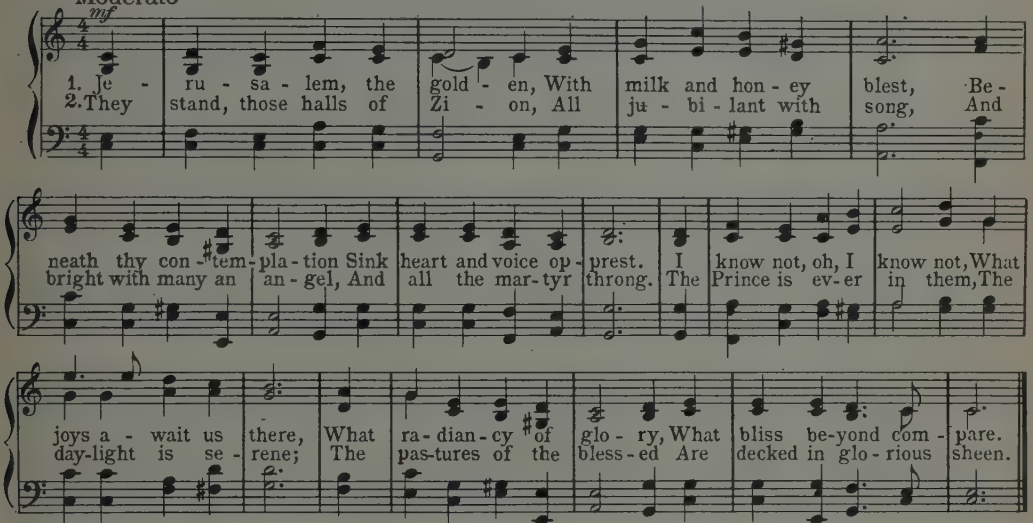



BERNARD OF CLUNY

## Jerusalem, The Golden

Moderato

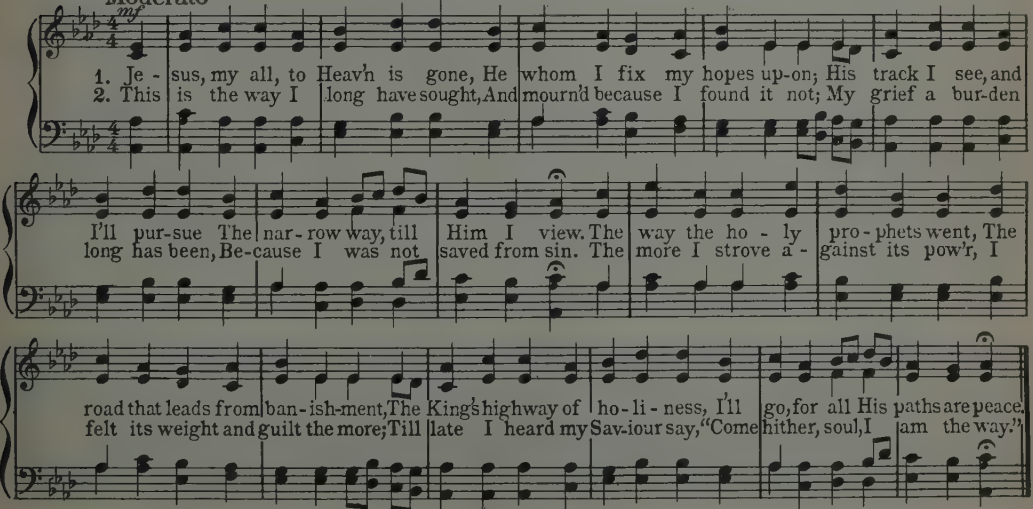
ALEX. EWING


mf
1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest, Be -
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And
neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest. I know not, oh, I know not, What
bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng. The Prince is ev - er in them, The
joys a - wait us there, What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
day - light is se - rene; The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.

## Jesus, My All, To Heaven Is Gone

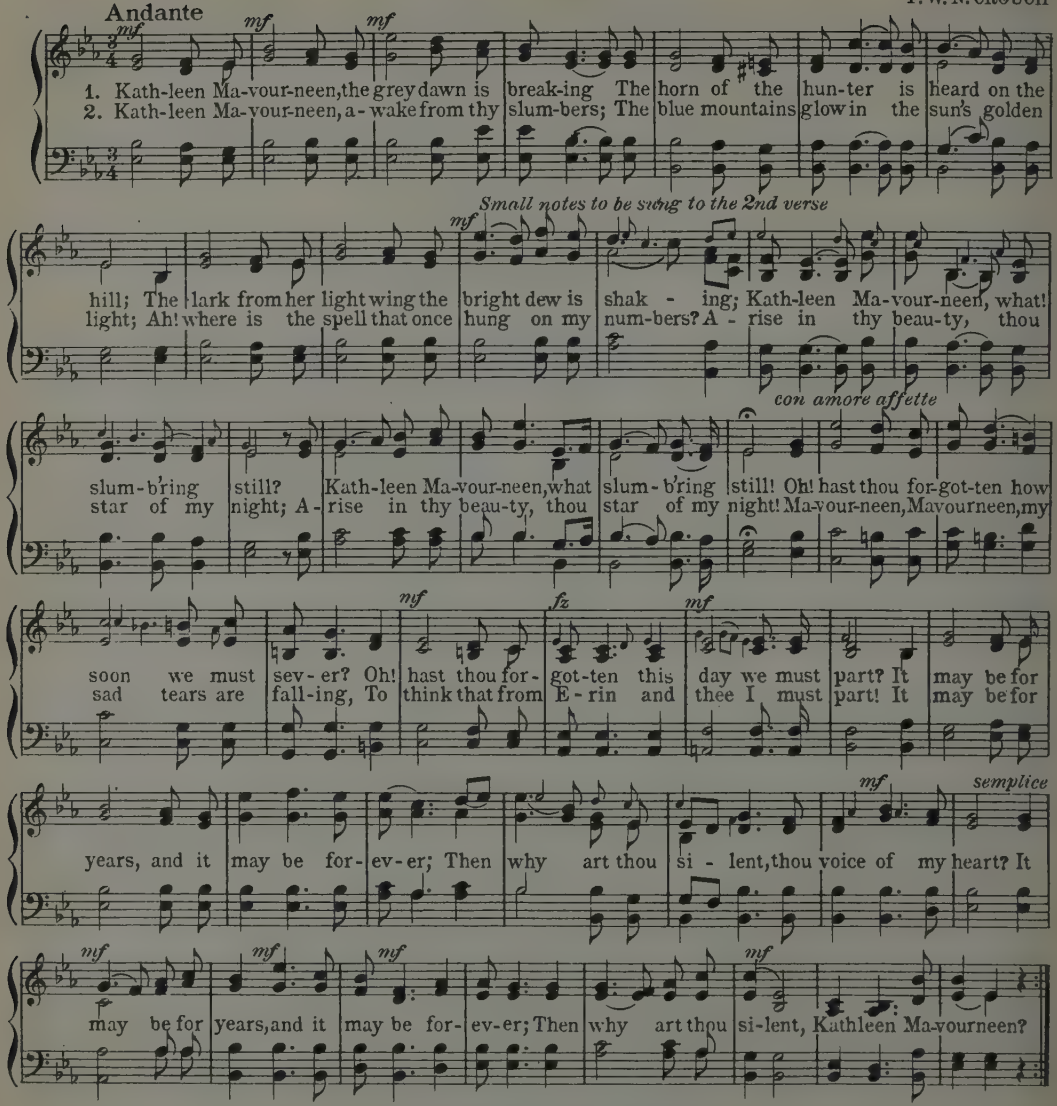
Moderato

JOHN CENNICK

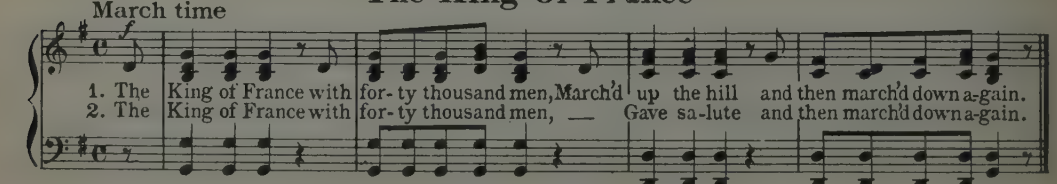

mf
1. Je - sus, my all, to Heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my hopes up - on; His track I see, and
2. This is the way I long have sought, And mourn'd because I found it not; My grief a bur - den
I'll pur - sue The nar - row way, till Him I view. The way the ho - ly pro - phets went, The
long has been, Be - cause I was not saved from sin. The more I strove a - gainst its pow'r, I
road that leads from ban - ish - ment, The King's highway of ho - li - ness, I'll go, for all His paths are peace.
felt its weight and guilt the more; Till late I heard my Sav - iour say, "Come hither, soul, I am the way."

# Kathleen Mavourneen

F. W. N. CROUCH


Andante
mf
1. Kath-leen Ma-vour-neen, the grey dawn is break-ing The horn of the hun-ter is heard on the hill; The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shak - ing; Kath-leen Ma-vour-neen, what!
2. Kath-leen Ma-vour-neen, a-wake from thy slum-bers; The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light; Ah! where is the spell that once hung on my num-bers? A - rise in thy beau-ty, thou
Small notes to be sung to the 2nd verse
con amore affette
slum-b'ring still? Kath-leen Ma-vour-neen, what slum-b'ring still! Oh! hast thou for-got-ten how soon we must sev-er? Oh! hast thou for-got-ten this day we must part? It may be for years, and it may be for-ev-er; Then why art thou si - lent, thou voice of my heart? It may be for years, and it may be for-ev-er; Then why art thou si-lent, Kathleen Ma-vourneen?
star of my night; A-rise in thy beau-ty, thou star of my night! Ma-vour-neen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are fall-ing, To think that from E-rin and thee I must part! It may be for
mf
fz
semplice

# The King Of France


March time
f
1. The King of France with for-ty thousand men, March'd up the hill and then march'd down a-gain.
2. The King of France with for-ty thousand men, — Gave sa-lute and then march'd down a-gain.

## Keller's American Hymn

Maestoso

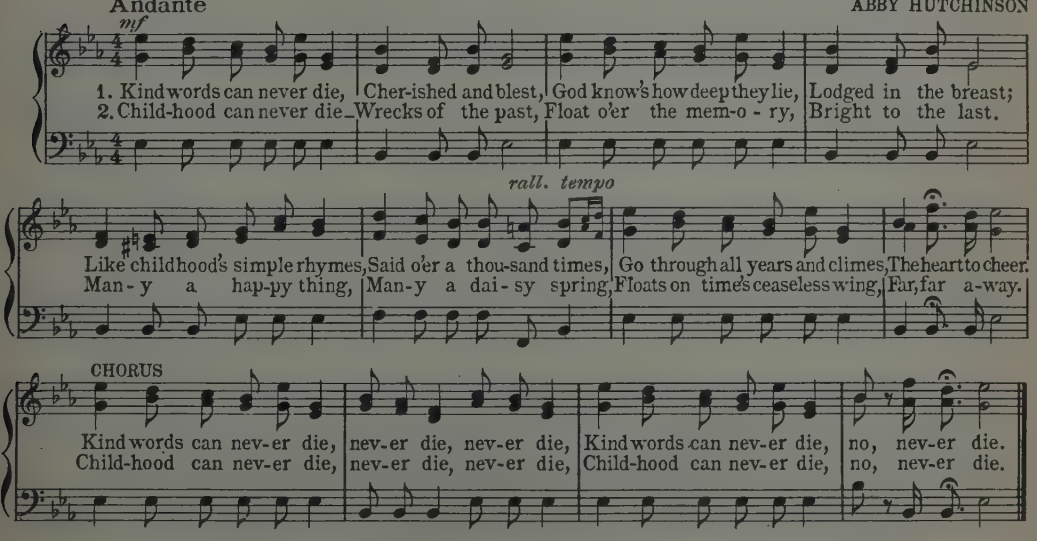
M. KELLER

f
1. Speed our Re- pub-lic, O Fa- ther on high, Lead us in path-ways of jus- tice and right;
2. Fore- most in bat- tle, for Free-dom to stand, We rush to arms when a- roused by its call;
p
cresc.
mf
Rul- er as well as the ruled, one and all, Gir- dle with vir- tue, the ar- mor of might!
Still as of yore when George Wash-ing-ton led, Thun-ders our war- cry, "We con- quer or fall!"
f
mf
Hail! three times hail to our coun- try and flag! Rul- ers as well as the ruled, one and all,
Hail! three times hail to our coun- try and flag! Still as of yore when George Wash-ing-ton led,
mf
f
Gir- dle with vir- tue, the ar- mor of might! Hail! three times hail to our coun- try and flag!
Thun-ders our war- cry, "We con- quer or fall!" Hail! three times hail to our coun- try and flag!

## Kind Words Can Never Die

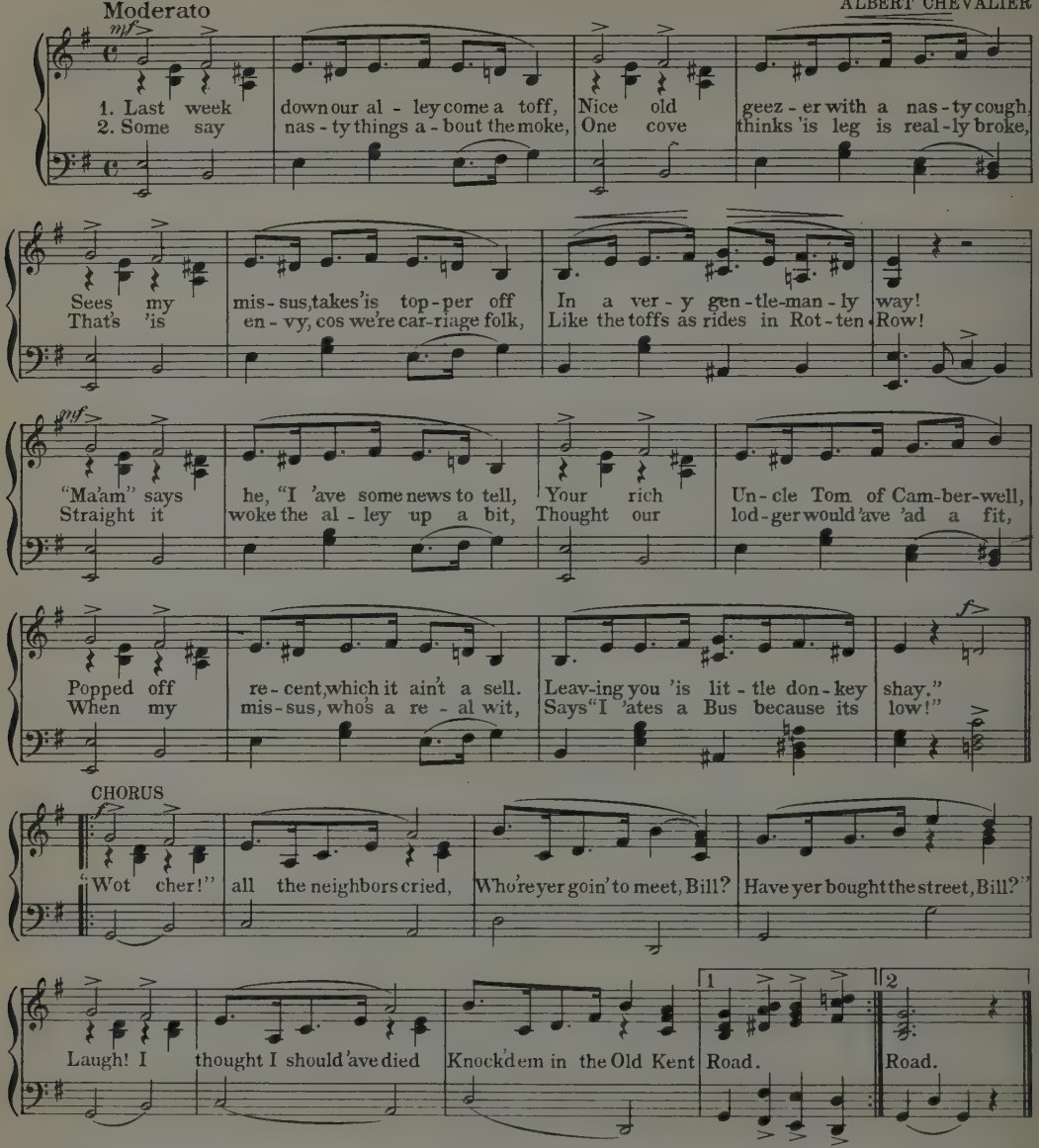
Andante

ABBY HUTCHINSON


mf
1. Kind words can never die, Cher-ished and blest, God know's how deep they lie, Lodged in the breast;
2. Child-hood can never die— Wrecks of the past, Float o'er the mem-o- ry, Bright to the last.
rall. tempo
Like child-hood's simple rhymes, Said o'er a thou-sand times, Go through all years and climes, The heart to cheer.
Man- y a hap-py thing, Man- y a dai- sy spring, Floats on time's ceaseless wing, Far, far a-way.
CHORUS
Kind words can nev-er die, nev-er die, nev-er die, Kind words can nev-er die, no, nev-er die.
Child-hood can nev-er die, nev-er die, nev-er die, Child-hood can nev-er die, no, nev-er die.

# Knock'd 'Em In The Old Kent Road

ALBERT CHEVALIER


Moderato
mf
1. Last week down our al - ley come a toff, Nice old geez - er with a nas - ty cough,
2. Some say nas - ty things a - bout the moke, One cove thinks 'is leg is real - ly broke,
Sees my mis - sus, takes 'is top - per off In a ver - y gen - tle-man - ly way!
That's 'is en - vy, cos we're car-riage folk, Like the toffs as rides in Rot - ten Row!
mf
"Ma'am" says he, "I 'ave some news to tell, Your rich Un - cle Tom of Cam-ber-well,
Straight it woke the al - ley up a bit, Thought our lod - ger would 'ave 'ad a fit,
Popped off re - cent, which it ain't a sell. Leav-ing you 'is lit - tle don - key shay."
When my mis - sus, who's a re - al wit, Says "I 'ates a Bus because its low!"
CHORUS
f
"Wot cher!" all the neighbors cried, Who're yer goin' to meet, Bill? Have yer bought the street, Bill?"
Laugh! I thought I should 'ave died Knock'd em in the Old Kent Road. Road.
1
2

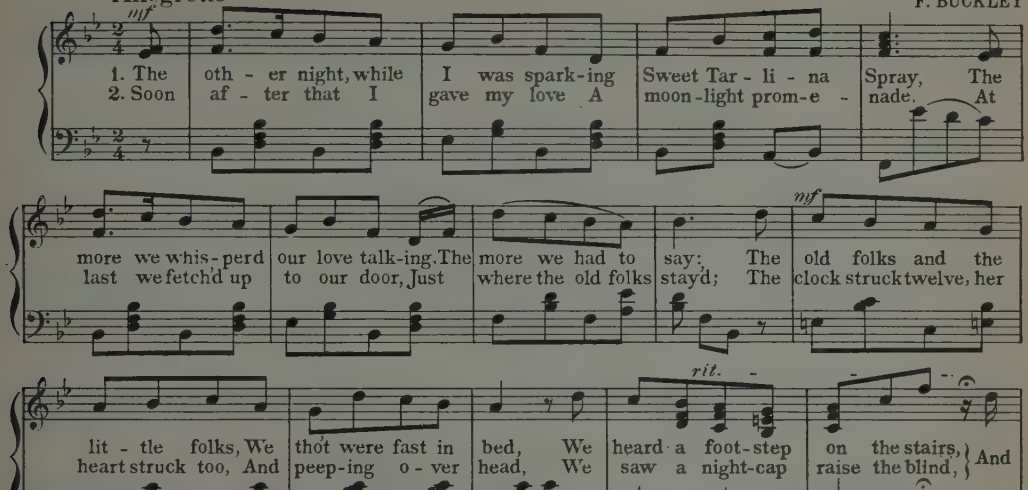
3. When we start the blessed donkey stops,
He won't move, so out I quickly lops,
Pals start wackin' him, when down he drops,
Someone says he wasn't made to go,
Lor' it might 'ave been a four in 'and,
My old Dutch knows 'ow to do the grand,
First she bows, and then she waves 'er 'and,
Calling out "We're goin' for a blow!"

4. Ev'ry evenin' on the stroke of five,
Me and Missus takes a little drive,
You'd say, "Wonderful they're still alive,"
If you saw that little donkey go.
I soon showed 'im that 'e'd have to do,
Just whatever he was wanted to,
Still I shan't forget that rowdy crew,
'Ollerin' "Woa! steady! Neddy, Woa!"

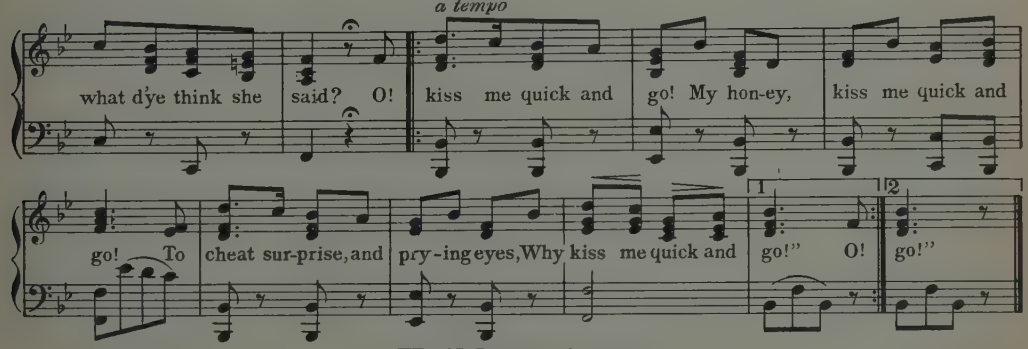
# Kiss Me Quick And Go

Allegretto

F. BUCKLEY


mf
1. The oth - er night, while I was spark-ing Sweet Tar - li - na Spray, The
2. Soon af - ter that I gave my love A moon-light prom-e - nade. At
more we whis-perd our love talk-ing, The more we had to say: The old folks and the
last we fetch'd up to our door, Just where the old folks stay'd; The clock struck twelve, her
mf
lit - tle folks, We thot were fast in bed, We heard a foot-step on the stairs,
heart struck too, And peep-ing o - ver head, We saw a night-cap raise the blind,
rit.
And

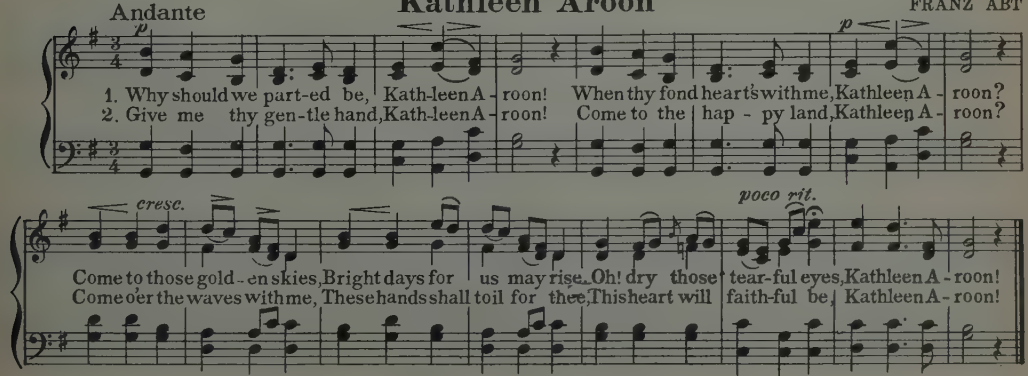
CHORUS


a tempo
what d'ye think she said? O! kiss me quick and go! My hon-ey, kiss me quick and
go! To cheat sur-prise, and pry-ing eyes, Why kiss me quick and go!" O! go!"
1
2

# Kathleen Aroon

Andante

FRANZ ABT


p
1. Why should we part-ed be, Kath-leen A - roon! When thy fond heart's with me, Kathleen A - roon?
2. Give me thy gen-tle hand, Kath-leen A - roon! Come to the hap - py land, Kathleen A - roon?
p
cresc.
poco rit.
Come to those gold - en skies, Bright days for us may rise. Oh! dry those tear-ful eyes, Kathleen A - roon!
Come o'er the waves with me, These hands shall toil for thee, This heart will faith-ful be, Kathleen A - roon!

# Kemo, Kimo

Lively

*mf*

1. In South Car - li - na de dark-ies go Sing song, Kit-ty, can't you ki'- me, oh!
2. Dar was a frog liv'd in a pool, Sing song, Kit-ty, can't you ki'- me, oh!

*f*

Dat's whar de white folks plant de tow, Sing song, Kit-ty, can't you ki'-me, oh! Cov-er de ground all
Sure he — was de big - gest fool, Sing song, Kit-ty, can't you ki'-me, oh! For he could dance and

o-ver wid smoke, Sing song, Kit-ty, can't you ki'-me, oh! And up de dark-ies heads dey poke,
he — could sing, Sing song, Kit-ty, can't you ki'-me, oh! And make de woods a - round him ring,

CHORUS

Sing song, Kit-ty, can't you ki'- me, me! Ke-mo, Ki-mo! Dar! oh, wha'? Wid my hi, my ho, and
Sing song, Kit-ty, can't you ki'- me, me!

in come Sal-ly, sing-ing, Sometimes penny winkle ling-tum nip-cat, Sing song, Kit-ty, can't you ki'-me, oh!

# Kingdom Come

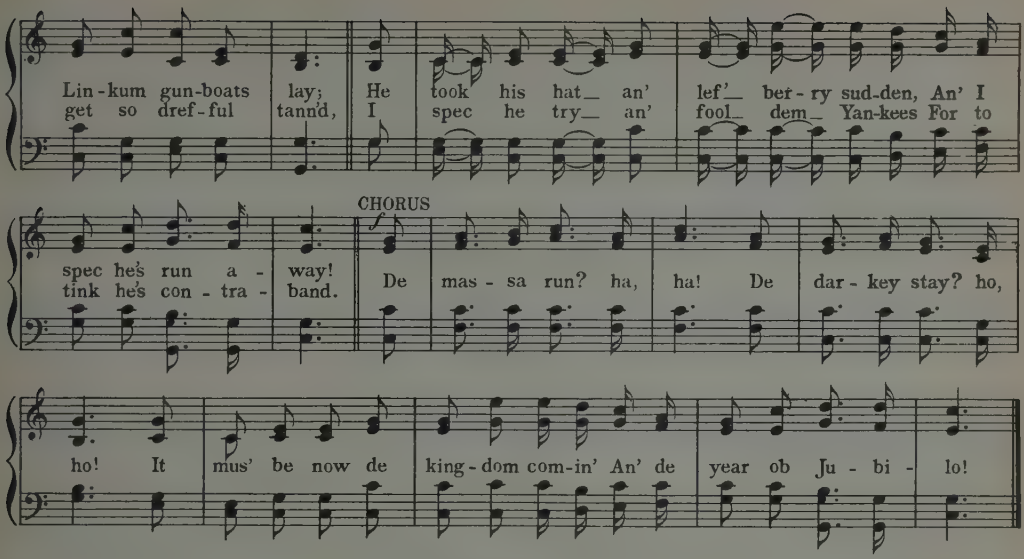
Allegro

HENRY C. WORK

*mf*

1. Say dar-keys, hab you seen de mas-sa Wid de muff-stash on his face? Go long de road some
2. He six foot one way, two feet tud-der, An' he weigh tree hun-dred pounds, His coat so big he —

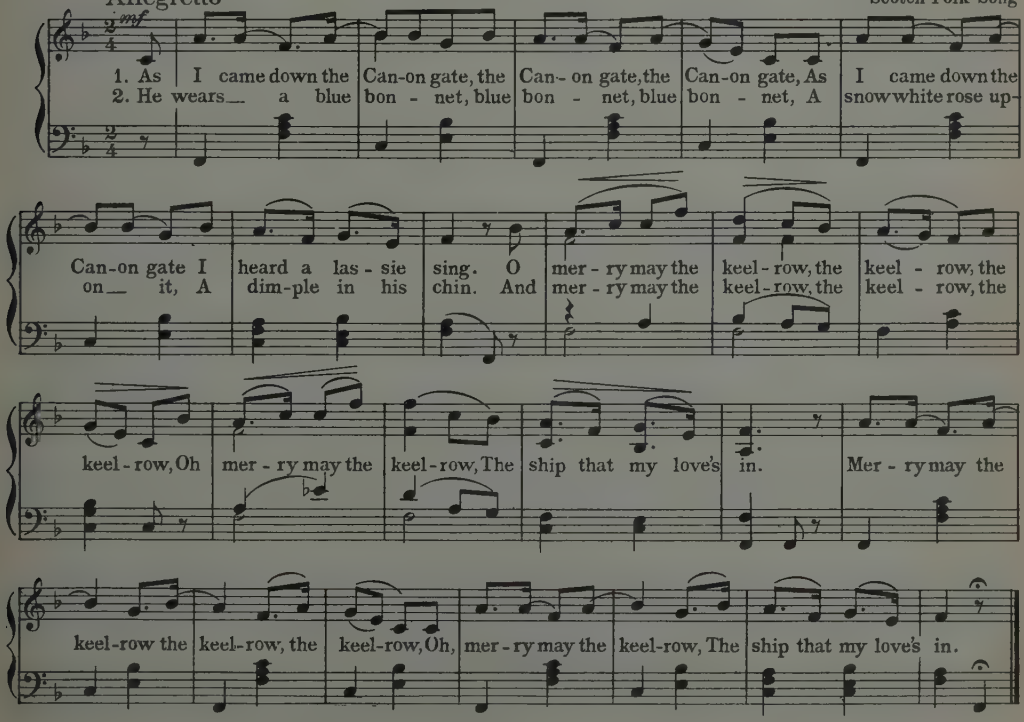
time dis — morn-in', Like he gwine to leab de place? He seen a smoke way up de rib-ber, Whar de
could'nt pay de tai-lor, An' it won't go half way round. He drill so much dey call him Cap'an, An' he


Lin-kum gun-boats lay; He took his hat an' lef' ber-ry sud-den, An' I
get so dref-ful tann'd, I spec he try an' fool dem Yan-kees For to
CHORUS
spec he's run a-way! De mas-sa run? ha, ha! De dar-key stay? ho,
tink he's con-tra-band.
ho! It mus' be now de king-dom com-in' An' de year ob Ju-bi-lo!

## The Keel Row

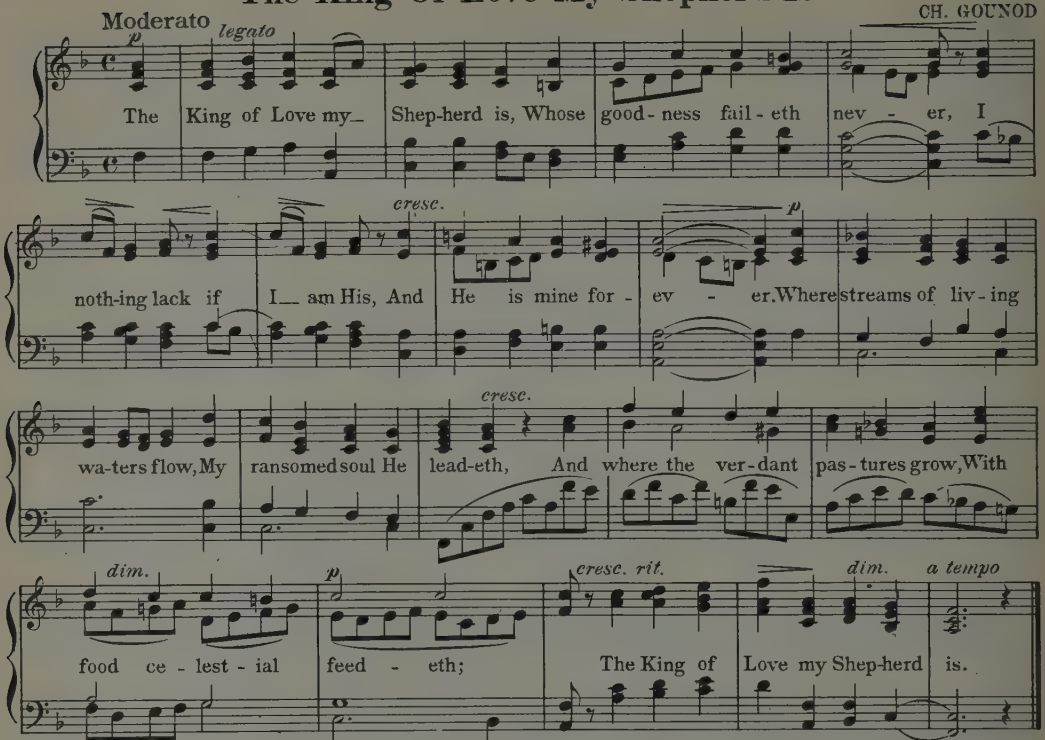
Allegretto

Scotch Folk Song


mf
1. As I came down the Can-on gate, the Can-on gate, the Can-on gate, As I came down the
2. He wears a blue bon-net, blue bon-net, blue bon-net, A snow white rose up-
Can-on gate I heard a las-sie sing. O mer-ry may the keel-row, the keel-row, the
on it, A dim-ple in his chin. And mer-ry may the keel-row, the keel-row, the
keel-row, Oh mer-ry may the keel-row, The ship that my love's in. Mer-ry may the
keel-row the keel-row, the keel-row, Oh, mer-ry may the keel-row, The ship that my love's in.

# The King Of Love My Shepherd Is

CH. GOUNOD


Moderato
p
legato
The King of Love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth nev-er, I
cresc.
p
noth-ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for-ev-er. Where streams of liv-ing
cresc.
wa-ters flow, My ransomed soul He lead-eth, And where the ver-dant pas-tures grow, With
dim.
p
cresc. rit.
dim.
a tempo
food ce-lest-ial feed-eth; The King of Love my Shep-herd is.

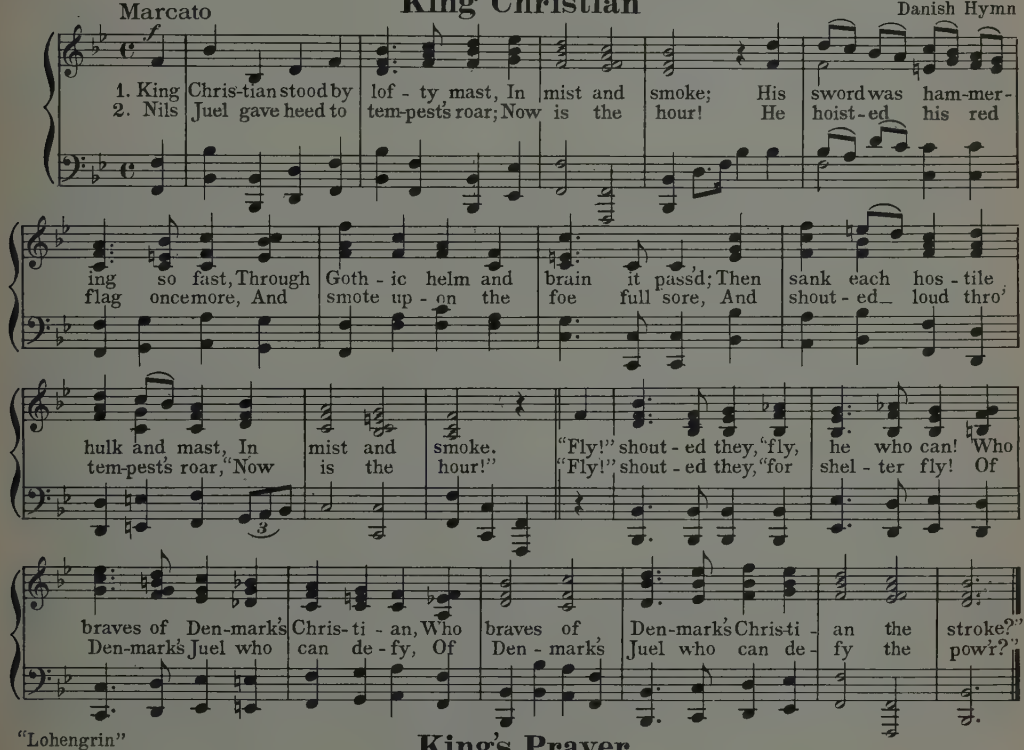
# Killarney

M. W. BALFE

Moderato
mf
1. By Kil-lar-ney's lakes and fells, Em'-rald isles and wind-ing bays, Moun-tain paths and
2. In-nis-fal-len's ruin-ed shrine May sug-gest a pass-ing sigh; But man's faith can
wood-land dells, Mem-'ry ev-er fond-ly strays, Boun-teous na-ture loves all lands,
ne'er de-cline Such Gods wond-ers float-ing by; Cas-tle Lough and Glen-a bay;
Beau-ty wan-ders ev-'ry-where, Foot-prints leaves on ma-ny strands,
Moun-tains Tore and Ea-gle's Nest; Still at Mu-cross you must pray

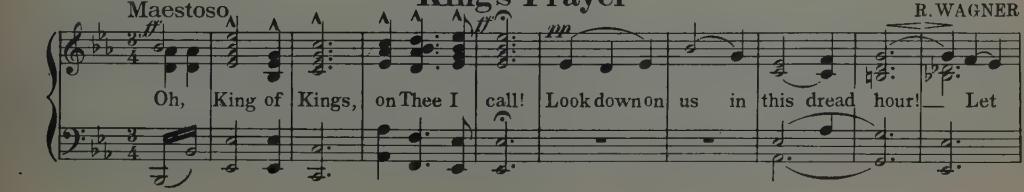
rall.
dim. pp a tempo
But her home is sure - ly there! An - gels fold their wings and rest, In that E - den
Tho' the monks are now at rest, An - gels won-der not that man There would fain pro -
cresc.
of the West Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.
long life's span, Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.

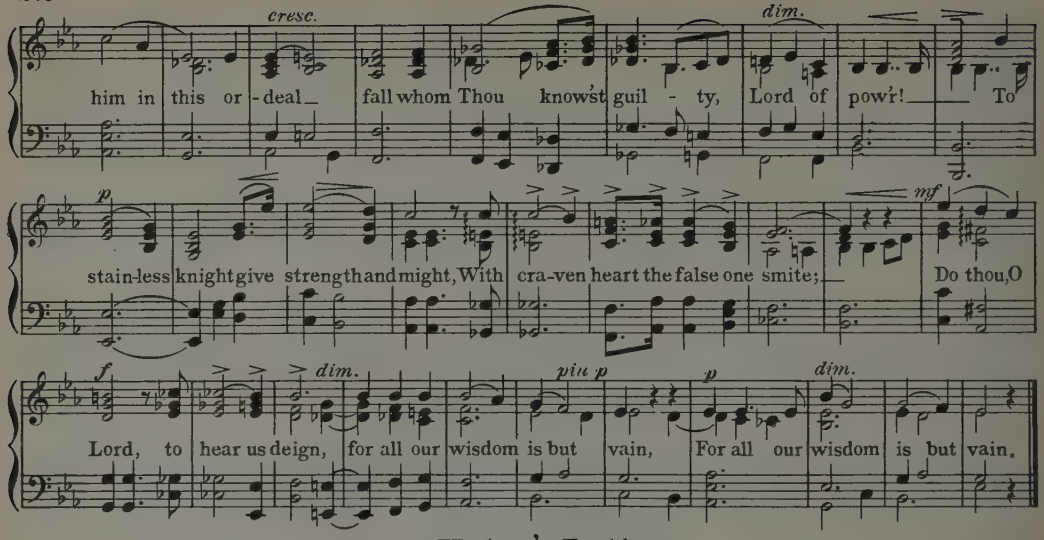
## King Christian


Marcato
Danish Hymn
1. King Chris-tian stood by lof - ty mast, In mist and smoke; His sword was ham-mer-
2. Nils Juel gave heed to tem-pest's roar; Now is the hour! He hoist-ed his red
ing so fast, Through Goth - ic helm and brain it passd; Then sank each hos - tile
flag once more, And smote up - on the foe full sore, And shout - ed loud thro'
hulk and mast, In mist and smoke. "Fly!" shout - ed they, "fly, he who can! Who
tem-pest's roar, "Now is the hour!" "Fly!" shout - ed they, "for shel - ter fly! Of
braves of Den-mark's Chris-ti - an, Who braves of Den-mark's Chris-ti - an the stroke?"
Den-mark's Juel who can de - fy, Of Den - mark's Juel who can de - fy the powr?"

"Lohengrin"

## King's Prayer

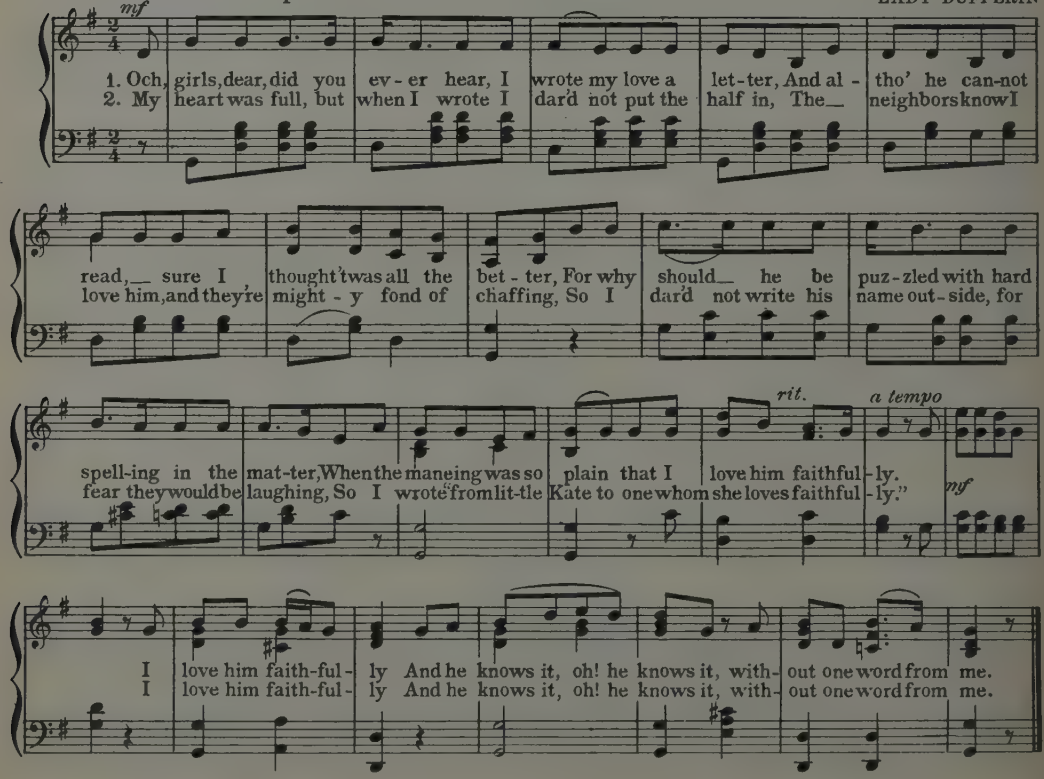



cresc.
dim.
him in this or - deal_ fall whom Thou know'st guil - ty, Lord of pow'r! To
p
mf
stain-less knight give strength and might, With cra-ven heart the false one smite; Do thou, O
f
dim.
piu p
p
dim.
Lord, to hear us deign, for all our wisdom is but vain, For all our wisdom is but vain.

## Katey's Letter

Andante con espressione

LADY DUFFERIN


mf
1. Och, girls, dear, did you ev - er hear, I wrote my love a let-ter, And al - tho' he can-not
2. My heart was full, but when I wrote I dar'd not put the half in, The_ neighbors know I
read, sure I thought 'twas all the bet - ter, For why should he be puz-zled with hard
love him, and they're might - y fond of chaffing, So I dar'd not write his name out - side, for
rit.
a tempo
spell-ing in the mat-ter, When the maneing was so plain that I love him faithful - ly.
fear they would be laughing, So I wrote "from lit-tle Kate to one whom she loves faithful - ly."
mf
I love him faith-ful - ly And he knows it, oh! he knows it, with- out one word from me.
I love him faith-ful - ly And he knows it, oh! he knows it, with- out one word from me.

# Larboard Watch

T. WILLIAMS

Andante

*mf*

1. At dreary mid-night's cheerless hour, De-sert-ed e'en by Cyn-thia's beams, When tempests beat and
2. With anx-ious care he eyes each wave, That swelling, threatens to o'er-whelm, And his storm-beat-en

*cresc.* *mf* *f*

tor-rents pour, And twink-ling stars no lon-ger gleam; The wea-ried sai-lor, spent with toil, Clings
bark to save, Di-rects with skill the faithful helm. With joy he drinks the cheer-ing grog, Mid

*mf*

firm-ly to the weather shrouds, And still the lengthened hour to guile, And still the lengthened hour to guile,
storms that bellow loud and hoarse, With joy he heaves the reel-ing log, With joy he heaves the reel-ing log,

*f dolce* *cresc.* *poco* *a* *poco*

Sings as he views the gath-'ring clouds, Sings as he views the gath-'ring clouds,
And marks the lee-way and the course, And marks the lee-way and the course,

Animato

*f* *cresc.* *f* *mf*

"Lar-board Watch A-hoy! Lar-board Watch, A-hoy!" But who can speak the joy he feels While o'er the
"Lar-board Watch A-hoy! Lar-board Watch, A-hoy!"

*cresc.* *poco* *a* *poco*

foam his ves-sel reels, And his tir'd eye-lids slumb'ring fall, He rouses at the welcome call Of

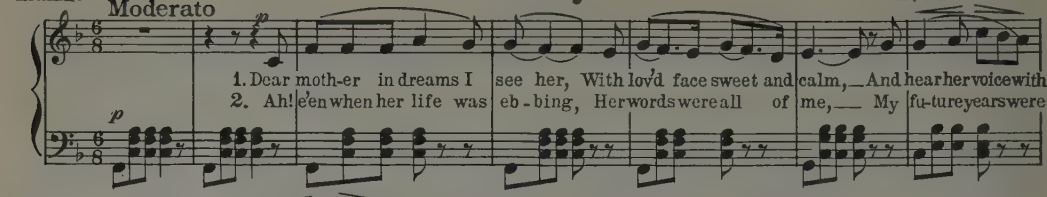
*dim.* *f* *f*

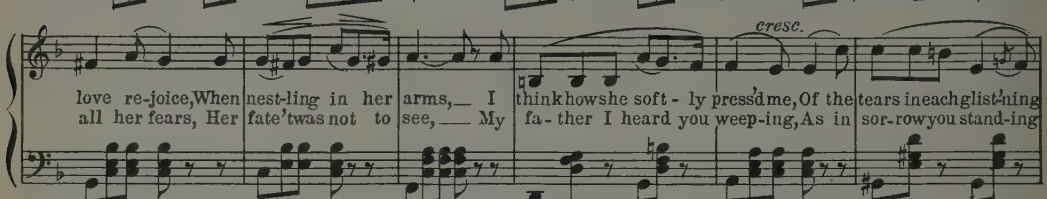
"Lar-board Watch, A-hoy! Lar-board Watch, Lar-board Watch, Larboard Watch A-hoy!"

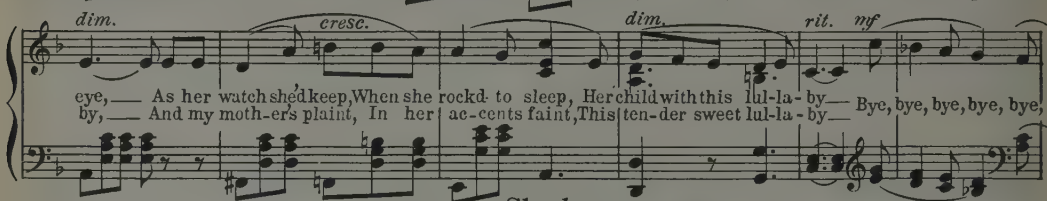
# Lullaby

E. JAKOBOWSKI

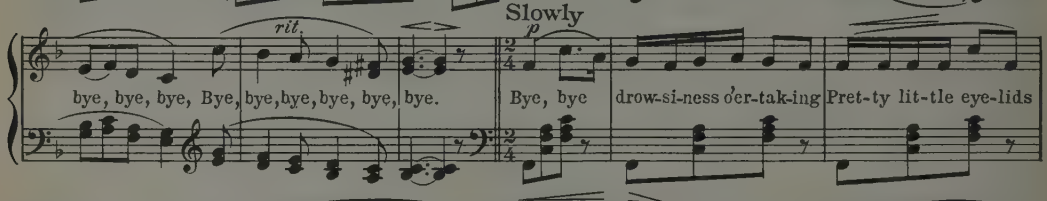
Moderato

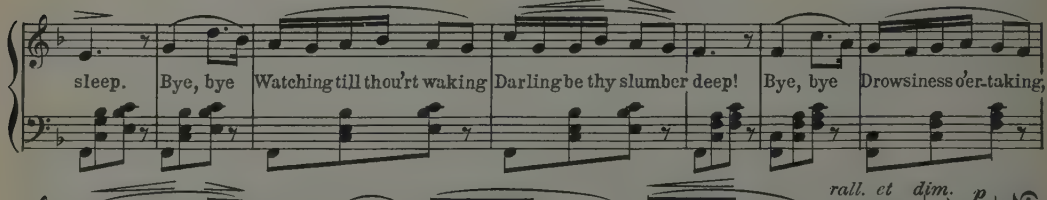

p
1. Dear moth-er in dreams I see her, With lov'd face sweet and calm, — And hear her voice with
2. Ah! e'en when her life was eb-bing, Her words were all of me, — My fu-ture years were

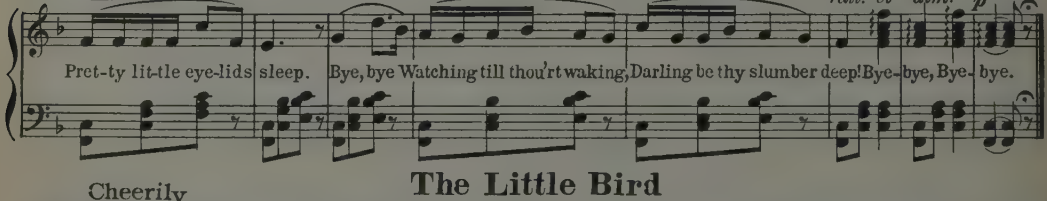

cresc.
love re-joice, When nest-ling in her arms, — I think how she soft-ly press'd me, Of the tears in each glist'ning
all her fears, Her fate 'twas not to see, — My fa-ther I heard you weep-ing, As in sor-row you stand-ing


dim.
cresc.
dim.
rit.
mf
eye, — As her watch she'd keep, When she rockd to sleep, Her child with this lul-la-by — Bye, bye, bye, bye, bye,
by, — And my moth-er's plaint, In her ac-cents faint, This ten-der sweet lul-la-by —

Slowly

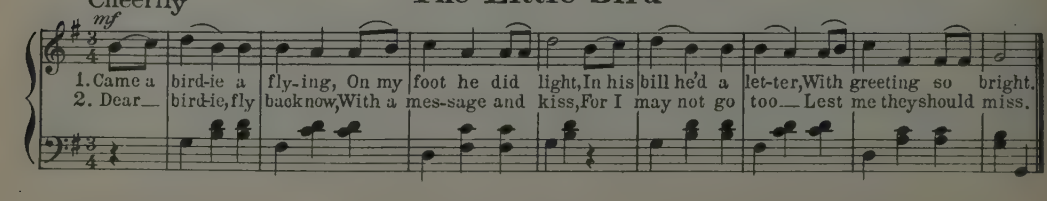



# The Little Bird

Cheerily


mf
1. Came a bird-ie a fly-ing, On my foot he did light, In his bill he'd a let-ter, With greeting so bright.
2. Dear — bird-ie, fly back now, With a mes-sage and kiss, For I may not go too — Lest me they should miss.

# Love's Old Sweet Song

Andante

J. L. MOLLOY

*mf*

1. Once in the dear dead days be-yond re-call, When on the world the mists be-gan to fall,
2. E-ven to-day we hear love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it dwells for-ev-er more,

*cresc.* *dim.*

Out of the dreams that rose in hap-py throng, Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song,
Foot-steps may fal-ter, wear-y grow the way, Still we can hear it at the close of day,

*p* *cresc.*

And in the dusk where fell the firelight gleam, Soft-ly it wove it-self in-to our dream.
So in the end when life's dim shad-ows fall, Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

*p* *a tempo* *cresc.* *dim.*

Just a song at twi-light, when the lights are low; And the flick-ring shadows Soft-ly come and go

*f*

Tho the heart be weary, sad the day and long, Still to us at twi-light comes love's old song,

Comes love's old sweet song. *rit.*

# The Little Lamb

Gaily

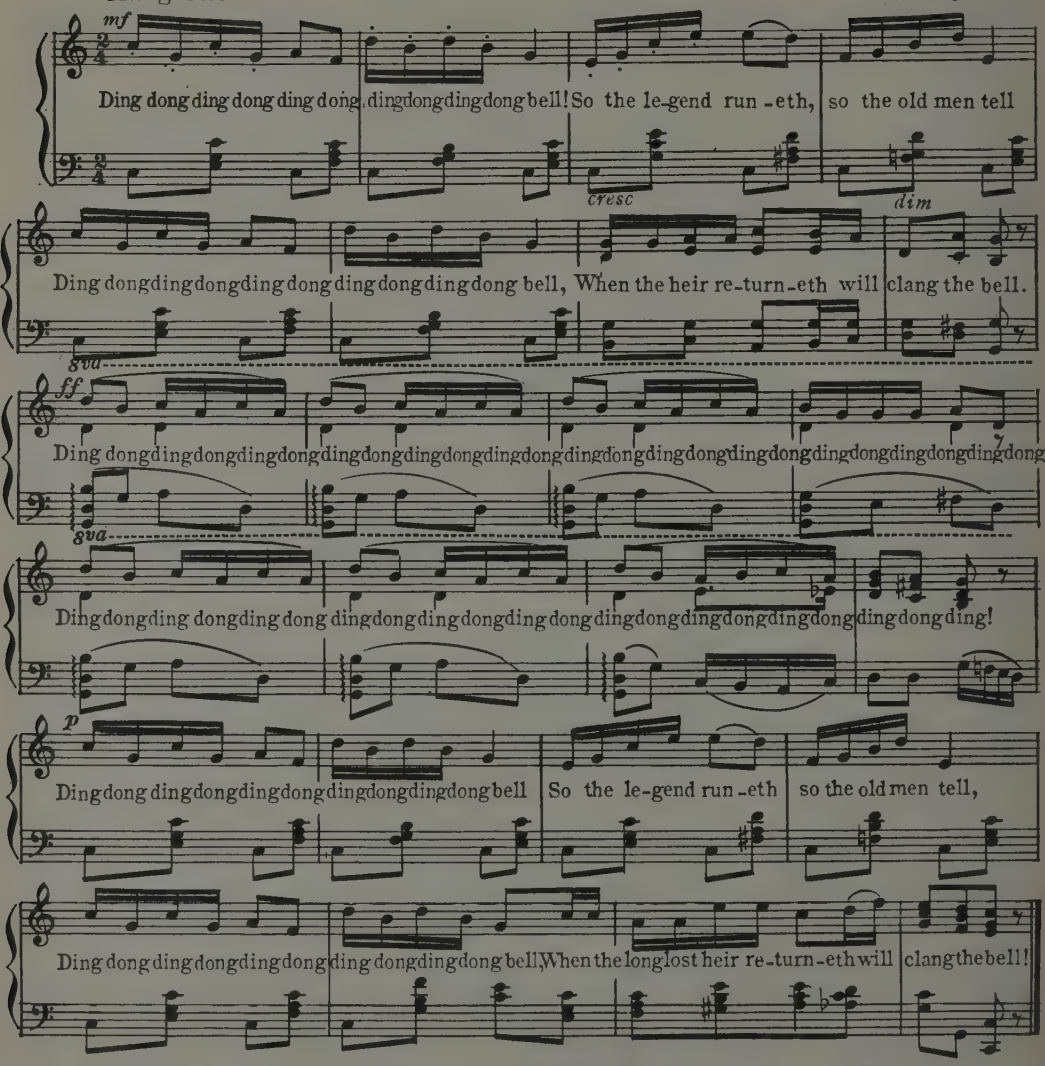
*mf* *f*

1. On the grassy meadow, where the vio-let's seen, Goes my lamb a-graz-ing On the grass so green.
2. On the grassy pas-ture, glad my lambkin springs, Feel-ing just as I do, Happi-ness in spring

# Legend of the Bell

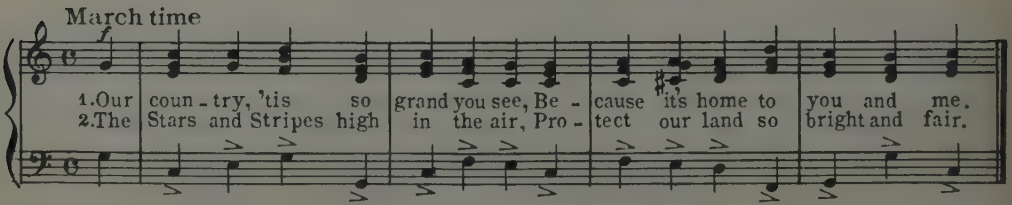
Allegretto

R. PLANQUETTE


mf
Ding dong ding dong ding dong, ding dong ding dong bell! So the le-gend run-eth, so the old men tell
cresc
dim
Ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong bell, When the heir re-turn-eth will clang the bell.
8va
ff
Ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong
8va
Ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding!
p
Ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong bell So the le-gend run-eth so the old men tell,
Ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong bell, When the long-lost heir re-turn-eth will clang the bell!

# The Little Patriot's Song

March time

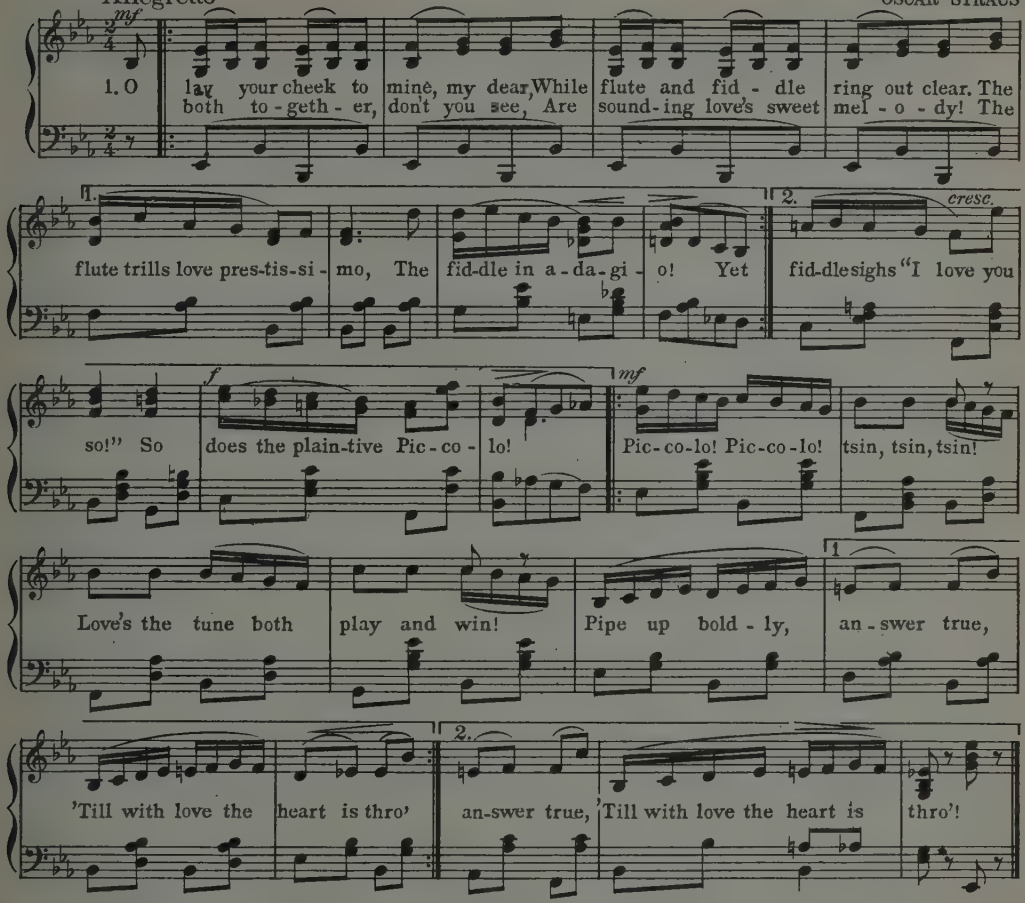

f
1. Our coun-try, 'tis so grand you see, Be-cause it's home to you and me.
2. The Stars and Stripes high in the air, Pro-tect our land so bright and fair.

# Love's The Tune



Allegretto

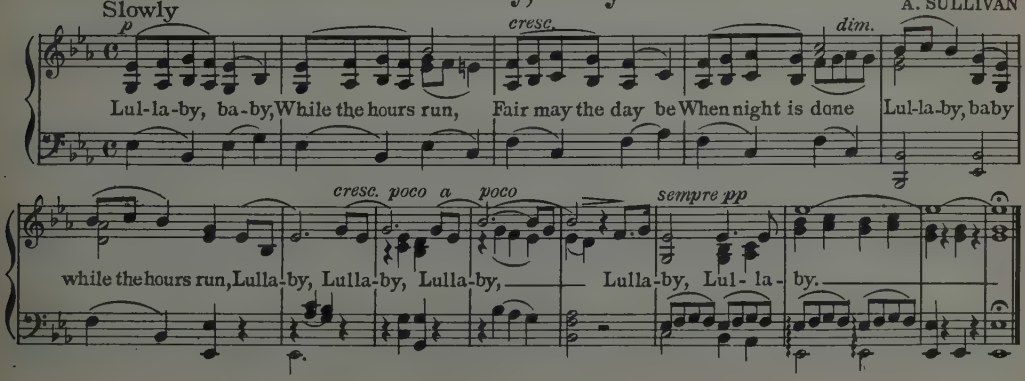
OSCAR STRAUS


mf
1. O lay your cheek to mine, my dear, While flute and fid - dle ring out clear. The
both to - geth - er, don't you see, Are sound - ing love's sweet mel - o - dy! The
1.
flute trills love pres-tis-si - mo, The fid-dle in a - da - gi - o! Yet
2.
cresc.
fid-dle sighs "I love you
f
so!" So does the plain-tive Pic - co - lo!
mf
Pic-co-lo! Pic-co-lo! tsin, tsin, tsin!
Love's the tune both play and win! Pipe up bold - ly,
1
an - swer true,
'Till with love the heart is thro'
2.
an-swer true, 'Till with love the heart is thro'!

# Lullaby, Baby

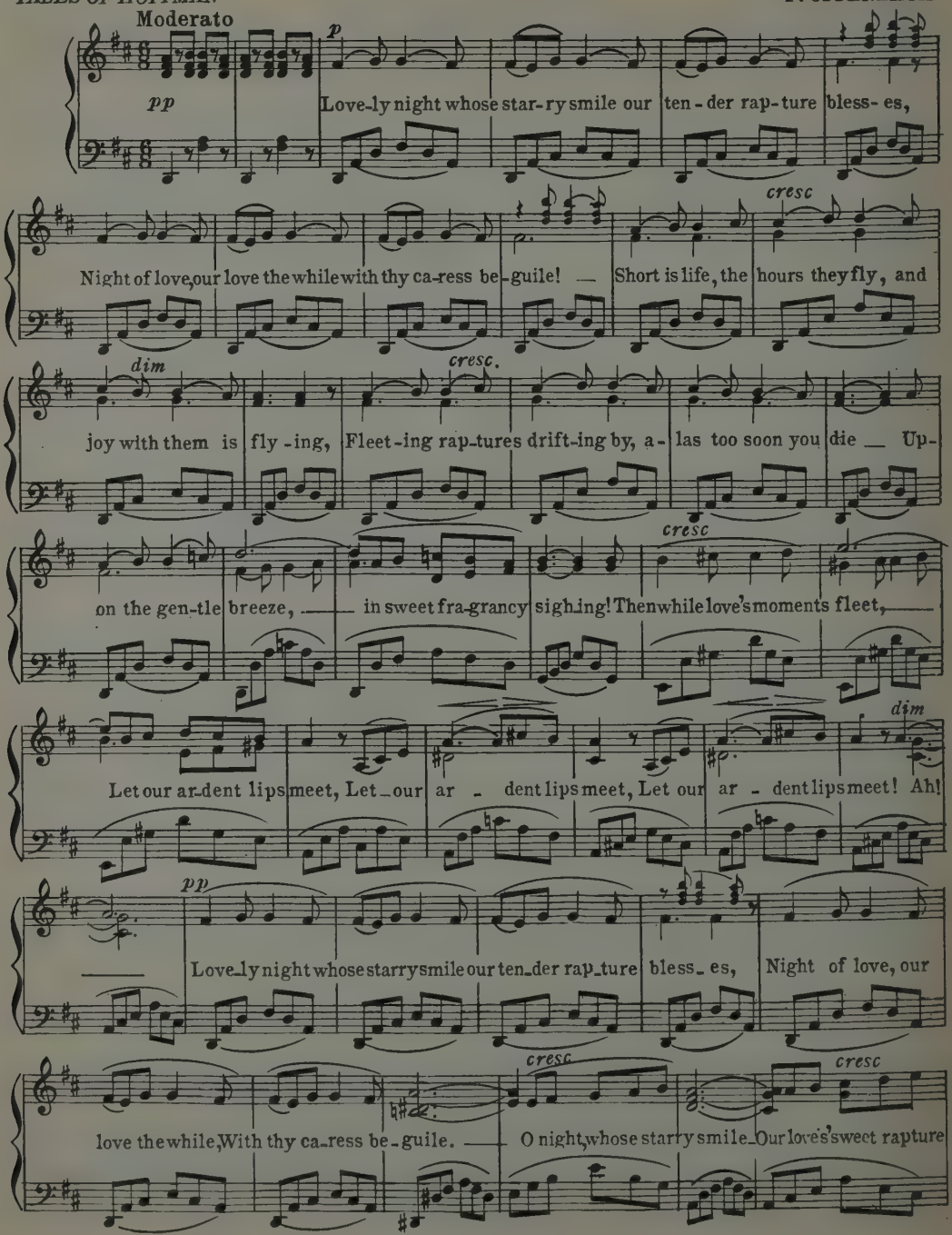
Slowly

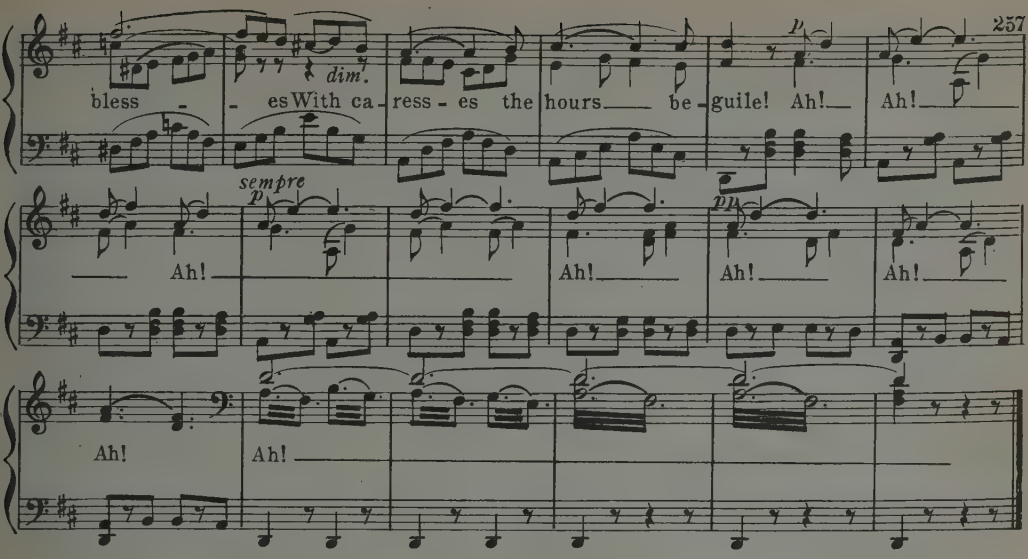
A. SULLIVAN


p
cresc.
dim.
Lul-la-by, ba-by, While the hours run, Fair may the day be When night is done Lul-la-by, baby
cresc. poco a poco
sempre pp
while the hours run, Lulla-by, Lulla-by, Lulla-by, Lulla-by, Lul - la - by.

# Lovely Night

F. OFFENBACH

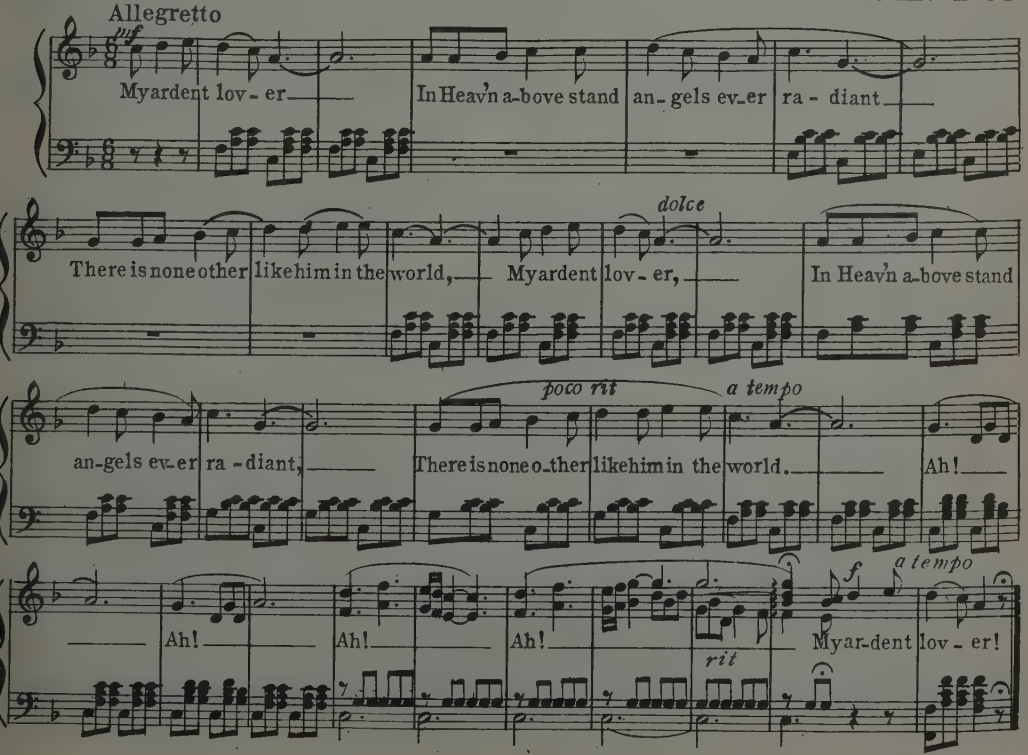

Moderato
pp
p
Love-ly night whose star-ry smile our ten-der rap-ture bless-es,
cresc
Night of love, our love the while with thy ca-ress be-guile! — Short is life, the hours they fly, and
dim
cresc.
joy with them is fly-ing, Fleet-ing rap-tures drift-ing by, a-las too soon you die — Up-
cresc
on the gen-tle breeze, — in sweet fra-grancy sigh-ing! Then while love's moments fleet,
dim
Let our ar-dent lips meet, Let our ar-dent lips meet, Let our ar-dent lips meet! Ah!
pp
Love-ly night whose starry smile our ten-der rap-ture bless-es, Night of love, our
cresc
cresc
love the while, With thy ca-ress be-guile. — O night, whose starry smile Our love's sweet rapture




## Lola's Song

"CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA"

P. MASCAGNI

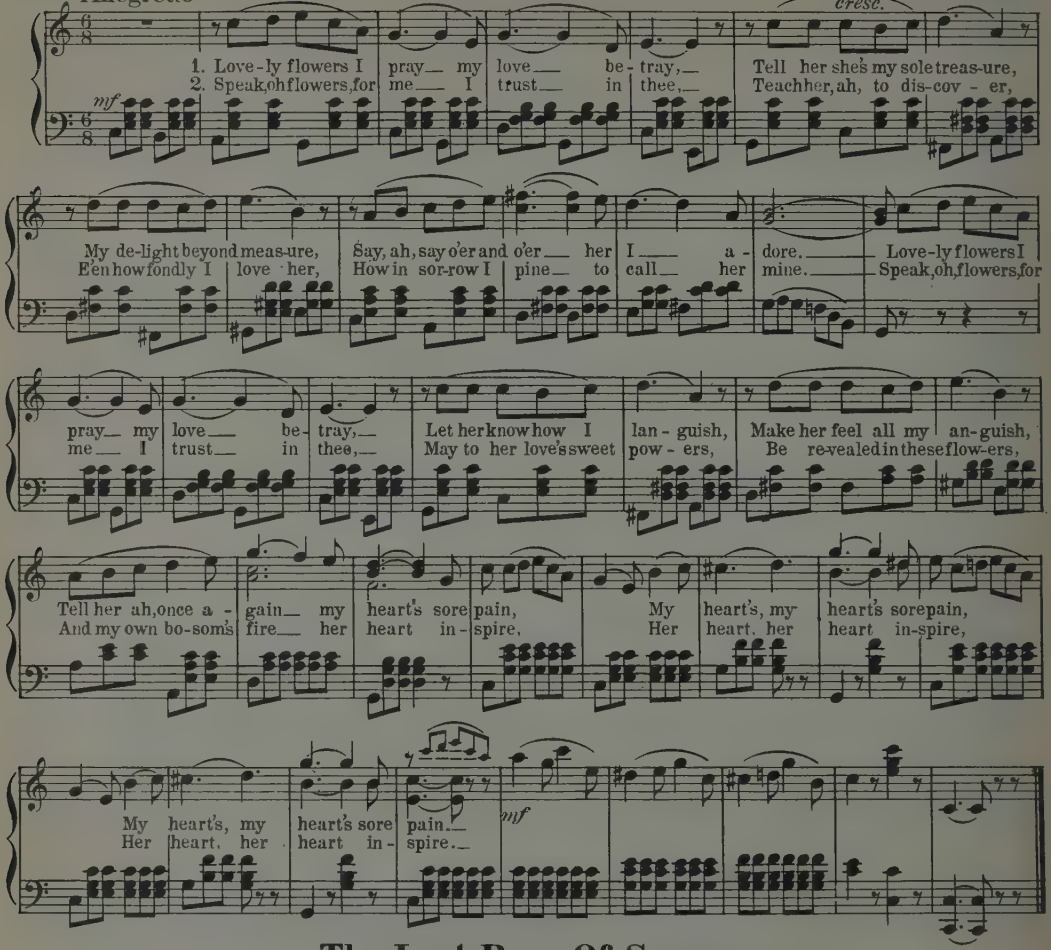

Allegretto
puf
My ardent lov - er In Heav'n a - bove stand an - gels ev - er ra - diant
There is none other like him in the world, My ardent lov - er, In Heav'n a - bove stand
dolce
an - gels ev - er ra - diant, There is none o - ther like him in the world. Ah!
poco rit
a tempo
Ah! Ah! Ah! My ar - dent lov - er!
rit
f
a tempo

"Faust"

## Lovely Flowers I Pray

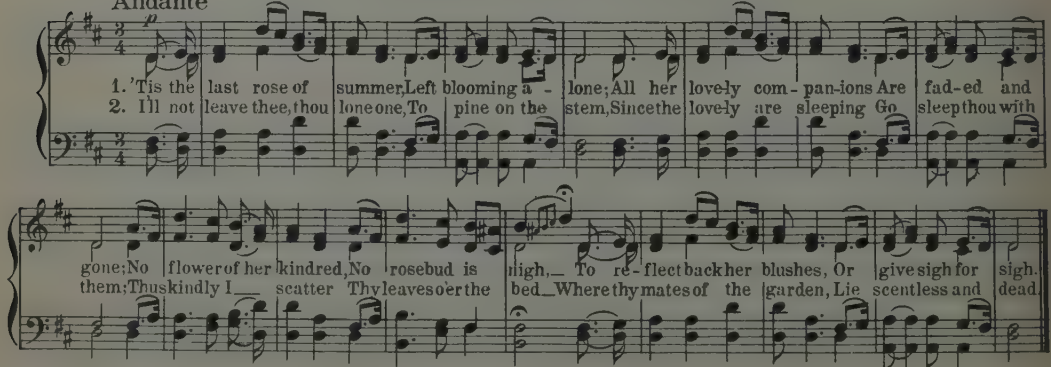
C. GOUNOD

Allegretto


cresc.
mf
1. Love-ly flowers I pray my love be-tray, Tell her she's my sole treas-ure,
2. Speak, oh flowers, for me I trust in thee, Teach her, ah, to dis-cov-er,
My de-light beyond meas-ure, Say, ah, say o'er and o'er her I a-dore. Love-ly flowers I
E'en how fondly I love her, How in sor-row I pine to call her mine. Speak, oh, flowers, for
pray my love be-tray, Let her know how I lan-guish, Make her feel all my an-guish,
me I trust in thee, May to her love's sweet pow-ers, Be re-vealed in these flow-ers,
Tell her ah, once a-gain my heart's sore pain, My heart's, my heart's sore pain,
And my own bo-som's fire her heart in-spire, Her heart, her heart in-spire,
My heart's, my heart's sore pain.
Her heart, her heart in-spire.
mf

## The Last Rose Of Summer

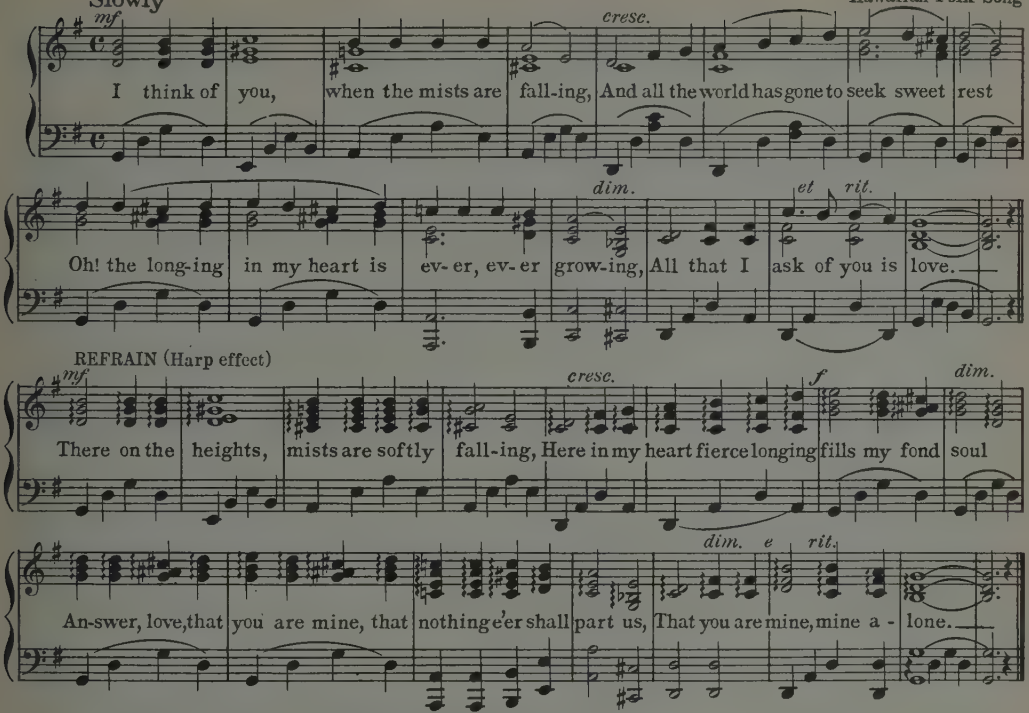
Andante


1. 'Tis the last rose of summer, Left blooming a-lone; All her love-ly com-pan-ions Are fad-ed and
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem; Since the love-ly are sleeping Go sleep thou with
gone; No flower of her kindred, No rose-bud is nigh, To re-flect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh.
them; Thus kindly I scatter Thy leaves o'er the bed, Where thy mates of the garden, Lie scentless and dead.

## Love Thoughts

Slowly

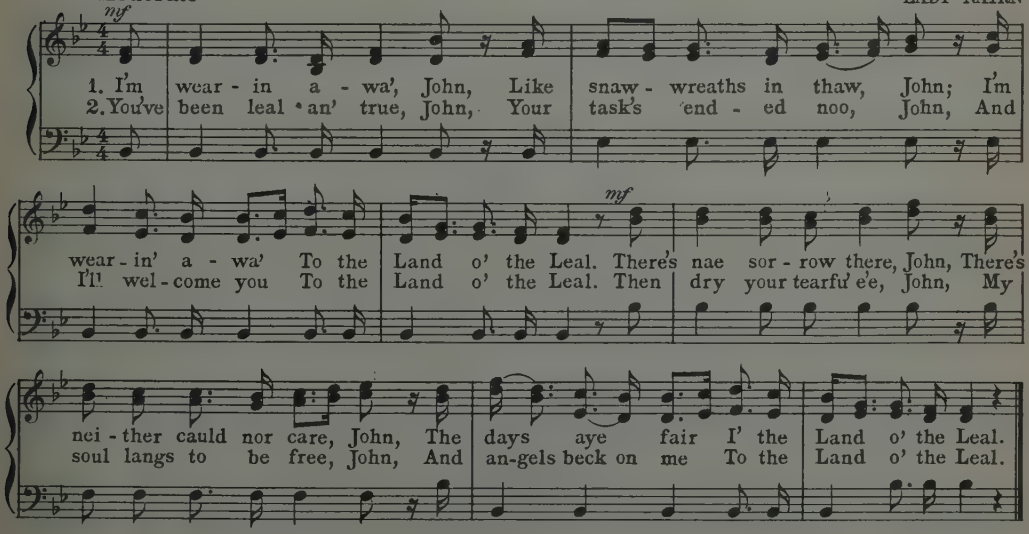
Hawaiian Folk Song


mf
cresc.
I think of you, when the mists are fall-ing, And all the world has gone to seek sweet rest
dim.
et rit.
Oh! the long-ing in my heart is ev-er, ev-er grow-ing, All that I ask of you is love.
REFRAIN (Harp effect)
mf
cresc.
f
dim.
There on the heights, mists are softly fall-ing, Here in my heart fierce longing fills my fond soul
dim. e rit.
An-swer, love, that you are mine, that nothing e'er shall part us, That you are mine, mine a - lone.

## The Land O' The Leal

Moderato

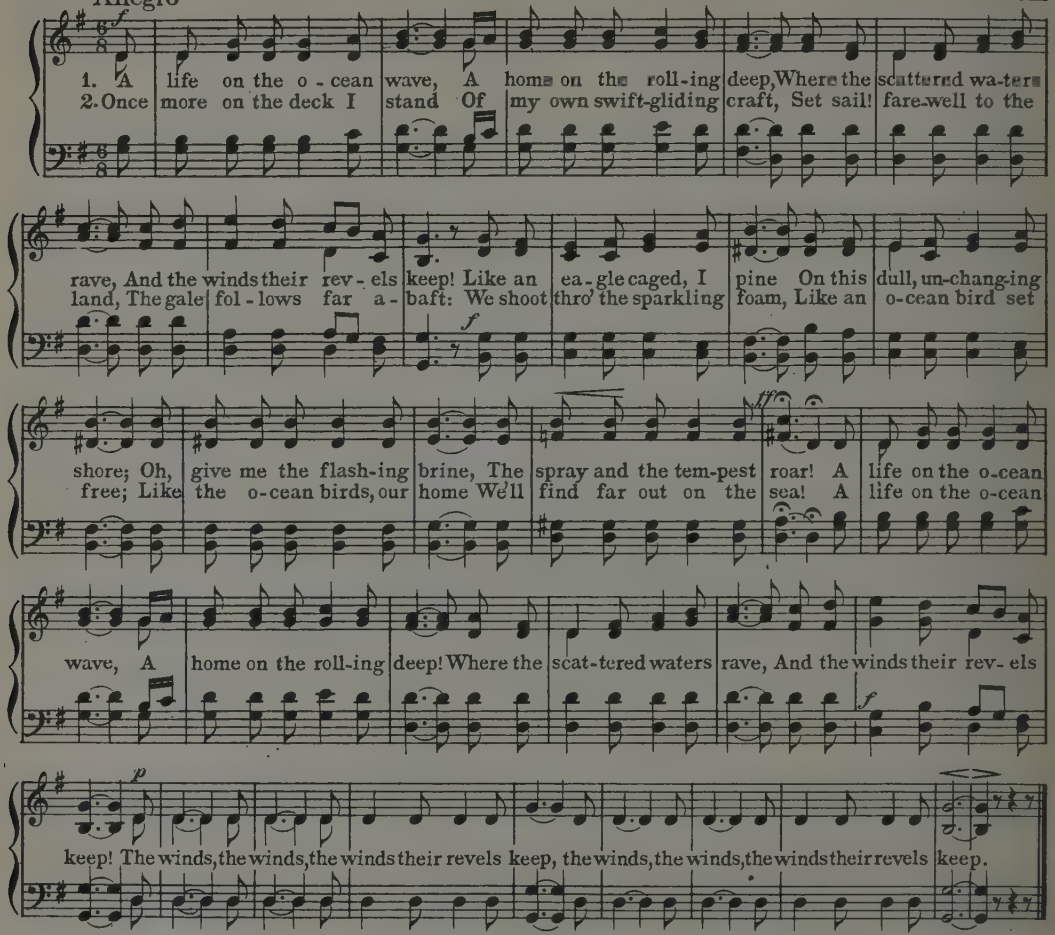
LADY NAIRN


mf
1. I'm wear - in a - wa', John, Like snaw - wreaths in thaw, John; I'm
2. You've been leal an' true, John, Your task's end - ed noo, John, And
wear - in' a - wa' To the Land o' the Leal. There's nae sor - row there, John, There's
I'll wel - come you To the Land o' the Leal. Then dry your tearfu' e'e, John, My
mf
nei - ther cauld nor care, John, The days aye fair I' the Land o' the Leal.
soul langs to be free, John, And an-gels beck on me To the Land o' the Leal.

# A Life On The Ocean Wave

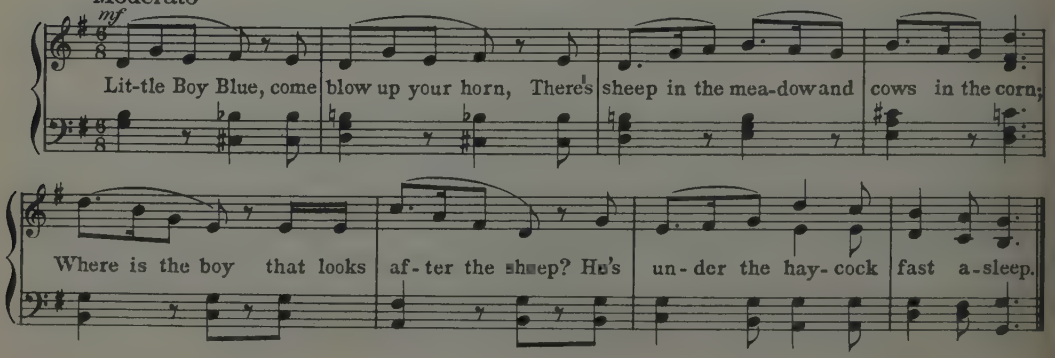
Allegro

HENRY RUSSELL


1. A life on the o - cean wave, A home on the roll-ing deep, Where the scattered wa-ters
2. Once more on the deck I stand Of my own swift-gliding craft, Set sail! fare-well to the
rave, And the winds their rev - els keep! Like an ea - gle caged, I pine On this dull, un-chang-ing
land, The gale fol - lows far a - baft: We shoot thro' the sparkling foam, Like an o-cean bird set
shore; Oh, give me the flash-ing brine, The spray and the tem-pest roar! A life on the o-cean
free; Like the o-cean birds, our home We'll find far out on the sea! A life on the o-cean
wave, A home on the roll-ing deep! Where the scat-tered waters rave, And the winds their rev- els
keep! The winds, the winds, the winds their revels keep, the winds, the winds, the winds their revels keep.

# Little Boy Blue

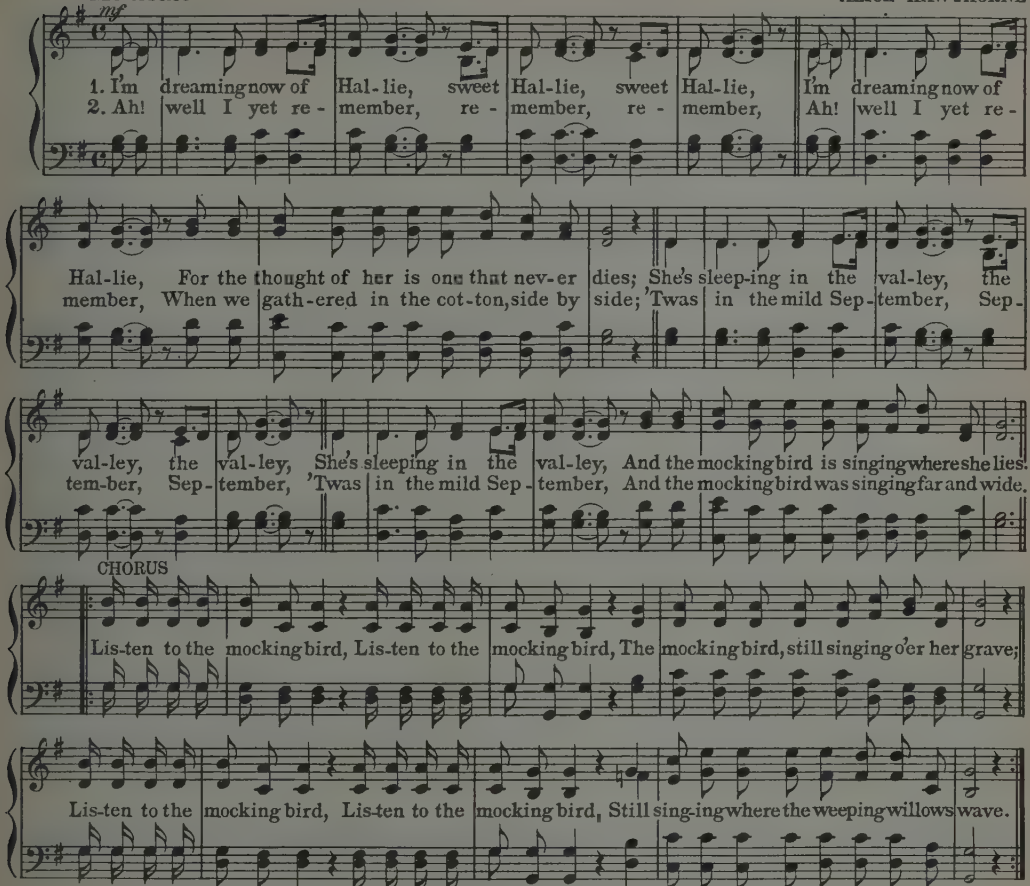
Moderato


Lit-tle Boy Blue, come blow up your horn, There's sheep in the mea-dow and cows in the corn;
Where is the boy that looks af-ter the sheep? He's un-der the hay-cock fast a-sleep.

# Listen To The Mocking-Bird

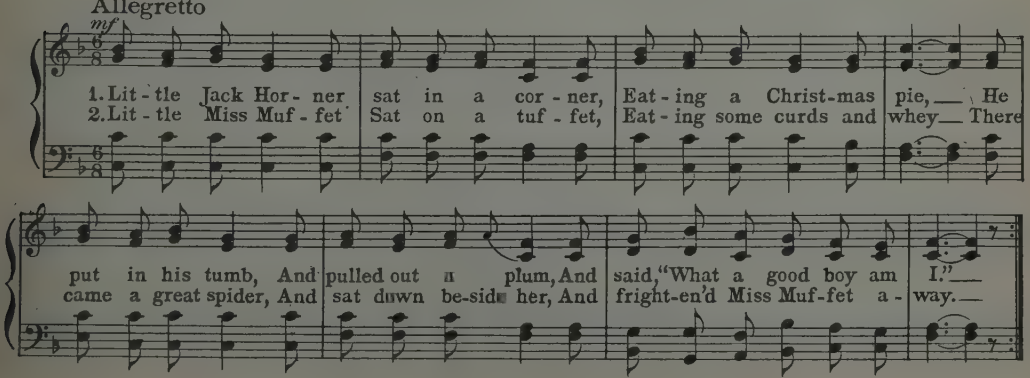
Moderato

ALICE HAWTHORNE


mf
1. I'm dreaming now of Hal-lie, sweet Hal-lie, sweet Hal-lie, I'm dreaming now of
2. Ah! well I yet re- member, re- member, re- member, Ah! well I yet re-
Hal-lie, For the thought of her is one that nev-er dies; She's sleep-ing in the val-ley, the
member, When we gath-ered in the cot-ton, side by side; 'Twas in the mild Sep- tember, Sep-
val-ley, the val-ley, She's sleeping in the val-ley, And the mocking bird is singing where she lies.
tem-ber, Sep- tember, 'Twas in the mild Sep- tember, And the mocking bird was singing far and wide.
CHORUS
Lis-ten to the mocking bird, Lis-ten to the mocking bird, The mocking bird, still singing o'er her grave;
Lis-ten to the mocking bird, Lis-ten to the mocking bird, Still sing-ing where the weeping willows wave.

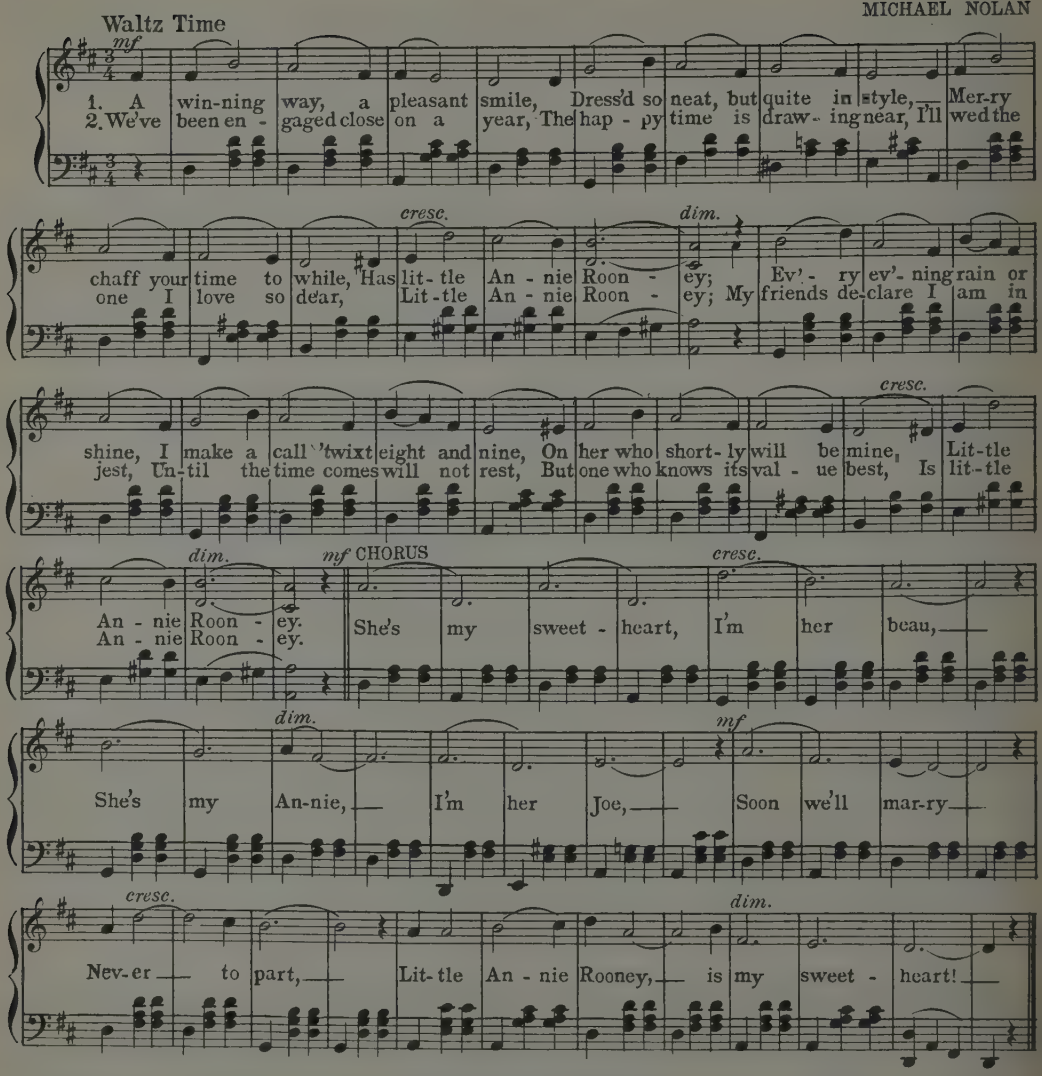
# Little Jack Horner And Little Miss Muffet

Allegretto

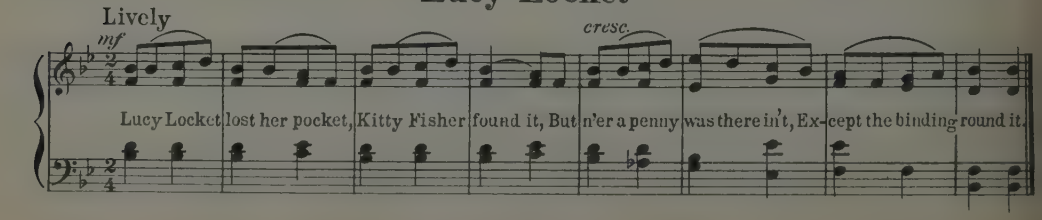

mf
1. Lit- tle Jack Hor- ner sat in a cor- ner, Eat- ing a Christ-mas pie, He
2. Lit- tle Miss Muf- fet Sat on a tuf- fet, Eat- ing some curds and whey There
put in his tumb, And pulled out a plum, And said, "What a good boy am I."
came a great spider, And sat down be-side her, And fright-en'd Miss Muf-fet a- way.

# Little Annie Rooney

MICHAEL NOLAN


Waltz Time
mf
1. A win-ning way, a pleasant smile, Dress'd so neat, but quite in style, Mer-ry
2. We've been en - gaged close on a year, The hap - py time is draw - ing near, I'll wed the
cresc.
dim.
chaff your time to while, Has lit - tle An - nie Roon - ey; Ev'- ry ev'- ning rain or
one I love so dear, Lit - tle An - nie Roon - ey; My friends de-clare I am in
cresc.
shine, I make a call 'twixt eight and nine, On her who short- ly will be mine, Lit-tle
jest, Un-til the time comes will not rest, But one who knows its val - ue best, Is lit-tle
dim.
mf CHORUS
cresc.
An - nie Roon - ey.
An - nie Roon - ey.
She's my sweet - heart, I'm her beau,
dim.
mf
She's my An-nie, I'm her Joe, Soon we'll mar-ry
cresc.
dim.
Nev-er to part, Lit-tle An - nie Rooney, is my sweet - heart!

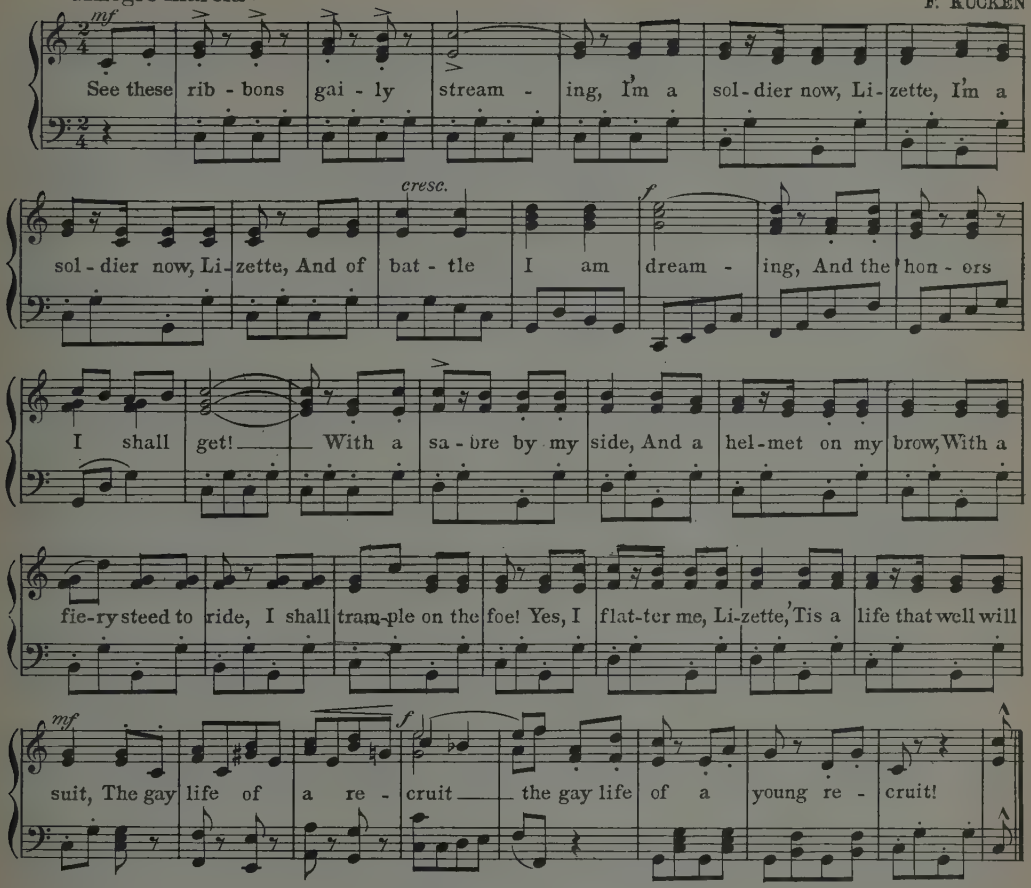
# Lucy Locket


Lively
mf
cresc.
Lucy Locket lost her pocket, Kitty Fisher found it, But n'er a penny was there in't, Ex-cept the binding round it.

# Lizette

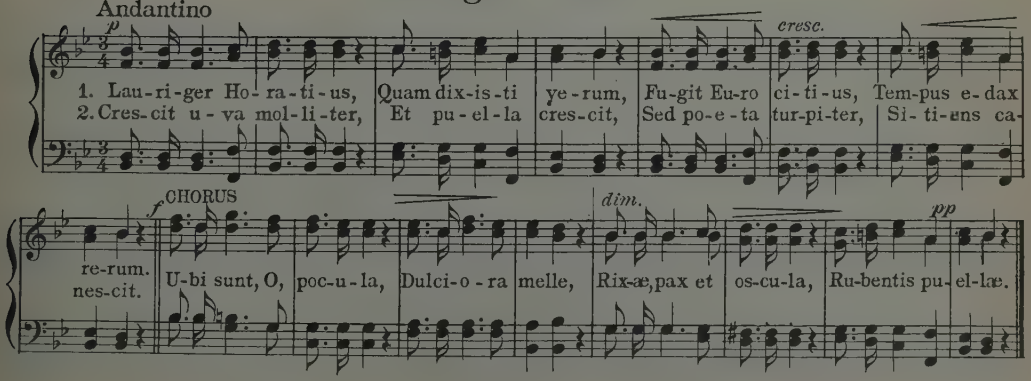
Allegro marcia.

F. KÜCKEN


mf
See these rib - bons gai - ly stream - ing, I'm a sol - dier now, Li - zette, I'm a
cresc.
f
sol - dier now, Li - zette, And of bat - tle I am dream - ing, And the hon - ors
I shall get! With a sa - bre by my side, And a hel - met on my brow, With a
fie - ry steed to ride, I shall tram - ple on the foe! Yes, I flat - ter me, Li - zette, 'Tis a life that well will
mf
f
suit, The gay life of a re - cruit the gay life of a young re - cruit!

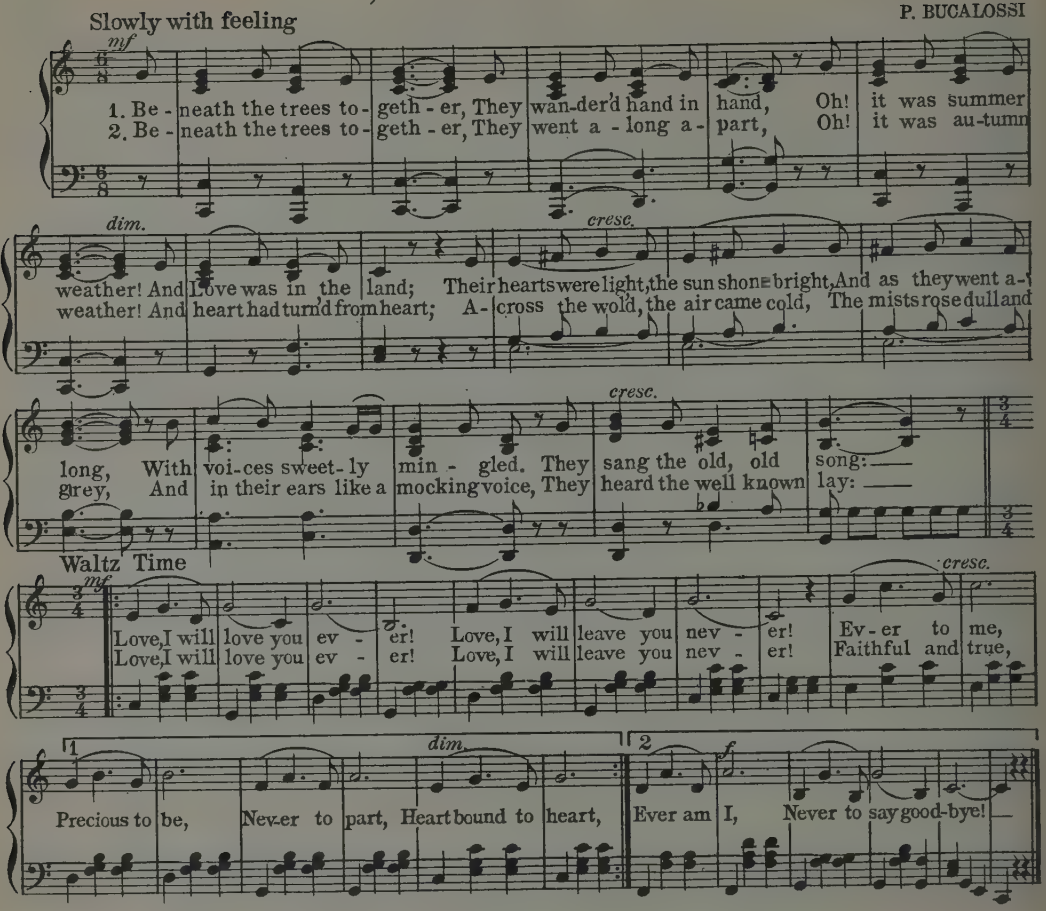
# Lauriger Horatius

Andantino

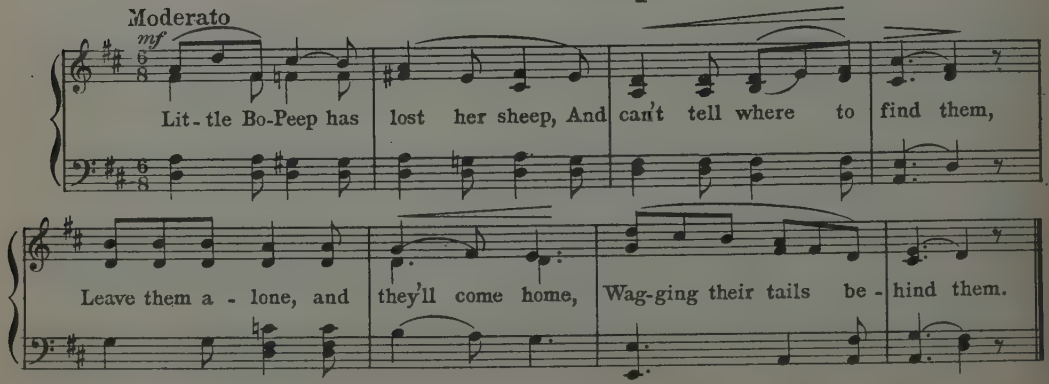

p
cresc.
1. Lau - ri - ger Ho - ra - ti - us, Quam dix - is - ti ye - rum, Fu - git Eu - ro ci - ti - us, Tem - pus e - dax
2. Cres - cit u - va mol - li - ter, Et pu - el - la cres - cit, Sed po - e - ta tur - pi - ter, Si - ti - ens ca -
f
CHORUS
dim.
pp
re - rum.
nes - cit.
U - bi sunt, O, poc - u - la, Dulci - o - ra melle, Rix - æ, pax et os - cu - la, Ru - bentis pu - el - læ.

# Love, I Will Love You Ever

P. BUCALOSSI


Slowly with feeling
mf
1. Be - neath the trees to - geth - er, They wan-der'd hand in hand, Oh! it was summer
2. Be - neath the trees to - geth - er, They went a - long a - part, Oh! it was au-tumn
dim.
cresc.
weather! And Love was in the land; Their hearts were light, the sun shone bright, And as they went a-
weather! And heart had turn'd from heart; A - cross the wold, the air came cold, The mists rose dull and
cresc.
long, With voi-ces sweet-ly min - gled. They sang the old, old song:
grey, And in their ears like a mocking voice, They heard the well known lay:
Waltz Time
mf
cresc.
Love, I will love you ev - er! Love, I will leave you nev - er! Ev - er to me,
Love, I will love you ev - er! Love, I will leave you nev - er! Faithful and true,
1
dim.
2
f
Precious to be, Never to part, Heart bound to heart, Ever am I, Never to say good-bye!

# Little Bo-Peep


Moderato
mf
Lit - tle Bo-Peep has lost her sheep, And can't tell where to find them,
Leave them a - lone, and they'll come home, Wag-ging their tails be - hind them.

## Largo

G. F. HÄNDEL

Larghetto

*mf*

Lord ___ in Heav'n a - bove, ___ who ru-leth us, Giv-er of all

*p* *cresc.*

bless - ings, Look down in pit - y In lov - ing faith, Thy chil-dren pray to thee, Ask-ing thy

*cresc.* *cresc.* *dim.*

mer - cy, Ask-ing thy mer - cy in lov - ing faith, Ah! ___ King of Kings, Ruler of Heav'n and of

*cresc.* *f* *dim.* *cresc.* *f*

earth! Ask-ing thy mer - cy, In ___ lov - ing faith, O God, In lov - ing faith!

*p* *cresc. molto* *f* *dim.* *p*

In ___ lov-ing faith. Ask-ing thy mer - cy In ___ lov-ing faith, O God, In lov - ing faith!

## Like Morning

L. Von BEETHOVEN

Andante

*p* *cresc.* *dim.*

1. Like morning, when her ear - ly breeze Breaks up the sur-face of the seas, That,
2. Till Da-vid touch'd his sa - cred lyre, Si - lent-ly hung the soul - less wire, But,

*cresc.* *dim. e rit.*

in their fur - rows, dark with night, Her hand may sow the seeds of light.
when he swept its chords a - long, Ev'n an - gels stoop'd to hear that song.

# Let Me Gaze

CH. GOUNOD

Andante

*mf*

Let me gaze,— let me gaze on the vi-sion be-fore me, Let me gaze on the vi-sion be

*cresc.*

fore— me; While from yon e-ther blue, look how the Star of eve, Bright and tender lingers

*dim.*

o'er me, To love,— to love thy beauty too. Oh what joy, like a spell, does the even in gen-

*cresc.*

chant me, With a radiance mysterious it en-chants— me! It spreads a languid charm,

*dim.*

I feel with-out a-larm, With mel-o-dy en-wind me, en-wind me, And all my heart subdue!

# Lovely May

Allegretto

*mf*

1. Lovely May, lovely May, Decks the world with blossoms gay; "Come ye all, come ye all," Thus the flowers call.
2. Lightly pass, lightly pass, Thro' the nod-ding meadow grass, Woodlands bright, woodlands bright, Wake from winter's night.

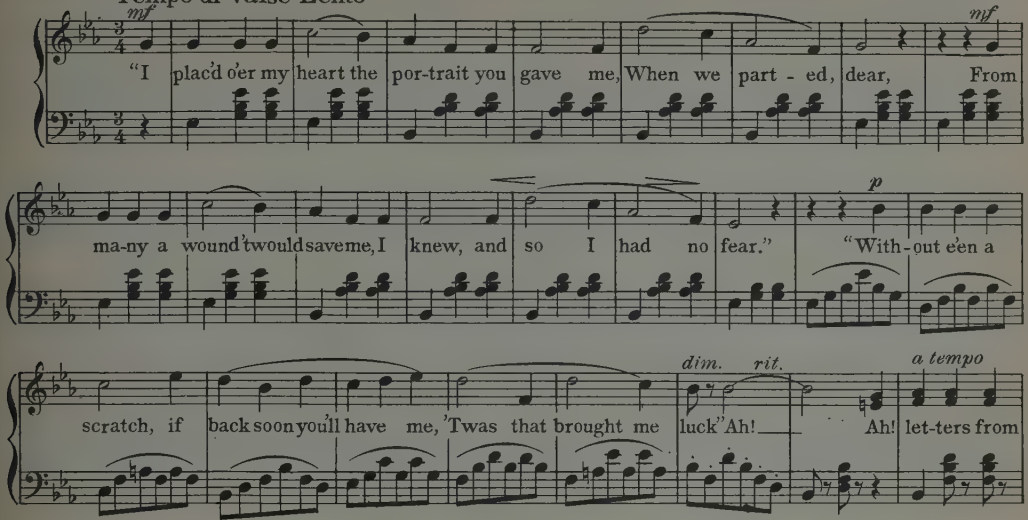
Sparkles now the sun-ny dale, Fragrant is the flowery vale; Song of bird, song of bird, In the grove is heard.
Where the sil-ver brooklet flows, Rippling soft-ly as it goes, Will we rest, will we rest, In green, mos-sy nest.

# Letters From Lovers

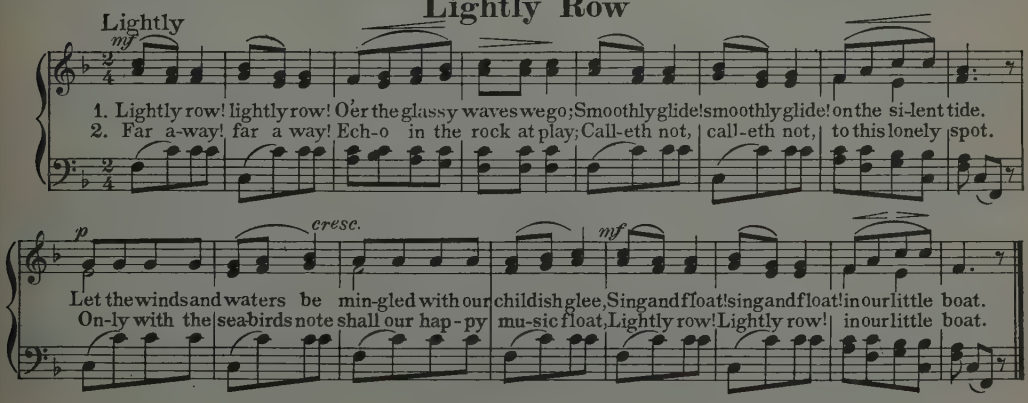


Tempo di Valse Lento

J. OFFENBACH


mf
"I plac'd o'er my heart the por-trait you gave me, When we part - ed, dear, From
ma-ny a wound 'twould save me, I knew, and so I had no fear." "With-out e'en a
p
scratch, if back soon you'll have me, 'Twas that brought me luck" Ah! Ah! let-ters from
dim. rit.
a tempo
lovers, Each new one dis-covers, Some still dearer meaning, and oft-en we kiss, These let-ters from
cresc.
lov-ers, The heart soon un-cov-ers new rea-son for bliss, New rea-son for bliss.
cresc.
f

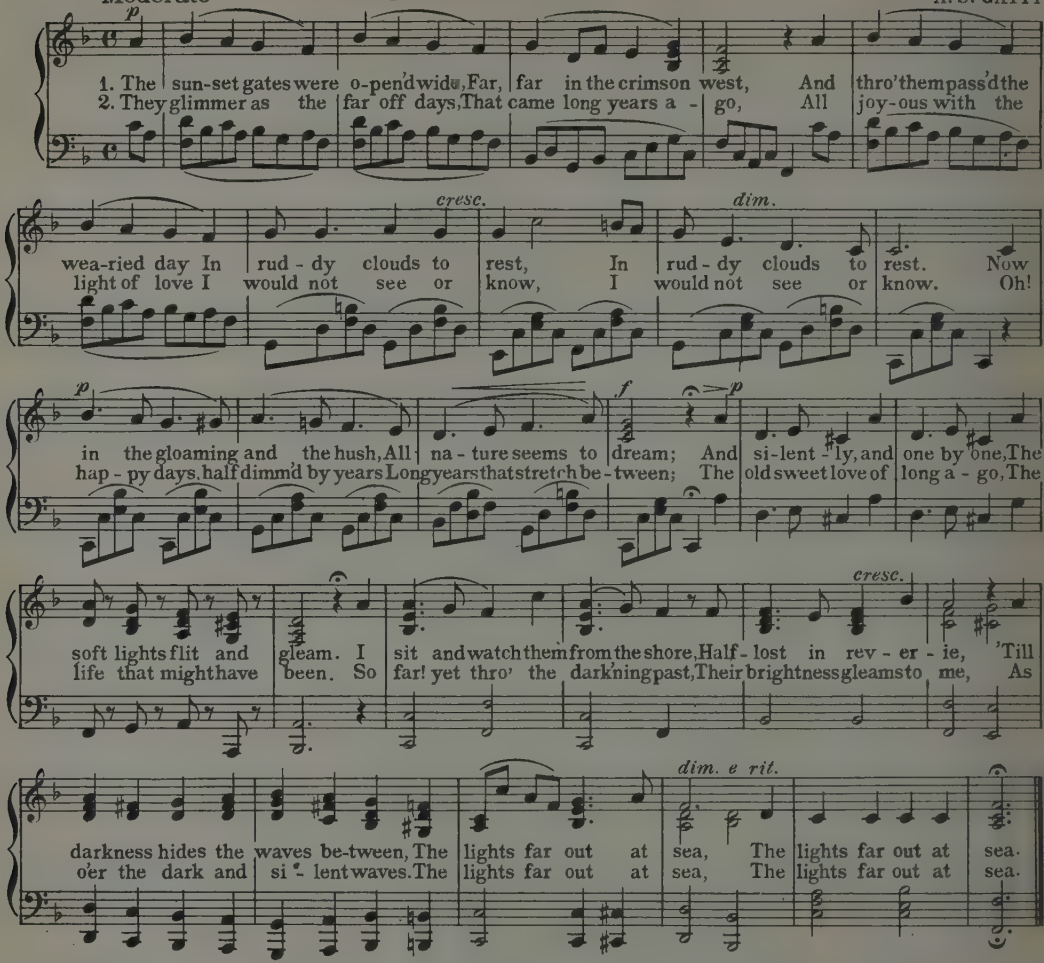
## Lightly Row


Lightly
mf
1. Lightly row! lightly row! O'er the glassy waves we go; Smoothly glide! smoothly glide! on the si-lent tide.
2. Far a-way! far a way! Ech-o in the rock at play; Call-eth not, call-eth not, to this lonely spot.
p
cresc.
mf
Let the winds and waters be min-gled with our childish glee, Sing and float! sing and float! in our little boat.
On-ly with the sea-birds note shall our hap-py mu-sic float, Lightly row! Lightly row! in our little boat.

## Lights Far Out At Sea

Moderato

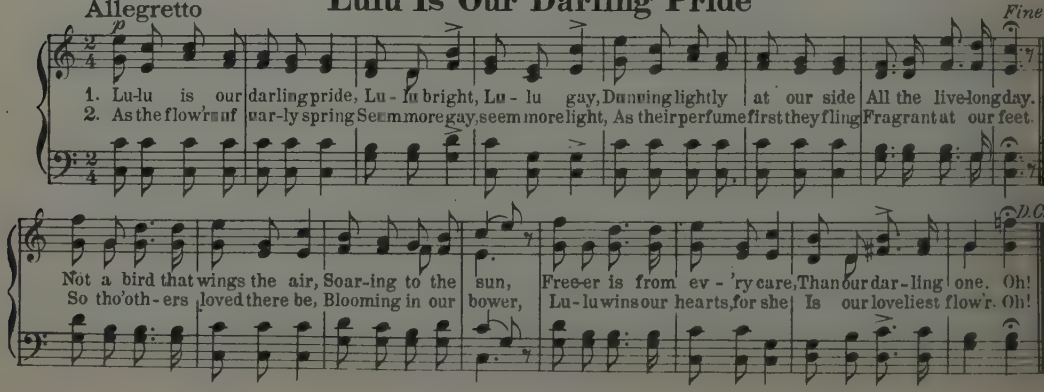
A. S. GATTY


p
1. The sun-set gates were o-pen'd wide, Far, far in the crimson west, And thro' them pass'd the
2. They glimmer as the far off days, That came long years a - go, All joy-ous with the
cresc.
dim.
wea-ried day In rud - dy clouds to rest, In rud - dy clouds to rest. Now
light of love I would not see or know, I would not see or know. Oh!
p
f
p
in the gloaming and the hush, All na - ture seems to dream; And si-lent - ly, and one by one, The
hap - py days, half dimm'd by years Long years that stretch be - tween; The old sweet love of long a - go, The
cresc.
soft lights flit and gleam. I sit and watch them from the shore, Half - lost in rev - er - ie, 'Till
life that might have been. So far! yet thro' the dark'ning past, Their brightness gleams to me, As
dim. e rit.
darkness hides the waves be-tween, The lights far out at sea, The lights far out at sea.
o'er the dark and si - lent waves. The lights far out at sea, The lights far out at sea.

## Lulu Is Our Darling Pride

Allegretto

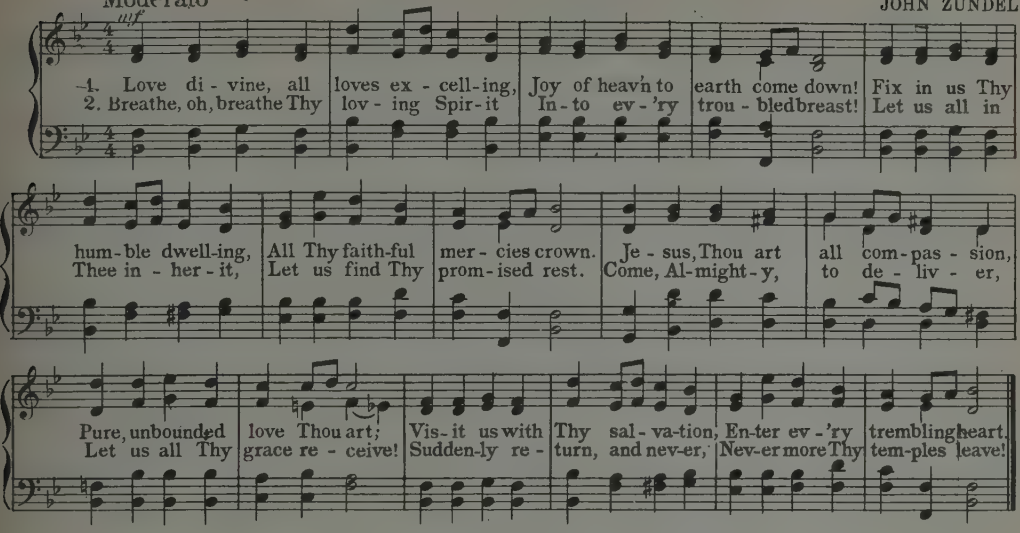
Fine


p
1. Lu-lu is our darling pride, Lu - lu bright, Lu - lu gay, Dancing lightly at our side All the live-long day.
2. As the flow'rs of ear-ly spring Seem more gay, seem more light, As their perfume first they fling Fragrant at our feet.
D.C.
Not a bird that wings the air, Soar-ing to the sun, Free-er is from ev - 'ry care, Than our dar-ling one. Oh!
So tho' oth-ers loved there be, Blooming in our bower, Lu-lu wins our hearts, for she Is our loveliest flow'r. Oh!

## Love Divine, All Loves Excelling

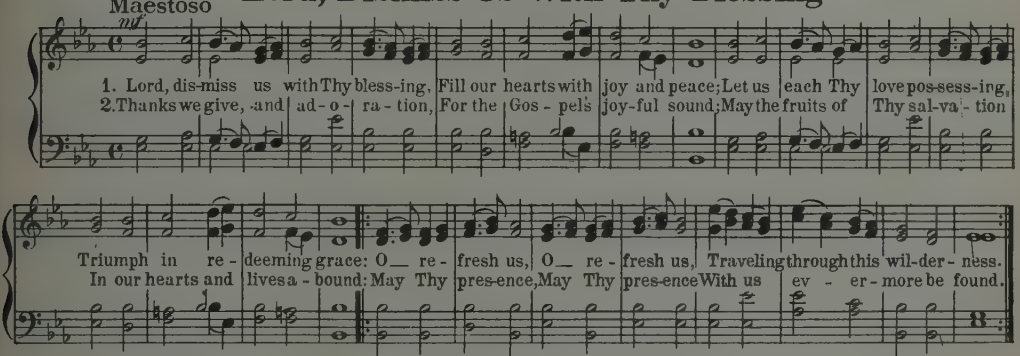
Moderato

JOHN ZUNDEL


1. Love di - vine, all loves ex - cell-ing, Joy of heav'n to earth come down! Fix in us Thy
2. Breathe, oh, breathe Thy lov - ing Spir-it In-to ev-'ry trou - bled breast! Let us all in
hum-ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer - cies crown. Je - sus, Thou art all com-pas - sion,
Thee in - her - it, Let us find Thy prom-ised rest. Come, Al-might-y, to de - liv - er,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art; Vis-it us with Thy sal - va-tion, En-ter ev-'ry trembling heart.
Let us all Thy grace re - ceive! Sudden-ly re - turn, and nev-er, Nev-er more Thy tem-ples leave!

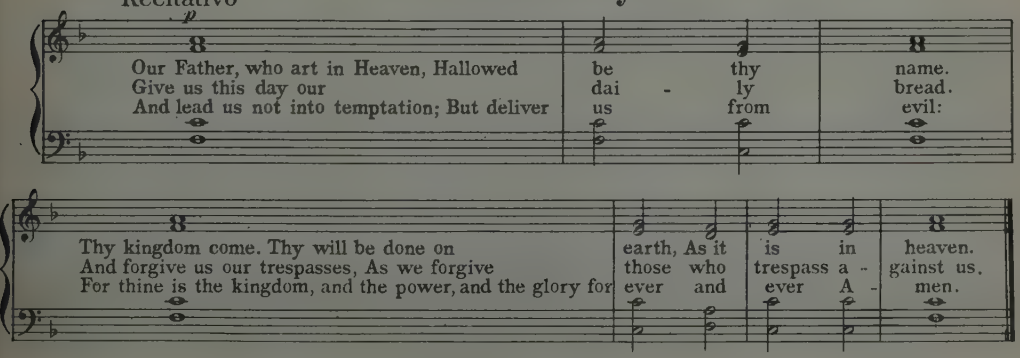
## Lord, Dismiss Us With Thy Blessing

Maestoso


1. Lord, dis-miss us with Thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us each Thy love pos-sess-ing,
2. Thanks we give, and ad-o-ra-tion, For the Gos - pel's joy-ful sound; May the fruits of Thy sal-va-tion
Triumph in re - deeming grace: O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Traveling through this wil-der - ness.
In our hearts and lives a - bound: May Thy pres-ence, May Thy pres-ence With us ev - er - more be found.

## The Lord's Prayer

Recitativo


Our Father, who art in Heaven, Hallowed be thy name.
Give us this day our dai - ly bread.
And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil:
Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, As it is in heaven.
And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive those who trespass a - gainst us.
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for ever and ever A - men.

## Little Brown Jug

Lively

*mf*

1. My wife and I lived all a - lone In a lit-tle log hut we call'd our own;
2. 'Tis you who makes my friends and foes, 'Tis you who makes me wear old clothes.

She loved gin and I loved rum, I tell you what we'd lots of fun.
Here you are so near my nose, So tip her up and down she goes.

*f* REFRAIN

Ha! ha! ha! you and me, "Lit - tle Brown Jug," don't I love thee!

Ha! ha! ha! you and me, "Lit - tle Brown Jug," don't I love thee!

## Life Is But A Fleeting Dream

Allegretto

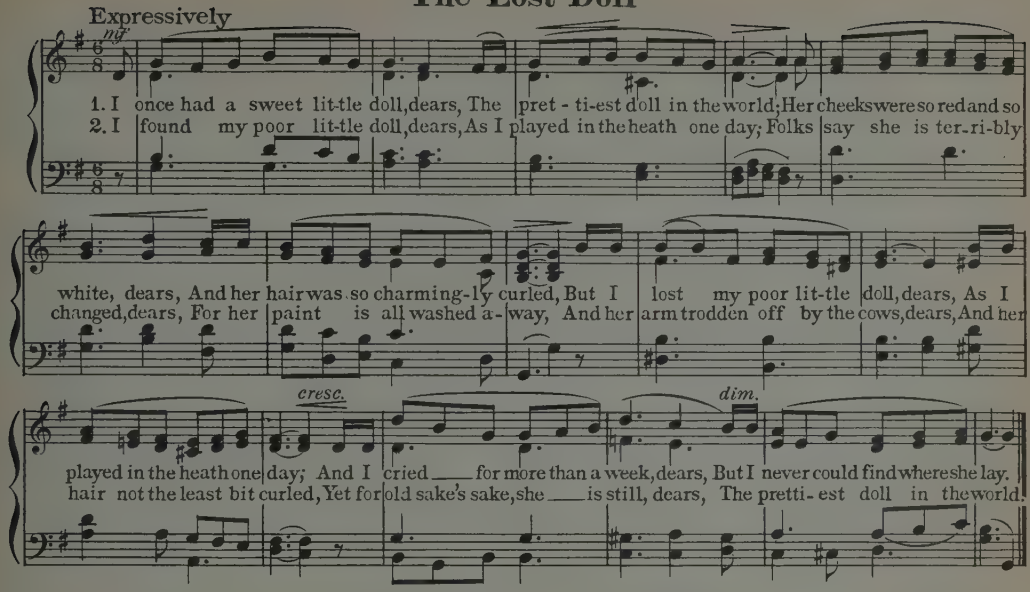
*mf*

1. Life is but a fleet - ing dream, Care destroys the zest of it; Swift it gli - deth
2. If your friend has e'er a heart, There is some-thing fine in him; Cast a - way his

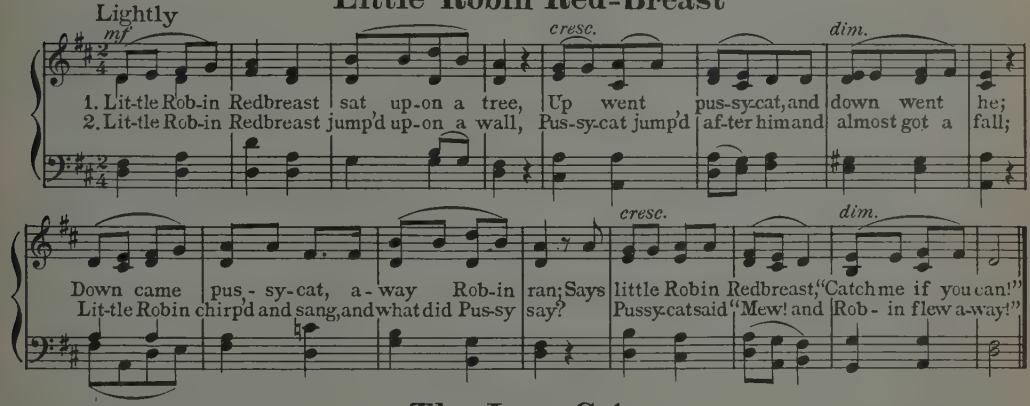
like a stream Mind you make the best of it Talk not of your wea - ry woes,
dark-er part, Cling to what's di - vine in him: Friend-ship is our best re - lief,

Trou - bles, or the rest of it, If we have but brief re - pose, Let us make the best of it.
Make no heart-less jest of it, It will brighten ev - 'ry grief If we make the best of it.

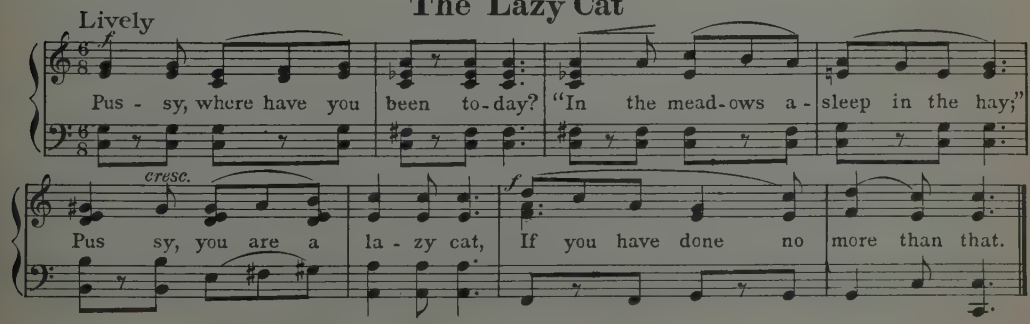
## The Lost Doll


Expressively
mf
1. I once had a sweet lit-tle doll, dears, The pret - ti-est doll in the world; Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears, And her hair was so charming-ly curled, But I lost my poor lit-tle doll, dears, As I played in the heath one day; And I cried for more than a week, dears, But I never could find where she lay.
2. I found my poor lit-tle doll, dears, As I played in the heath one day; Folks say she is ter-ri-bly changed, dears, For her paint is all washed a-way, And her arm trodden off by the cows, dears, And her hair not the least bit curled, Yet for old sake's sake, she is still, dears, The pretti-est doll in the world.
cresc.
dim.

## Little Robin Red-Breast

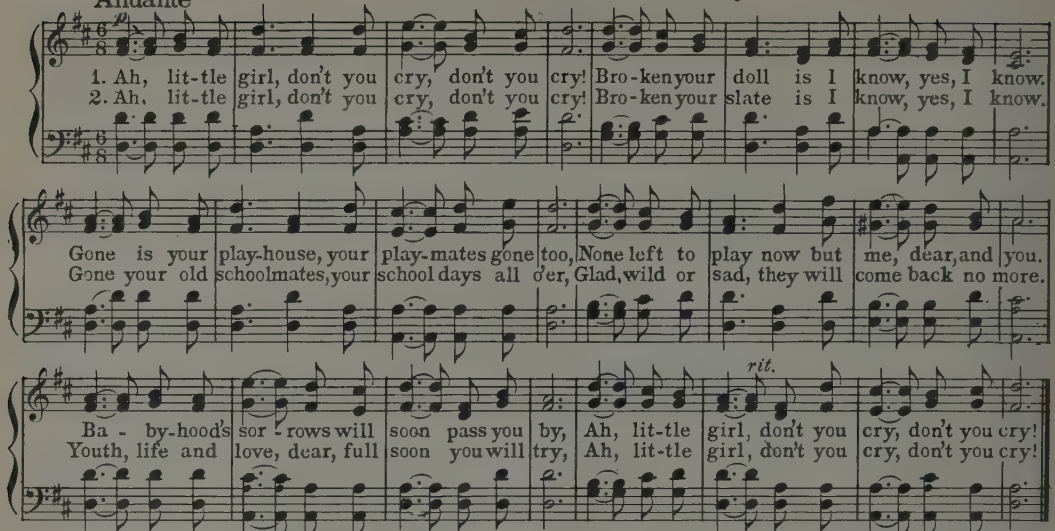

Lightly
mf
cresc.
dim.
1. Lit-tle Rob-in Redbreast sat up-on a tree, Up went pus-sy-cat, and down went he; Down came pus - sy-cat, a - way Rob-in ran; Says little Robin Redbreast, "Catch me if you can!"
2. Lit-tle Rob-in Redbreast jump'd up-on a wall, Pus-sy-cat jump'd af-ter him and almost got a fall; Lit-tle Robin chirp'd and sang, and what did Pus-sy say? Pussy-cat said "Mew! and Rob - in flew a-way!"

## The Lazy Cat


Lively
f
Pus - sy, where have you been to-day? "In the mead-ows a-sleep in the hay;"
cresc.
f
Pus sy, you are a la - zy cat, If you have done no more than that.

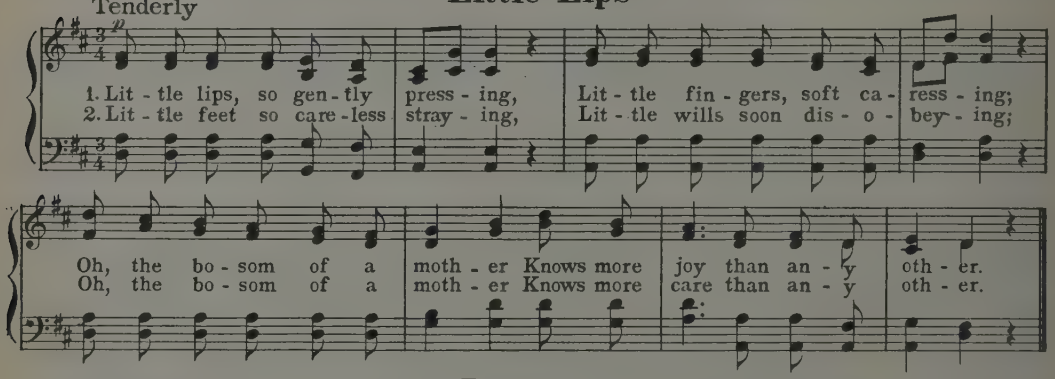
## Little Girl, Don't You Cry

Andante


1. Ah, lit-tle girl, don't you cry, don't you cry! Bro-ken your doll is I know, yes, I know.
2. Ah, lit-tle girl, don't you cry, don't you cry! Bro-ken your slate is I know, yes, I know.
Gone is your play-house, your play-mates gone too, None left to play now but me, dear, and you.
Gone your old schoolmates, your school days all o'er, Glad, wild or sad, they will come back no more.
Ba - by-hood's sor - rows will soon pass you by, Ah, lit-tle girl, don't you cry, don't you cry!
Youth, life and love, dear, full soon you will try, Ah, lit-tle girl, don't you cry, don't you cry!
rit.

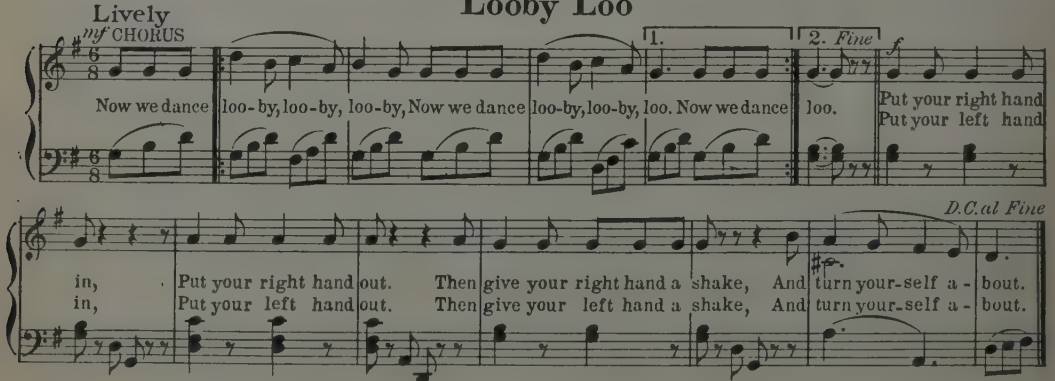
## Little Lips

Tenderly


1. Lit - tle lips, so gen - tly press - ing, Lit - tle fin - gers, soft ca - ress - ing;
2. Lit - tle feet so care - less stray - ing, Lit - tle wills soon dis - o - bey - ing;
Oh, the bo - som of a moth - er Knows more joy than an - y oth - er.
Oh, the bo - som of a moth - er Knows more care than an - y oth - er.

## Looby Loo

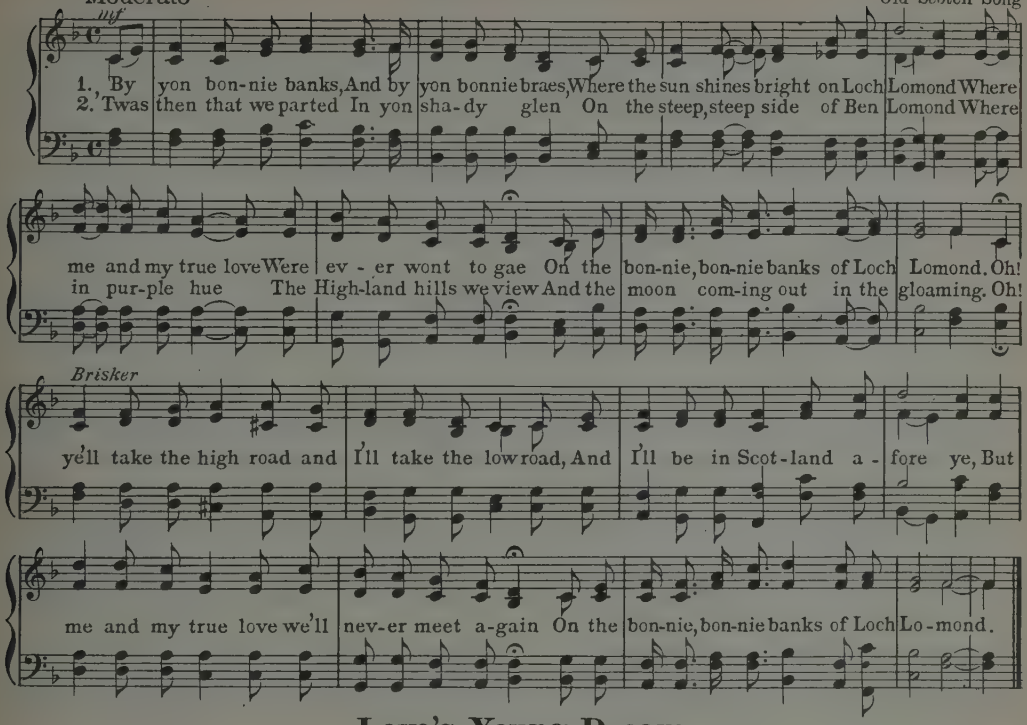
Lively


mf CHORUS
Now we dance loo - by, loo - by, loo - by, Now we dance loo - by, loo - by, loo. Now we dance loo.
1.
2. Fine
f
Put your right hand in, Put your left hand in,
Put your right hand out. Then give your right hand a shake, And turn your-self a - bout.
Put your left hand out. Then give your left hand a shake, And turn your-self a - bout.
D.C. al Fine

# Loch Lomond

Moderato

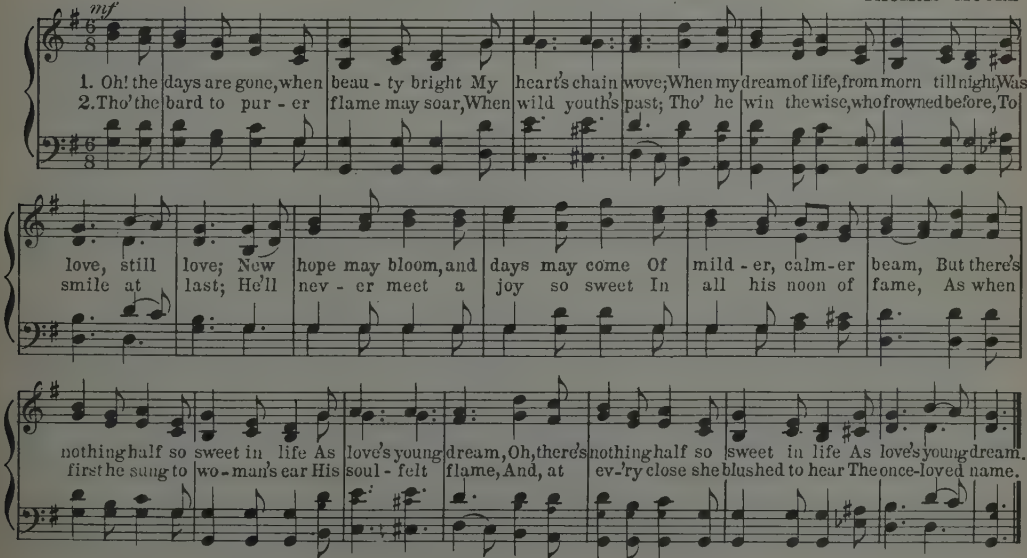
Old Scotch Song


mf
1. By yon bon-nie banks, And by yon bonnie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond Where
2. 'Twas then that we parted In yon sha-dy glen On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond Where
me and my true love Were ev - er wont to gae On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lomond. Oh!
in pur-ple hue The High-land hills we view And the moon com-ing out in the gloaming. Oh!
Brisker
ye'll take the high road and I'll take the low road, And I'll be in Scot-land a - fore ye, But
me and my true love we'll nev-er meet a-gain On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo-mond.

# Love's Young Dream

Andantino

THOMAS MOORE


mf
1. Oh! the days are gone, when beau - ty bright My heart's chain wove; When my dream of life, from morn till night, Was
2. Tho' the bard to pur - er flame may soar, When wild youth's past; Tho' he win the wise, who frowned before, To
love, still love; New hope may bloom, and days may come Of mild - er, calm-er beam, But there's
smile at last; He'll nev - er meet a joy so sweet In all his noon of fame, As when
nothing half so sweet in life As love's young dream, Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life As love's young dream.
first he sung to wo - man's ear His soul - felt flame, And, at ev-'ry close she blushed to hear The once-loved name.

# A Little More Cider Too

Moderato

*mf*

1. I love the white girl and the black, and I love all the rest, I love the girls for
2. When first I saw Miss Snowflake, 'twas on Broad-way I spied her, I'd give my hat and

lov-ing me but I love my-self the best. Oh dear, I am so thirst-y, I've just been down to
boots I would, if I could been be-side her. She looked at me, I looked at her, and then I crossed the

CHORUS

supper, I drank three pails of ap-ple jack, and a tub of ap-ple butter. Oh, little more cider
street, And then she smil-ing said to me a little more cider sweet.

too, a lit-tle more ci-der too, A lit-tle more ci-der for Miss Di-nah, A lit-tle more ci-der too.

# Landlord, Fill The Flowing Bowl

Allegro

*f*

1. Come, land-lord, fill the flow-ing bowl, Un-til it doth run o-ver, Come land-lord fill the
2. The man that drinks good whis-key punch, And goes to bed right mel-low, Lives as he

CHORUS

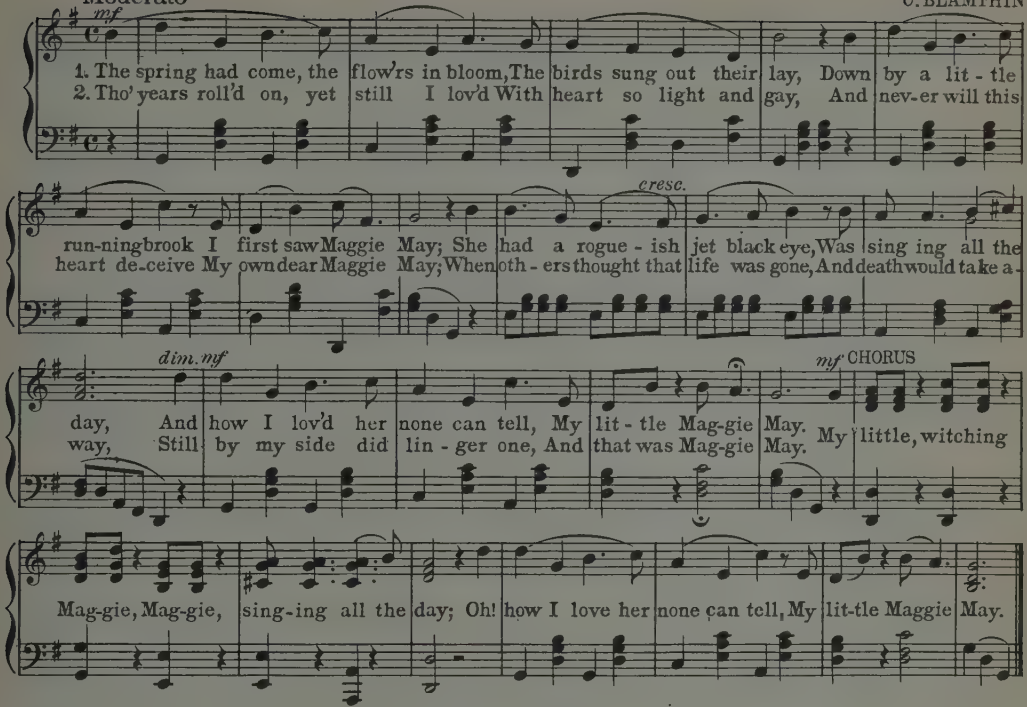
flow-ing bowl, Un-til it doth run o-ver. For to-night we'll mer-ry, mer-ry be, For to-night we'll
ought to live, And dies a jol-ly fel-low.

mer-ry, mer-ry be, For to-night we'll mer-ry, mer-ry be, To-mor-row we'll be so-ber.

# Little Maggie May

Moderato

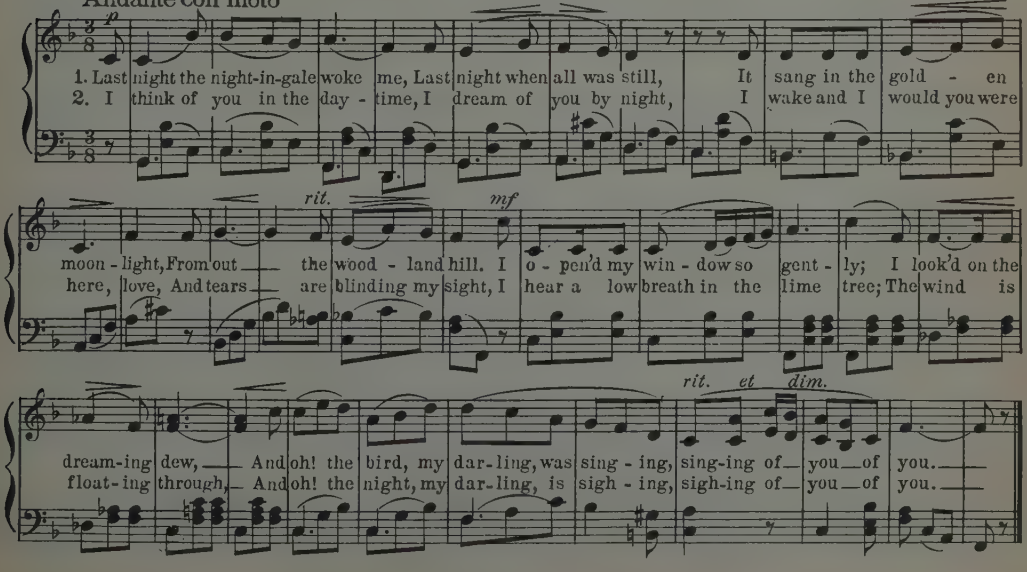
C. BLAMPHIN


mf
1. The spring had come, the flow'rs in bloom, The birds sung out their lay, Down by a lit - tle
2. Tho' years roll'd on, yet still I lov'd With heart so light and gay, And nev-er will this
cresc.
run-ningbrook I first saw Maggie May; She had a rogue - ish jet black eye, Was sing ing all the
heart de-ceive My own dear Maggie May; When oth - ers thought that life was gone, And death would take a -
dim. mf
day, And how I lov'd her none can tell, My lit - tle Mag-gie May.
way, Still by my side did lin - ger one, And that was Mag-gie May.
mf CHORUS
My little, witching
Mag-gie, Mag-gie, sing-ing all the day; Oh! how I love her none can tell, My lit-tle Maggie May.

# Last Night

Andante con moto

H. KJERULF

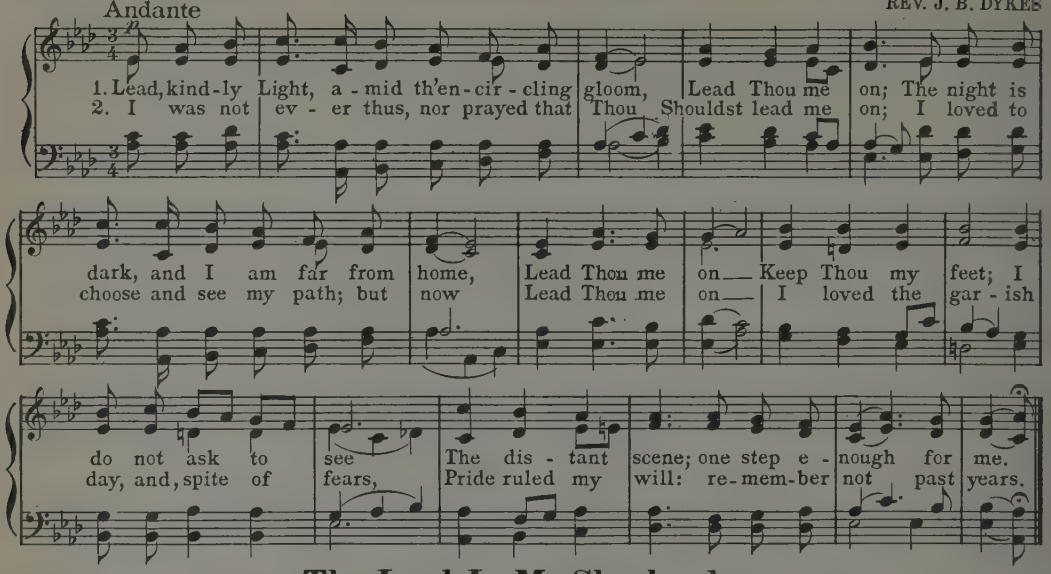

p
1. Last night the night-in-gale woke me, Last night when all was still, It sang in the gold - en
2. I think of you in the day - time, I dream of you by night, I wake and I would you were
rit.
mf
moon - light, From out the wood - land hill. I o - pen'd my win - dow so gent - ly; I look'd on the
here, love, And tears are blinding my sight, I hear a low breath in the lime tree; The wind is
rit. et dim.
dream-ing dew, And oh! the bird, my dar-ling, was sing - ing, sing-ing of you of you.
float - ing through, And oh! the night, my dar-ling, is sigh - ing, sigh-ing of you of you.

REV. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

# Lead, Kindly Light

REV. J. B. DYKES

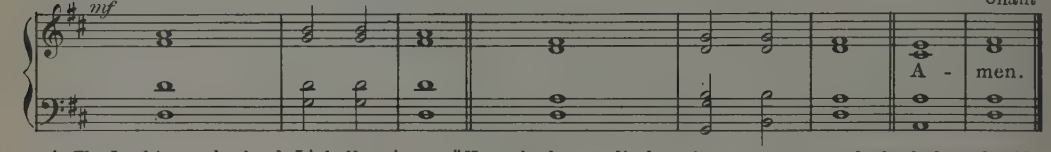
Andante


1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on I loved the gar-ish
do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me.
day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: re-mem-ber not past years.

# The Lord Is My Shepherd

Recitation

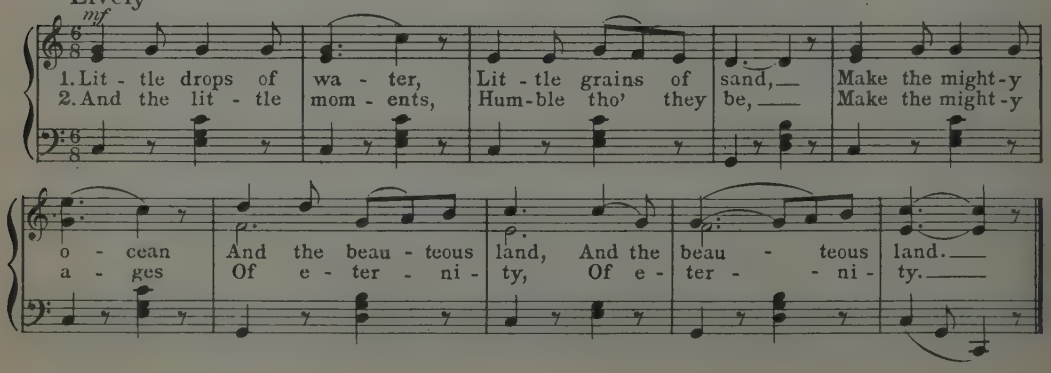
Chant




1. The Lord is my shepherd; I | shall not | want. || He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the | still— | waters. ||
2. He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his | name's— | sake. || Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they— | comfort me. ||
3. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies, thou anointest my head with oil, my | cup run-neth | over. || Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the | Lord, for- | ever. || A- | men. ||

# Little Things

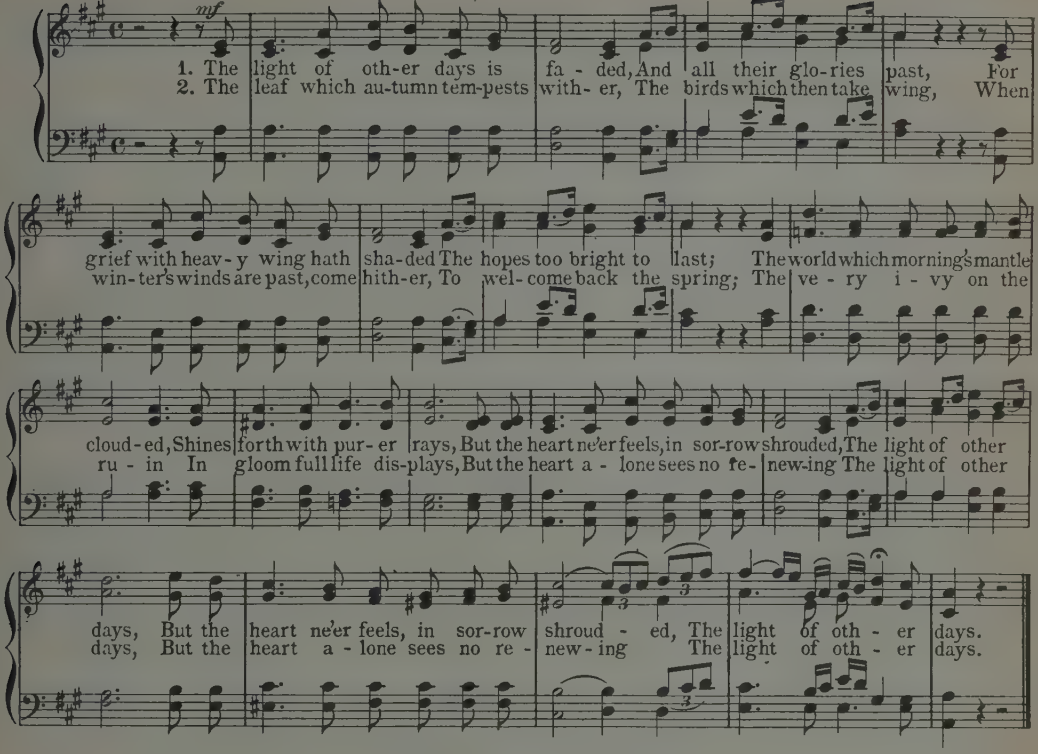
Lively


1. Lit-tle drops of wa-ter, Lit-tle grains of sand, Make the might-y
2. And the lit-tle mom-ents, Hum-ble tho' they be, Make the might-y
o-cean And the beau-teous land, And the beau-teous land.
a-ges Of e-ter-ni-ty, Of e-ter-ni-ty.

# Light Of Other Days

Moderato

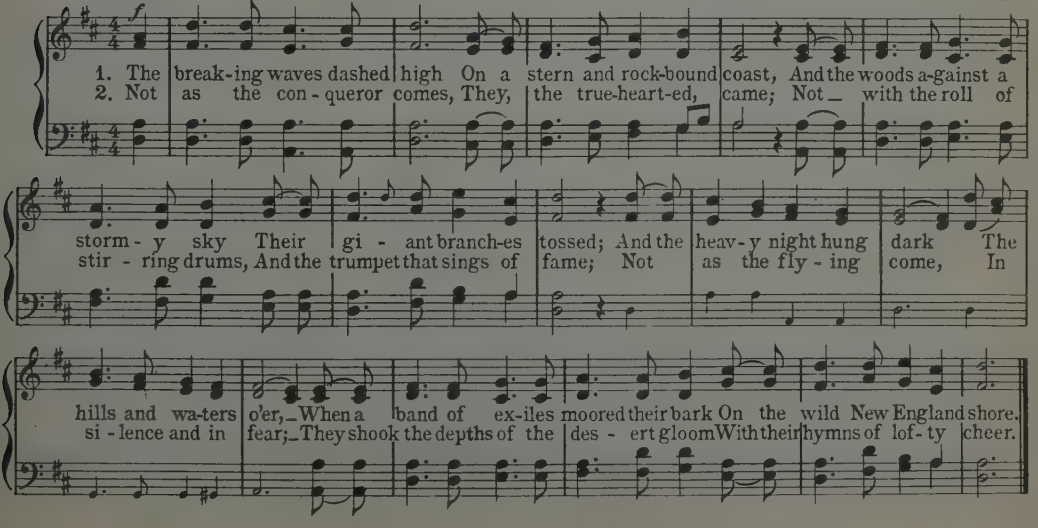
M. W. BALFE


1. The light of oth-er days is fa - ded, And all their glo-ries past, For
2. The leaf which au-tumn tem-pests with- er, The birds which then take wing, When
grief with heav - y wing hath sha-ded The hopes too bright to last; The world which morning's mantle
win-ter's winds are past, come hith-er, To wel-come back the spring; The ve - ry i - vy on the
cloud-ed, Shines forth with pur-er rays, But the heart ne'er feels, in sor-row shrouded, The light of other
ru - in In gloom full life dis-plays, But the heart a - lone sees no re- new-ing The light of other
days, But the heart ne'er feels, in sor-row shroud - ed, The light of oth - er days.
days, But the heart a - lone sees no re - new - ing The light of oth - er days.

# Landing Of The Pilgrims

Marcato

FELICIA HEMANS


1. The break-ing waves dashed high On a stern and rock-bound coast, And the woods a-gainst a
2. Not as the con - queror comes, They, the true-heart-ed, came; Not with the roll of
storm - y sky Their gi - ant branch-es tossed; And the heav - y night hung dark The
stir - ring drums, And the trumpet that sings of fame; Not as the fly - ing come, In
hills and wa-ters o'er, When a band of ex-iles moored their bark On the wild New England shore.
si - lence and in fear; They shook the depths of the des - ert gloom With their hymns of lof - ty cheer.

# Lauterbach Song

Tempo di Valse

*mf*

1. At Lau-ter-bach, have I my stock-ing— lost, With-out it I will not go home—
2. At Lau-ter-bach, have I my heart late-ly lost, With-out it I can - not live—

— But back I shall go to— Lau-ter- bach And bring me a-noth-er one home.—
— So back I must go to— Lau-ter- bach And cap-ture his heart in ex-change.—

*YODEL*

*f*

Oo, la, la, oo, la, la, oo, la, la, la, Oo, la, la, oo, la, la, oo, la, la, la,

*cresc.*

Oo, la, la, oo, la, la, oo, la, la, la, Oo, la, la, oo, la, la, la, la, la.

# The Loreley

Andante

*mf*

F. SILCHER

1. I know not what spell is en-chant-ing, That makes me sad-ly in-clined,— An
2. The fair - est maid is re-clin-ing, In daz-zling beau-ty there,— Her

*mf*

*cresc.*

old strange leg-end is haunting, And will not leave my mind; The day-light slow-ly is go-ing, And
gild-ed rai-ment is shin-ing, She combs her gold-en hair; With gold-en comb she's combing, And

*dim.*

*cresc.*

*dim.*

calm-ly flows the Rhine,— The mountain's peak is glow-ing, In eve-ning's mel-low shine.—
as she combs she sings,— Her song a-midst the gloam-ing, A weird en-chant-ment brings.—

# The Last Greeting

FRANZ SCHUBERT

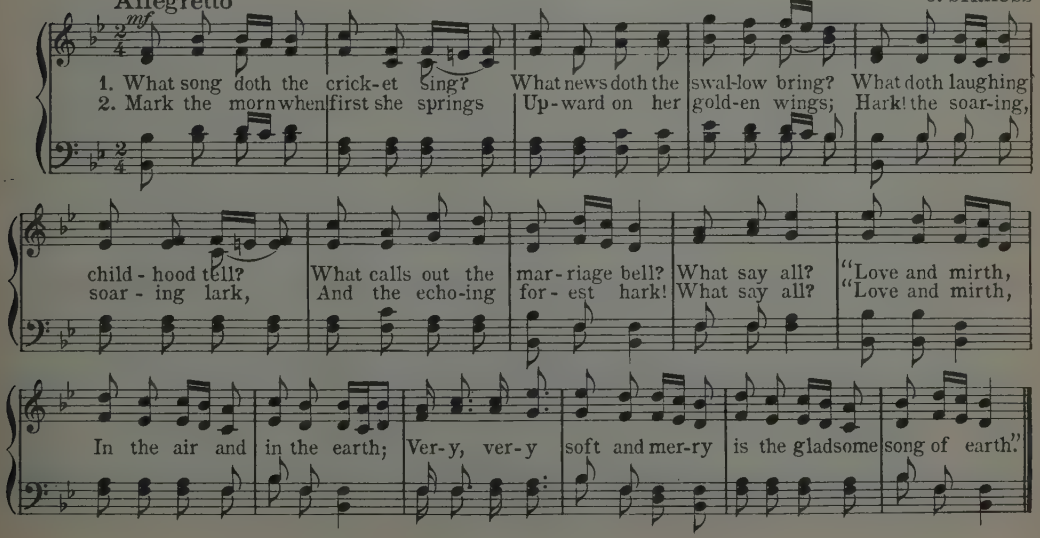
Andante

p
1. A - dieu! 'tis love's last greet-ing, The part-ing hour is come! And fast thy soul is
2. A - dieu! go thou be - fore me, To join the ser - aph throng! A se - cret sense comes
mf
fleet-ing, To seek its star-ry home! Yet dare I mourn when Heaven Has bid thy soul be
o'er me, I tar - ry here not long! A - dieu! there comes a mor-row, To ev - 'ry day of
pp
free, A life of bliss has giv-en For-ev - er-more to thee! Yet dare I mourn when
pain! On earth we part in sor-row, To meet in bliss a - gain! A - dieu! there comes a
cresc.
pp
Heav-en Has bid thy soul be free, A fair-er life has giv-en For all e - ter - ni - ty!
mor-row, To ev-'ry day of pain! On earth we part in sor-row, To meet in bliss a - gain!

# Love And Mirth

J. STRAUSS

Allegretto


mf
1. What song doth the crick-et sing? What news doth the swal-low bring? What doth laughing
2. Mark the morn when first she springs Up-ward on her gold-en wings; Hark! the soar-ing,
child - hood tell? What calls out the mar-riage bell? What say all? "Love and mirth,
soar - ing lark, And the echo-ing for - est hark! What say all? "Love and mirth,
In the air and in the earth; Ver-y, ver-y soft and mer-ry is the gladsome song of earth."

# The Lass With The Delicate Air

Allegretto

M. ARNE

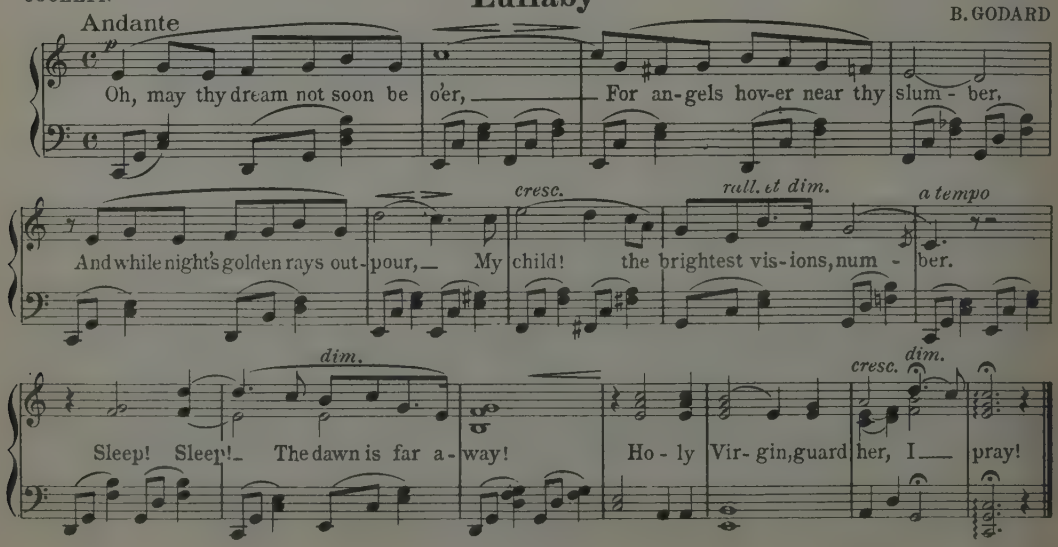
1. Young Mol - ly who liv'd at the foot of the hill, Whose fame ev - 'ry
2. One ev'n - ing last May, as I trav - ers'd the grove, In thought-less re -
grazioso
vir - gin with en - vy doth fill, Of beau - ty is bless'd with so am - ple a
tire-ment, not dream-ing of love, I chanc'd to es - py the gay nymph, I de -
share, Men call her the lass with the del - i - cate air, with the del - - -
clare And real-ly she had a most del - i - cate air, a most del - - -
rit.
a tempo
- i - cate air, Men call her the lass with the del - i - cate air.
- i - cate air, And real-ly she had a most del - i - cate air.

"JOCELYN"

# Lullaby

Andante

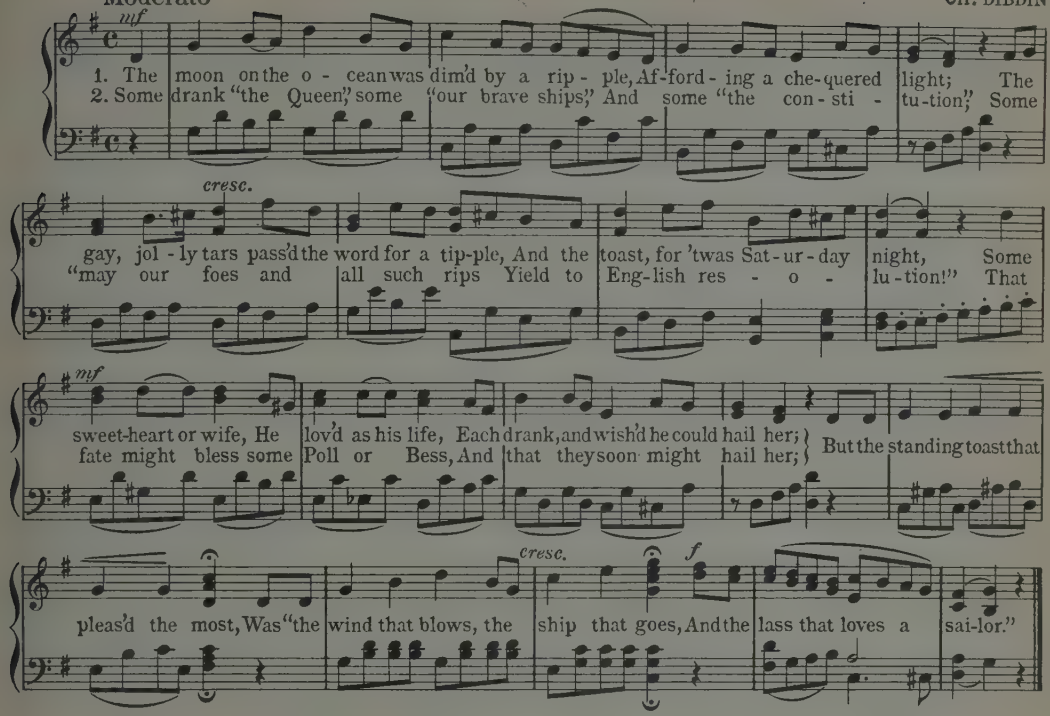
B. GODARD


Oh, may thy dream not soon be o'er, For an-gels hov-er near thy slum - ber,
cresc.
rall. et dim.
a tempo
And while night's golden rays out-pour, My child! the brightest vis-ions, num - ber.
dim.
cresc.
dim.
Sleep! Sleep! The dawn is far a - way! Ho - ly Vir- gin, guard her, I pray!

# The Lass That Loves A Sailor

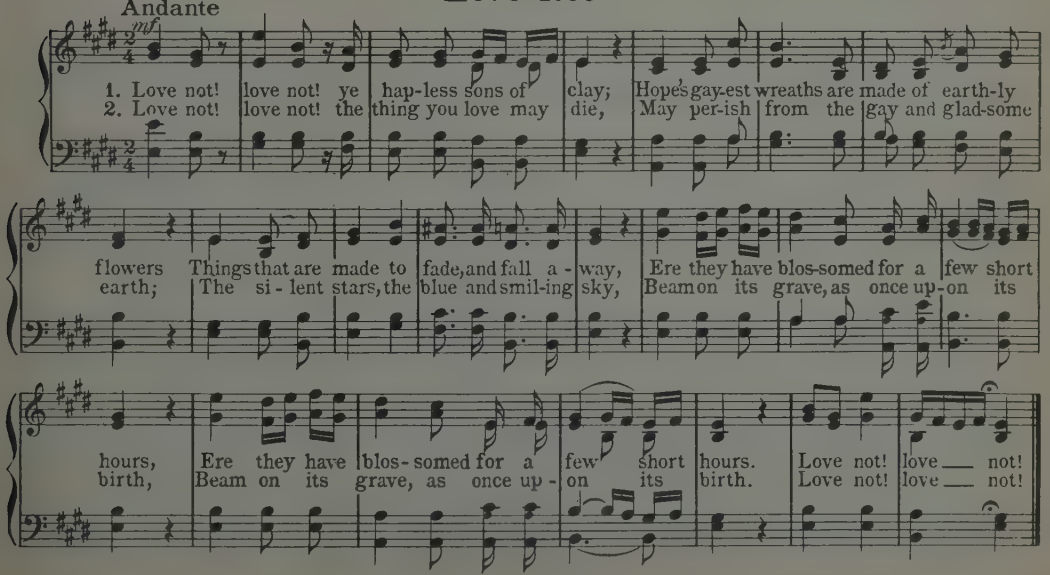
Moderato

CH. DIBDIN


1. The moon on the o - cean was dimm'd by a rip - ple, Af-ford - ing a che-quered light; The
2. Some drank "the Queen," some "our brave ships," And some "the con - sti - tu-tion," Some
gay, jol - ly tars pass'd the word for a tip-ple, And the toast, for 'twas Sat-ur - day night, Some
"may our foes and all such rips Yield to Eng-lish res - o - lu-tion!" That
sweet-heart or wife, He lov'd as his life, Each drank, and wish'd he could hail her;
fate might bless some Poll or Bess, And that they soon might hail her;
But the standing toast that
pleas'd the most, Was "the wind that blows, the ship that goes, And the lass that loves a sai-lor."

# Love Not

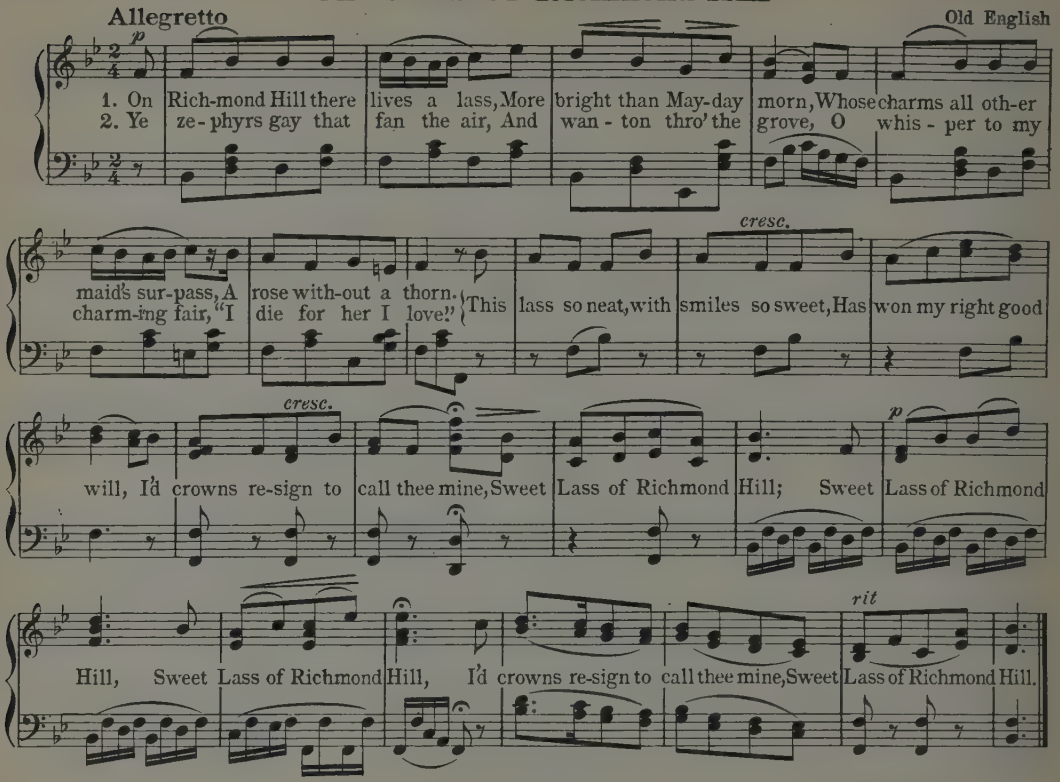
Andante


1. Love not! love not! ye hap-less sons of clay; Hope's gay-est wreaths are made of earth-ly
2. Love not! love not! the thing you love may die, May per-ish from the gay and glad-some
flowers Things that are made to fade, and fall a - way, Ere they have blos-somed for a few short
earth; The si - lent stars, the blue and smil-ing sky, Beam on its grave, as once up-on its
hours, Ere they have blos-somed for a few short hours. Love not! love not!
birth, Beam on its grave, as once up - on its birth. Love not! love not!

# The Lass Of Richmond Hill

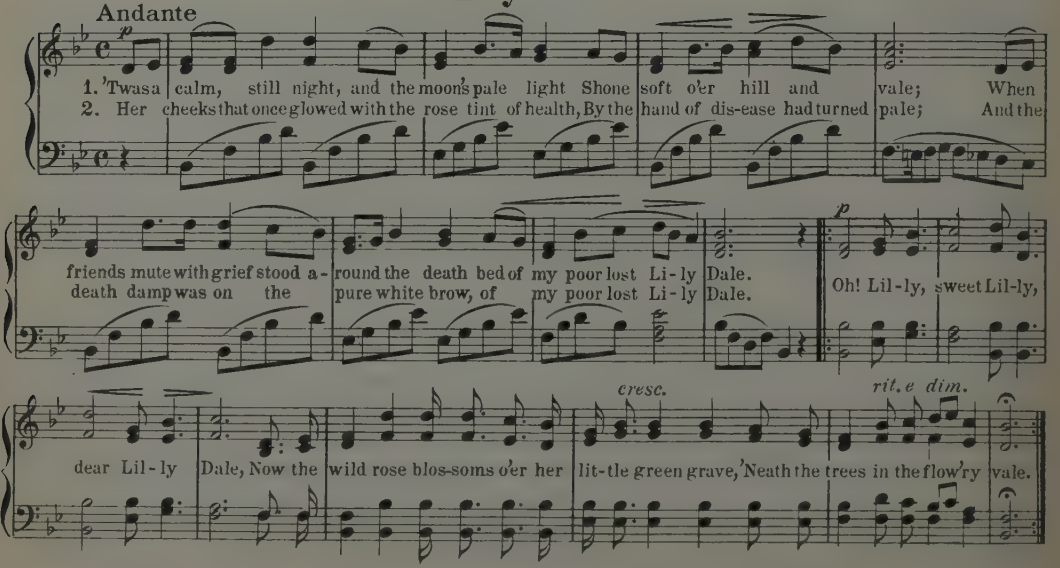
Allegretto

Old English


p
1. On Rich-mond Hill there lives a lass, More bright than May-day morn, Whose charms all oth-er
2. Ye ze-phyrs gay that fan the air, And wan - ton thro' the grove, O whis - per to my
cresc.
maid's sur-pass, A rose with-out a thorn.
charm-ing fair, "I die for her I love."
This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet, Has won my right good
cresc.
will, I'd crowns re-sign to call thee mine, Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill; Sweet Lass of Richmond
p
Hill, Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill, I'd crowns re-sign to call thee mine, Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill.
rit

# Lily Dale

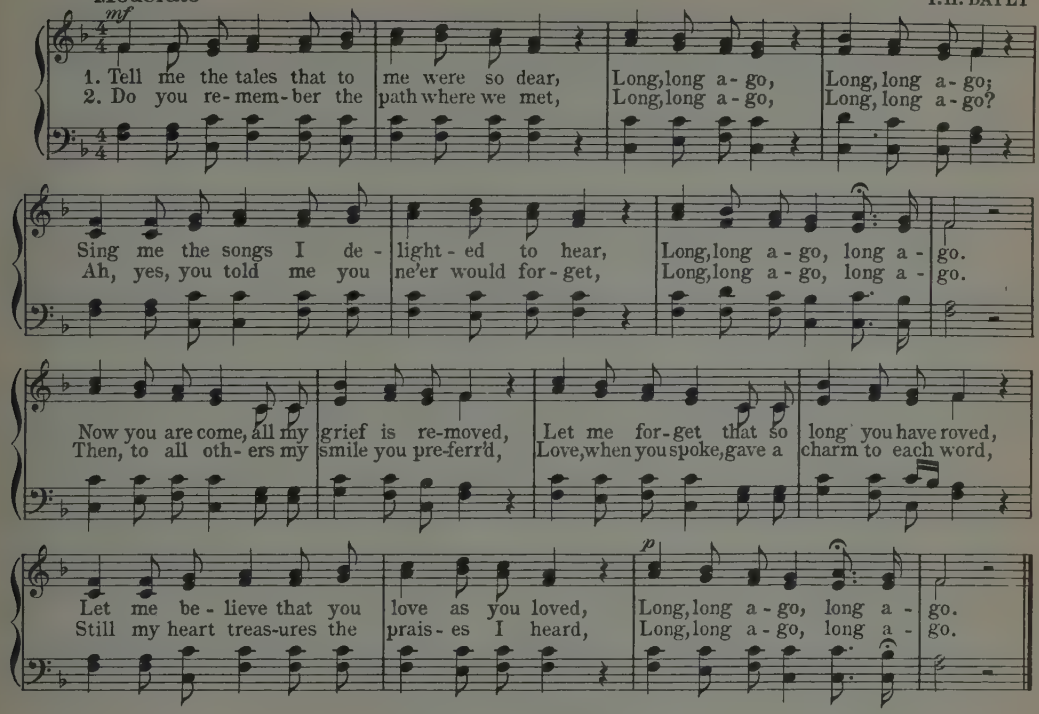
Andante


p
1. 'Twas a calm, still night, and the moon's pale light Shone soft o'er hill and vale; When
2. Her cheeks that once glowed with the rose tint of health, By the hand of dis-ease had turned pale; And the
friends mute with grief stood a - round the death bed of my poor lost Li - ly Dale.
death damp was on the pure white brow, of my poor lost Li - ly Dale.
p
Oh! Lil - ly, sweet Lil-ly,
cresc.
rit. e dim.
dear Lil - ly Dale, Now the wild rose blos-soms o'er her lit - tle green grave, 'Neath the trees in the flow'ry vale.

## Long, Long Ago

Moderato

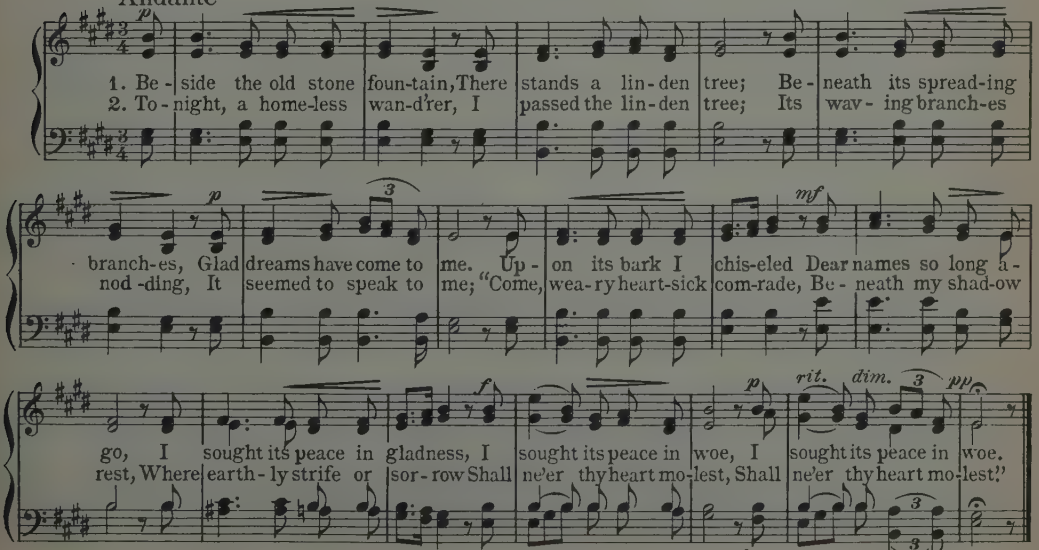
T. H. BAYLY


mf
1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go;
2. Do you re-mem-ber the path where we met, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go?
Sing me the songs I de - light - ed to hear, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would for - get, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
Now you are come, all my grief is re-moved, Let me for-get that so long you have roved,
Then, to all oth-ers my smile you pre-ferr'd, Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,
Let me be - lieve that you love as you loved, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
Still my heart treas-ures the prais - es I heard, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

## The Linden Tree

Andante

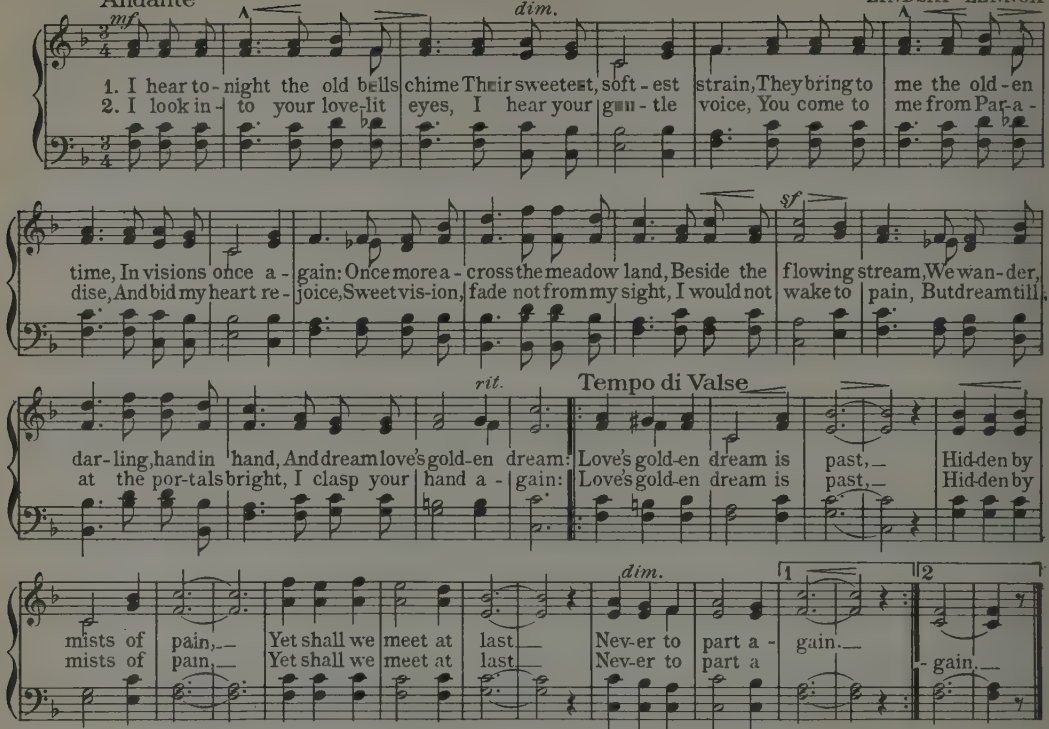
Fr. SCHUBERT


p
1. Be - side the old stone foun-tain, There stands a lin-den tree; Be - neath its spread-ing
2. To - night, a home-less wan-d'rer, I passed the lin-den tree; Its wav - ing branch-es
branch-es, Glad dreams have come to me. Up - on its bark I chis-eled Dear names so long a -
nod - ding, It seemed to speak to me; "Come, wea-ry heart-sick com-rade, Be - neath my shad-ow
mf
go, I sought its peace in gladness, I sought its peace in woe, I sought its peace in woe.
rest, Where earth - ly strife or sor - row Shall ne'er thy heart mo-lest, Shall ne'er thy heart mo-lest."
f
rit. dim. pp

# Love's Golden Dream

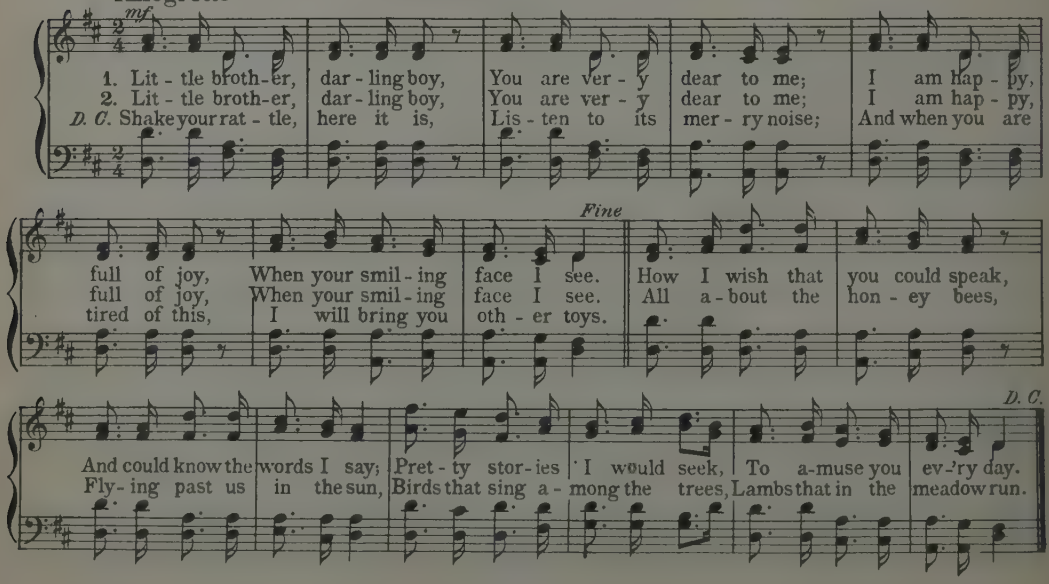
Andante

LINDSAY LENNOX


mf
dim.
1. I hear to-night the old bells chime Their sweetest, soft-est strain, They bring to me the old-en
2. I look in-to your love-lit eyes, I hear your gen-tle voice, You come to me from Par-a-
time, In visions once a-gain: Once more a-cross the meadow land, Beside the flowing stream, We wan-der,
dise, And bid my heart re-joice, Sweet vis-ion, fade not from my sight, I would not wake to pain, But dream till
sf
rit.
dar-ling, hand in hand, And dream love's gold-en dream:
at the por-tals bright, I clasp your hand a-gain:
Tempo di Valse
Love's gold-en dream is past, Hid-den by
Love's gold-en dream is past, Hid-den by
dim.
1
2
mists of pain, Yet shall we meet at last Nev-er to part a-gain.
mists of pain, Yet shall we meet at last Nev-er to part a
- gain.

# Little Brother

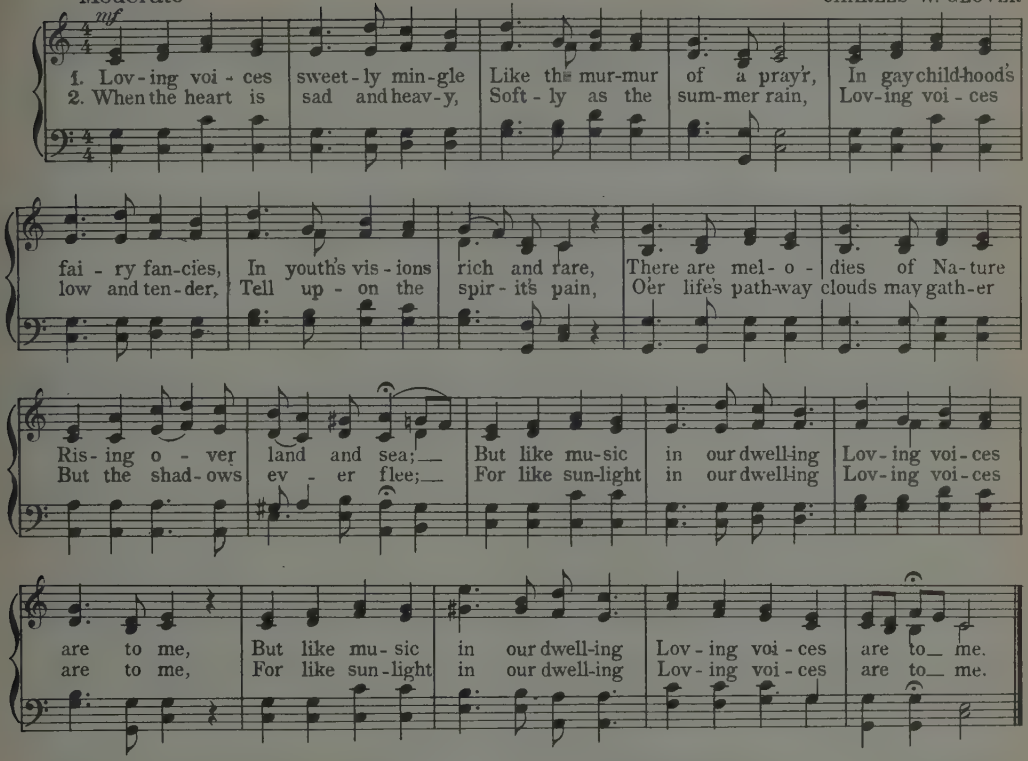
Allegretto


mf
1. Lit-tle broth-er, dar-ling boy, You are ver-y dear to me; I am hap-py,
2. Lit-tle broth-er, dar-ling boy, You are ver-y dear to me; I am hap-py,
D. C. Shake your rat-tle, here it is, Lis-ten to its mer-ry noise; And when you are
Fine
full of joy, When your smil-ing face I see. How I wish that you could speak,
full of joy, When your smil-ing face I see. All a-bout the hon-ey bees,
tired of this, I will bring you oth-er toys.
D. C.
And could know the words I say; Pret-ty stor-ies I would seek, To a-muse you ev-'ry day.
Fly-ing past us in the sun, Birds that sing a-mong the trees, Lambs that in the meadow run.

## Loving Voices

Moderato

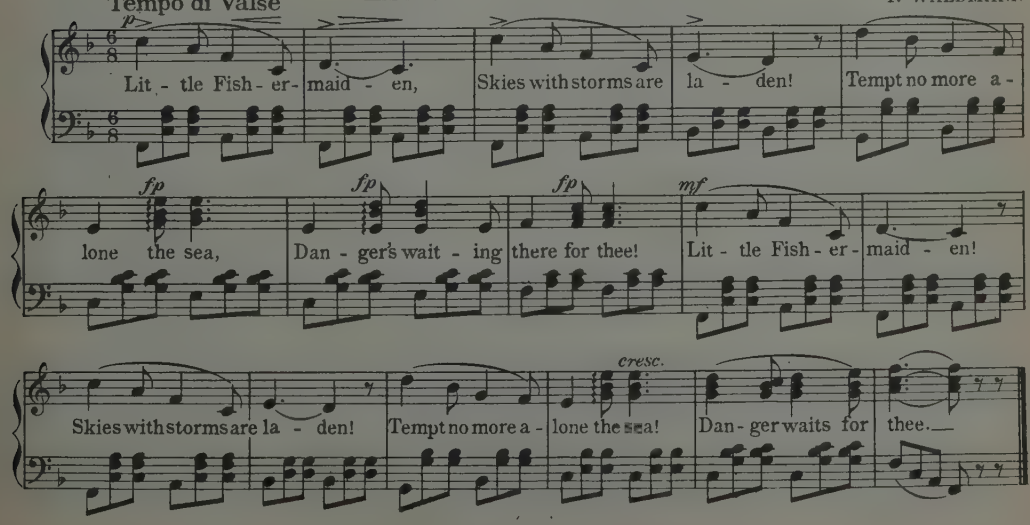
CHARLES W. GLOVER


mf
1. Lov-ing voi-ces sweet-ly min-gle Like the mur-mur of a pray'r, In gay child-hood's
2. When the heart is sad and heav-y, Soft-ly as the sum-mer rain, Lov-ing voi-ces
fai-ry fan-cies, In youth's vis-ions rich and rare, There are mel-o-dies of Na-ture
low and ten-der, Tell up-on the spir-it's pain, O'er life's path-way clouds may gath-er
Ris-ing o-ver land and sea;— But like mu-sic in our dwell-ing Lov-ing voi-ces
But the shad-ows ev-er flee;— For like sun-light in our dwell-ing Lov-ing voi-ces
are to me, But like mu-sic in our dwell-ing Lov-ing voi-ces are to— me.
are to me, For like sun-light in our dwell-ing Lov-ing voi-ces are to— me.

## Little Fishermaiden

Tempo di Valse

I. WALDMANN


p
Lit-tle Fish-er-maid-en, Skies with storms are la-den! Tempt no more a-
fp fp fp mf
lone the sea, Dan-ger's wait-ing there for thee! Lit-tle Fish-er-maid-en!
cresc.
Skies with storms are la-den! Tempt no more a-lone the sea! Dan-ger waits for thee.—

# The Low Backed Car

Allegretto

SAMUEL LOVER

*mf*

1. When first I saw sweet Peggy, 'Twas on a mar-ket day, A low back'd car she drove, and sat Up-
2. In bat-tle's wild com - mo-tion, The proud and mighty Mars, With hostile scythes, de-mands his tithes Of

on a truss of hay; But when that hay was blooming grass, And deck'd with flow'rs of spring, No flow'r was there that
death, in war-like cars; While Peg-gy, peaceful god - dess, Has darts in her bright eye, That knock men down in

would com-pare With the bloom-ing girl I sing, As she sat in her low back'd car; The man at the turn-pike
the mar-ket town, As right and left they fly, While she sits in her low back'd car. Than bat-tles more dangerous

*rall.* *a tempo* *rall. ad lib.*

bar, Nev-er asked for the toll, But just rubbed his auld poll, And look'd af-ter the low back'd car.
far For the doc-tor's art Can - not cure the heart That is hit from the low back'd car.

# Love's Ritornella

Andantino

J. R. PLANCHE

*mf*

1. "Gen - tle Zi - tel - la, whith-er a - way? Love's Ri-tor - nel - la, list, while I play!"
2. "Charming Zi - tel - la, why should'st thou care? Night is not dark-er than thy ra - ven hair,

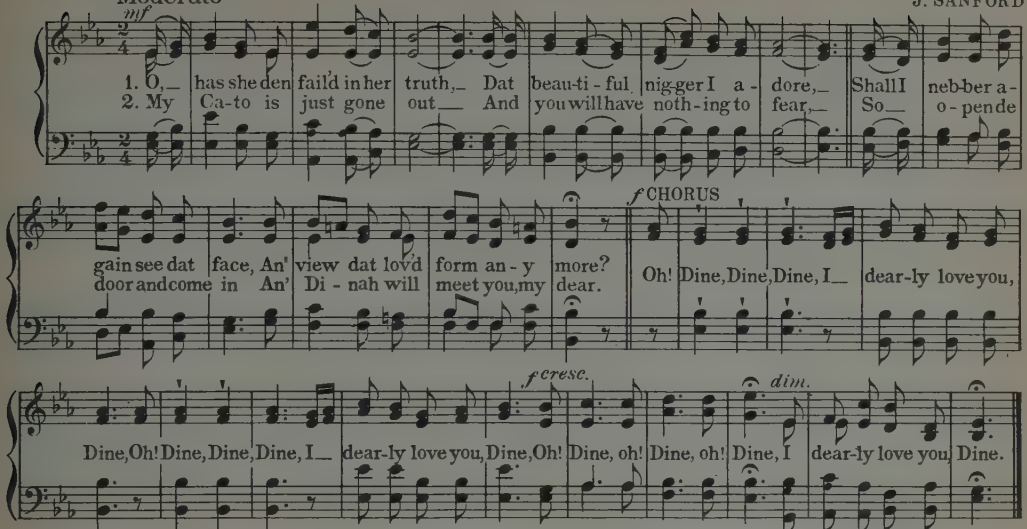
"No! I have lin - ger'd too long on the road. Night is ad - vanc-ing, the Brigands a - broad;
And those bright eyes if the Brig-and should see, Thou art the rob - ber, the cap-tive is he;

Lone-ly Zi - tel - la hath too much to fear; Love's Ri-tor - nel - la she may not hear."
Gen-tle Zi - tel - la, ban-ish thy fear; Love's Ri-tor - nel - la tar - ry and hear."

## Lubly Dine

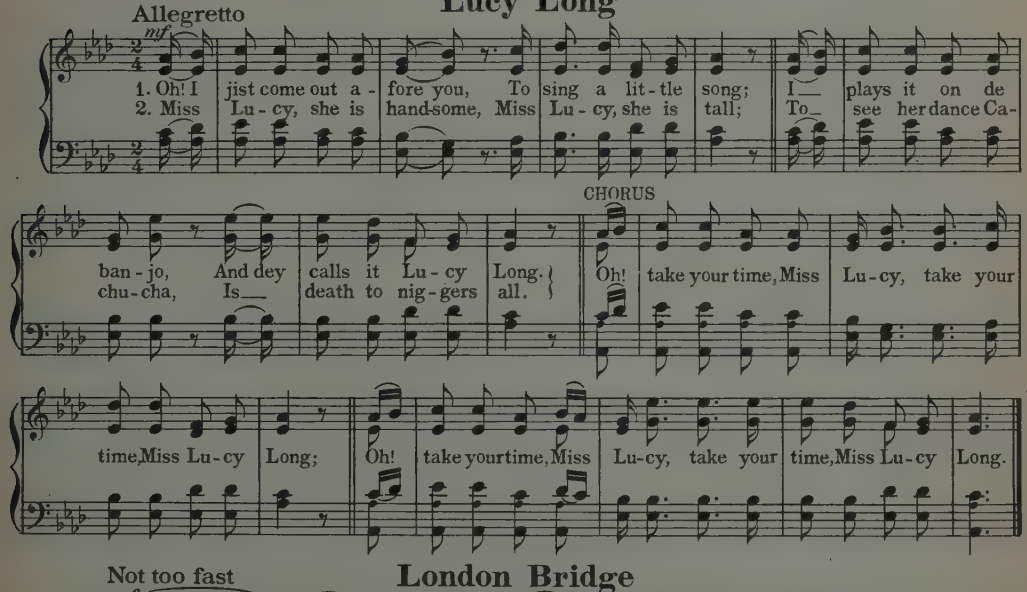
Moderato

J. SANFORD


mf
1. O,_ has she den faild in her truth,_ Dat beau-ti-ful nig-ger I a-dore,_ Shall I neb-ber a-
2. My Ca-to is just gone out__ And you will have noth-ing to fear,_ So__ I o-pen de
gain see dat face, An' view dat lov'd form an-y more?
door and come in An' Di-nah will meet you, my dear.
f CHORUS
Oh! Dine, Dine, Dine, I__ dear-ly love you,
f cresc.
dim.
Dine, Oh! Dine, Dine, Dine, I__ dear-ly love you, Dine, Oh! Dine, oh! Dine, oh! Dine, I dear-ly love you, Dine.

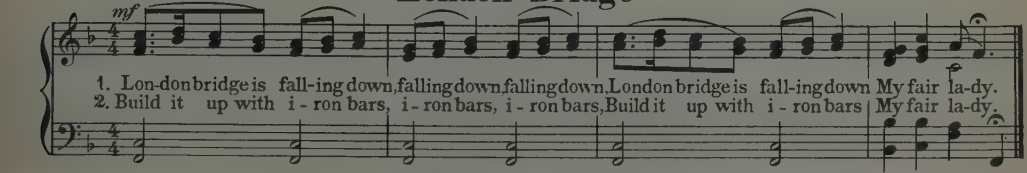
## Lucy Long

Allegretto

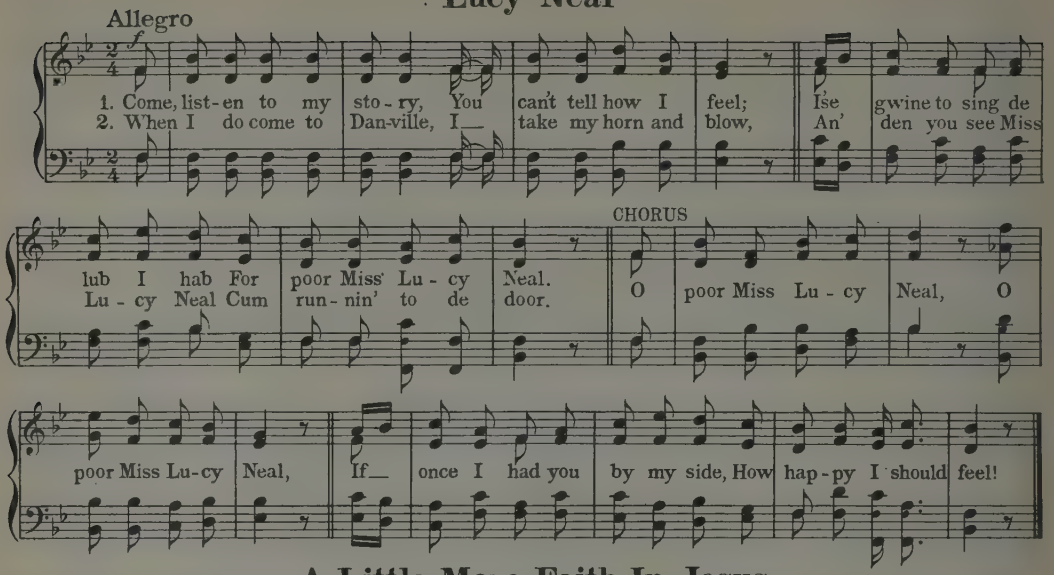

mf
1. Oh! I jist come out a-fore you, To sing a lit-tle song; I__ plays it on de
2. Miss Lu-cy, she is hand-some, Miss Lu-cy, she is tall; To__ see her dance Ca-
CHORUS
ban-jo, And dey calls it Lu-cy Long.
chu-cha, Is__ death to nig-gers all.
Oh! take your time, Miss Lu-cy, take your
time, Miss Lu-cy Long; Oh! take your time, Miss Lu-cy, take your time, Miss Lu-cy Long.

## London Bridge

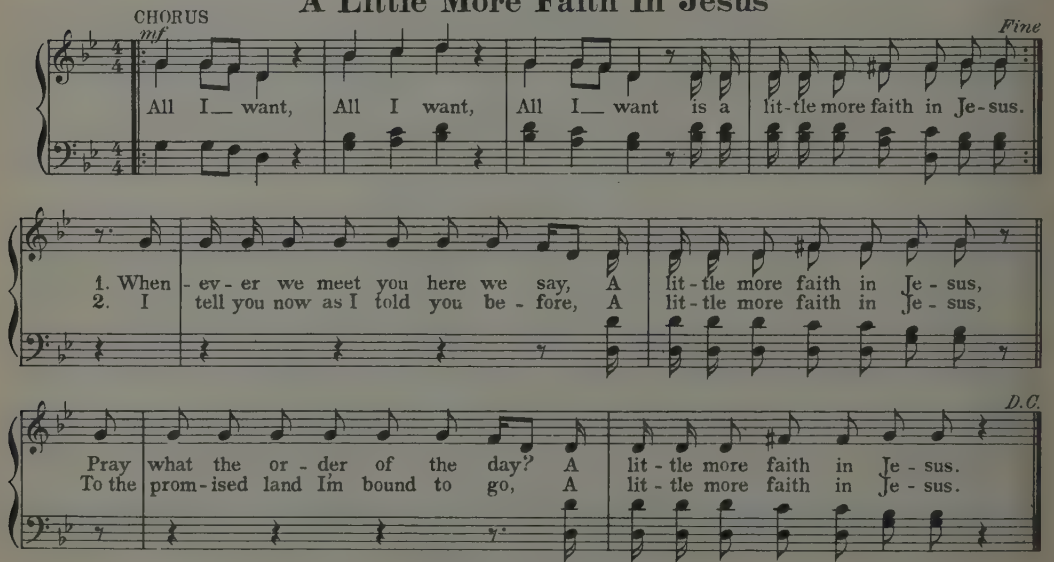
Not too fast


mf
1. Lon-don bridge is fall-ing down, falling down, falling down, London bridge is fall-ing down My fair la-dy.
2. Build it up with i-ron bars, i-ron bars, i-ron bars, Build it up with i-ron bars My fair la-dy.

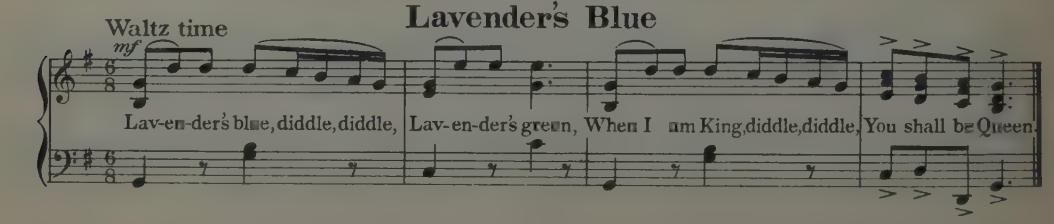
## Lucy Neal


Allegro
f
1. Come, list-en to my sto-ry, You can't tell how I feel; Ise gwine to sing de
2. When I do come to Dan-ville, I— take my horn and blow, An' den you see Miss
lub I hab For poor Miss Lu-cy Neal.
Lu-cy Neal Cum run-nin' to de door.
CHORUS
O poor Miss Lu-cy Neal, O
poor Miss Lu-cy Neal, If— once I had you by my side, How hap-py I should feel!

## A Little More Faith In Jesus

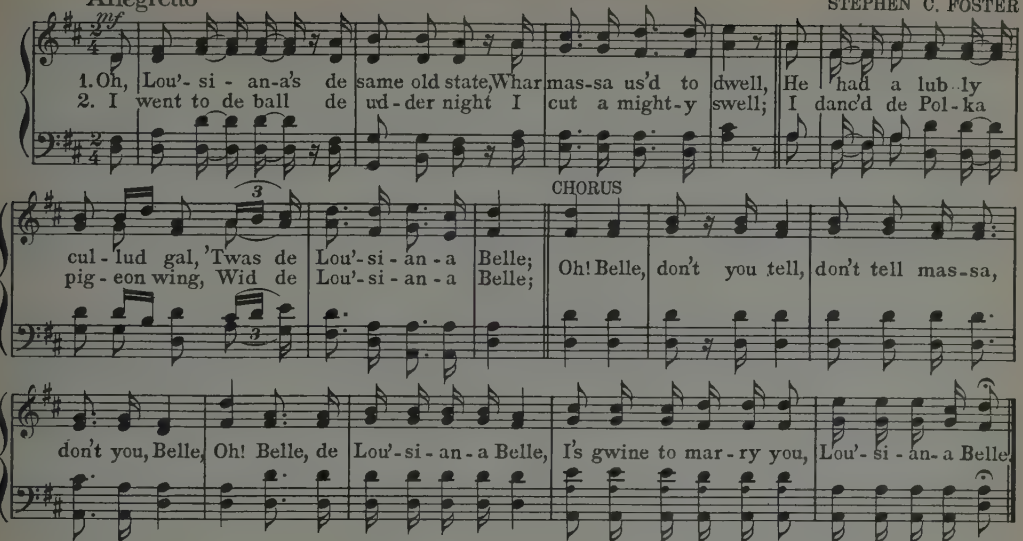

CHORUS
mf
Fine
All I— want, All I want, All I— want is a lit-tle more faith in Je-sus.
1. When - ev-er we meet you here we say, A lit-tle more faith in Je-sus,
2. I tell you now as I told you be-fore, A lit-tle more faith in Je-sus,
D.C.
Pray what the or-der of the day? A lit-tle more faith in Je-sus.
To the prom-ised land I'm bound to go, A lit-tle more faith in Je-sus.

## Lavender's Blue

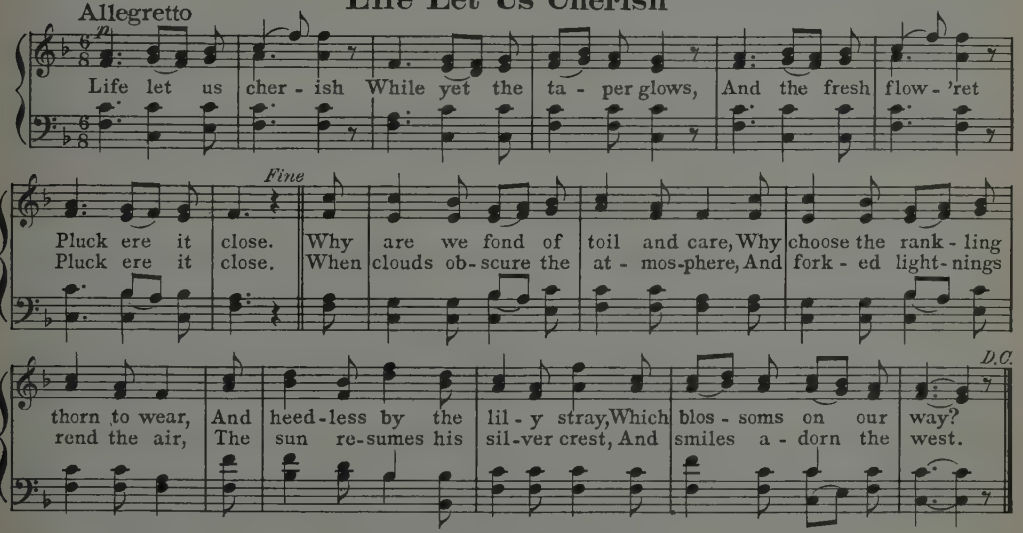


## Lou'siana Belle

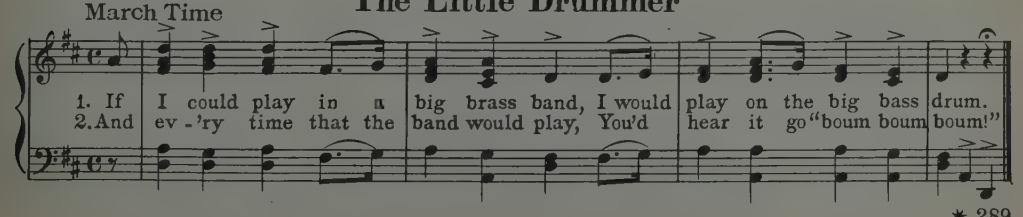
STEPHEN C. FOSTER


Allegretto
1. Oh, Lou'- si - an-a's de same old state, Whar mas-sa us'd to dwell, He had a lub - ly
2. I went to de ball de ud - der night I cut a might - y swell; I danc'd de Pol - ka
CHORUS
cul - lud gal, 'Twas de Lou'- si - an - a Belle;
pig - eon wing, Wid de Lou'- si - an - a Belle;
Oh! Belle, don't you tell, don't tell mas-sa,
don't you, Belle, Oh! Belle, de Lou'- si - an - a Belle, I's gwine to mar - ry you, Lou'- si - an - a Belle

## Life Let Us Cherish


Allegretto
Life let us cher - ish While yet the ta - per glows, And the fresh flow - 'ret
Fine
Pluck ere it close. Why are we fond of toil and care, Why choose the rank - ling
Pluck ere it close. When clouds ob - scure the at - mos-phere, And fork - ed light - nings
D.C.
thorn to wear, And heed - less by the lil - y stray, Which blos - soms on our way?
rend the air, The sun re-sumes his sil-ver crest, And smiles a - dorn the west.

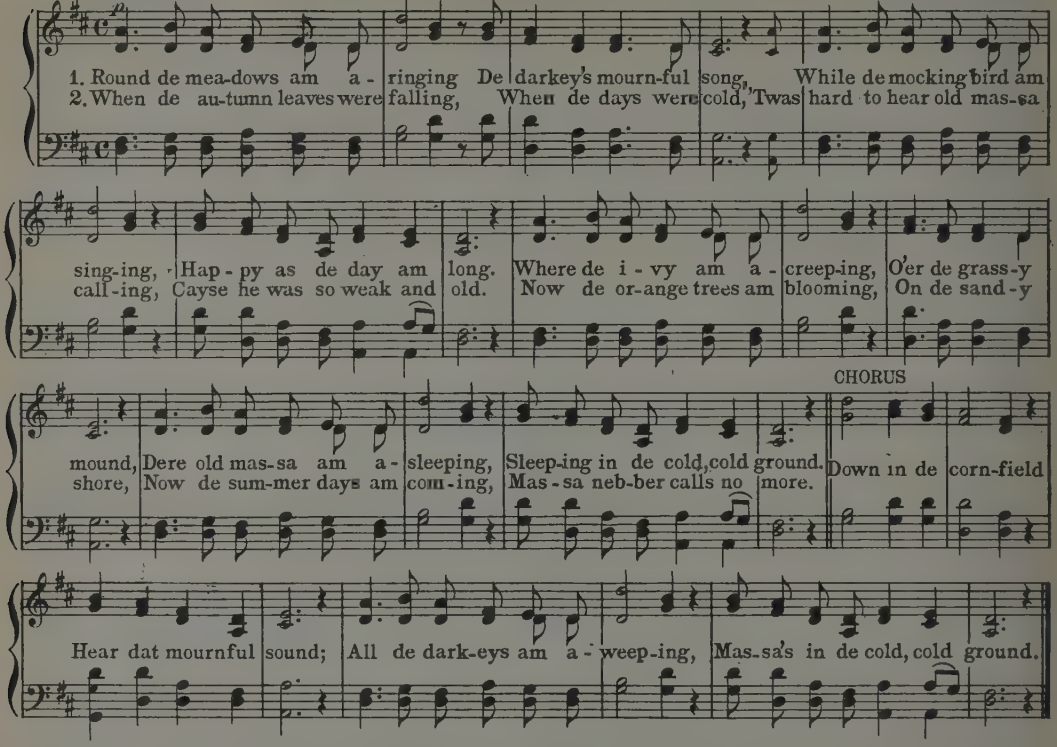
## The Little Drummer


March Time
1. If I could play in a big brass band, I would play on the big bass drum.
2. And ev - 'ry time that the band would play, You'd hear it go "boum boum boum!"

# Massa's In De Cold Ground

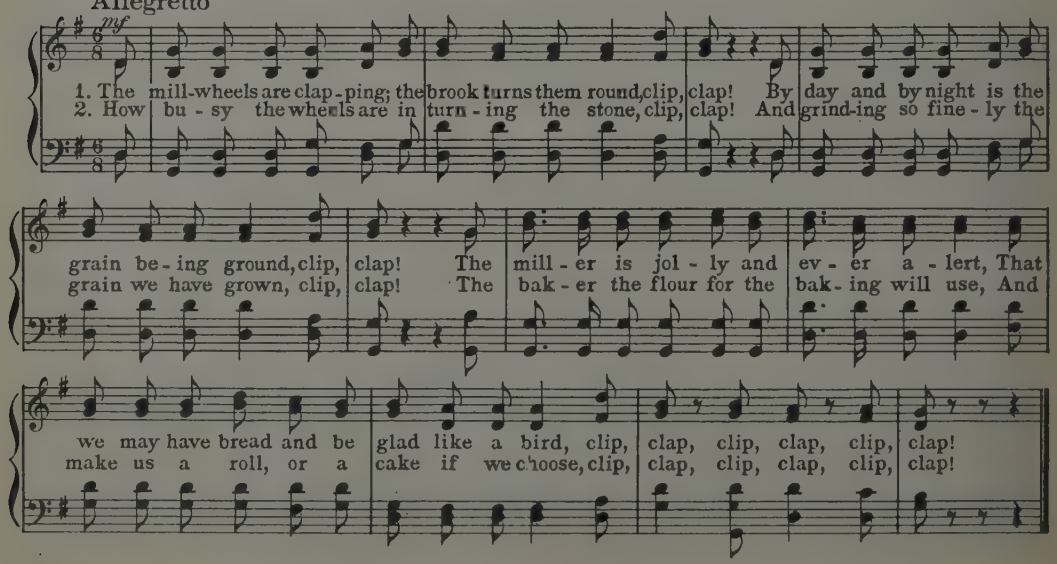
Moderato

STEPHEN C. FOSTER


1. Round de mea-dows am a - ringing De darkey's mourn-ful song, While de mocking bird am
2. When de au-tumn leaves were falling, When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to hear old mas-sa
sing-ing, Hap - py as de day am long. Where de i - vy am a - creep-ing, O'er de grass-y
call-ing, Cayse he was so weak and old. Now de or-ange trees am blooming, On de sand-y
CHORUS
mound, Dere old mas-sa am a - sleeping, Sleep-ing in de cold, cold ground. Down in de corn-field
shore, Now de sum-mer days am com-ing, Mas-sa neb-ber calls no more.
Hear dat mournful sound; All de dark-eys am a - weep-ing, Mas-sa's in de cold, cold ground.

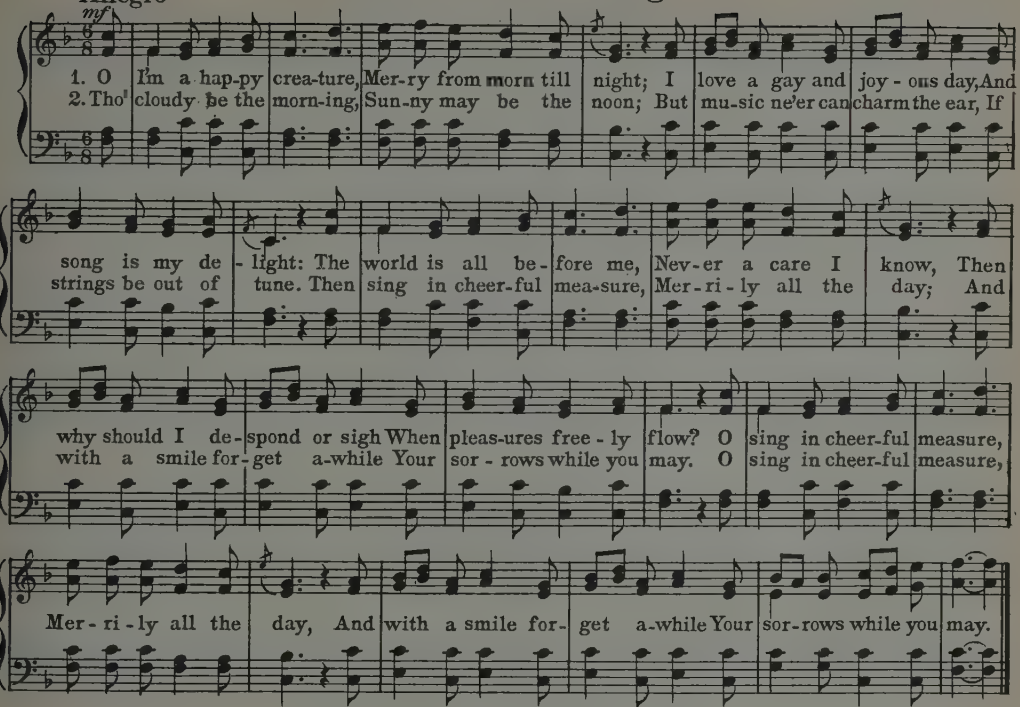
# The Mill-Wheel

Allegretto


mf
1. The mill-wheels are clap-ping; the brook turns them round, clip, clap! By day and by night is the
2. How bu - sy the wheels are in turn - ing the stone, clip, clap! And grind-ing so fine - ly the
grain be - ing ground, clip, clap! The mill - er is jol - ly and ev - er a - lert, That
grain we have grown, clip, clap! The bak - er the flour for the bak - ing will use, And
we may have bread and be glad like a bird, clip, clap, clip, clap, clip, clap!
make us a roll, or a cake if we choose, clip, clap, clip, clap, clip, clap!

## The Mandolin Song

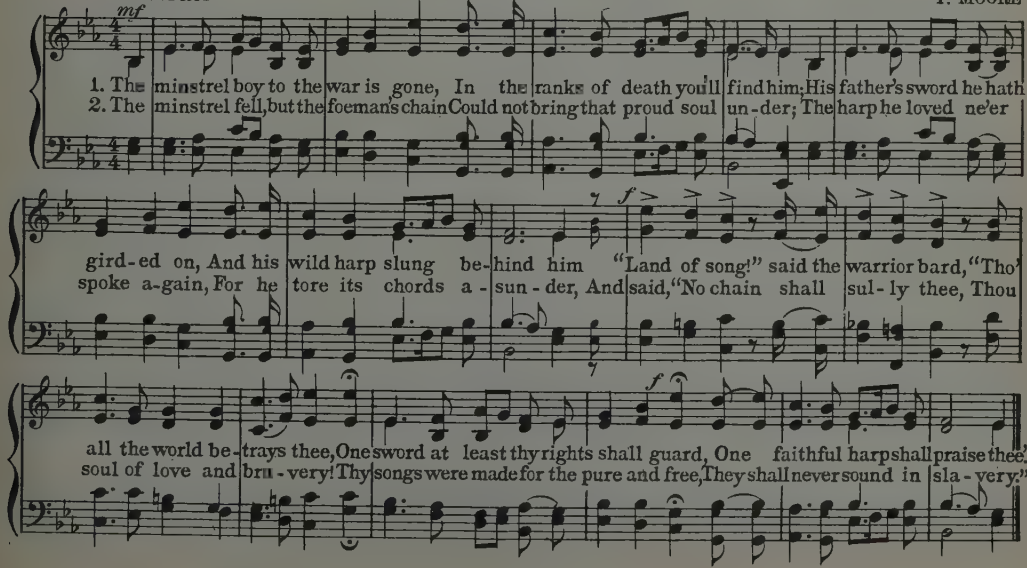
Allegro


mf
1. O I'm a hap-py crea-ture, Mer-ry from morn till night; I love a gay and joy - ous day, And
2. Tho' cloudy be the morn-ing, Sun-ny may be the noon; But mu-sic ne'er can charm the ear, If
song is my de - light: The world is all be-fore me, Nev-er a care I know, Then
strings be out of tune. Then sing in cheer-ful mea-sure, Mer-ri-ly all the day; And
why should I de-spond or sigh When pleas-ures free - ly flow? O sing in cheer-ful measure,
with a smile for-get a-while Your sor - rows while you may. O sing in cheer-ful measure,
Mer - ri - ly all the day, And with a smile for- get a-while Your sor-rows while you may.

## The Minstrel Boy

Moderato

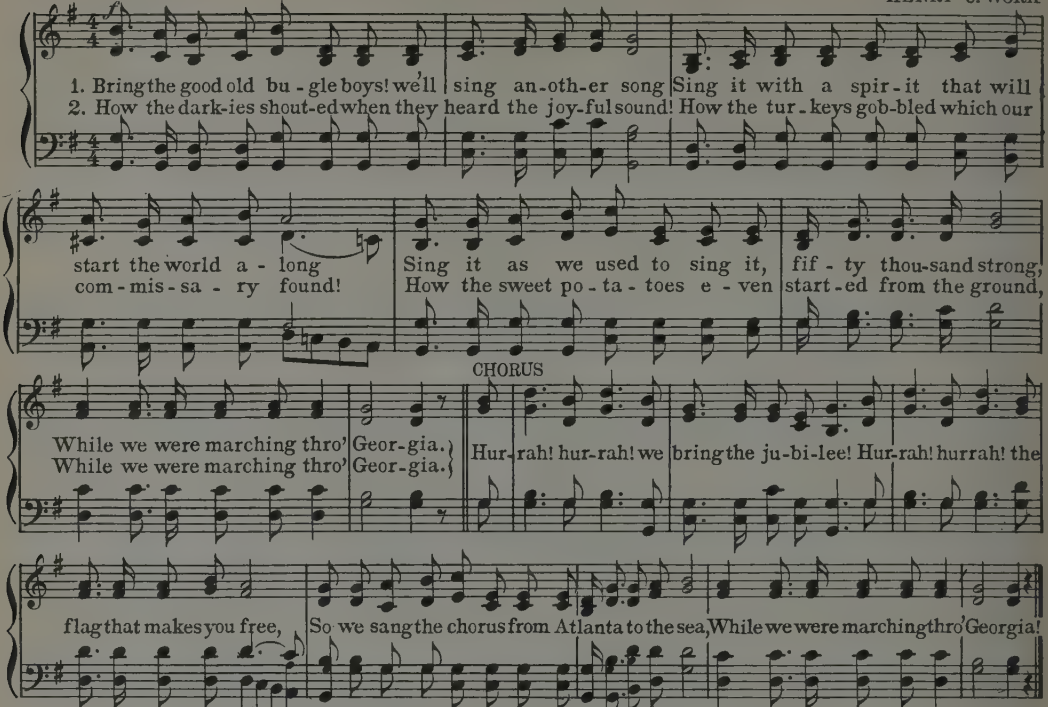
T. MOORE


mf
1. The minstrel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find him; His father's sword he hath
2. The minstrel fell, but the foeman's chain Could not bring that proud soul un-der; The harp he loved ne'er
f
gird-ed on, And his wild harp slung be-hind him "Land of song!" said the warrior bard, "Tho'
spoke a-gain, For he tore its chords a - sun - der, And said, "No chain shall sul- ly thee, Thou
f
all the world be-trays thee, One sword at least thy rights shall guard, One faithful harp shall praise thee."
soul of love and bra - very! Thy songs were made for the pure and free, They shall never sound in sla - very."

## Marching Through Georgia

Moderato

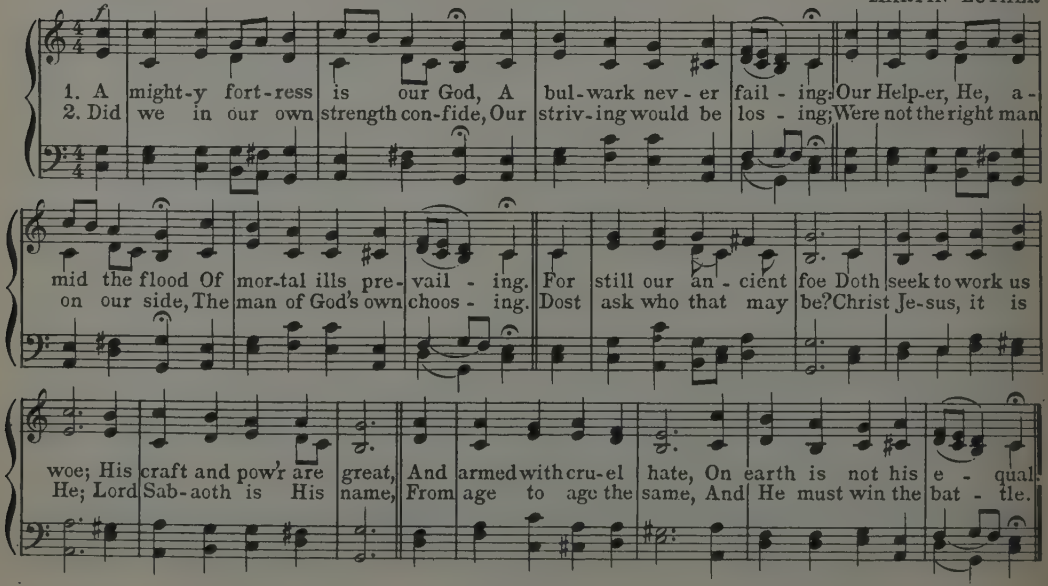
HENRY C. WORK


1. Bring the good old bu - gle boys! we'll sing an - oth - er song Sing it with a spir - it that will
2. How the dark-ies shout-ed when they heard the joy-ful sound! How the tur - keys gob-bled which our
start the world a - long
com - mis - sa - ry found!
Sing it as we used to sing it, fif - ty thou-sand strong,
How the sweet po - ta - toes e - ven start - ed from the ground,
CHORUS
While we were marching thro' Geor-gia.
While we were marching thro' Geor-gia.
Hur-rah! hur-rah! we bring the ju-bi-lee! Hur-rah! hurrah! the
flag that makes you free,
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea, While we were marching thro' Georgia!

## A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

Maestoso

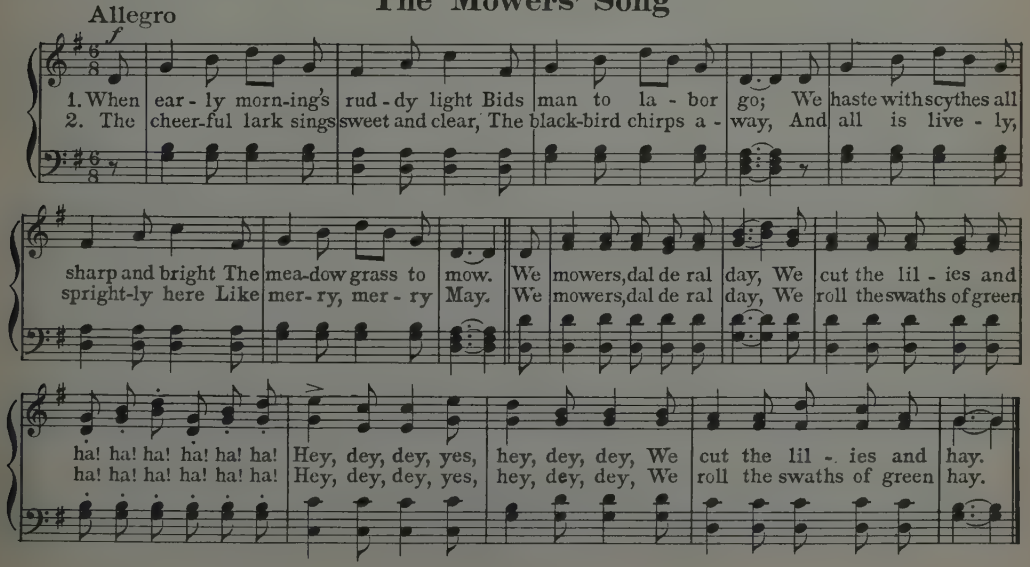
MARTIN LUTHER


1. A might-y fort-ress is our God, A bul-wark nev - er fail - ing: Our Help-er, He, a -
2. Did we in our own strength con-fide, Our striv-ing would be los - ing; Were not the right man
mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail - ing. For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us
on our side, The man of God's own choos - ing. Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je-sus, it is
woe; His craft and pow'r are great, And armed with cru-el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
He; Lord Sab-aoth is His name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.

## Mary And Martha

Allegretto
mf
1.— Ma - ry and a Mar-tha's just gone 'long,— Ma - ry and a Mar-tha's just gone 'long,—
2.The preach-er and the eld-er's just gone 'long, The preach-er and the eld-er's just gone 'long, The
Ma - ry and a Mar-tha's just gone 'long.
preach-er and the eld-er's just gone 'long.
To ring those charming bells, Crying:
CHORUS
Free grace and dy-ing love,
Free grace and dy-ing love, Free grace and dy-ing love, To ring those charming bells. Oh! way o - ver
Jor-dan, Lord, Way o - ver Jor-dan, Lord, Way o - ver Jor-dan, Lord, To ring those charming bells.

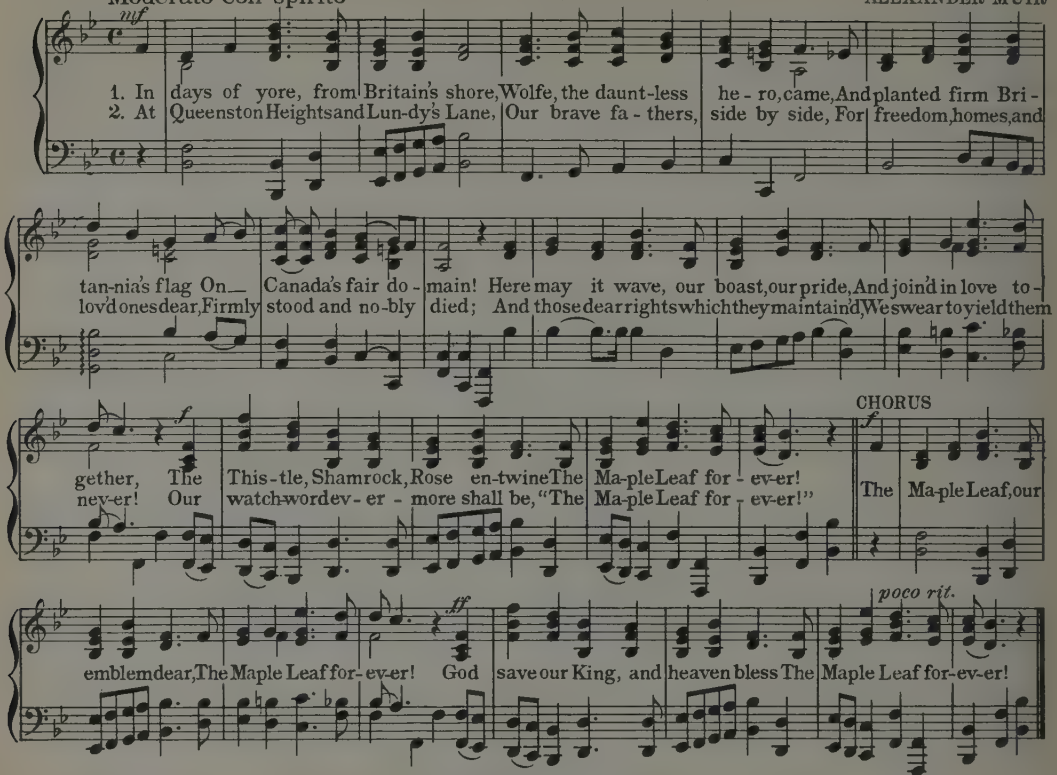
## The Mowers' Song


Allegro
f
1. When ear - ly morn-ing's rud - dy light Bids man to la - bor go; We haste with scythes all
2. The cheer-ful lark sings sweet and clear, The black-bird chirps a - way, And all is live - ly,
sharp and bright The mea-dow grass to mow. We mowers, dal de ral day, We cut the lil - ies and
spright-ly here Like mer - ry, mer - ry May. We mowers, dal de ral day, We roll the swaths of green
ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Hey, dey, dey, yes, hey, dey, dey, We cut the lil - ies and hay.
ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Hey, dey, dey, yes, hey, dey, dey, We roll the swaths of green hay.

# The Maple Leaf Forever

Moderato con spirito

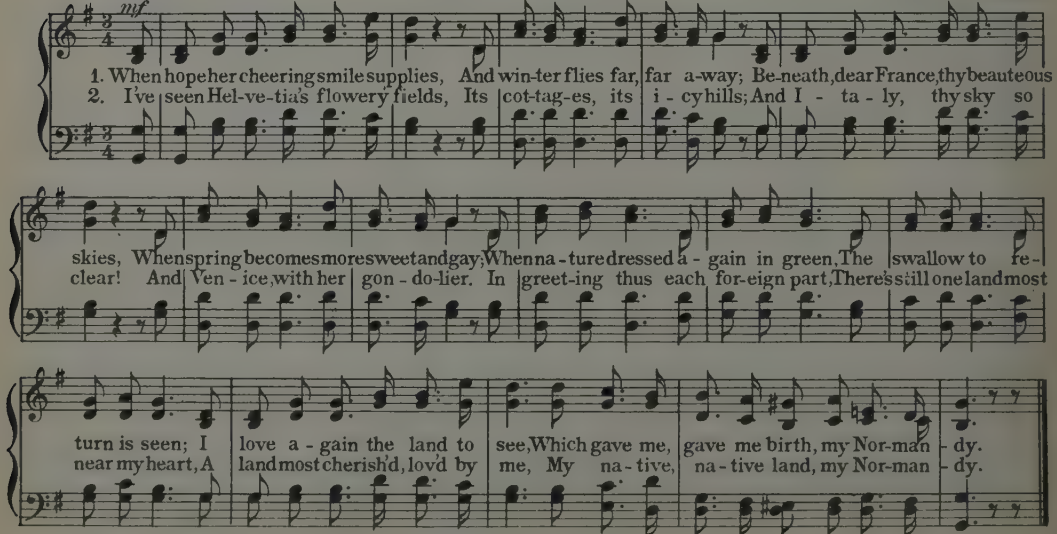
ALEXANDER MUIR


mf
1. In days of yore, from Britain's shore, Wolfe, the daunt-less he - ro, came, And planted firm Bri -
2. At Queenston Heights and Lun-dy's Lane, Our brave fa - thers, side by side, For freedom, homes, and
tan-nia's flag On— Canada's fair do - main! Here may it wave, our boast, our pride, And join'd in love to -
lov'd ones dear, Firmly stood and no-bly died; And those dear rights which they maintain'd, We swear to yield them
f
CHORUS
gether, The This-tle, Shamrock, Rose en-twine The Ma-ple Leaf for - ev-er!
nev-er! Our watch-word ev - er - more shall be, "The Ma-ple Leaf for - ev-er!"
The Ma-ple Leaf, our
poco rit.
ff
emblem dear, The Maple Leaf for-ev-er! God save our King, and heaven bless The Maple Leaf for-ev-er!

# My Normandy

Andante

FREDERIC BERAT


mf
1. When hope her cheering smile supplies, And win-ter flies far, far a-way; Be-neath, dear France, thy beauteous
2. I've seen Hel-ve-tia's flowery fields, Its cot-tag-es, its i - cy hills; And I - ta - ly, thy sky so
skies, When spring becomes more sweet and gay; When na - ture dressed a - gain in green, The swallow to re -
clear! And Ven - ice, with her gon - do-lier. In greet-ing thus each for-eign part, There's still one land most
turn is seen; I love a - gain the land to see, Which gave me, gave me birth, my Nor-man - dy.
near my heart, A land most cherish'd, lov'd by me, My na - tive, na - tive land, my Nor-man - dy.

# Marching Along

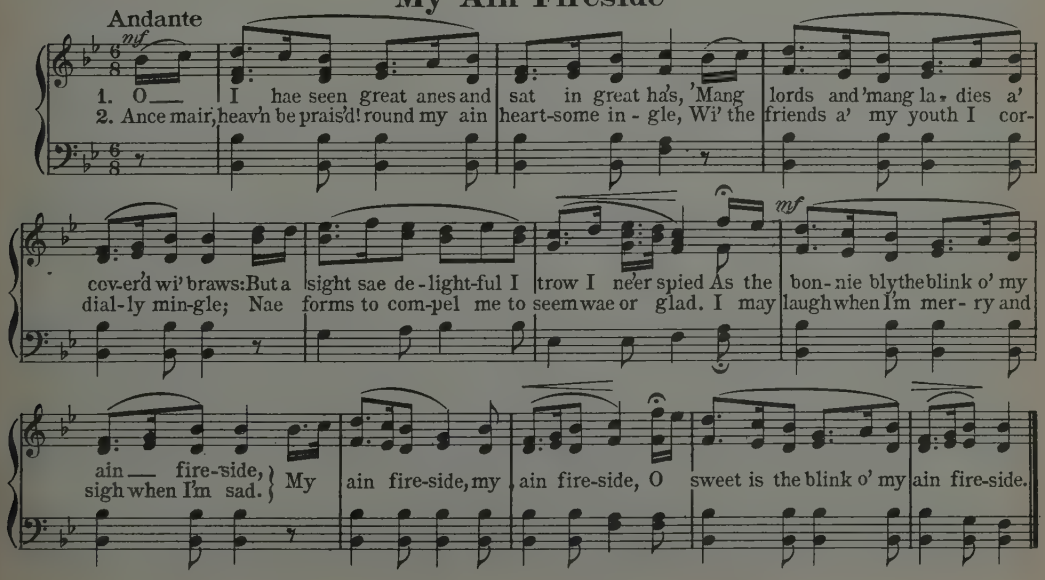
Tempo di Marcia

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

1. The ar-my is gath'-ring from near and from far, The trum-pet is sound-ing the call for the war; Mc-
2. The foe is be-fore us in bat-tle ar-ray, But let us not wa-ver, or turn from the way; The
Clel-lan's our lead-er, he's gal-lant and strong, We'll gird on our ar-mor and be marching a-long.
Lord is our strength, and the Un-ion's our song, With cour-age and faith we are marching a-long.
CHORUS
March-ing a-long, we are march-ing a-long, Gird on the ar-mor, and be march-ing a-long; Mc-
Clel-lan's our lead-er, he's gal-lant and strong, For God and our coun-try we are marching a-long.

# My Ain Fireside

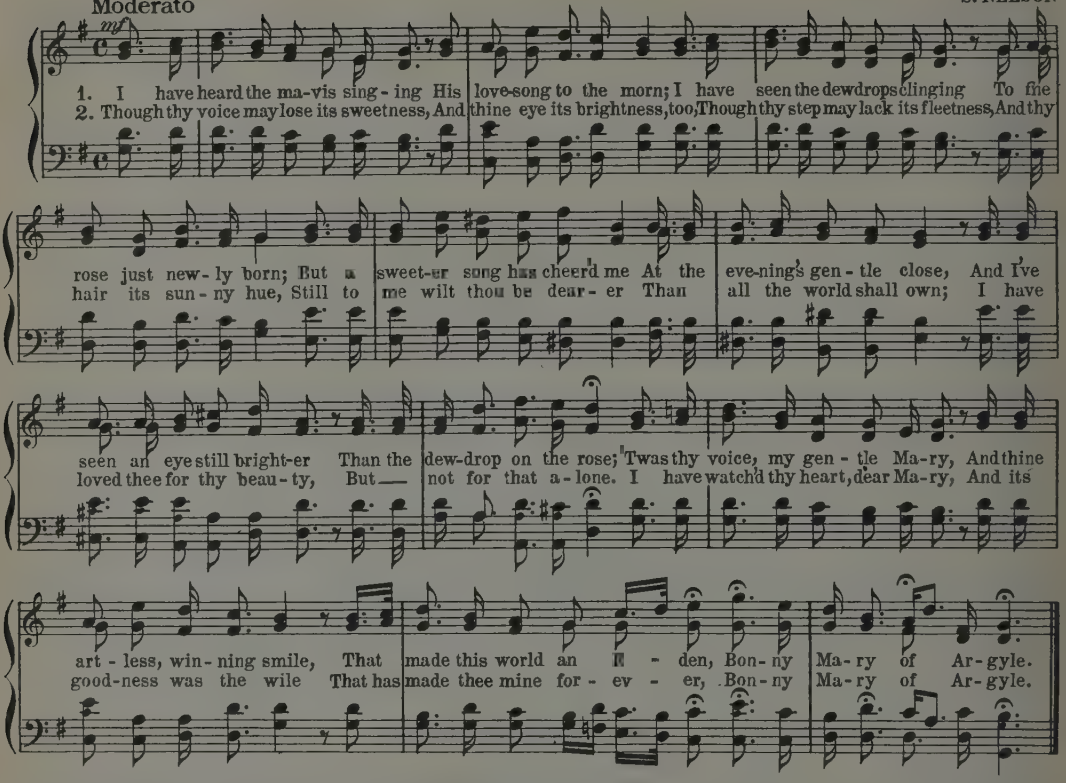
Andante


1. O— I hae seen great anes and sat in great ha's, 'Mang lords and 'mang la-dies a'
2. Ance mair, heav'n be prais'd! round my ain heart-some in-gle, Wi' the friends a' my youth I cor-
cov-er'd wi' braws: But a sight sae de-light-ful I trow I ne'er spied As the bon-nie bly the blink o' my
dial-ly min-gle; Nae forms to com-pel me to seem wae or glad. I may laugh when I'm mer-ry and
ain— fire-side, } My sigh when I'm sad. } ain fire-side, my ain fire-side, O sweet is the blink o' my ain fire-side.

# Mary Of Argyle

Moderato

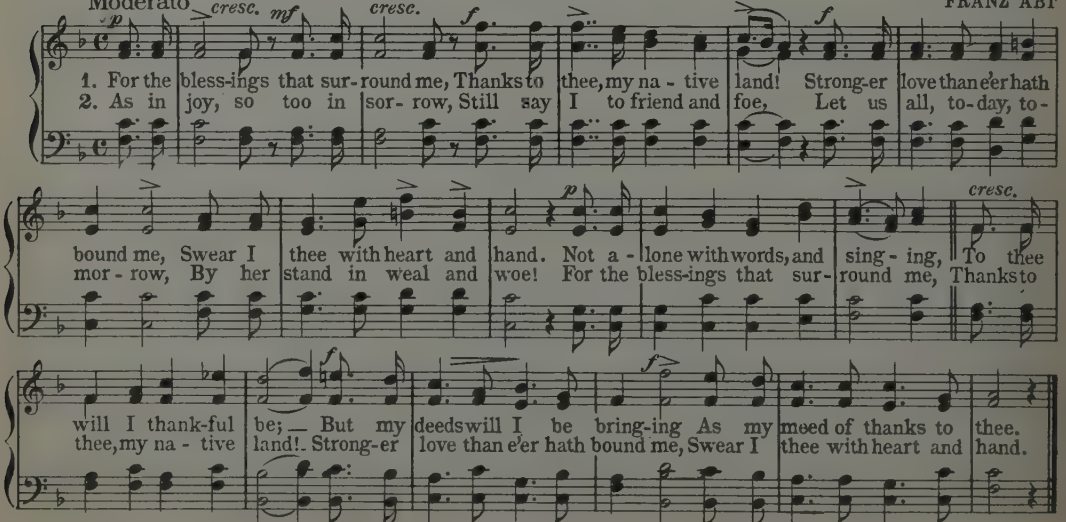
S. NELSON


1. I have heard the ma-vis sing-ing His love-song to the morn; I have seen the dewdrops clinging To the
2. Though thy voice may lose its sweetness, And thine eye its brightness, too, Though thy step may lack its fleetness, And thy
rose just new-ly born; But a sweet-er song has cheer'd me At the eve-ning's gen-tle close, And I've
hair its sun-ny hue, Still to me wilt thou be dear-er Than all the world shall own; I have
seen an eye still bright-er Than the dew-drop on the rose; 'Twas thy voice, my gen-tle Ma-ry, And thine
loved thee for thy beau-ty, But not for that a-lone. I have watch'd thy heart, dear Ma-ry, And its
art-less, win-ning smile, That made this world an E-den, Bon-ny Ma-ry of Ar-gyle.
good-ness was the wile That has made thee mine for-ev-er, Bon-ny Ma-ry of Ar-gyle.

# My Native Land

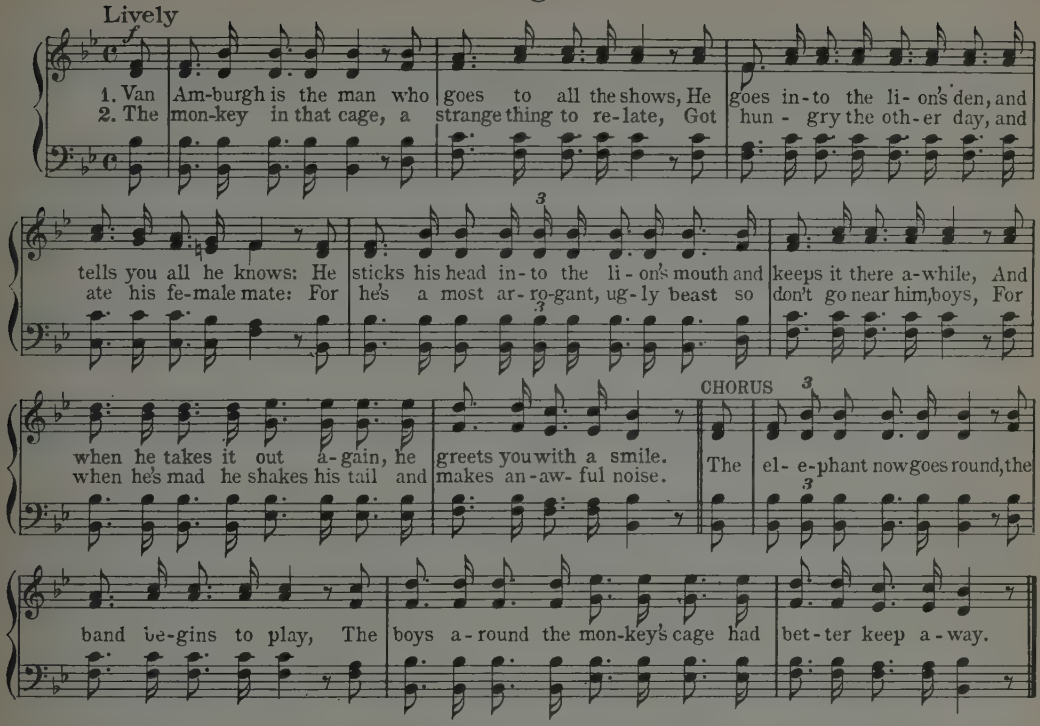
Moderato

FRANZ ABT


1. For the bless-ings that sur-round me, Thanks to thee, my na-tive land! Strong-er love than e'er hath
2. As in joy, so too in sor-row, Still say I to friend and foe, Let us all, to-day, to-
bound me, Swear I thee with heart and hand. Not a-lone with words, and sing-ing, To thee
mor-row, By her stand in weal and woe! For the bless-ings that sur-round me, Thanks to
will I thank-ful be; But my deeds will I be bring-ing As my meed of thanks to thee.
thee, my na-tive land! Strong-er love than e'er hath bound me, Swear I thee with heart and hand.

## Menagerie

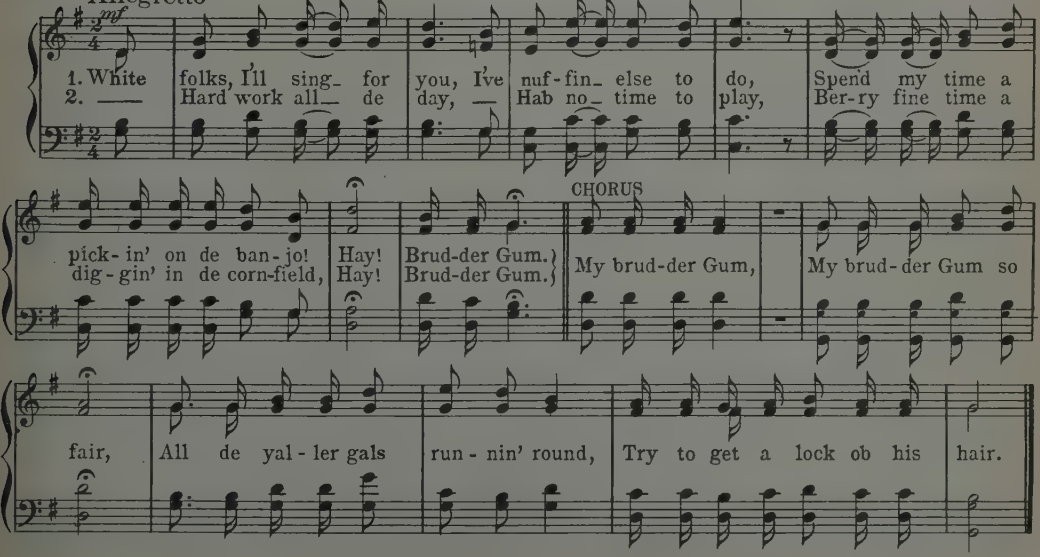
Lively


1. Van Am-burgh is the man who goes to all the shows, He goes in-to the li-on's den, and
2. The mon-key in that cage, a strange thing to re-late, Got hun-gry the oth-er day, and
tells you all he knows: He sticks his head in-to the li-on's mouth and keeps it there a-while, And
ate his fe-male mate: For he's a most ar-ro-gant, ug-ly beast so don't go near him, boys, For
when he takes it out a-gain, he greets you with a smile.
when he's mad he shakes his tail and makes an-aw-ful noise.
CHORUS
The el-e-phant now goes round, the
band be-gins to play, The boys a-round the mon-key's cage had bet-ter keep a-way.

## My Brudder Gum

Allegretto

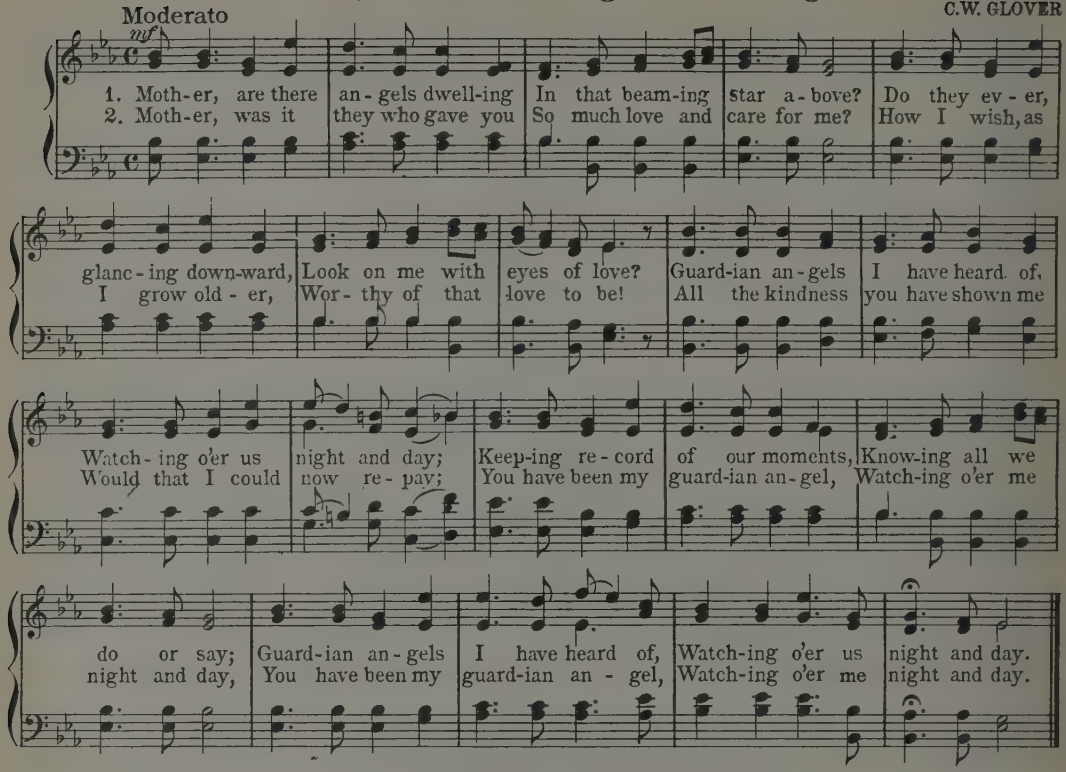
STEPHEN C. FOSTER


1. White folks, I'll sing for you, I've nuf-fin else to do, Spend my time a
2. —— Hard work all de day, — Hab no time to play, Ber-ry fine time a
CHORUS
pick-in' on de ban-jo! Hay! Brud-der Gum.) My brud-der Gum, My brud-der Gum so
dig-gin' in de corn-field, Hay! Brud-der Gum.)
fair, All de yal-ler gals run-nin' round, Try to get a lock ob his hair.

# Mother, Are There Angels Dwelling?

Moderato

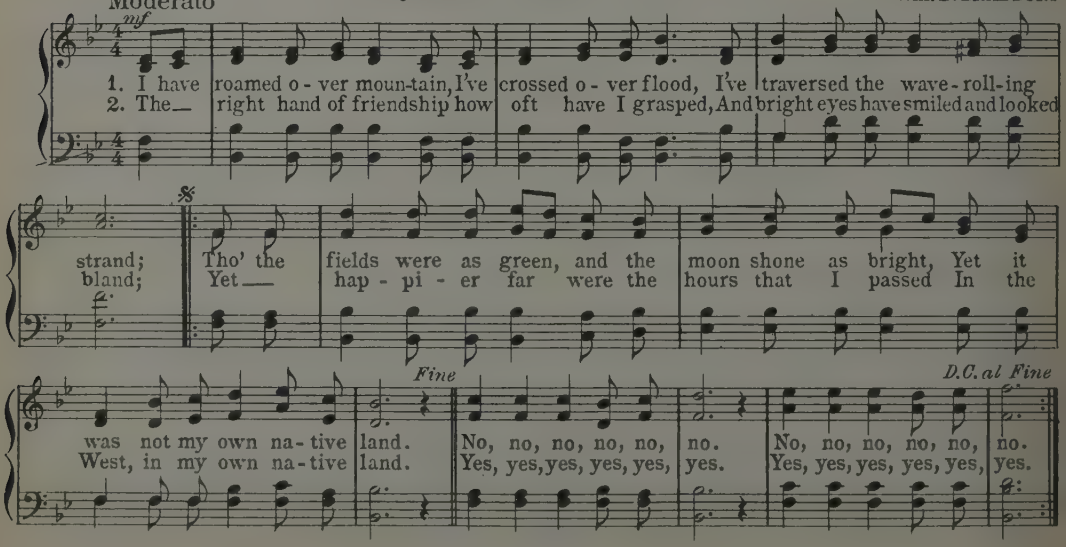
C.W. GLOVER


mf
1. Moth-er, are there an-gels dwell-ing In that beam-ing star a-bove? Do they ev-er,
2. Moth-er, was it they who gave you So much love and care for me? How I wish, as
glanc-ing down-ward, Look on me with eyes of love? Guard-ian an-gels I have heard of,
I grow old-er, Wor-thy of that love to be! All the kindness you have shown me
Watch-ing o'er us night and day; Keep-ing re-cord of our moments, Know-ing all we
Would that I could now re-pay; You have been my guard-ian an-gel, Watch-ing o'er me
do or say; Guard-ian an-gels I have heard of, Watch-ing o'er us night and day.
night and day, You have been my guard-ian an-gel, Watch-ing o'er me night and day.

# My Own Native Land

Moderato

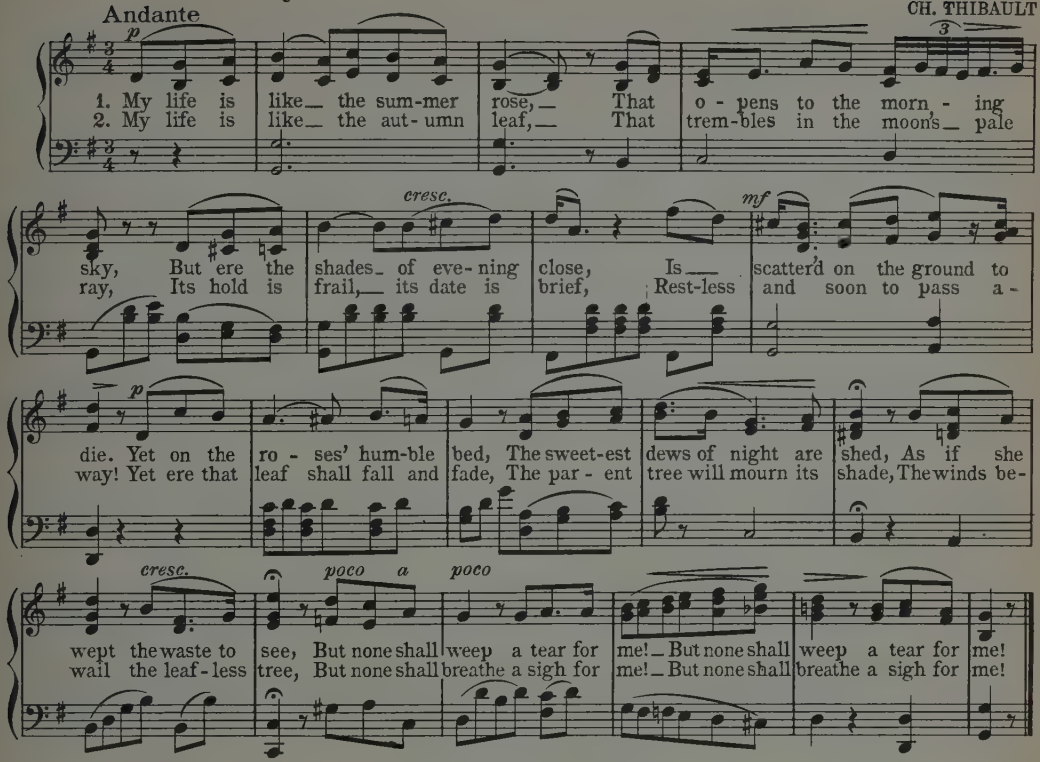
Wm. B. BRADBURY


mf
1. I have roamed o-ver moun-tain, I've crossed o-ver flood, I've traversed the wave-roll-ing
2. The— right hand of friendship how oft have I grasped, And bright eyes have smiled and looked
strand; Tho' the fields were as green, and the moon shone as bright, Yet it
bland; Yet— hap-pi-er far were the hours that I passed In the
Fine
D.C. al Fine
was not my own na-tive land. No, no, no, no, no, no. No, no, no, no, no, no.
West, in my own na-tive land. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.

# My Life Is Like The Summer Rose

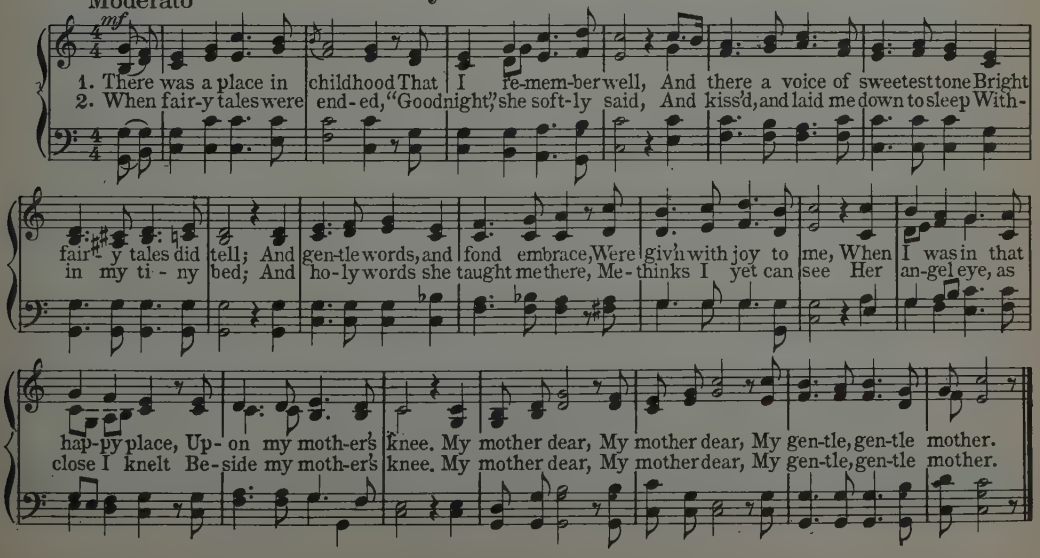
CH. THIBAULT

Andante


p
1. My life is like the sum-mer rose, That o - pens to the morn - ing
2. My life is like the aut - umn leaf, That trem-bles in the moon's pale
sky, But ere the shades of eve-ning close, Is scatter'd on the ground to
ray, Its hold is frail, its date is brief, Rest-less and soon to pass a-
cresc.
mf
die. Yet on the ro - ses' hum-ble bed, The sweet-est dews of night are
way! Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade, The par - ent tree will mourn its
shed, As if she
shade, The winds be-
cresc.
poco a poco
wept the waste to see, But none shall weep a tear for me! But none shall weep a tear for me!
wail the leaf-less tree, But none shall breathe a sigh for me! But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

# My Mother Dear

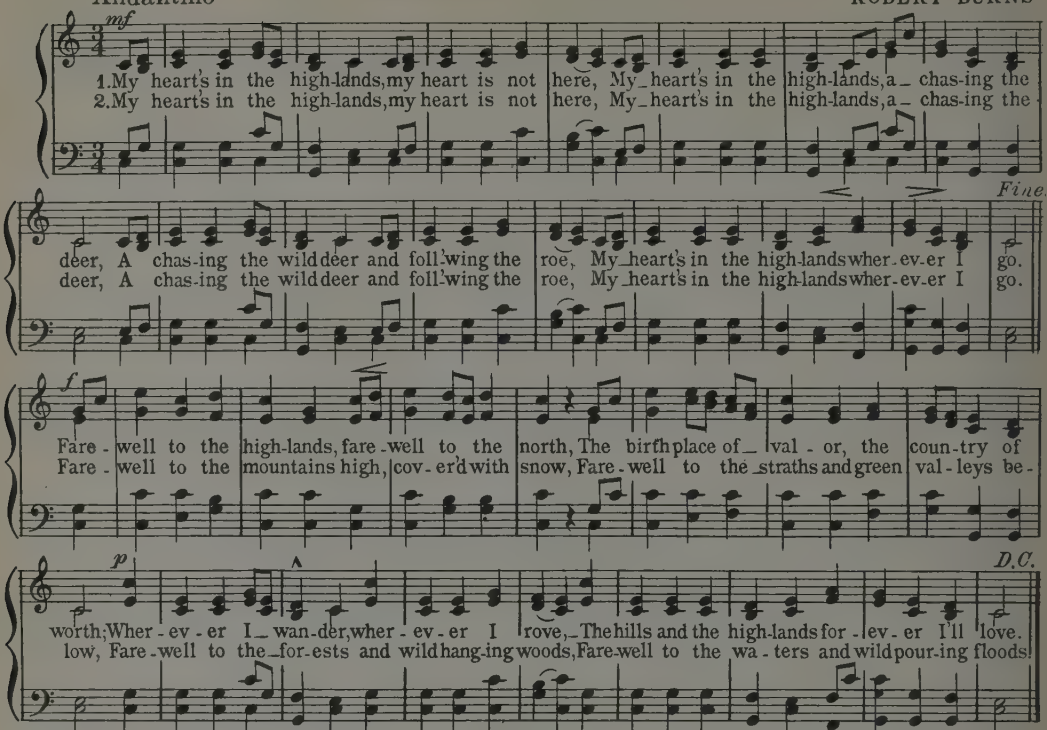
Moderato


mf
1. There was a place in childhood That I re-mem-ber well, And there a voice of sweetest tone Bright
2. When fair-y tales were end-ed, "Good night," she soft-ly said, And kiss'd, and laid me down to sleep With-
fair-y tales did tell; And gen-tle words, and fond embrace, Were giv'n with joy to me, When I was in that
in my ti - ny bed; And ho-ly words she taught me there, Me-thinks I yet can see Her an-gel eye, as
hap-py place, Up - on my moth-er's knee. My mother dear, My mother dear, My gen-tle, gen-tle mother.
close I knelt Be-side my moth-er's knee. My mother dear, My mother dear, My gen-tle, gen-tle mother.

# My Heart's In The Highlands

Andantino

ROBERT BURNS

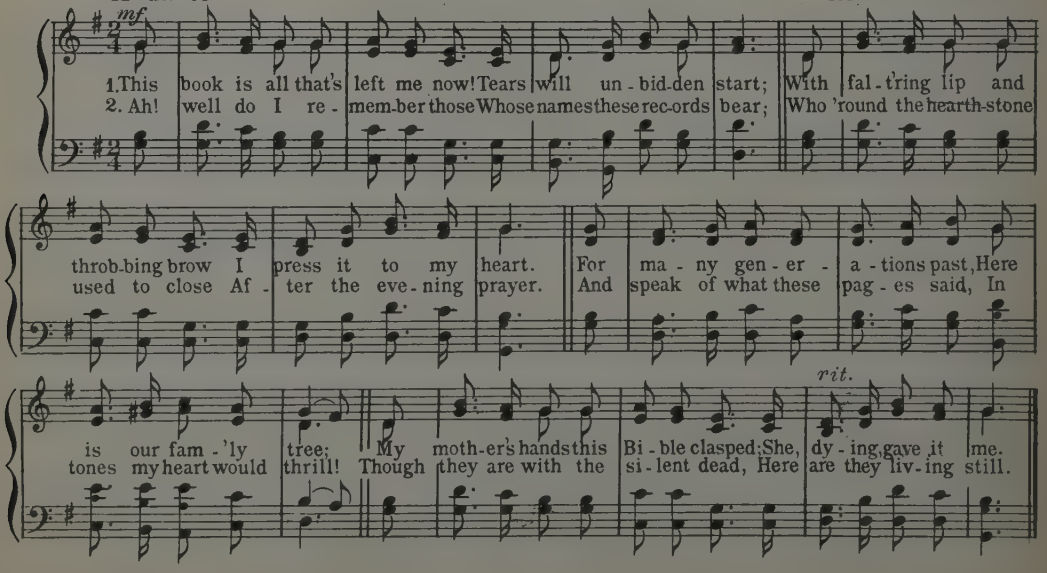

mf
1.My heart's in the high-lands, my heart is not here, My heart's in the high-lands, a chas-ing the
2.My heart's in the high-lands, my heart is not here, My heart's in the high-lands, a chas-ing the
deer, A chas-ing the wild deer and foll'wing the roe, My heart's in the high-lands wher-ev-er I go.
deer, A chas-ing the wild deer and foll'wing the roe, My heart's in the high-lands wher-ev-er I go.
Fine.
f
Fare-well to the high-lands, fare-well to the north, The birth-place of val-or, the coun-try of
Fare-well to the mountains high, cov-er'd with snow, Fare-well to the straths and green val-leys be-
p
D.C.
worth; Wher-ev-er I wan-der, wher-ev-er I rove, The hills and the high-lands for-ev-er I'll love.
low, Fare-well to the for-ests and wild hang-ing woods, Fare-well to the wa-ters and wild pour-ing floods!

GEORGE P. MORRIS

# My Mother's Bible

Andante

HENRY RUSSELL


mf
1.This book is all that's left me now! Tears will un-bid-den start; With fal-t'ring lip and
2. Ah! well do I re-mem-ber those Whose names these rec-ords bear; Who 'round the hearth-stone
throb-bing brow I press it to my heart. For ma-ny gen-er-a-tions past, Here
used to close Af-ter the eve-ning prayer. And speak of what these pag-es said, In
rit.
is our fam-'ly tree; My moth-er's hands this Bi-ble clasped; She, dy-ing, gave it me.
tones my heart would thrill! Though they are with the si-lent dead, Here are they liv-ing still.

# My Last Cigar

Allegretto

*mf*

1. 'Twas off the blue Ca - na - ry Isles, A glor - ious sum - mer day, — I sat up - on the
2. I leaned up - on the quar - ter-rail, And looked down in the sea, — E'en there the pur - ple

quar - ter-deck, And whiffed my cares a - way; — And as the vol - umed smoke a - rose, Like in - cense in the
wreath of smoke Was curl - ing grace-ful - ly. — O, what had I at such a time, To do with wast - ing

air, — I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, It was my last ci - gar. }
care? — A - las! the tremb-ling tear proclaimed It was my last ci - gar. } —

Refrain

It was my last ci - gar, — It was my last ci - gar; — I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, It was my last ci - gar —

# My Bonnie

Waltz Time

*mf*

1. My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, — My Bon - nie lies o - ver the sea; — My
2. Last night as I lay on my pil - low, — Last night as I lay on my bed; — Last

Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, — Oh, bring back my Bon - nie to me. }
night as I lay on my pil - low, — I dreamt that my Bon - nie was dead. } —

Chorus

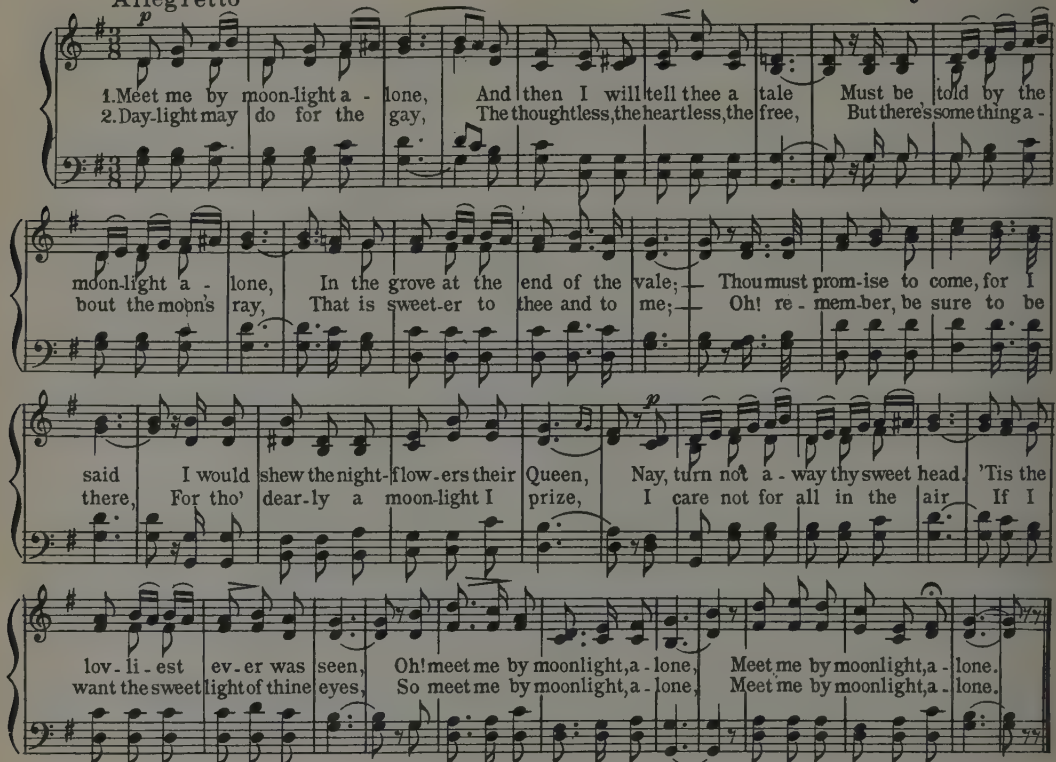
Bring back, bring back,

bring back my Bon - nie to me, to me; Bring back, bring back, Oh! bring back my Bon - nie to me. —

# Meet Me By Moonlight, Alone

Allegretto

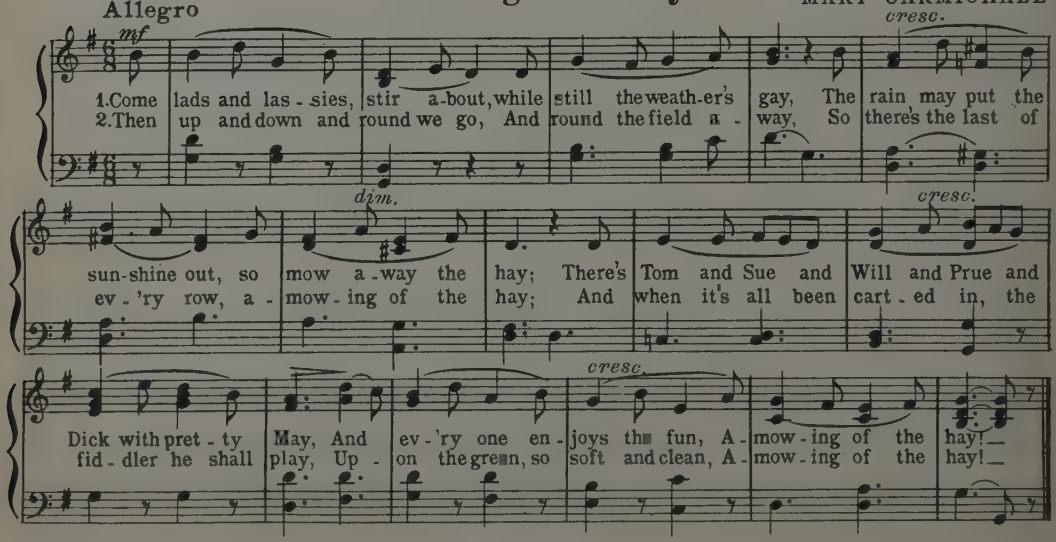
J. A. WADE


p
1.Meet me by moon-light a - lone, And then I will tell thee a tale Must be told by the
2.Day-light may do for the gay, The thoughtless, the heartless, the free, But there's some thing a -
moon-light a - lone, In the grove at the end of the vale; Thou must prom-ise to come, for I
bout the moon's ray, That is sweet-er to thee and to me; Oh! re - mem-ber, be sure to be
p
said I would shew the night-flow-ers their Queen, Nay, turn not a - way thy sweet head. 'Tis the
there, For tho' dear-ly a moon-light I prize, I care not for all in the air If I
lov - li - est ev - er was seen, Oh! meet me by moonlight, a - lone, Meet me by moonlight, a - lone.
want the sweet light of thine eyes, So meet me by moonlight, a - lone, Meet me by moonlight, a - lone.

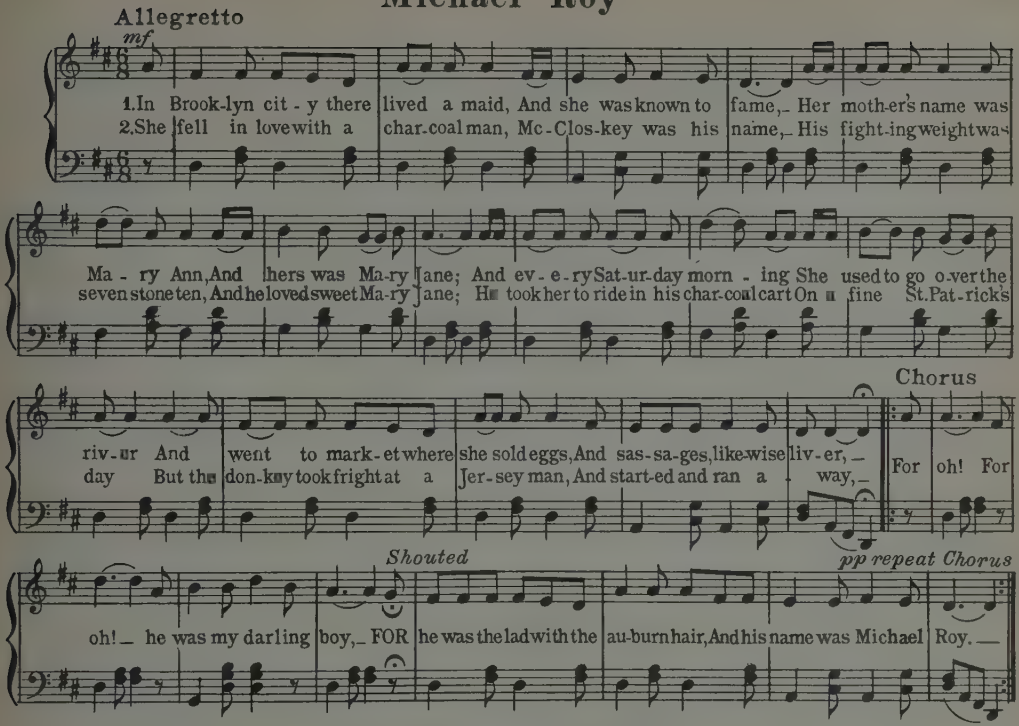
# Mowing The Hay

Allegro

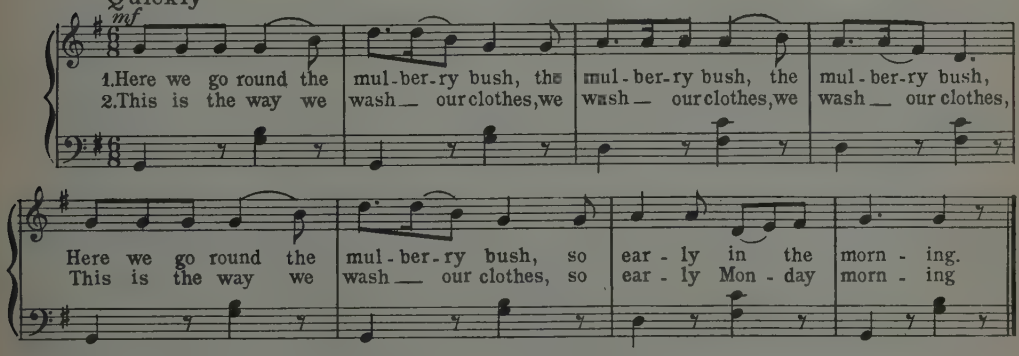
MARY CARMICHAEL


mf
cresc.
1.Come lads and las - sies, stir a-bout, while still the weath-er's gay, The rain may put the
2.Then up and down and round we go, And round the field a - way, So there's the last of
dim.
cresc.
sun-shine out, so mow a - way the hay; There's Tom and Sue and Will and Prue and
ev - 'ry row, a - mow - ing of the hay; And when it's all been cart - ed in, the
cresc.
Dick with pret - ty May, And ev - 'ry one en - joys the fun, A - mow - ing of the hay!
fid - dler he shall play, Up - on the green, so soft and clean, A - mow - ing of the hay!

## Michael Roy


Allegretto
mf
1.In Brook-lyn cit - y there lived a maid, And she was known to fame,- Her moth-er's name was
2.She fell in love with a char-coal man, Mc-Clos-key was his name,- His fight-ing weight was
Ma - ry Ann, And hers was Ma-ry Jane; And ev - e - ry Sat-ur-day morn - ing She used to go o-ver the
seven stone ten, And he loved sweet Ma-ry Jane; He took her to ride in his char-coal cart On a fine St. Pat-rick's
riv-er And went to mark-et where she sold eggs, And sas-sa-ges, like-wise liv-er, -
day But the don-key took fright at a Jer-sey man, And start-ed and ran a - way, -
Chorus
For oh! For
Shouted
pp repeat Chorus
oh! - he was my dar-ling boy, - FOR he was the lad with the au-burn hair, And his name was Michael Roy. -

## The Mulberry Bush


Quickly
mf
1.Here we go round the mul-ber-ry bush, the mul-ber-ry bush, the mul-ber-ry bush,
2.This is the way we wash - our clothes, we wash - our clothes, we wash - our clothes,
Here we go round the mul-ber-ry bush, so ear - ly in the morn - ing.
This is the way we wash - our clothes, so ear - ly Mon - day morn - ing

This is the way we iron our clothes, &c.
So early Tuesday morning.

This is the way we scrub the floor, &c.
So early Wednesday morning.

This is the way we mend our clothes, &c.
So early Thursday morning.

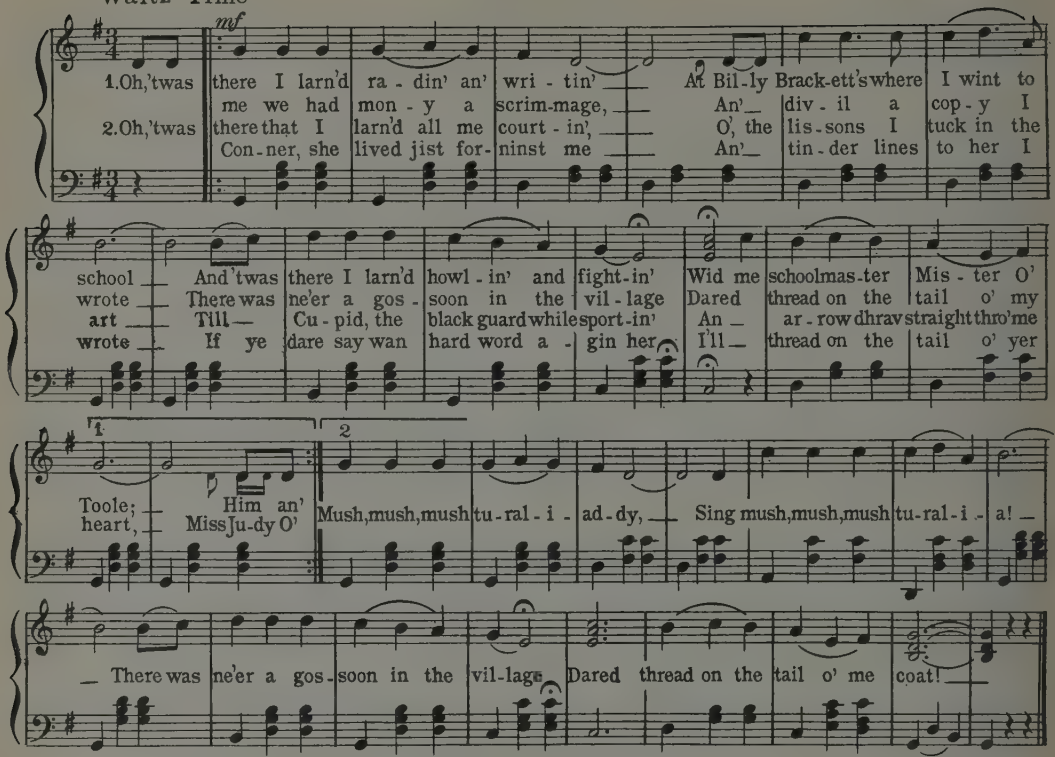
This is the way we sweep the house, &c.
So early Friday morning.

This is the way we bake our bread, &c.
So early Saturday morning.

This is the way we go to church, &c.
So early Sunday morning.

# Mush, Mush

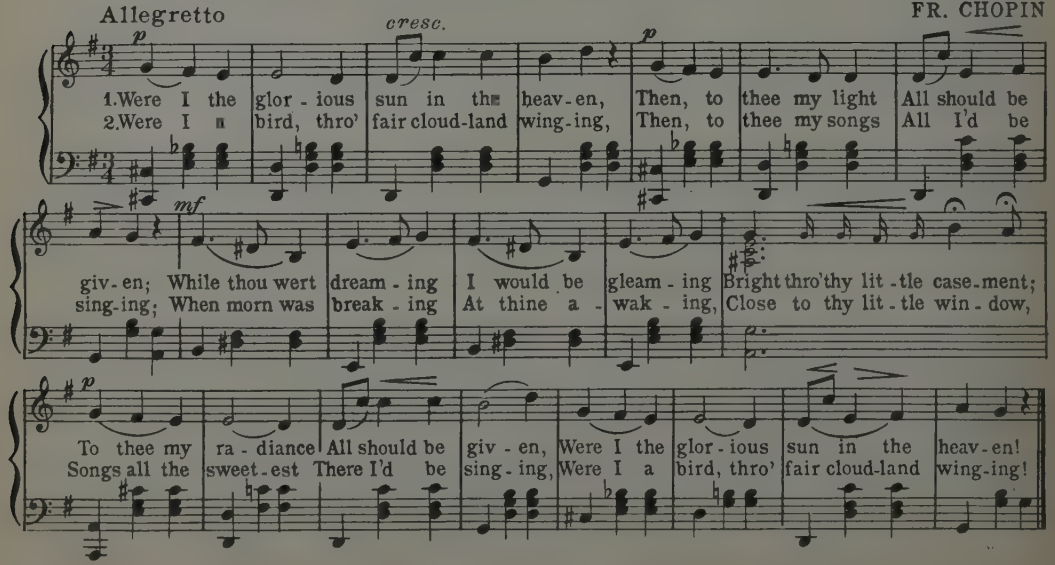
Waltz Time


mf
1.Oh,'twas there I larn'd ra - din' an' wri - tin' At Bil - ly Brack-ett's where I wint to
me we had mon - y a scrim-mage, An' div - il a cop - y I
2.Oh,'twas there that I larn'd all me court - in', O, the lis - sons I tuck in the
Con - ner, she lived jist for - ninst me An' tin - der lines to her I
school And 'twas there I larn'd howl - in' and fight - in' Wid me schoolmas - ter Mis - ter O'
wrote There was ne'er a gos - soon in the vil - lage Dared thread on the tail o' my
art Till — Cu - pid, the black guard while sport - in' An — ar - row dhrav straight thro' me
wrote If ye dare say wan hard word a - gin her I'll — thread on the tail o' yer
1.
Toole; Him an'
heart, Miss Ju - dy O'
2.
Mush, mush, mush tu - ral - i - ad - dy, Sing mush, mush, mush tu - ral - i - a!
There was ne'er a gos - soon in the vil - lage Dared thread on the tail o' me coat!

# A Maiden's Wish

Allegretto

FR. CHOPIN


p
cresc.
p
1.Were I the glor - ious sun in the heav - en, Then, to thee my light All should be
2.Were I a bird, thro' fair cloud-land wing - ing, Then, to thee my songs All I'd be
mf
giv - en; While thou wert dream - ing I would be gleam - ing Bright thro' thy lit - tle case - ment;
sing - ing; When morn was break - ing At thine a - wak - ing, Close to thy lit - tle win - dow,
p
To thee my ra - diance All should be giv - en, Were I the glor - ious sun in the heav - en!
Songs all the sweet - est There I'd be sing - ing, Were I a bird, thro' fair cloud-land wing - ing!

# My Love Is Like A Red, Red Rose



Moderato

*mf*

1. O, my love is like a red, red rose That's new - ly sprung in June, My love is like the
2. Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, An' the rocks melt with the sun,' Yet I love thee still, my

mel - o - dy That's sweetly played in tune. As fair art thou, my bon-nie lass, Sae deep in love am
dear, While the sands of life shall run. An' fare thee well, my on - ly love, An' fare thee well a-

*f*

*dim.*

*mf*

I will love thee still, my dear, Tho' a' the seas gang dry. O, my love is like a
while I will come a - gain, my love, Tho' 'twere ten-thou - sand mile.

red, red rose That's new - ly sprung in June My love is like the mel-o - dy That's sweetly played in tune.

## Minka

Andante

*p*

RUSSIAN SONG

1. From the Vol-ga was he rid - ing, On his horse so quick - ly strid - ing, When he saw in
2. Shy thou art and ve - ry bash-ful, Tho' my heart is ev - er faith - ful; Yet to you I'd

am - bush hid - ing, Who but pret - ty Min - ka. Min - ka, Min - ka, go not from me,
be more grate-ful, If you'd love me, Min - ka. Min - ka, Min - ka, go not from me,

Do not in the for-est hide thee, Come and tell me if you love me, Pret-ty lit - tle Min - ka.
Do not in the for-est hide thee, Come and tell me if you love me, Pret-ty lit - tle Min - ka.

# Mollie Darling

Moderato

WILL S. HAYS

*mf*

1. Won't you tell me, Mol-lie dar - ling, That you love none else but me? For I love you, Mollie darling,
2. Stars are smiling, Mol-lie dar - ling, Thro' the mys-tic vail of night; They seem laughing, Mollie darling,

*cresc.* *f*

You are all the world to me. O! tell me, dar-ling, that you love me, Put your lit - tle hand in
While fair Lu-na hides her light. O! no one lis-tens but the flow-ers, While they hang their heads in

*cresc.* *dim.*

mine, Take my heart, sweet Mollie dar-ling, Say that you will give me thine.
shame, They are mod-est, Mollie dar-ling, When they hear me call your name.

Chorus

Mol-lie, fair-est, sweetest, dearest, Look up, darling, tell me this; — Do you love me, Mollie darling? Let your answer be a kiss.

# Morning Red

Andante

*f*

1. Morn-ing red, Morn-ing red, Now the shad-ows, all are fled, Now the Sabbath's cloud-less glo - ry, Tells a - new the won - drous sto - ry: Christ is ris - en from the dead.
2. All a - round, All a - round, Solemn si - lence reign'd pro - found, When, with blaze and sud - den thun-der, An - gels burst the tomb a - sun - der, And the Sa - viour was un - bound.

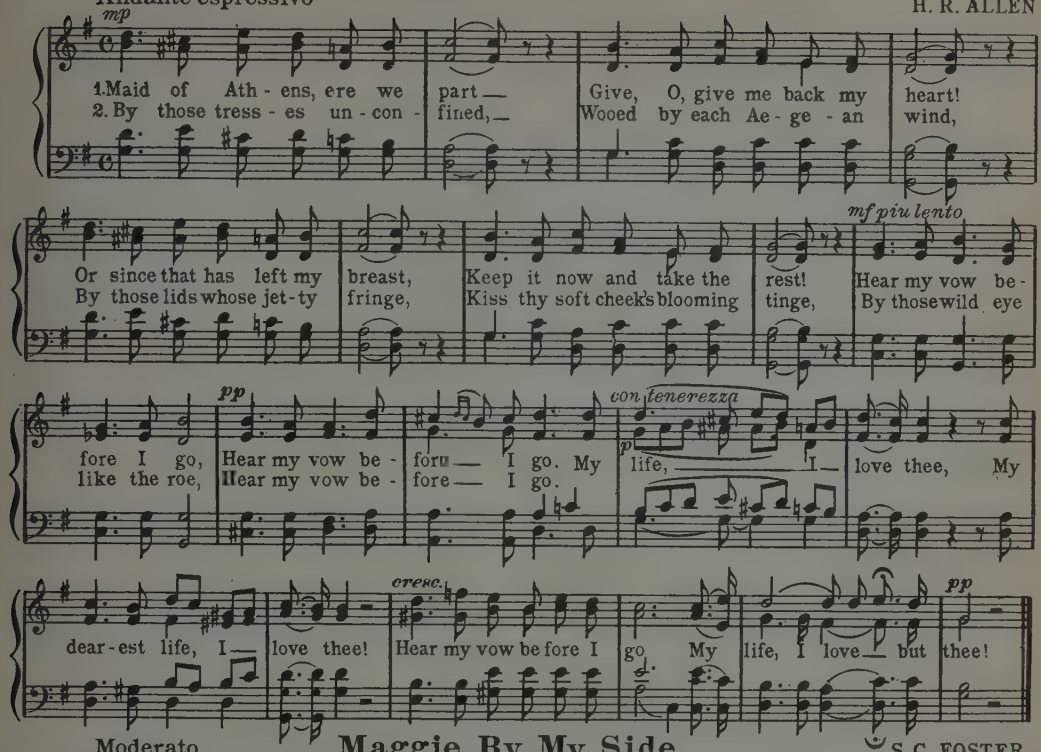
*p* *p* *f*

Now the Sabbath's cloud-less glo - ry, Tells a - new the wondrous sto - ry: Christ is ris - en from the dead.
When, with blaze and sud - den thunder, An - gels burst the tomb a - sunder, And the Saviour was un - bound.

# Maid Of Athens

Andante espressivo

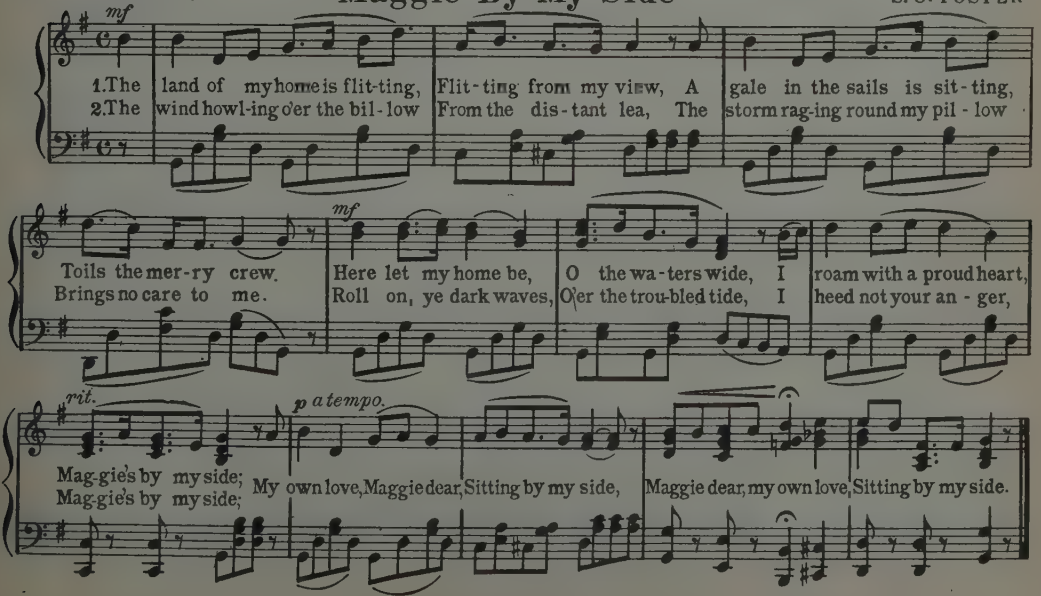
H. R. ALLEN


mp
1.Maid of Ath - ens, ere we part — Give, O, give me back my heart!
2. By those tress - es un - con - fined, — Wooed by each Ae - ge - an wind,
Or since that has left my breast, Keep it now and take the rest! Hear my vow be -
By those lids whose jet-ty fringe, Kiss thy soft cheek's blooming tinge, By those wild eye
mf piu lento
pp
fore I go, Hear my vow be - fore — I go. My
like the roe, Hear my vow be - fore — I go.
con tenerezza
p
life, — I — love thee, My
dear-est life, I — love thee! Hear my vow be fore I go My life, I love — but thee!
cresc.
pp

Moderato

# Maggie By My Side

S. C. FOSTER


mf
1.The land of my home is flit-ting, Flit-ting from my view, A gale in the sails is sit-ting,
2.The wind howl-ing o'er the bil-low From the dis-tant lea, The storm rag-ing round my pil-low
Toils the mer-ry crew. Here let my home be, O the wa-ters wide, I roam with a proud heart,
Brings no care to me. Roll on, ye dark waves, O'er the trou-bled tide, I heed not your an - ger,
mf
rit.
p a tempo.
Mag-gie's by my side; My own love, Maggie dear, Sitting by my side, Maggie dear, my own love, Sitting by my side.
Mag-gie's by my side;

## Marie, Mine

HUNGARIAN SONG

Andante

*p*

1. Ma - rie mine, Ma - rie mine, How thine eyes are danc - ing!
2. Morn-ing's light, Vis - ions bright, But of thee is blend - ing;

Oh, I pray, Turn a - way Thou art too en - tranc - ing
My heart still Thou dost fill When the night's de - scend - ing

*dim.*

*mf* *cresc.* *dim.*

Ah, my heart, my throb - bing heart, Seeks for peace in vain,
May the great Cre - a - tor show'r Bless - ings down on thee,

Wild and burn - ing is the smart, Of a true love's pain.
Though thou'st robb'd of ev - 'ry hour, All its peace from me!

"Faust"

## Margherita

CH. GOUNOD

Andante

*mf*

1. When joy-ous thots on thy sweet lips a - wak-en, Those ra-diant smiles that love to lin-ger
2. But when the clouds of dark-ness o'er thee hov-er, Dim-ming the lus - tre of thy beam - ing

*cresc.*

there; Oh, then my heart by sor-row is for - sak-en; For Mar-ghe - ri - ta, dear Mar-ghe-
eye; Then, to dis - pel thy sor-row, thy fond lov-er; Oh Mar-ghe - ri - ta, dear Mar-ghe-

*dim.*

ri-ta, I am en - rap-tur'd in thy joy to share.
ri-ta, glad-ly, yes, glad-ly at thy feet would die.

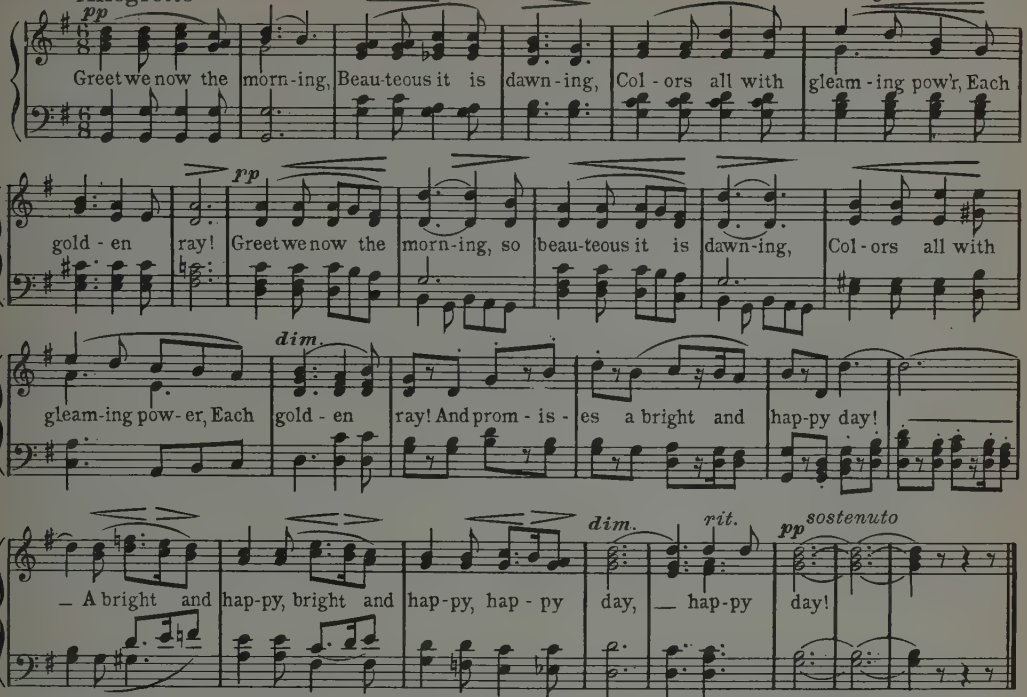
*p* *et* *rit.*

*Giroflè-Girofla*

Allegretto

## Morning Serenade

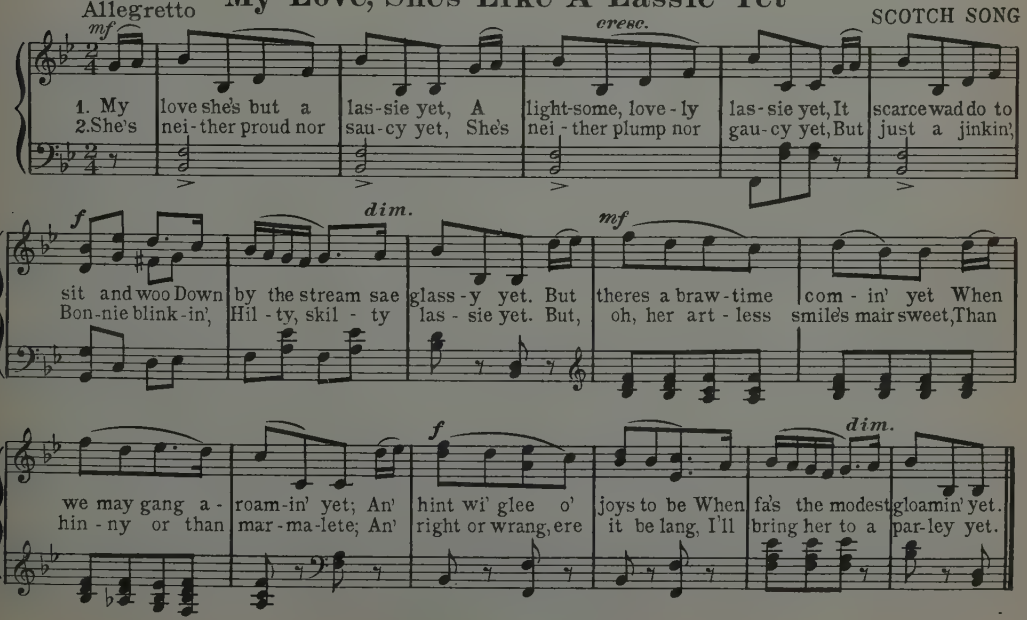
J. OFFENBACH


pp
Greet we now the morn-ing, Beau-teous it is dawn-ing, Col-ors all with gleam-ing pow'r, Each
gold-en ray! Greet we now the morn-ing, so beau-teous it is dawn-ing, Col-ors all with
dim.
gleam-ing pow-er, Each gold-en ray! And prom-is-es a bright and hap-py day!
dim.
rit.
pp
sostenuto
A bright and hap-py, bright and hap-py, hap-py day, hap-py day!

## My Love, She's Like A Lassie Yet

Allegretto

SCOTCH SONG


mf
cresc.
1. My love she's but a las-sie yet, A light-some, love-ly las-sie yet, It scarce wad do to
2. She's nei-ther proud nor sau-cy yet, She's nei-ther plump nor gau-cy yet, But just a jinkin',
f
dim.
mf
sit and woo Down by the stream sae glass-y yet. But theres a braw-time com-in' yet When
Bon-nie blink-in', Hil-ty, skil-ty las-sie yet. But, oh, her art-less smile's mair sweet, Than
f
dim.
we may gang a-roam-in' yet; An' hint wi' glee o' joys to be When fa's the modest gloamin' yet.
hin-ny or than mar-ma-lete; An' right or wrang, ere it be lang, I'll bring her to a par-ley yet.

"Martha"

## Maidens, Bright And Fair

F. VON FLOTOW

Allegro non troppo

*ff*

This way come, my gen-tle lass - es, with cheer-ful looks; "Hand-some deed fair face sur-

pass - es," best suits our books. This way come my gen-tle lass - es, with cheer-ful looks;

"Hand-some deed fair face sur- pass - es," best suits our books.

*Fine*

*p*

Neat-ness is the best of gra-ces,

*D.C.al Fine*

Neat - ly dress'd come ev - 'ry-one; In a row all take your pla-ces, soon the fair will have be-gun.

## My Love's An Arbutus

C. V. STANFORD

Allegretto

*p*

1. My love's an ar - bu - tus By the bor - ders of Lene, So slen - der and
2. But tho' rud - dy the ber - ry And snow - y the flow'r, That bright-en to -

*cresc.*

shape-ly In her gir - dle of green. And I mea - sure the plea - sure Of her
geth - er The ar - bu - tus bow'r, Per - fum - ing and bloom ing Through

*f*

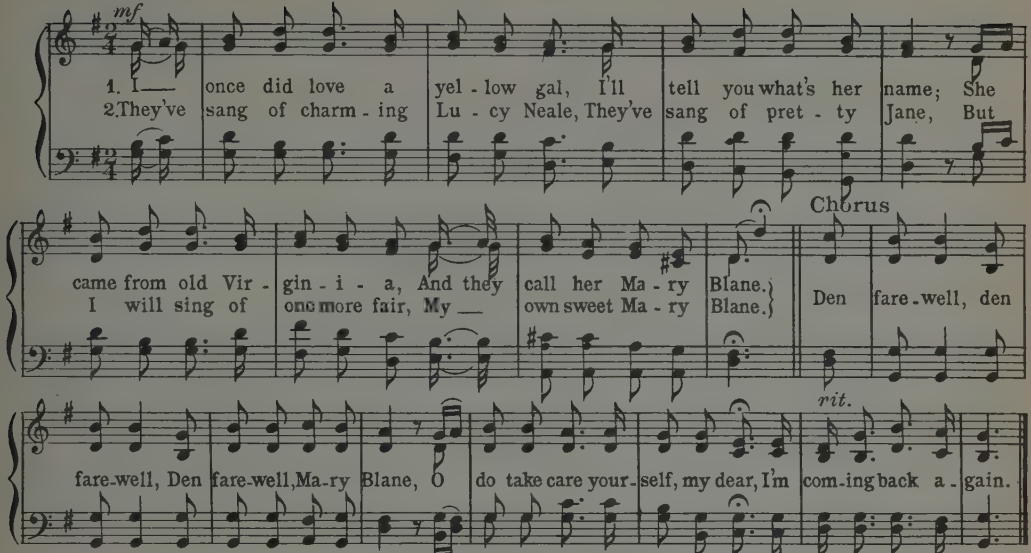
*dim.*

*rit.*

eye's sap - phire sheen By the blue skies that spar - kle Thro' the soft branch-ing screen.
sun - shine and show'r, Give me her bright lips and her laugh's pearl - y dow'r.

## Mary Blane

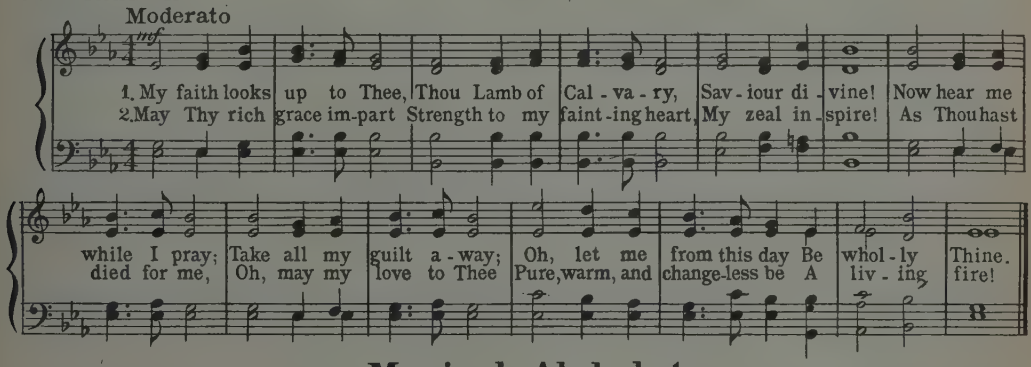
Moderato


1. I— once did love a yel - low gal, I'll tell you what's her name; She
2. They've sang of charm - ing Lu - cy Neale, They've sang of pret - ty Jane, But
came from old Vir - gin - i - a, And they call her Ma - ry Blane.
I will sing of one more fair, My — own sweet Ma - ry Blane.
Chorus
Den fare - well, den
fare - well, Den fare - well, Ma - ry Blane, O do take care your - self, my dear, I'm com - ing back a - gain.
rit.

## My Faith Looks Up To Thee

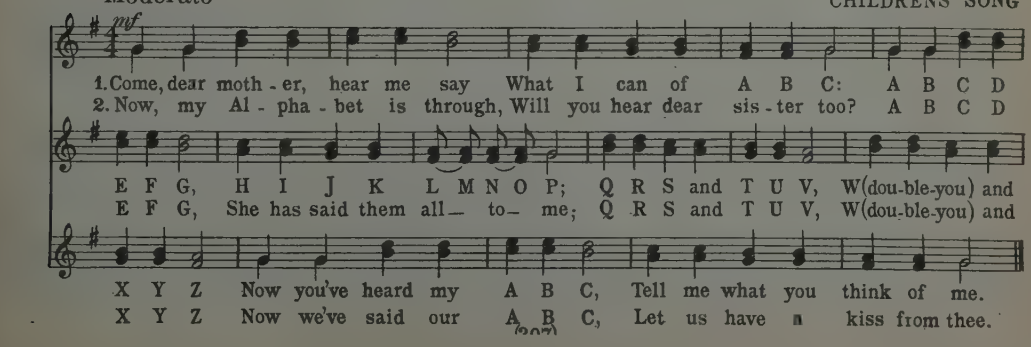
RAY PALMER — LOWELL MASON

Moderato


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart, My zeal in - spire! As Thou hast
while I pray; Take all my guilt a - way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and change - less be A liv - ing fire!

## Musical Alphabet

Moderato — CHILDRENS SONG


1. Come, dear moth - er, hear me say What I can of A B C: A B C D
2. Now, my Al - pha - bet is through, Will you hear dear sis - ter too? A B C D
E F G, H I J K L M N O P; Q R S and T U V, W (dou - ble - you) and
E F G, She has said them all — to — me; Q R S and T U V, W (dou - ble - you) and
X Y Z Now you've heard my A B C, Tell me what you think of me.
X Y Z Now we've said our A B C, Let us have a kiss from thee.

# Maggie's Welcome

Moderato

CLARIBEL

*mf*

1. All day I have tried to be spin-ning in vain, But my thoughts are with Ben for he's com-ing a-gain; The ship's come to port, as they tell me to-day, And is not she wel-come as
2. I've nev-er been i - dle since Ben went a - way, I've all my small earn-ings to show him to-day, And he will be bring-ing some gold of his own, Tho' half's for his moth-er, of

*mf*

flow-ers in May? They told me he'd nev-er come back to us here, But I'd nev - er a doubt and I'd
that will I none, O hap-py to see him once more in his home, They laugh'd me to scorn, but I

*f* *rit.*

nev - er a fear For no - bod - y knew what he whis-pered to me, Or what I re-plied ere he
knew he would come, I knew that my sail - or would nev - er for-get, I knew that my choice I should

*a tempo*

went out to sea. (And the ship's come to port, as they tell me to-day, She's welcome, she's welcome as flow-ers in May.
nev - er re-gret.)

# Mary Had A Little Lamb

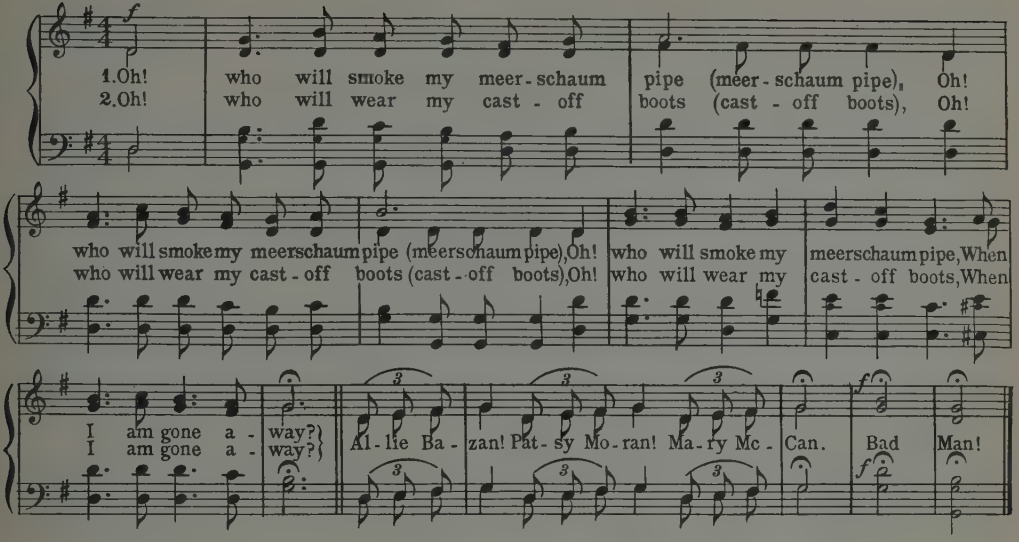
Andante

*mf*

1. Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb, Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb, Its fleece was white as snow.
2. And ev - 'ry - where that Ma - ry went, Ma - ry went, Ma - ry went, And ev - 'ry - where that Ma - ry went, The lamb was sure to go.

## Meerschaum Pipe

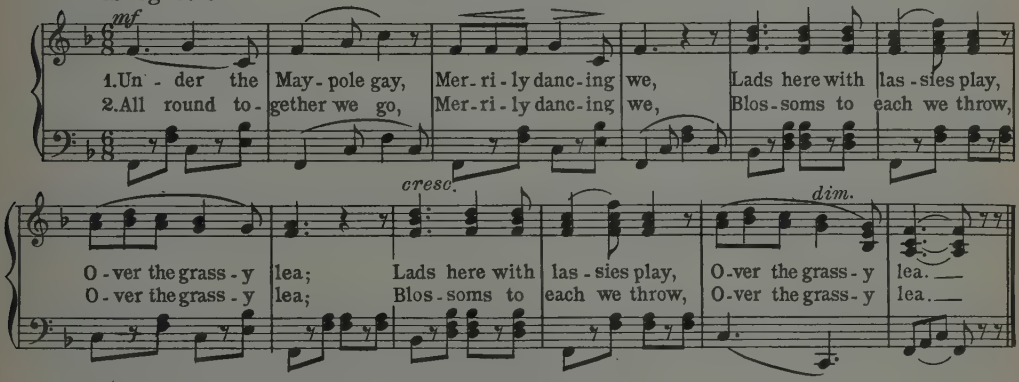
Moderato


1. Oh! who will smoke my meer-schaum pipe (meer-schaum pipe), Oh!
2. Oh! who will wear my cast-off boots (cast-off boots), Oh!
who will smoke my meerschaum pipe (meerschaum pipe), Oh! who will smoke my meerschaum pipe, When
who will wear my cast-off boots (cast-off boots), Oh! who will wear my cast-off boots, When
I am gone a-way?
I am gone a-way?
Al-lie Ba-zan! Pat-sy Mo-ran! Ma-ry Mc-Can. Bad Man!

## May-Day Song

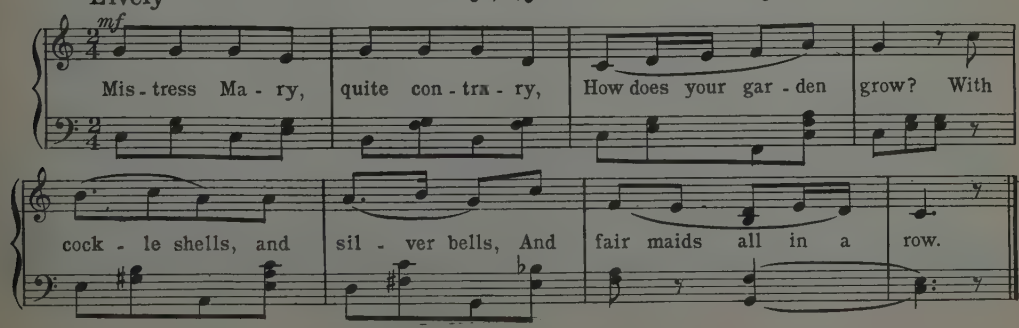
Allegretto

ALFRED S. GATTY


1. Un-der the May-pole gay, Mer-ri-ly danc-ing we, Lads here with las-sies play,
2. All round to-gether we go, Mer-ri-ly danc-ing we, Blos-soms to each we throw,
cresc.
dim.
O-ver the grass-y lea; Lads here with las-sies play, O-ver the grass-y lea.
O-ver the grass-y lea; Blos-soms to each we throw, O-ver the grass-y lea.

## Mistress Mary, Quite Contrary

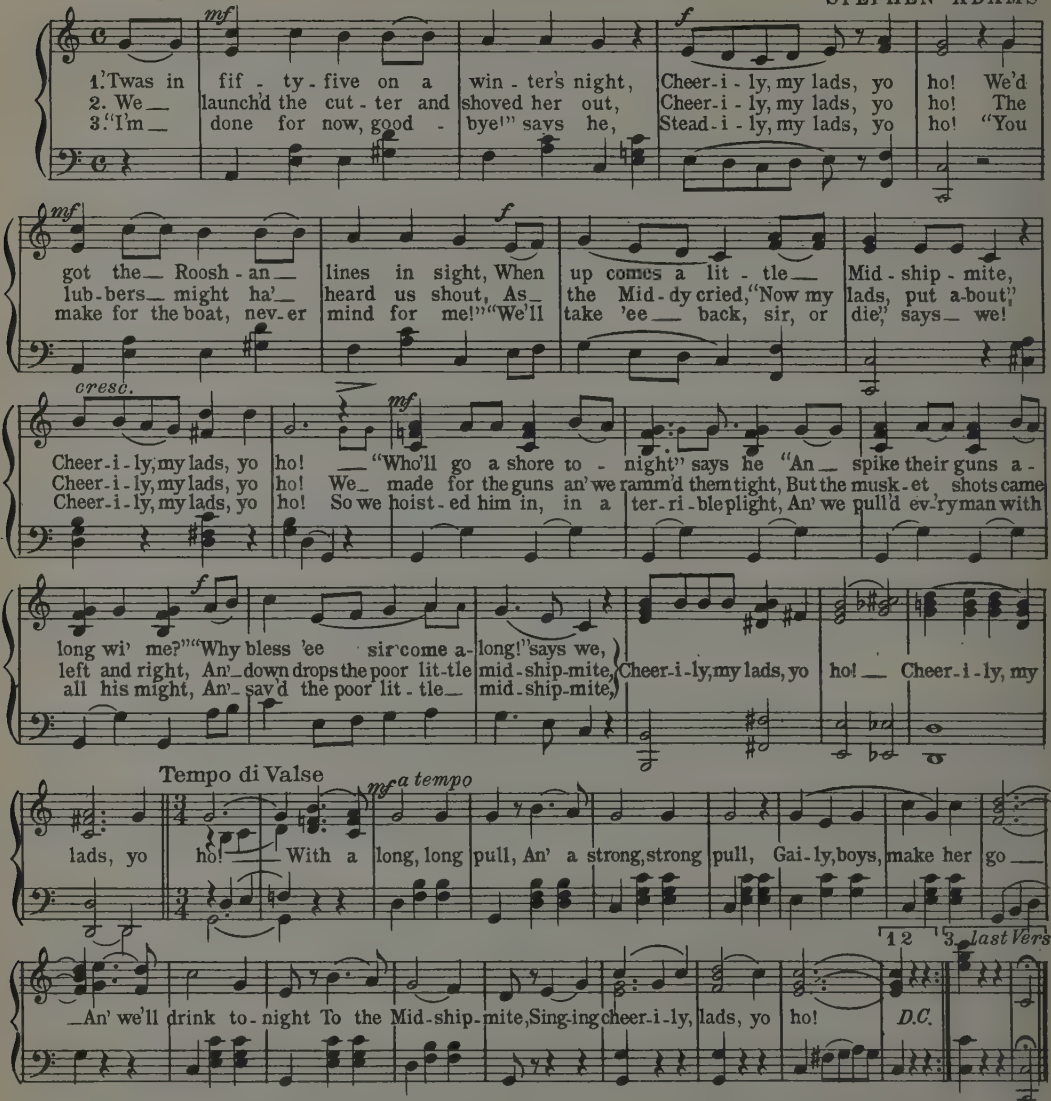
Lively



# The Midshipmite

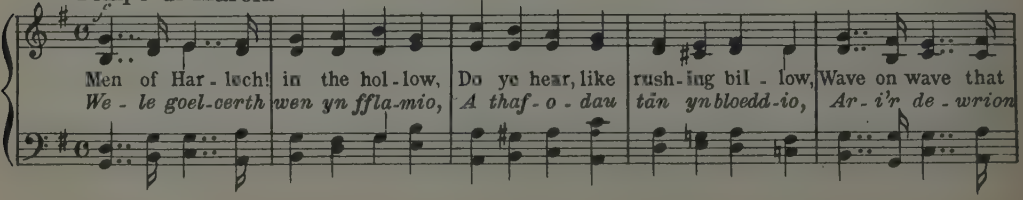
Con Spirito

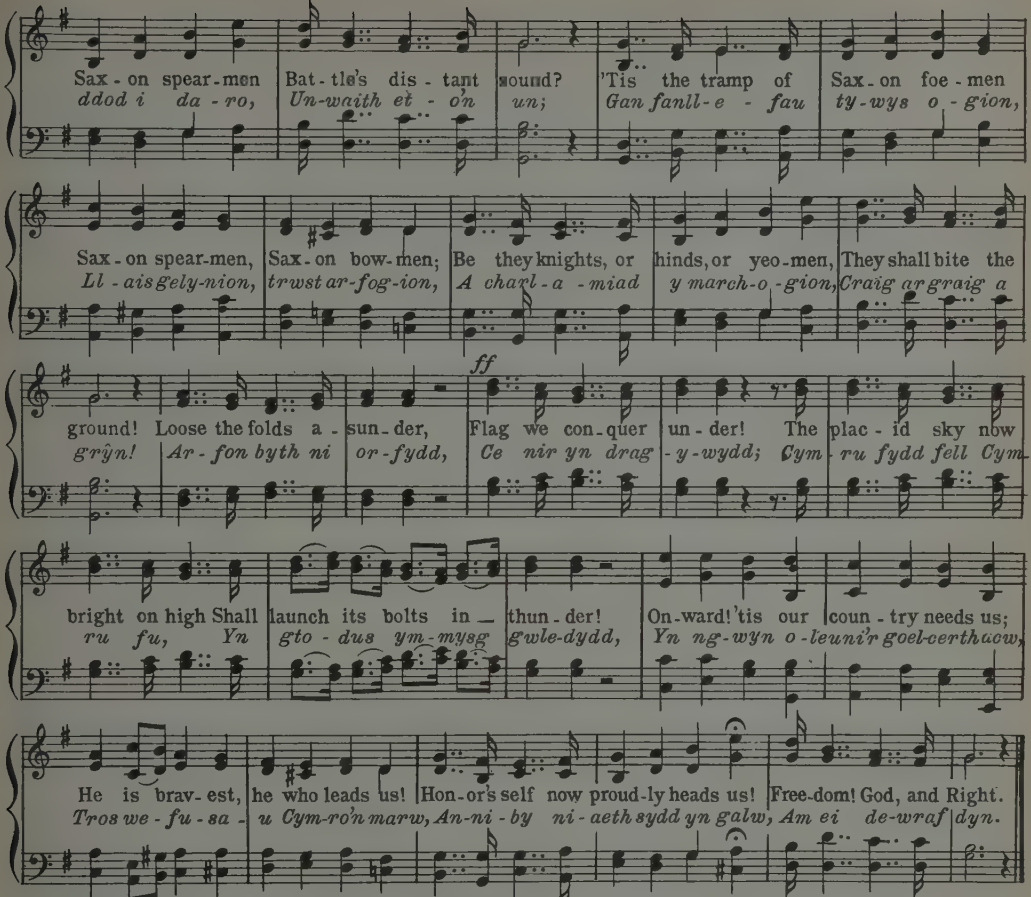
STEPHEN ADAMS


mf
1. 'Twas in fif - ty - five on a win - ter's night, Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! We'd
2. We launch'd the cut - ter and shoved her out, Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! The
3. "I'm done for now, good - bye!" says he, Stead - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! "You
f
got the Roosh - an lines in sight, When up comes a lit - tle Mid - ship - mite,
lub-bers might ha' heard us shout, As the Mid - dy cried, "Now my lads, put a-bout,"
make for the boat, nev - er mind for me!" "We'll take 'ee back, sir, or die," says we!
cresc.
mf
Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! "Who'll go a shore to - night" says he "An spike their guns a -
Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! We made for the guns an' we ramm'd them tight, But the musk - et shots came
Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! So we hoist - ed him in, in a ter - ri - ble plight, An' we pull'd ev'ry man with
f
long wi' me?" "Why bless 'ee sir come a - long!" says we,
left and right, An' down drops the poor lit - tle mid - ship - mite, Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! Cheer - i - ly, my
all his might, An' sav'd the poor lit - tle mid - ship - mite,
Tempo di Valse
mf a tempo
lads, yo ho! With a long, long pull, An' a strong, strong pull, Gai - ly, boys, make her go
1 2 3 last Verse
An' we'll drink to - night To the Mid - ship - mite, Sing - ing cheer - i - ly, lads, yo ho! D.C.

# March Of The Men Of Harlech

Tempo di Marcia

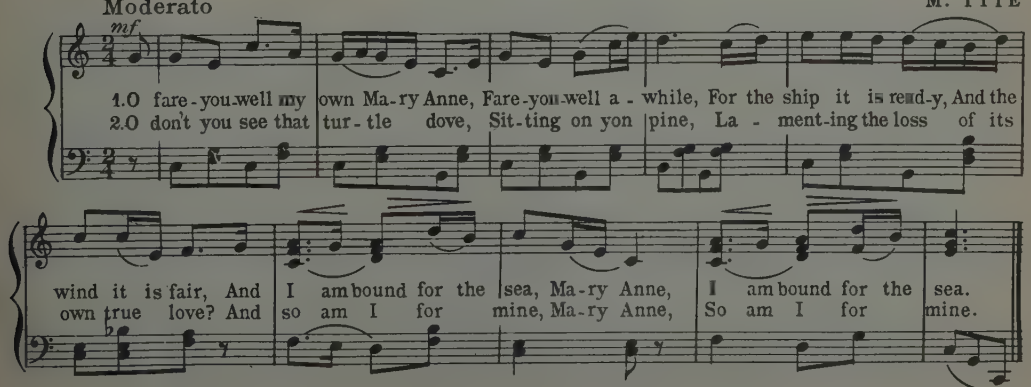

Men of Har - lech! in the hol - low, Do ye hear, like rush - ing bil - low, Wave on wave that
We - le goel - certh wen yn ffla - mio, A thaf - o - dau tân yn bloedd - io, Ar - i'r de - wrion


Sax - on spear - men Bat - tle's dis - tant sound? 'Tis the tramp of Sax - on foe - men
ddod i da - ro, Un-waith et - o'n un; Gan fanll-e - fau ty-wys o - gion,
Sax - on spear-men, Sax - on bow-men; Be they knights, or hinds, or yeo-men, They shall bite the
Ll - ais gely-nion, trwst ar-fog-ion, A charl - a - miad y march-o - gion, Craig ar graig a
ff
ground! Loose the folds a - sun - der, Flag we con - quer un - der! The plac - id sky now
grŷn! Ar - fon byth ni or - fydd, Ce nir yn drag - y - wydd; Cym - ru fydd fell Cym
bright on high Shall launch its bolts in — thun - der! On-ward! 'tis our coun - try needs us;
ru fu, Yn gto - dus ym - mysg gwle-dydd, Yn ng-wyn o - leuni'r goel-certh a cw,
He is brav - est, he who leads us! Hon - or's self now proud - ly heads us! Free-dom! God, and Right.
Tros we - fu - sa - u Cym-ro'n marw, An-ni - by ni - aeth sydd yn galw, Am ei de-wraf dyn.

## My Mary Anne

Moderato

M. TYTE


mf
1.O fare - you-well my own Ma - ry Anne, Fare - you-well a - while, For the ship it is read - y, And the
2.O don't you see that tur - tle dove, Sit - ting on yon pine, La - ment - ing the loss of its
wind it is fair, And I am bound for the sea, Ma - ry Anne, I am bound for the sea.
own true love? And so am I for mine, Ma - ry Anne, So am I for mine.

# The Moon Is Beaming O'er The Lake

Allegretto

JOHN BLOCKLEY

*mf*

1. The moon is beam-ing o'er the lake, Come sail in our light ca-noe; Sweet sounds of mu-sic
2. The ves-per bell is peal-ing, From yon-der lone-ly tower; Its tones now gent-ly

we'll a-wake, As we glide o'er the wa-ters blue. In our light ca-noe, As mer-ry we row,
steal-ing, Pro-claim the ves-per hour. Sweet sounds a-rise, To the tran-quil skies, Like

O-ver the rip-pling sil-ver tide; While free from care, Our spir-its are, As a-
one of earth's sweet-est mel-o-dies; Now sad, now gay, As it floats a-way, On the

way we mer-ri-ly glide, The moon is beam-ing o'er the lake, Come
wings of the sum-mer breeze,

sail in our light ca-noe; Sweet sounds of mu-sic we'll a-wake, As we glide o'er the wa-ters blue.

# The Marseillaise

Allegro marziale

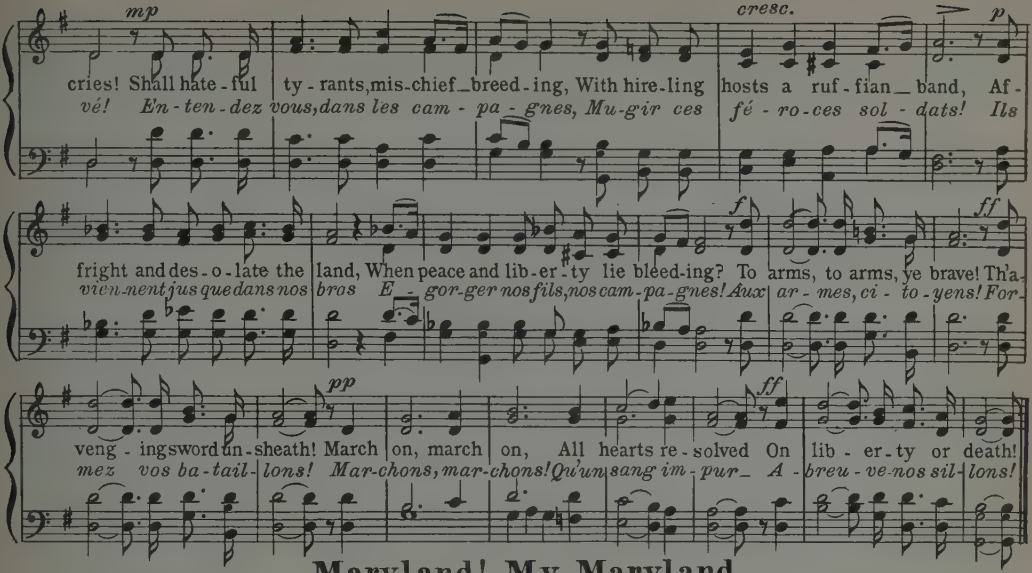
ROUGET DE LISLE

*mf*

1. Ye sons of Free-dom, wake to glo-ry! Hark! hark! what my-riads bid you rise! Your children
1. *Al-lons en-fants de la pa-tri-e! Le jour de gloire est ar-ri-vé! Con-tre*

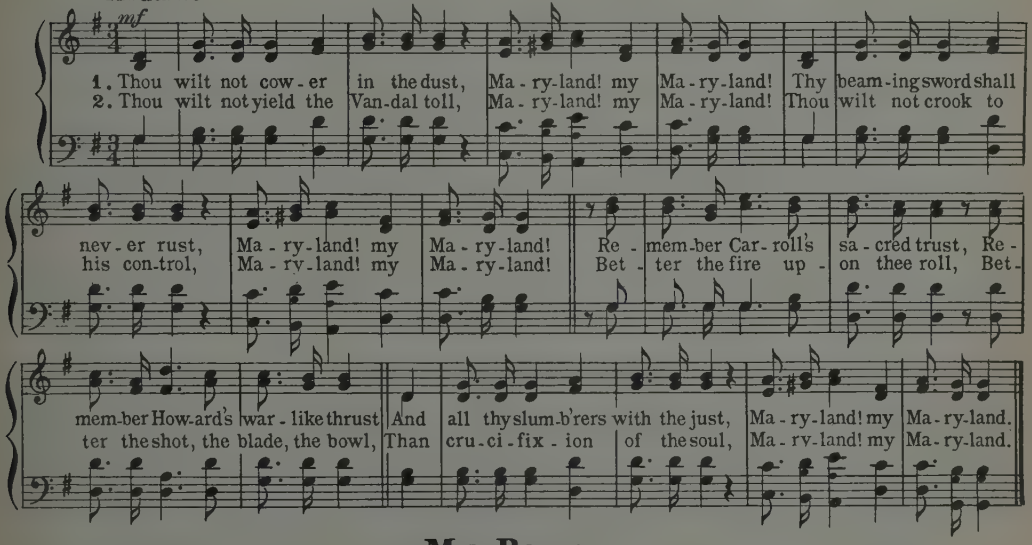
*ff*

wives, and grandsires hoar-y, Be-hold their tears, and hear their cries! Be-hold their tears, and hear their
*nous de la ty-ran-ni-e L'é-ten-dard san-glant est le-vé! L'é-ten-dard san-glant est le-*


mp
cresc.
p
cries! Shall hate-ful ty-rants, mis-chief breed-ing, With hire-ling hosts a ruf-fian band, Af-
vé! En-ten-dez vous, dans les cam-pa-gnes, Mu-gir ces fé-ro-ces sol-dats! Ils
f
ff
fright and des-o-late the land, When peace and lib-er-ty lie bleed-ing? To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a-
vien-nent jus que dans nos bras E-gor-ger nos fils, nos com-pa-gnes! Aux ar-mes, ci-to-yens! For-
pp
ff
veng-ing sword un-sheath! March on, march on, All hearts re-solved On lib-er-ty or death!
mez vos ba-tail-lons! Mar-chons, mar-chons! Qu'un sang im-pur A-breu-ve nos sil-lons!

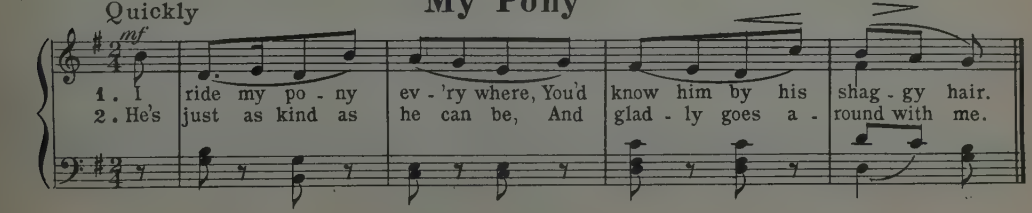
## Maryland! My Maryland

Andante


mf
1. Thou wilt not cow-er in the dust, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land! Thy beam-ing sword shall
2. Thou wilt not yield the Van-dal toll, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land! Thou wilt not crook to
nev-er rust, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land! Re-mem-ber Car-roll's sa-cred trust, Re-
his con-trol, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land! Bet-ter the fire up-on thee roll, Bet-
mem-ber How-ard's war-like thrust And all thy slum-b'rers with the just, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land.
ter the shot, the blade, the bowl, Than cru-ci-fix-ion of the soul, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land.

## My Pony

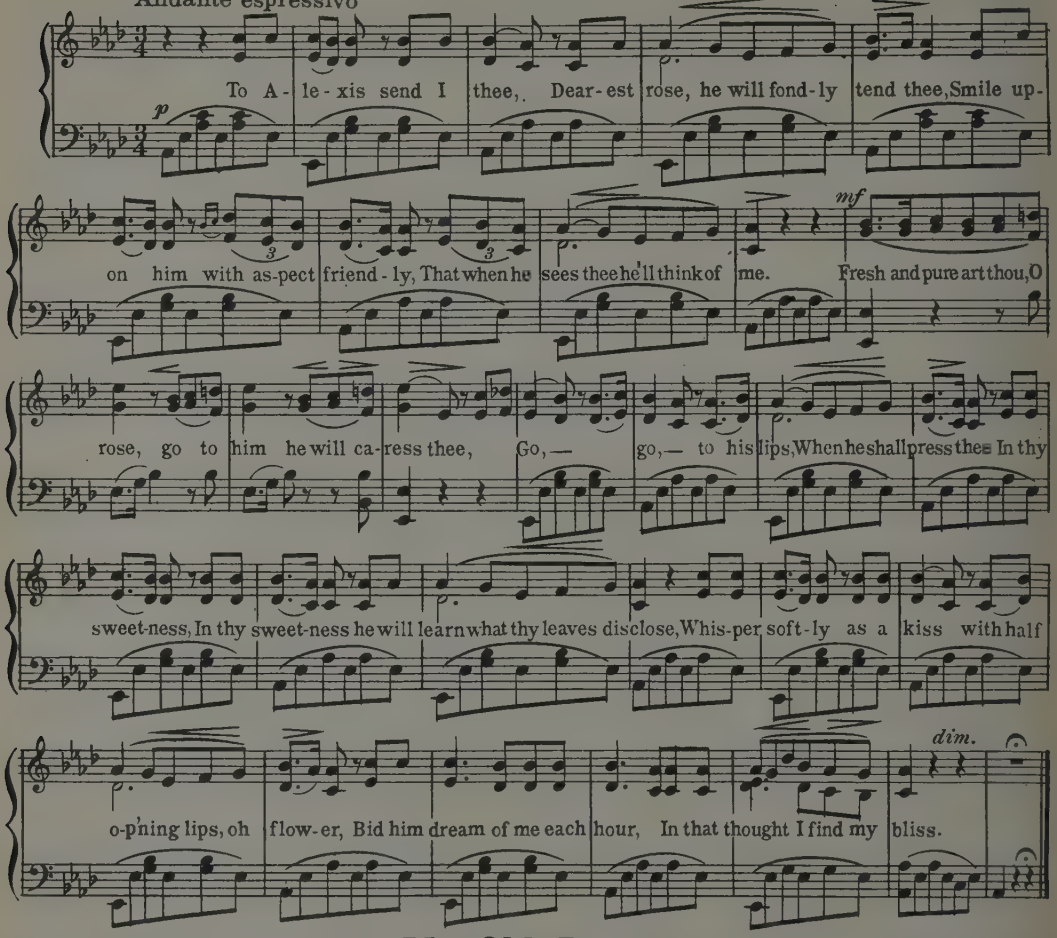
Quickly



# The Message Of The Rose

Andante espressivo

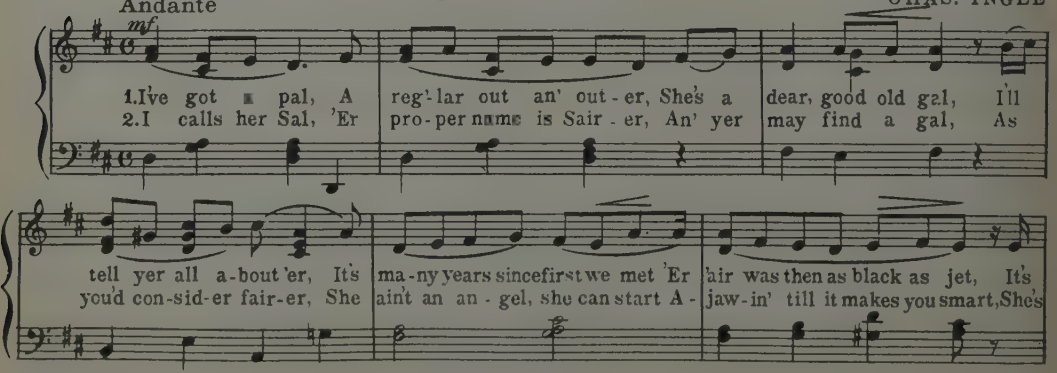
F. H. HIMMEL

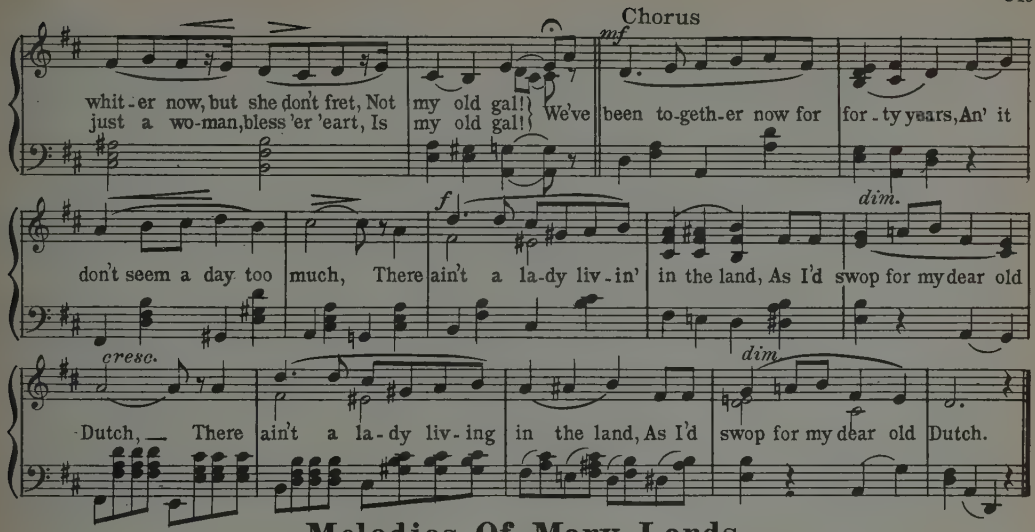

To A - le - xis send I thee, Dear - est rose, he will fond - ly tend thee, Smile up -
on him with as - pect friend - ly, That when he sees thee he'll think of me. Fresh and pure art thou, O
rose, go to him he will ca - ress thee, Go, — go, — to his lips, When he shall press thee In thy
sweet - ness, In thy sweet - ness he will learn what thy leaves disclose, Whis - per soft - ly as a kiss with half
o - p'ning lips, oh flow - er, Bid him dream of me each hour, In that thought I find my bliss.
p
mf
dim.

# My Old Dutch

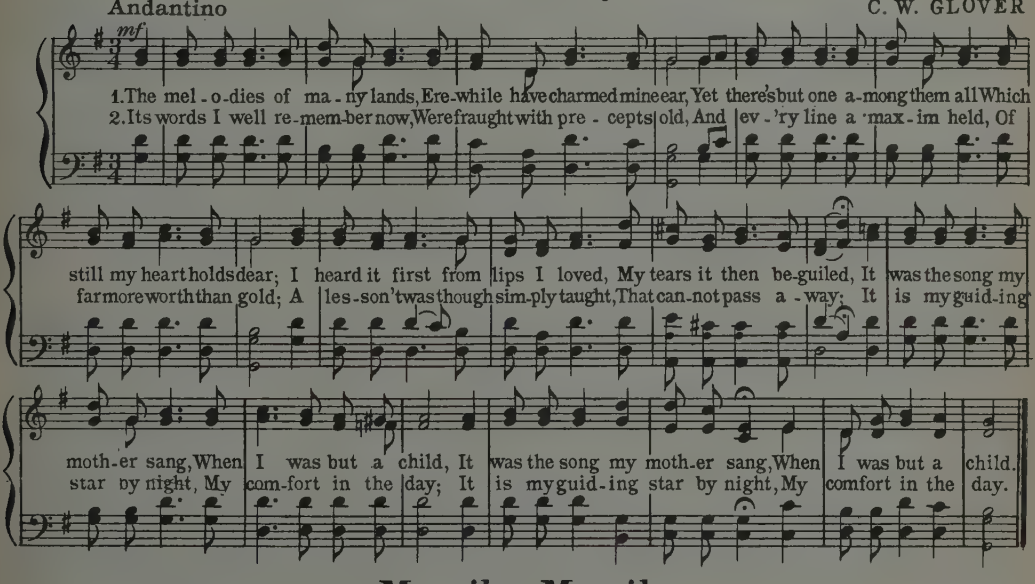
Andante

CHAS. INGLE

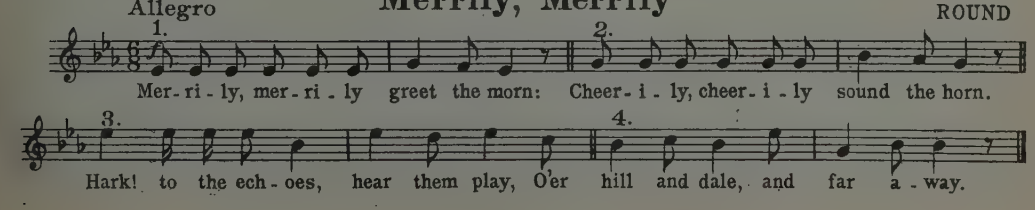

mf
1. I've got a pal, A reg - 'lar out an' out - er, She's a dear, good old gal, I'll
2. I calls her Sal, 'Er pro - per name is Sair - er, An' yer may find a gal, As
tell yer all a - bout 'er, It's ma - ny years since first we met 'Er hair was then as black as jet, It's
you'd con - sid - er fair - er, She ain't an an - gel, she can start A - jaw - in' till it makes you smart, She's


Chorus
mf
whit-er now, but she don't fret, Not my old gal! We've been to-geth-er now for for-ty years, An' it
just a wo-man, bless 'er 'eart, Is my old gal!
f
dim.
don't seem a day too much, There ain't a la-dy liv-in' in the land, As I'd swop for my dear old
cresc.
dim
Dutch, There ain't a la-dy liv-ing in the land, As I'd swop for my dear old Dutch.

## Melodies Of Many Lands


Andantino
C. W. GLOVER
mf
1. The mel-o-dies of ma-ny lands, Ere-while have charmed mine ear, Yet there's but one a-mong them all Which
2. Its words I well re-mem-ber now, Were fraught with pre-cepts old, And ev-'ry line a max-im held, Of
still my heart holds dear; I heard it first from lips I loved, My tears it then be-guiled, It was the song my
far more worth than gold; A les-son 'twas though sim-ply taught, That can-not pass a-way; It is my guid-ing
moth-er sang, When I was but a child, It was the song my moth-er sang, When I was but a child.
star by night, My com-fort in the day; It is my guid-ing star by night, My comfort in the day.

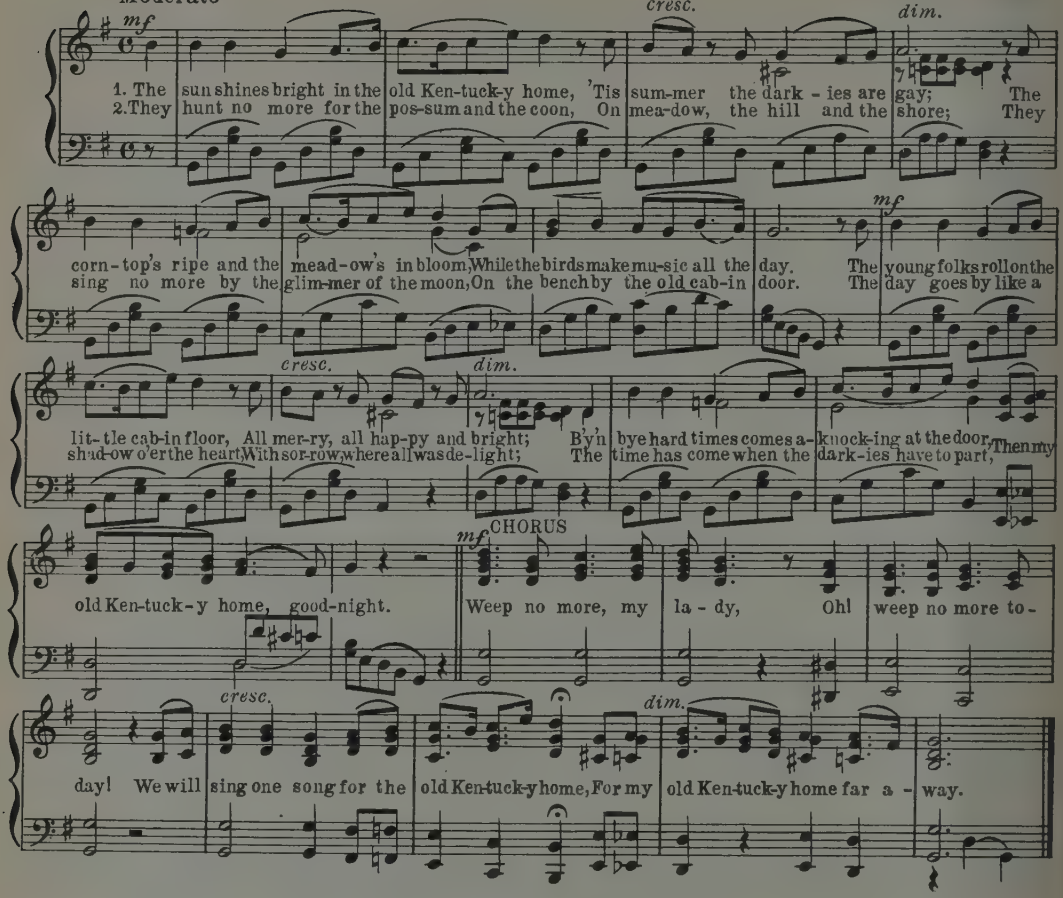
## Merrily, Merrily



# My Old Kentucky Home

Moderato

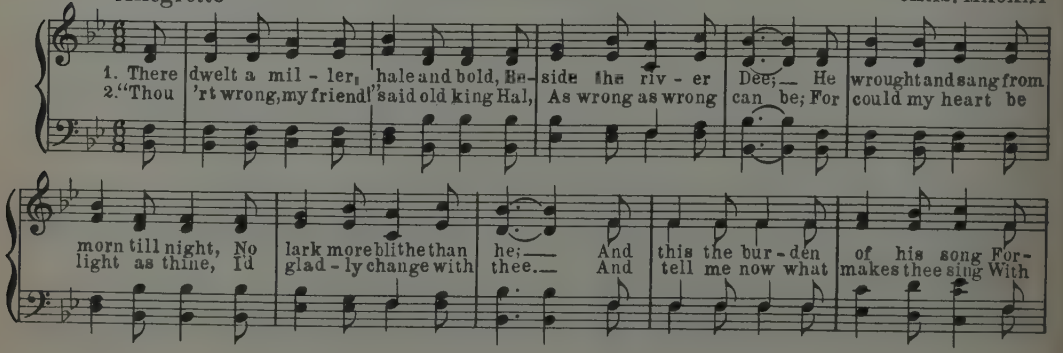
STEPHEN FOSTER

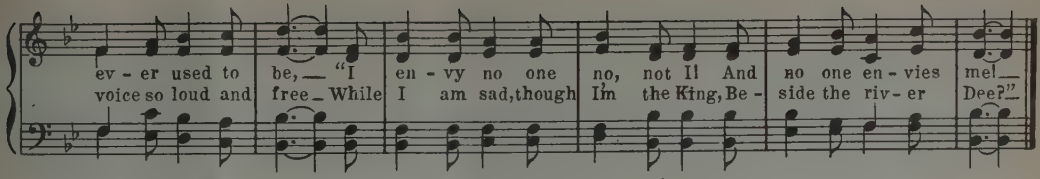

mf
cresc.
dim.
1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer the dark - ies are gay; The
2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On mea-dow, the hill and the shore; They
corn-top's ripe and the mead-ow's in bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the day. The young folks roll on the
sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in door. The day goes by like a
mf
cresc.
dim.
lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright; By'n bye hard times comes a-knock-ing at the door, Then my
shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor-row, where all was de-light; The time has come when the dark-ies have to part,
CHORUS
mf
old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night.
Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh! weep no more to-
cresc.
dim.
day! We will sing one song for the old Ken-tuck-y home, For my old Ken-tuck-y home far a - way.

# The Miller Of The Dee

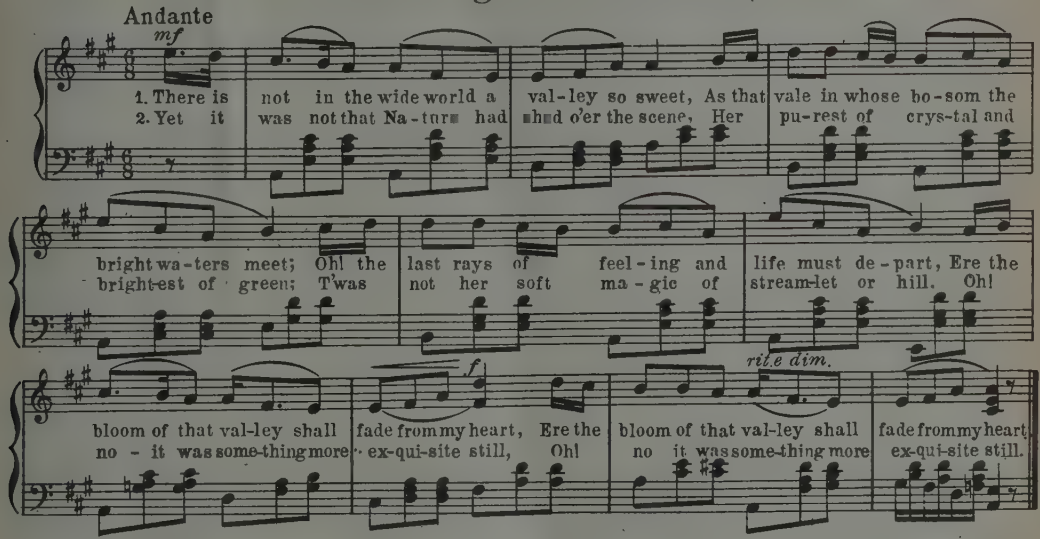
Allegretto

CHAS. MACKAY

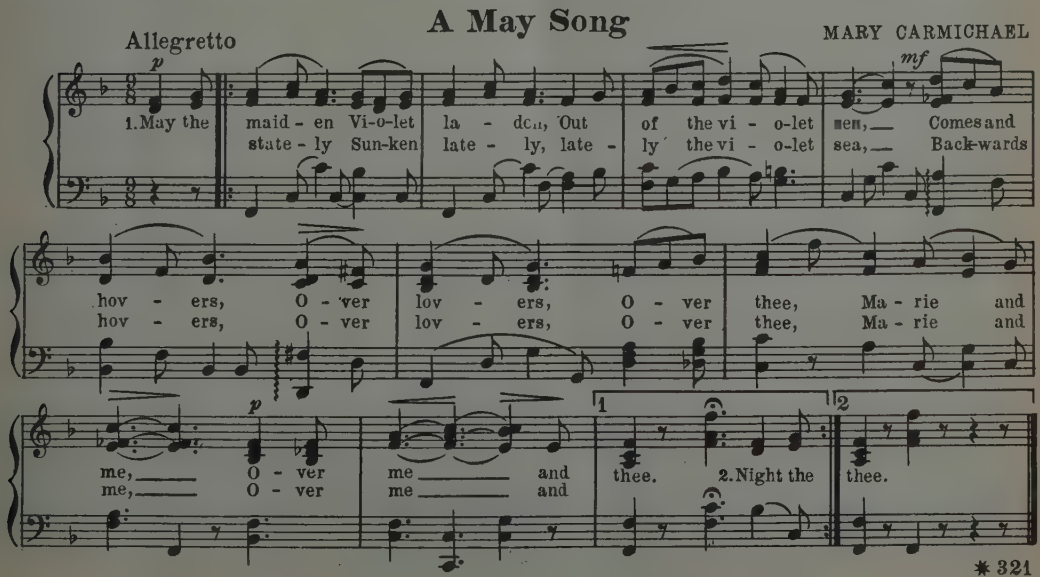

1. There dwelt a mil - ler, hale and bold, Be-side the riv - er Dee; He wrought and sang from
2. "Thou 'rt wrong, my friend!" said old king Hal, As wrong as wrong can be; For could my heart be
morn till night, No lark more blithe than he; And this the bur-den of his song For-
light as thine, I'd glad - ly change with thee. And tell me now what makes thee sing With


ev - er used to be, — "I en - vy no one no, not I! And no one en - vies me —
voice so loud and free — While I am sad, though I'm the King, Be - side the riv - er Dee?"

## The Meeting Of The Waters


Andante
mf
1. There is not in the wide world a val-ley so sweet, As that vale in whose bo-som the
2. Yet it was not that Na-ture had shed o'er the scene, Her pu-rest of crys-tal and
bright wa-ters meet; Oh! the last rays of feel-ing and life must de-part, Ere the
bright-est of green; 'Twas not her soft ma-gic of stream-let or hill. Oh!
f
rit.e dim.
bloom of that val-ley shall fade from my heart, Ere the bloom of that val-ley shall fade from my heart,
no - it was some-thing more ex-qui-site still, Oh! no it was some-thing more ex-qui-site still.

## A May Song


Allegretto
MARY CARMICHAEL
p
mf
1. May the maid - en Vi-o-let la - dies, Out of the vi - o-let scent, Comes and
state - ly Sun-ken late - ly, late - ly the vi - o-let sea, Back-wards
hov - ers, O - ver lov - ers, O - ver thee, Ma - rie and
hov - ers, O - ver lov - ers, O - ver thee, Ma - rie and
p
me, O - ver me and thee. 2. Night the thee.
me, O - ver me and

# Mother's Old Red Shawl

C. MOULAND

Moderato

*mf*

1. It now lies on the shelf, it is fa - ded and torn, That dear old shawl by moth-er
2. Oh, my heart of - ten aches with a dull, throb-bing pain, When child-hood vis-ions come a-

worn, 'Tis all that is left for this heart to a-dore, To bring to mind those hap-py days of
gain, And sad - ly I think of the days that are past, Too joy-ous and too beau-ti - ful to

*mf*

yore; How of - ten the hands to these folds have been press'd, That now be-neath the daisies are at
last; Oh, fond love-ly childhood made bright by the smile, Of one whose love could ev-'ry care be-

*dim.*

rest; — The tears come unbidden and si - lent-ly fall, To gleam like gems on moth-er's old red
guile; — How glad - ly I'd fly from the world's bitter thrall, To seek the heart that throbb'd beneath this

*p*

shawl It is use - ful no more, Yet I fond-ly a-dore That dear old shawl my moth-er
shawl It is

*cresc.*

wore; And thro' life it shall be a loved treasure to me, That lit - tle old red shawl my mother wore.

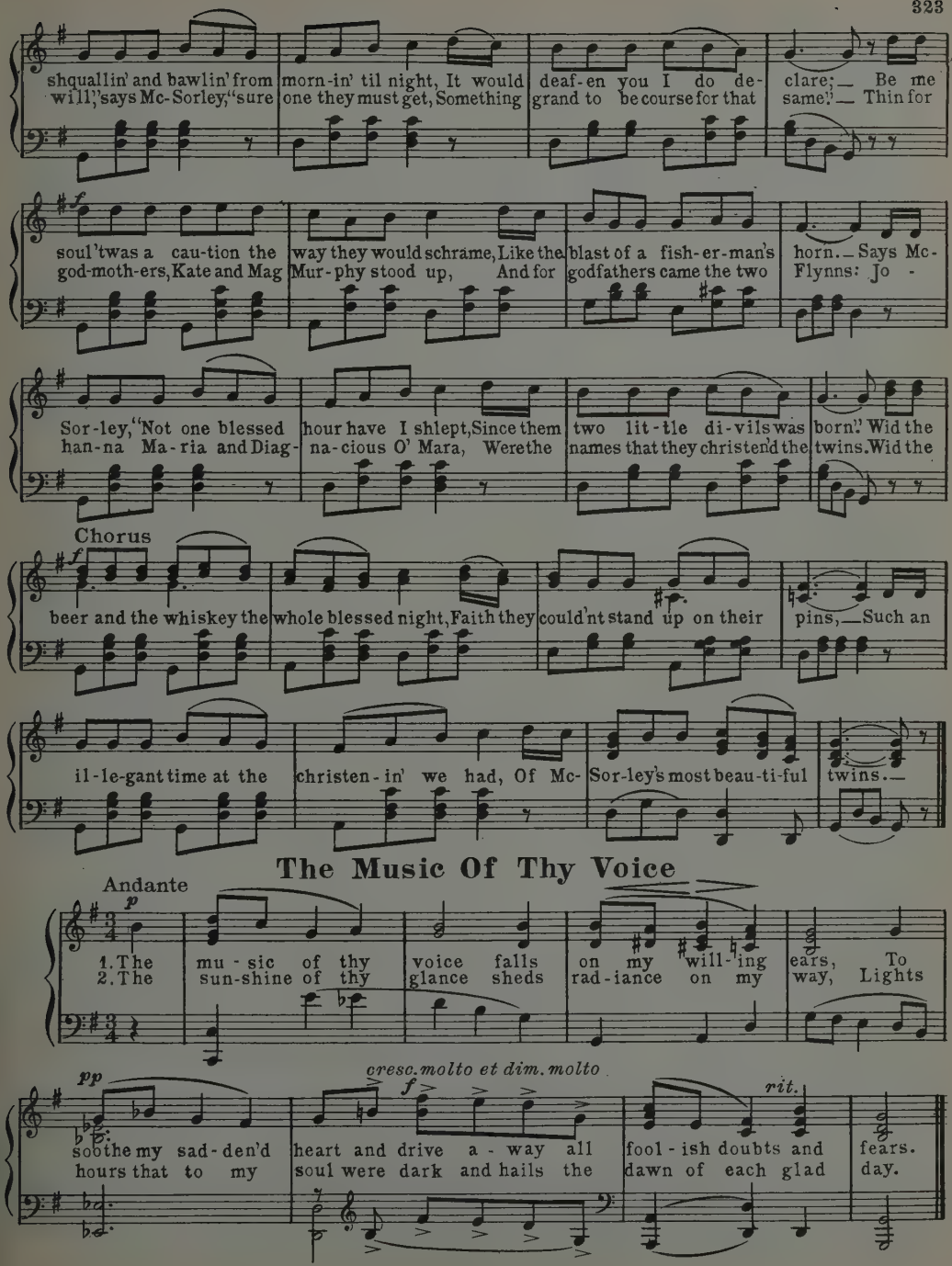
*f*

# McSorley's Twins

Lively

*f*

1. Ar rah! Mrs. Mc-Sor-ley had fine pur - ty twins, Two fat lit-tle di-vils they were, — Wid —
2. Says Mrs. Mc-Sor-ley, "A christenin' we'll have, Just to give me two dar-lin's a name;" "Faith we

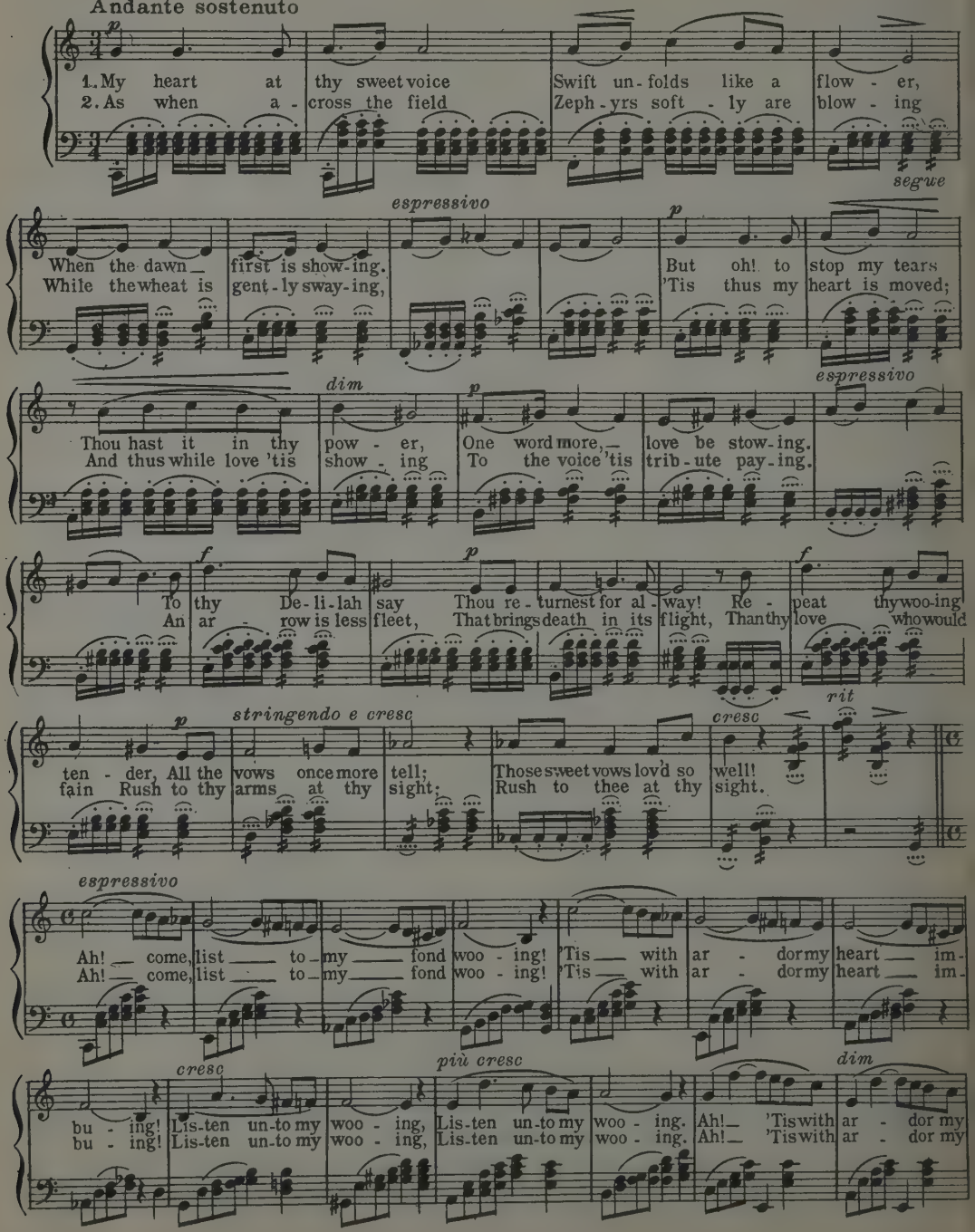

shquallin' and bawlin' from morn-in' til night, It would deaf-en you I do de- clare; — Be me
will,'says Mc-Sorley,"sure one they must get, Something grand to be course for that same!" — Thin for
soul 'twas a cau-tion the way they would schrame, Like the blast of a fish-er-man's horn. — Says Mc-
god-moth-ers, Kate and Mag Mur-phy stood up, And for godfathers came the two Flynns: Jo -
Sor-ley, "Not one blessed hour have I shlept, Since them two lit-tle di-vils was born!" Wid the
han-na Ma-ria and Diag- na-cious O' Mara, Were the names that they christen'd the twins. Wid the
Chorus
beer and the whiskey the whole blessed night, Faith they could'nt stand up on their pins, — Such an
il-le-gant time at the christen-in' we had, Of Mc- Sor-ley's most beau-ti-ful twins. —
The Music Of Thy Voice
Andante
1. The mu-sic of thy voice falls on my will-ing ears, To
2. The sun-shine of thy glance sheds rad-iance on my way, Lights
cresc. molto et dim. molto
rit.
soothe my sad-den'd heart and drive a-way all fool-ish doubts and fears.
hours that to my soul were dark and hails the dawn of each glad day.

"SAMSON and DELILAH"

# My Heart At Thy Sweet Voice

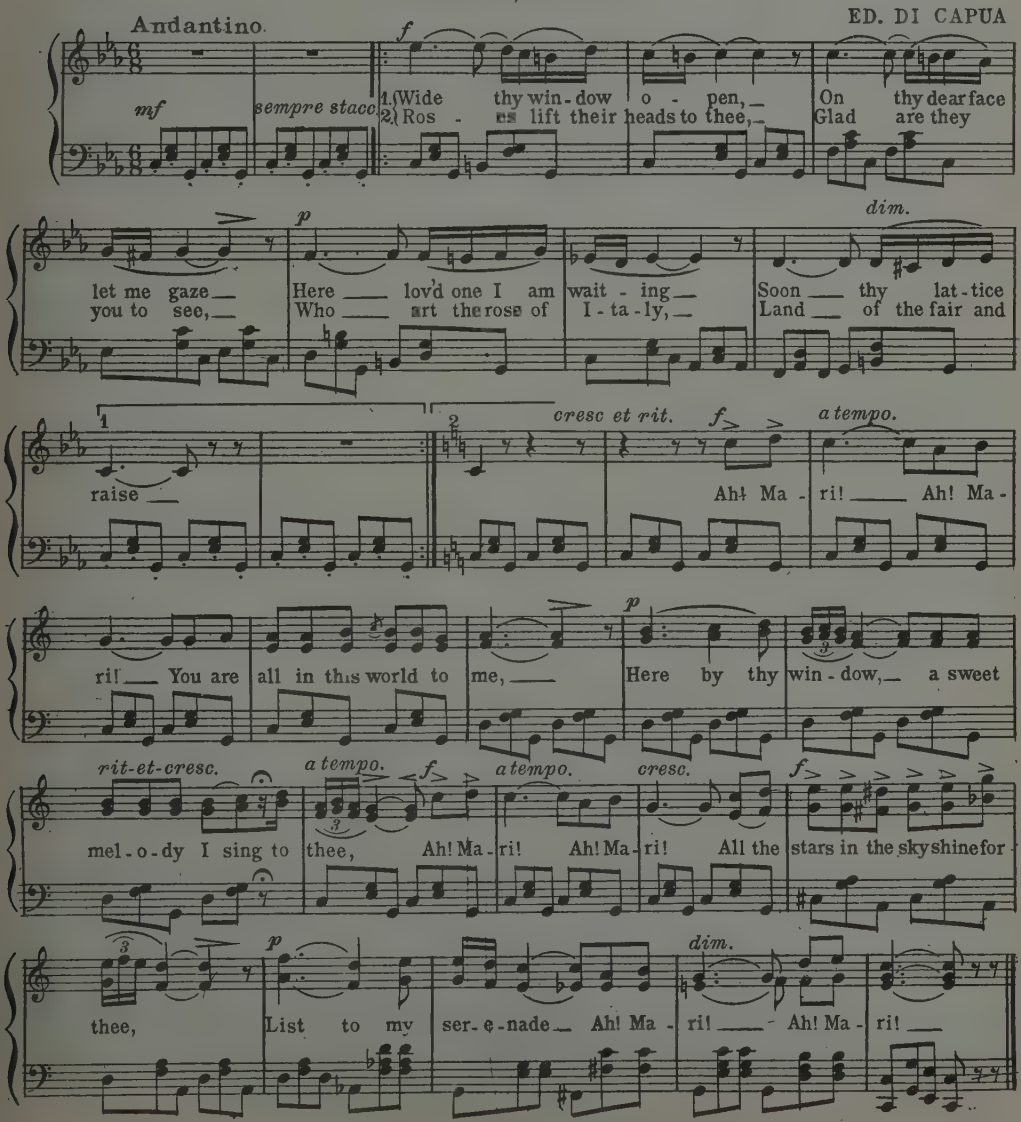
C. SAINT-SAËNS

Andante sostenuto


p
1. My heart at thy sweet voice Swift un-folds like a flow-er,
2. As when a-cross the field Zeph-yrs soft-ly are blow-ing
segue
espressivo
p
When the dawn first is show-ing. But oh! to stop my tears
While the wheat is gent-ly sway-ing, 'Tis thus my heart is moved;
dim
p
espressivo
Thou hast it in thy pow-er, One word more, love be stow-ing.
And thus while love 'tis show-ing To the voice 'tis trib-ute pay-ing.
f
p
f
To thy De-li-lah say Thou re-turnest for al-way! Re-peat thy woo-ing
An ar-row is less fleet, That brings death in its flight, Than thy love who would
p
stringendo e cresc
cresc
rit
ten-der, All the vows once more tell; Those sweet vows lov'd so well!
fain Rush to thy arms at thy sight; Rush to thee at thy sight.
espressivo
Ah! come, list to my fond woo-ing! 'Tis with ar-dor my heart im-
Ah! come, list to my fond woo-ing! 'Tis with ar-dor my heart im-
cresc
più cresc
dim
bu-ing! Lis-ten un-to my woo-ing, Lis-ten un-to my woo-ing. Ah! 'Tis with ar-dor my
bu-ing! Lis-ten un-to my woo-ing, Lis-ten un-to my woo-ing. Ah! 'Tis with ar-dor my

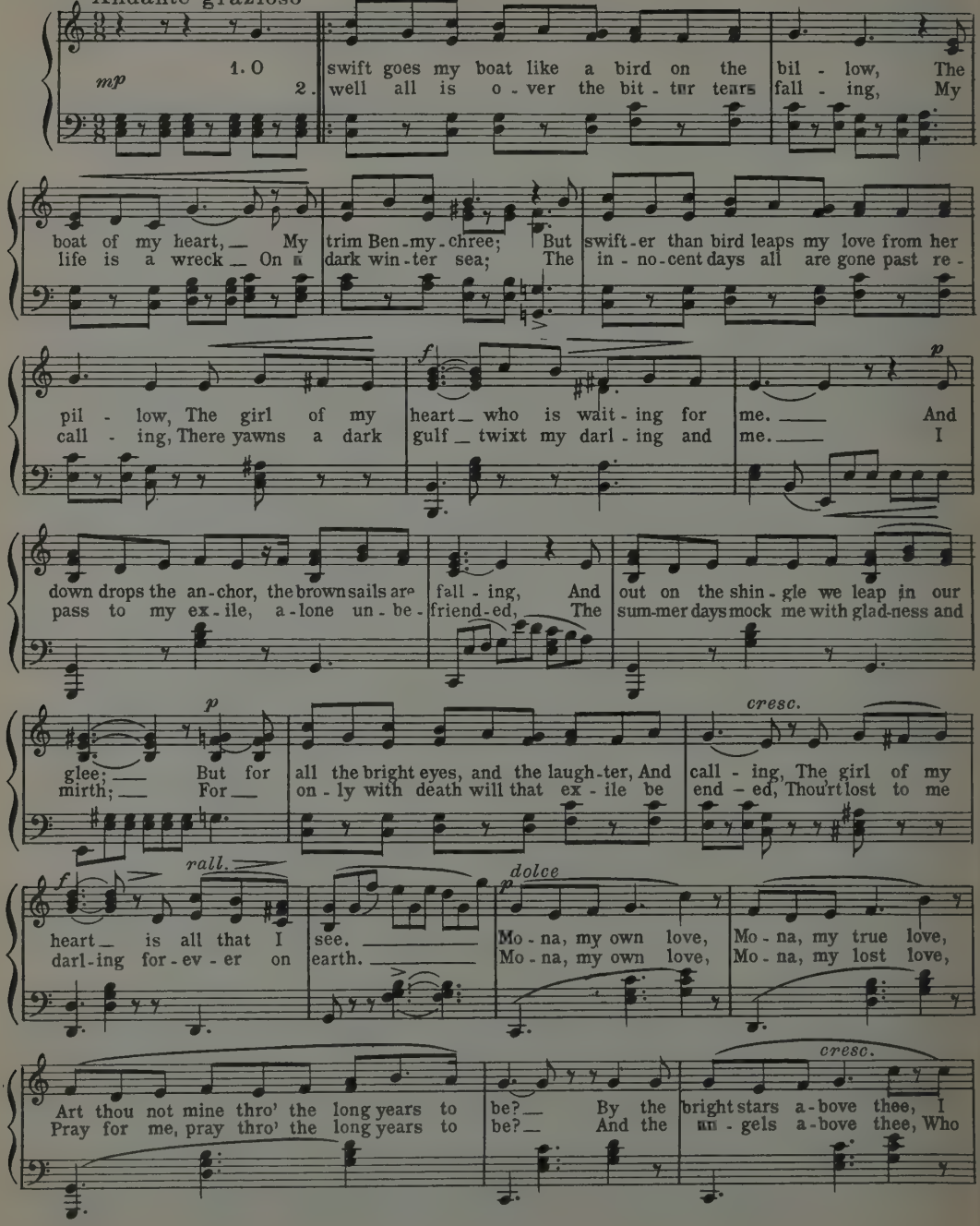
# Maria, Mari!

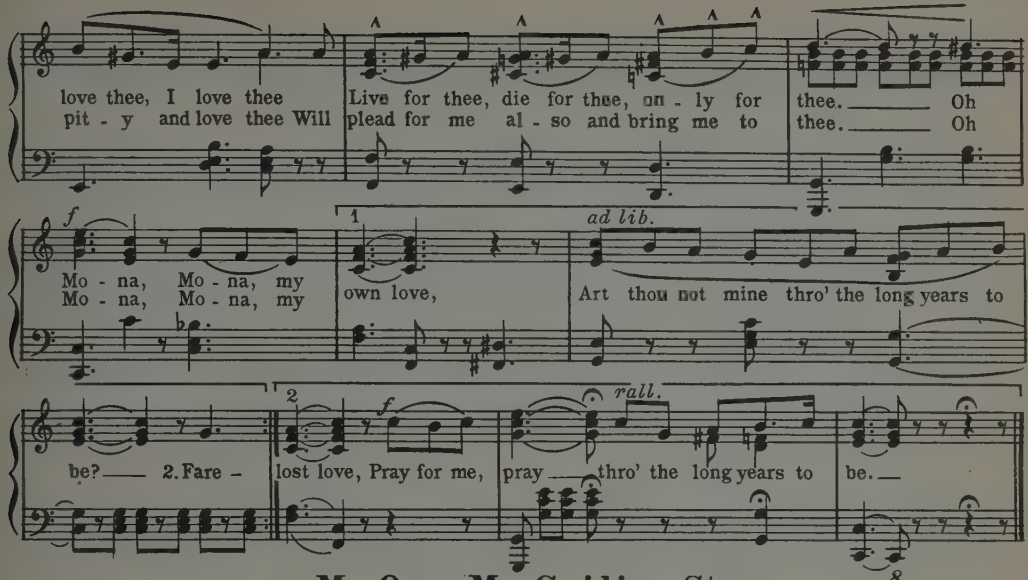
ED. DI CAPUA



# Mona

STEPHEN ADAMS

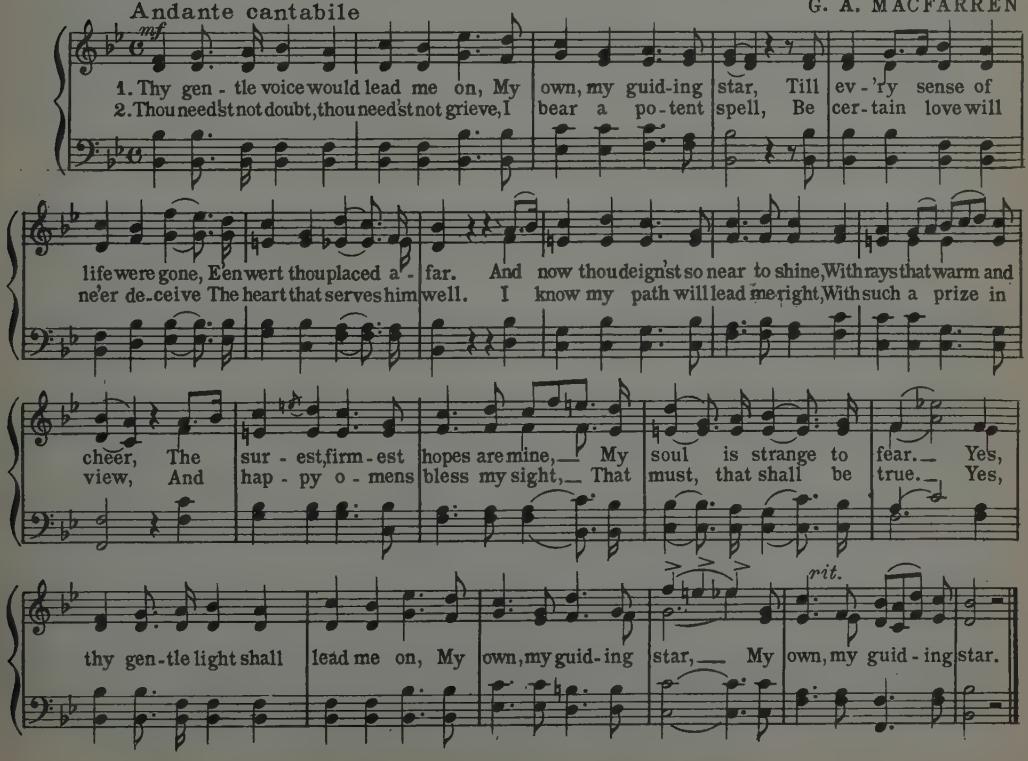

Andante grazioso
mp
1. O swift goes my boat like a bird on the bil - low, The
2. well all is o - ver the bit - ter tears fall - ing, My
boat of my heart, My trim Ben-my-chree; But swift-er than bird leaps my love from her
life is a wreck On dark win-ter sea; The in - no-cent days all are gone past re -
pil - low, The girl of my heart who is wait - ing for me. And
call - ing, There yawns a dark gulf twixt my darl - ing and me. I
f
p
down drops the an-chor, the brown sails are fall - ing, And out on the shin - gle we leap in our
pass to my ex - ile, a - lone un - be - friend-ed, The sum-mer days mock me with glad-ness and
p
glee; But for all the bright eyes, and the laugh-ter, And call - ing, The girl of my
mirth; For only with death will that ex - ile be end - ed, Thou'rt lost to me
cresc.
f
rall.
heart is all that I see.
darl-ing for-ev - er on earth.
p
dolce
Mo - na, my own love,
Mo - na, my own love,
Mo - na, my true love,
Mo - na, my lost love,
Art thou not mine thro' the long years to be? By the
Pray for me, pray thro' the long years to be? And the
cresc.
bright stars a - bove thee, I
an - gels a - bove thee, Who


love thee, I love thee
pit - y and love thee Will
Live for thee, die for thee, on - ly for
plead for me al - so and bring me to
thee. Oh
thee. Oh
f
Mo - na, Mo - na, my
Mo - na, Mo - na, my
1
own love,
ad lib.
Art thou not mine thro' the long years to
be? 2. Fare -
2
f
lost love, Pray for me,
rall.
pray thro' the long years to
be.

## My Own, My Guiding Star

Andante cantabile

G. A. MACFARREN


mf
1. Thy gen - tle voice would lead me on, My
2. Thou need'st not doubt, thou need'st not grieve, I
own, my guid-ing star, Till
bear a po-tent spell, Be
ev-'ry sense of
cer-tain love will
life were gone, E'en wert thou placed a' - far. And
ne'er de-ceive The heart that serves him well. I
now thou deign'st so near to shine, With rays that warm and
know my path will lead me right, With such a prize in
cheer, The
view, And
sur - est, firm - est
hap - py o - mens
hopes are mine, My
bless my sight, That
soul is strange to
must, that shall be
fear. Yes,
true. Yes,
thy gen-tle light shall
lead me on, My
own, my guid-ing
star, My
own, my guid - ing
star.
rit.

# Nelly Bly

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Moderato

*mf*

1. Nel-ly Bly! Nel-ly Bly! bring de broom a-long, We'll sweep de kitch-en clean, my dear, And
2. Nel-ly Bly! hab a voice like de tur-tle dove, I hears it in de mead-ow, and I

hab a lit-tle song. Poke de wood, my la-dy lub, and make de fire burn, And
hears it in de grove; Nel-ly Bly, hab a heart warm as a cup ob tea, And

*Slower*

while I take de ban-jo down, Just gib de mush a turn.
big-ger dan de sweet po-ta-to down in Ten-nes-see.

Chorus in time

*f*

Heigh! Nel-ly, Ho! Nel-ly,

*dim.*

list-en, lub, to me, I'll sing for you, play for you, a dul-cem mel-o-dy.

# Nut Brown Maiden

Moderato

*mf*

1. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast a bright blue eye for love, Nut brown maid-en, Thou
2. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast a ru-by lip to kiss, Nut brown maid-en, Thou

*Fine*

hast a bright blue eye; A bright blue eye is thine, love! The glance in it is mine, love!
hast a ru-by lip; A ru-by lip is thine, love! The kiss-ing of it's mine, love!

*D.C.*

# No One To Love

Andante

*p*

1. No one to love, none to ca-ress, Roam-ing a-lone through this
2. In dreams a-lone, loved ones I see, And well known voic-es then

world's wil - der - ness; Sad is my heart, joy is un - known,
whis - per to me; Sigh - ing I wake, wak - ing I weep;

Fine. p

For in my sor - row I'm weep - ing a - lone; No gen - tle voice,
Soon with the loved and the lost I shall sleep; Oh, bliss - ful rest!

rit. D.C.

No ten - der smile Makes me re - joice, or cares be - guile.
What heart would stay, Un - loved, un - blessed, from Heav'n a - way.

"HOLY CITY"

## No Shadows Yonder

A. R. GAUL

𝄵 Andante

p f mf p

No shad-ows yon-der! All light and song! Each day I won-der and say "How

mf p Fine mf

long shall time me sun-der from that dear throng?" No weep-ing yon - der!

All fled a - way! While here I wan - der Each wea - ry

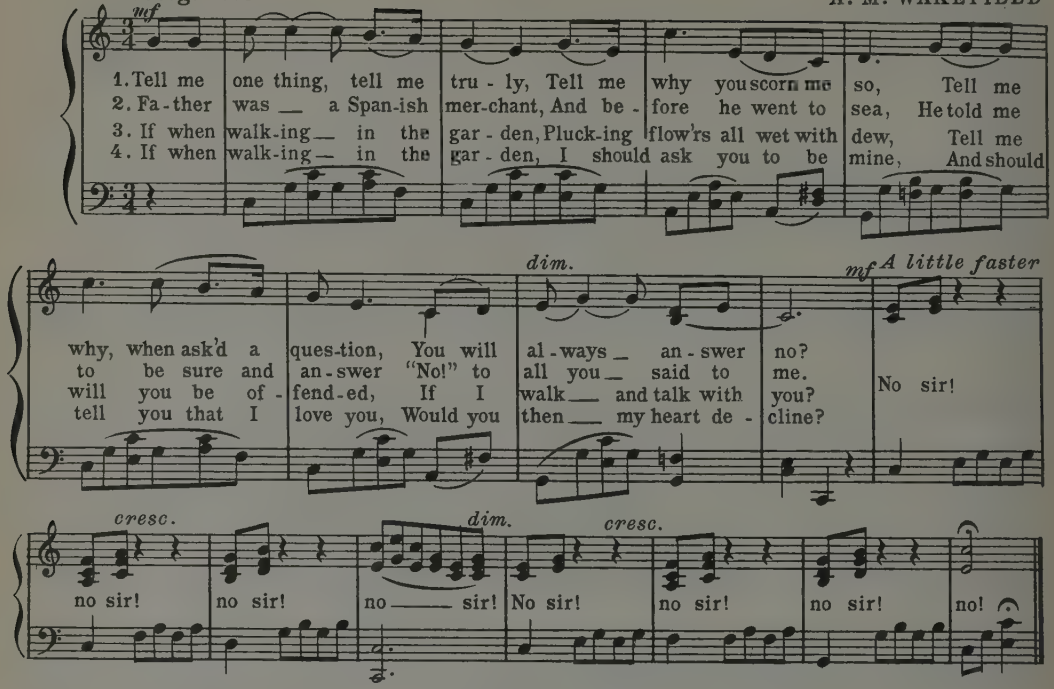
rall. D.C. al Fine.

day, And sigh as I pon - der my long, long stay.

# No Sir!

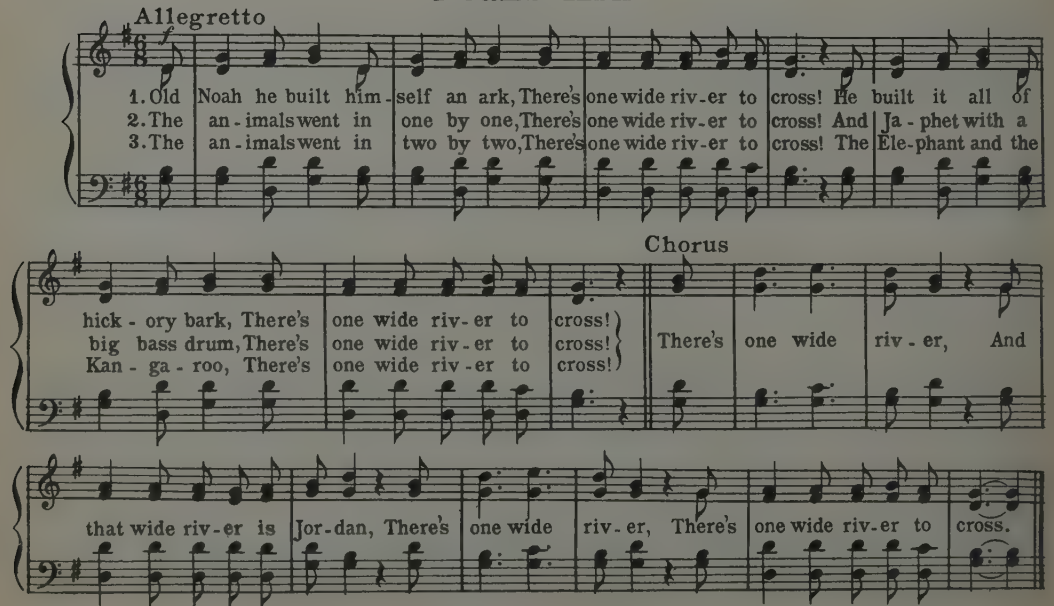
Allegretto

A. M. WAKEFIELD


mf
1. Tell me one thing, tell me tru - ly, Tell me why you scorn me so, Tell me
2. Fa - ther was a Span-ish mer-chant, And be - fore he went to sea, He told me
3. If when walk-ing in the gar - den, Pluck-ing flow'rs all wet with dew, Tell me
4. If when walk-ing in the gar - den, I should ask you to be mine, And should
why, when ask'd a ques-tion, You will al - ways an - swer no?
to be sure and an-swer "No!" to all you said to me.
will you be of - fend-ed, If I walk and talk with you?
tell you that I love you, Would you then my heart de - cline?
dim.
mf A little faster
No sir!
cresc.
dim.
cresc.
no sir! no sir! no sir! No sir! no sir! no sir! no!

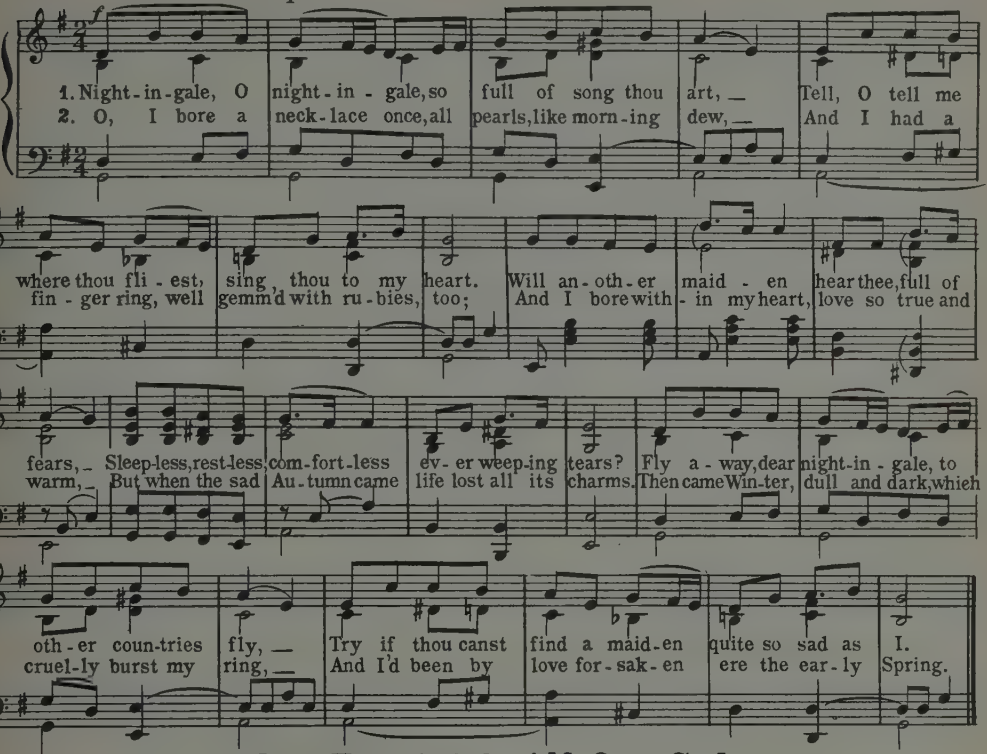
# Noah's Ark

Allegretto


f
1. Old Noah he built him - self an ark, There's one wide riv - er to cross! He built it all of
2. The an - imals went in one by one, There's one wide riv - er to cross! And Ja - phet with a
3. The an - imals went in two by two, There's one wide riv - er to cross! The Ele - phant and the
Chorus
hick - ory bark, There's one wide riv - er to cross!
big bass drum, There's one wide riv - er to cross!
Kan - ga - roo, There's one wide riv - er to cross!
There's one wide riv - er, And
that wide riv - er is Jor - dan, There's one wide riv - er, There's one wide riv - er to cross.

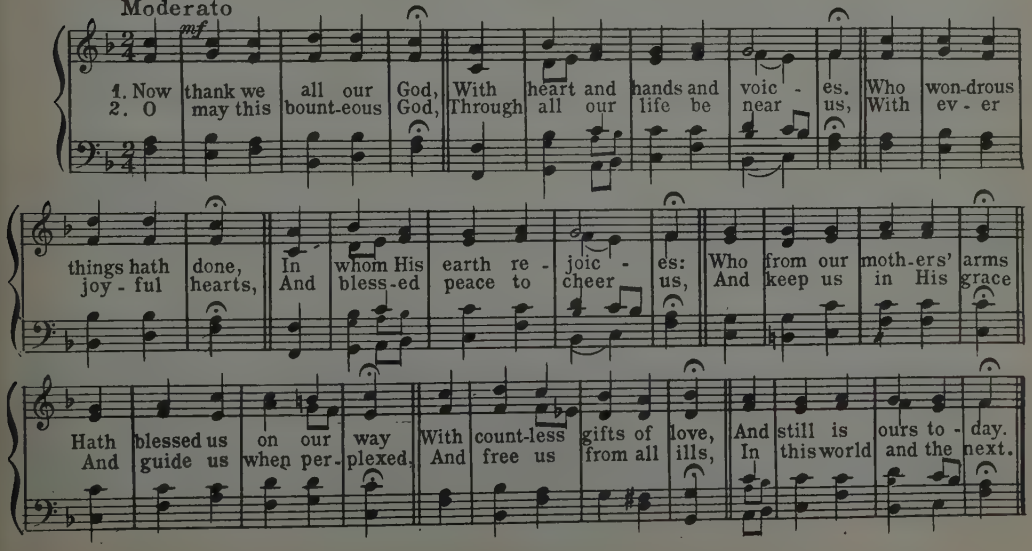
## Nightingale, O Nightingale

Andantino con espressione — RUSSIAN SONG


1. Night-in-gale, O night-in-gale, so full of song thou art, — Tell, O tell me
2. O, I bore a neck-lace once, all pearls, like morn-ing dew, — And I had a
where thou fli-est, sing thou to my heart. Will an-oth-er maid-en hear thee, full of
fin-ger ring, well gemm'd with ru-bies, too; And I bore with-in my heart, love so true and
fears, — Sleep-less, rest-less com-fort-less ev-er weep-ing tears? Fly a-way, dear night-in-gale, to
warm, — But when the sad Au-tumn came life lost all its charms. Then came Win-ter, dull and dark, which
oth-er coun-tries fly, — Try if thou canst find a maid-en quite so sad as I.
cruel-ly burst my ring, — And I'd been by love for-sak-en ere the ear-ly Spring.

## Now Thank We All Our God

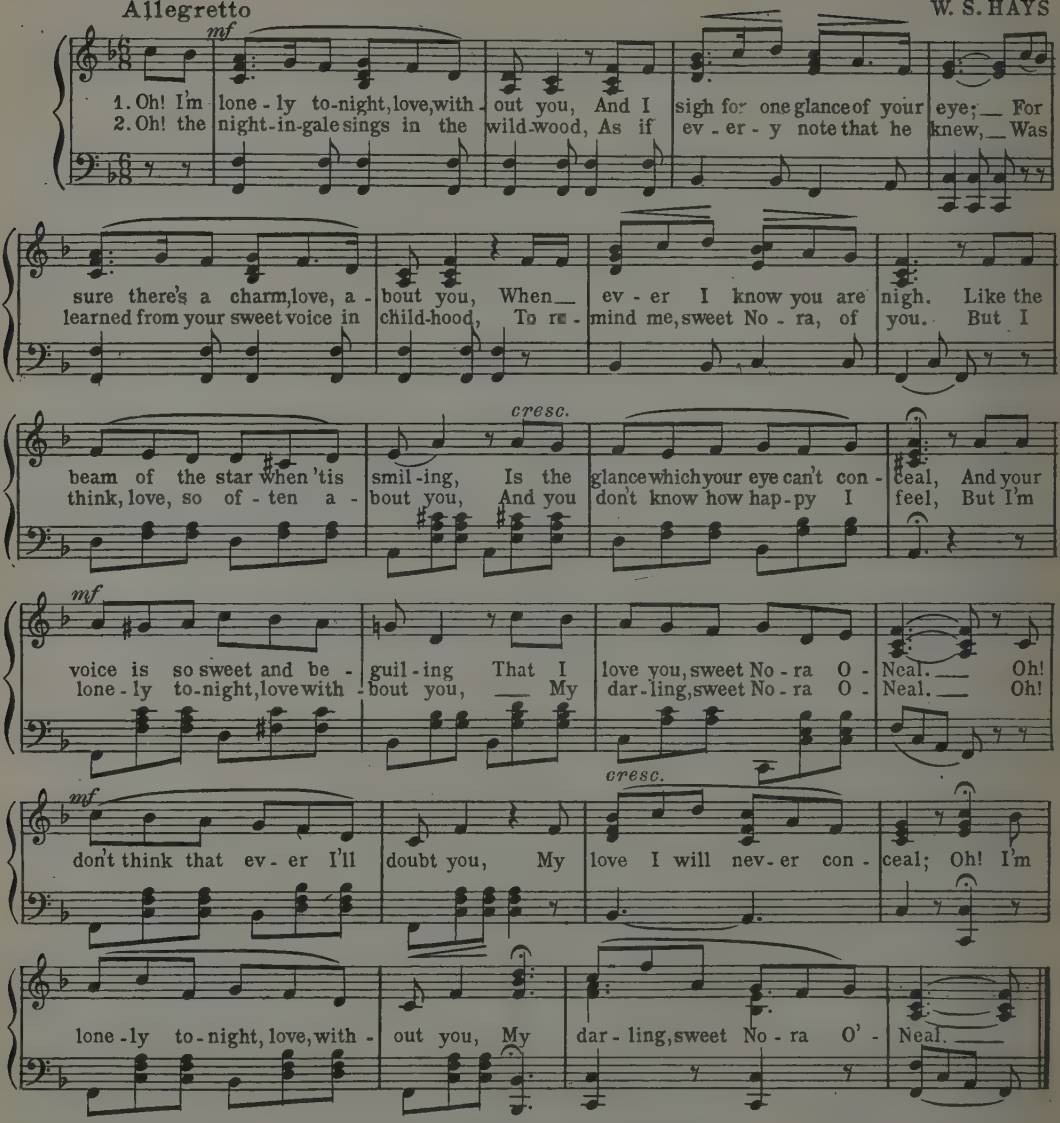
Moderato


1. Now thank we all our God, With heart and hands and voic-es. Who won-drous
2. O may this bount-eous God, Through all our life be near us, With ev-er
things hath done, In whom His earth re-joic-es: Who from our moth-ers' arms
joy-ful hearts, And bless-ed peace to cheer us, And keep us in His grace
Hath blessed us on our way With count-less gifts of love, And still is ours to-day.
And guide us when per-plexed, And free us from all ills, In this world and the next.

# Nora O'Neal

Allegretto

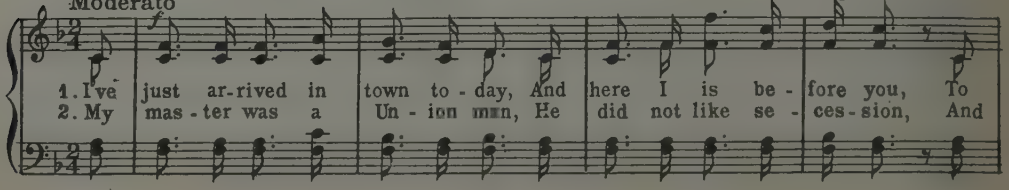
W. S. HAYS


mf
1. Oh! I'm lone-ly to-night, love, with-out you, And I sigh for one glance of your eye; For
2. Oh! the night-in-gale sings in the wild-wood, As if ev-er-y note that he knew, Was
sure there's a charm, love, a-bout you, When ev-er I know you are nigh. Like the
learned from your sweet voice in child-hood, To re-mind me, sweet No-ra, of you. But I
cresc.
beam of the star when 'tis smil-ing, Is the glance which your eye can't con-ceal, And your
think, love, so of-ten a-bout you, And you don't know how hap-py I feel, But I'm
mf
voice is so sweet and be-guil-ing That I love you, sweet No-ra O-Neal. Oh!
lone-ly to-night, love with-bout you, My dar-ling, sweet No-ra O-Neal. Oh!
mf
cresc.
don't think that ev-er I'll doubt you, My love I will nev-er con-ceal; Oh! I'm
lone-ly to-night, love, with-out you, My dar-ling, sweet No-ra O'-Neal.

# Nicodemus Johnson

Moderato

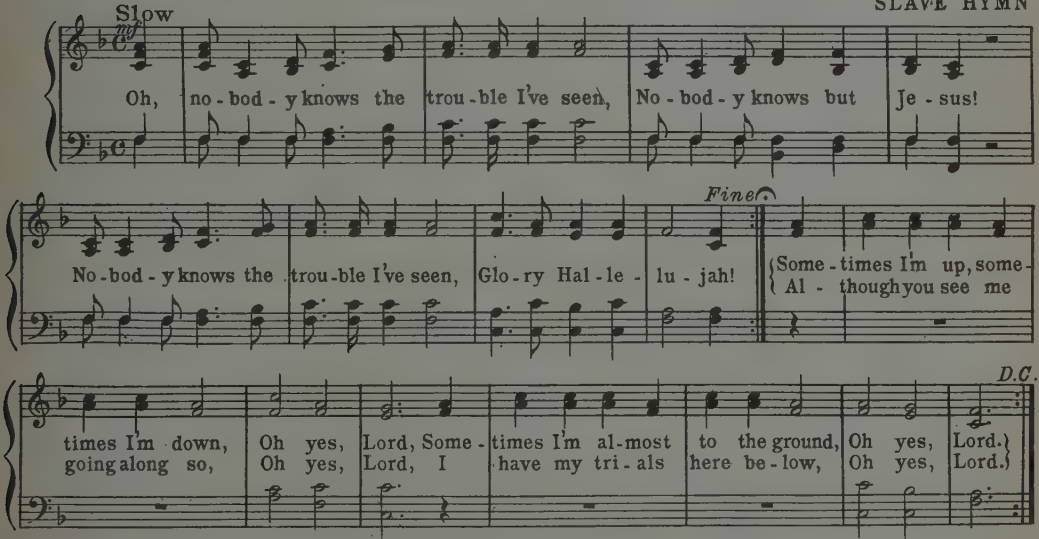
J. B. MURPHY



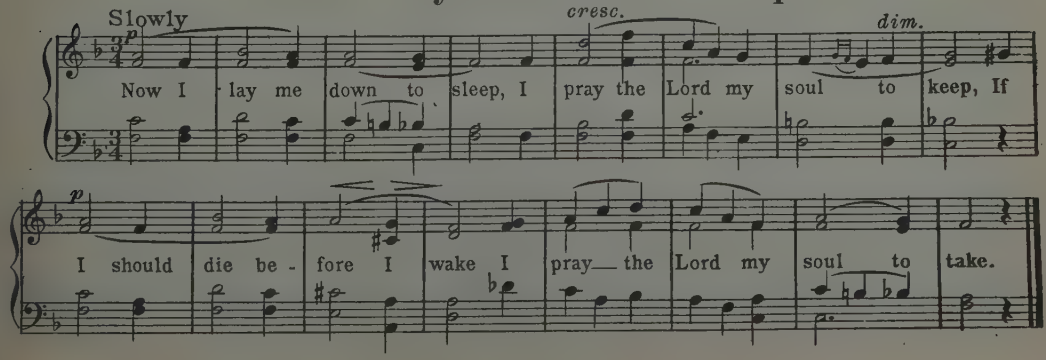
sing a-bout my name and oc-cu-pa-tion; I come from old Vir-gin-ny State, The
so he had to leave the old plan-ta-tion; I thought to stay be-hind him there, Twould
best in all the na-tion; O-ho! O-ho! To Nic-o-de-mus John-son.
be an ag-gra-va-tion; O-ho! O-ho! To Nic-o-de-mus John-son.

## Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Seen

SLAVE HYMN


Slow
mf
Oh, no-bod-y knows the trou-ble I've seen, No-bod-y knows but Je-sus!
Fine
No-bod-y knows the trou-ble I've seen, Glo-ry Hal-le-lu-jah!
Some-times I'm up, some-times I'm down, Oh yes, Lord,
Al-though you see me going along so, Oh yes, Lord,
D.C.
Some-times I'm al-most to the ground, Oh yes, Lord.
I have my tri-als here be-low, Oh yes, Lord.

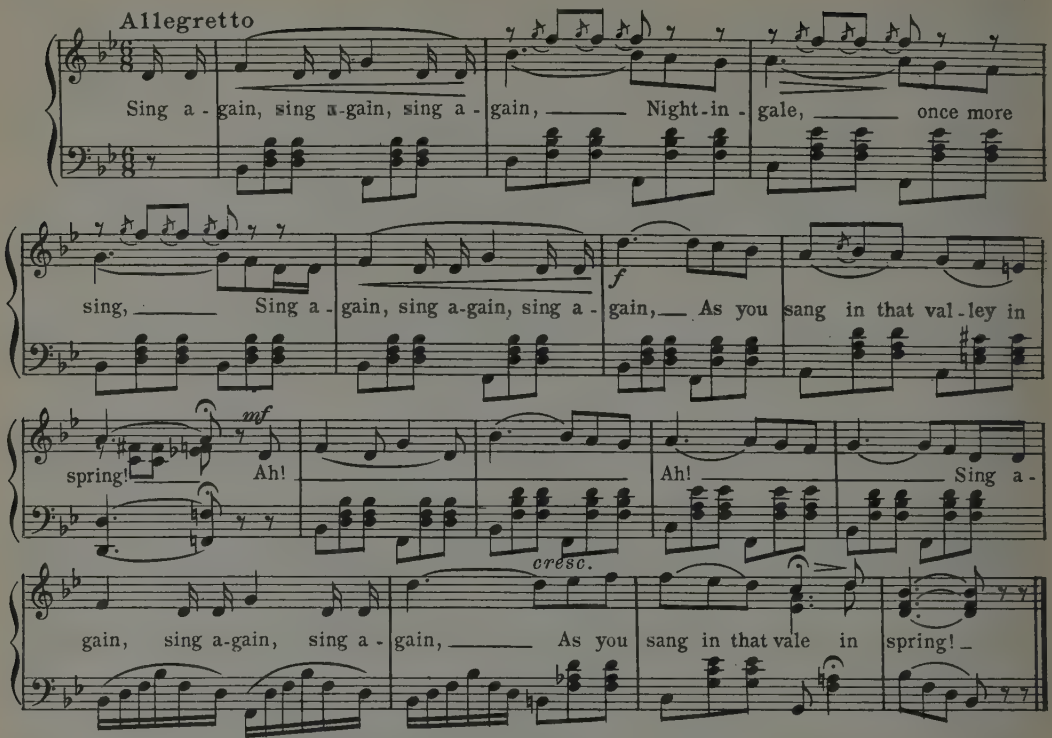
## Now I Lay Me Down To Sleep


Slowly
p
cresc.
dim.
Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep, If
I should die be-fore I wake I pray the Lord my soul to take.

# Nightingale Song

"THE TYROLEAN"

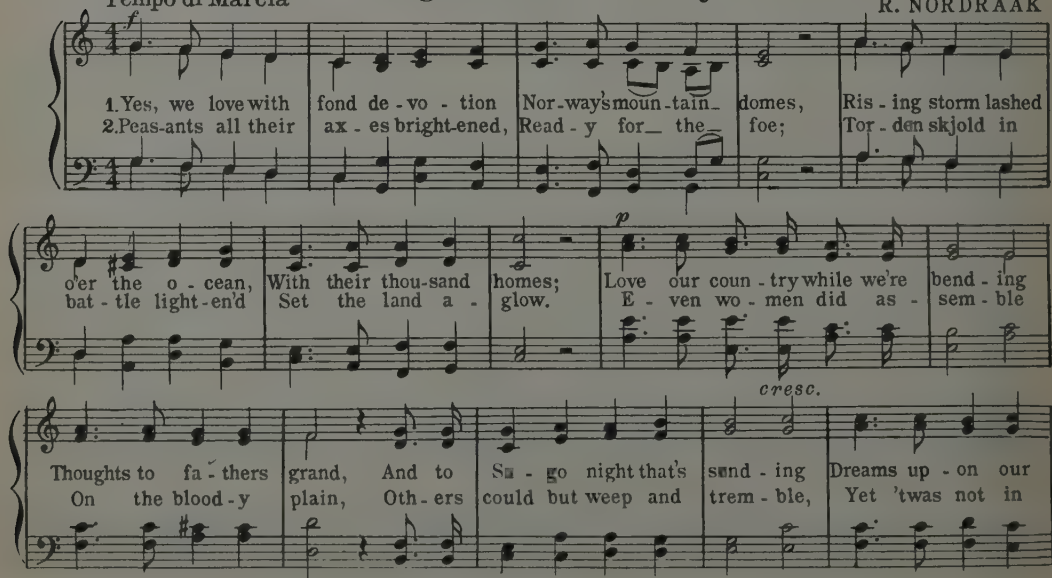
CARL ZELLER

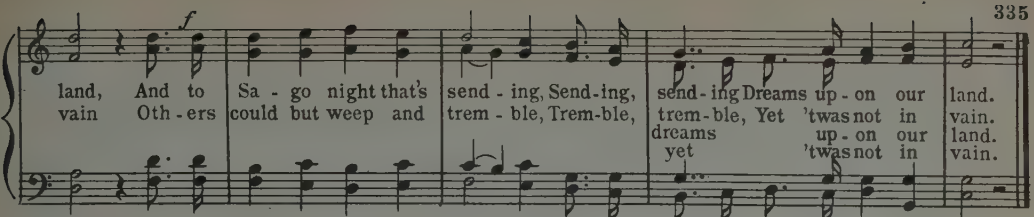

Allegretto
Sing a - gain, sing a-gain, sing a - gain, Night-in - gale, once more
sing, Sing a - gain, sing a-gain, sing a - gain, As you sang in that val - ley in
f
mf
spring! Ah! Ah! Sing a -
cresc.
gain, sing a-gain, sing a - gain, As you sang in that vale in spring!

# Norwegian National Hymn

Tempo di Marcia

R. NORDRAAK

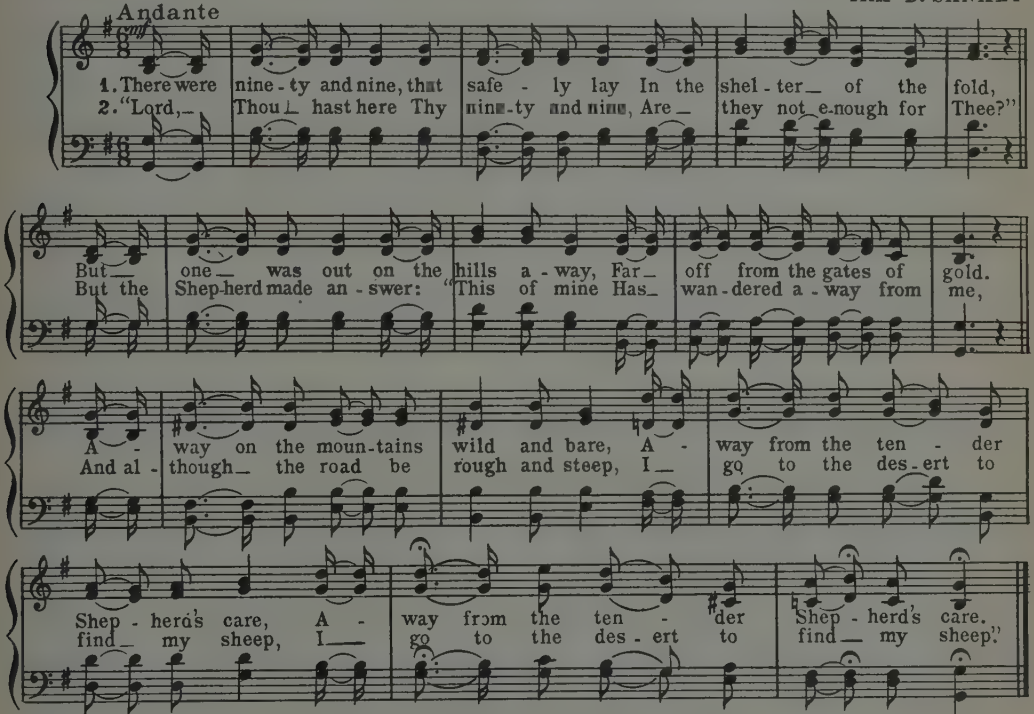

f
1. Yes, we love with fond de - vo - tion Nor-way's moun-tain domes, Ris - ing storm lashed
2. Peas-ants all their ax - es bright-ened, Read - y for the foe; Tor - den skjold in
o'er the o - cean, With their thou-sand homes; Love our coun - try while we're bend - ing
bat - tle light-en'd Set the land a - glow. E - ven wo - men did as - sem - ble
p
cresc.
Thoughts to fa - thers grand, And to Sa - go night that's sand - ing Dreams up - on our
On the blood - y plain, Oth - ers could but weep and trem - ble, Yet 'twas not in


land, And to Sa - go night that's send - ing, Send-ing, send - ing Dreams up - on our land.
vain Oth - ers could but weep and trem - ble, Trem-ble, trem-ble, Yet 'twas not in vain.
dreams up - on our land.
yet 'twas not in vain.

## The Ninety And Nine

E.C. CLEPHANE — IRA D. SANKEY

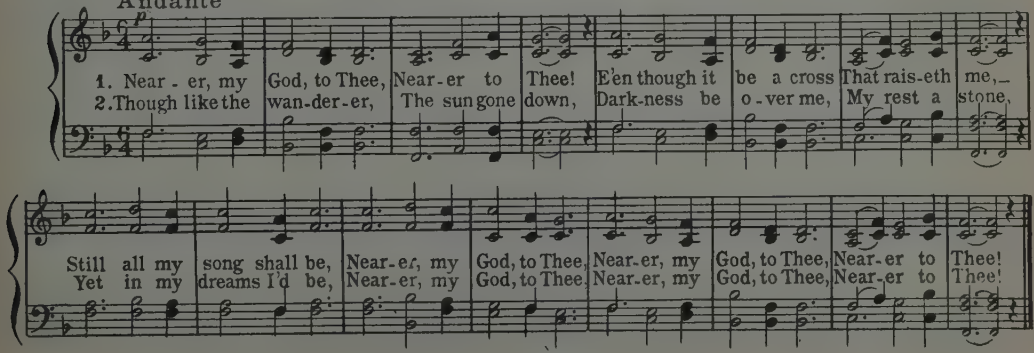
Andante


1. There were nine - ty and nine, that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the fold,
2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine - ty and nine, Are they not e-nough for Thee?"
But one was out on the hills a - way, Far off from the gates of gold.
But the Shep-herd made an - swer: "This of mine Has wan - dered a - way from me,
A - way on the moun-tains wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der
And al - though the road be rough and steep, I go to the des - ert to
Shep - herd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shep - herd's care.
find my sheep, I go to the des - ert to find my sheep."

## Nearer, My God, To Thee

SARAH F. ADAMS — LOWELL MASON

Andante

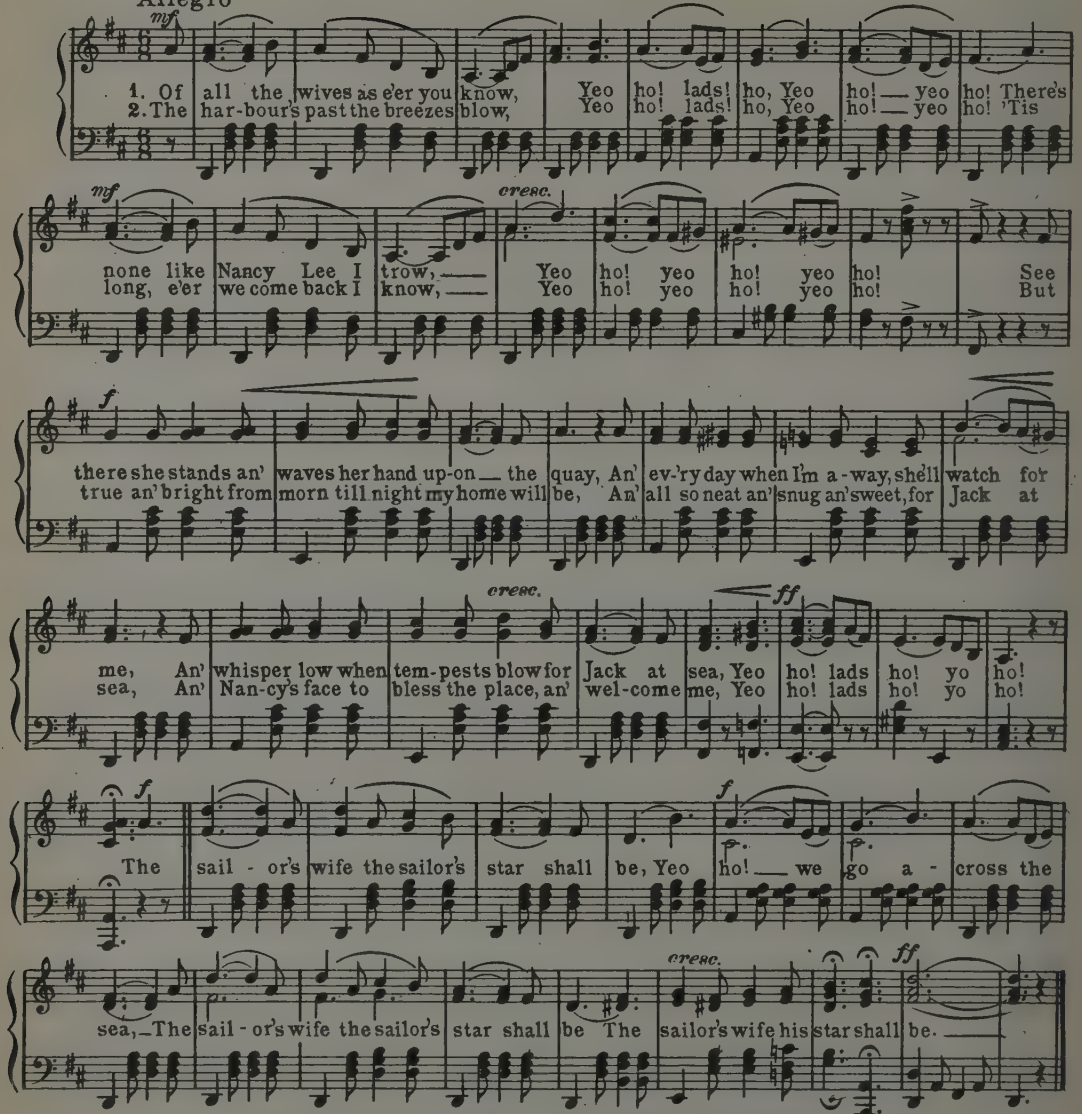

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it be a cross That rais-eth me,
2. Though like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone,
Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!
Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my God, to Thee. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!

F. E. WEATHERLY

# Nancy Lee

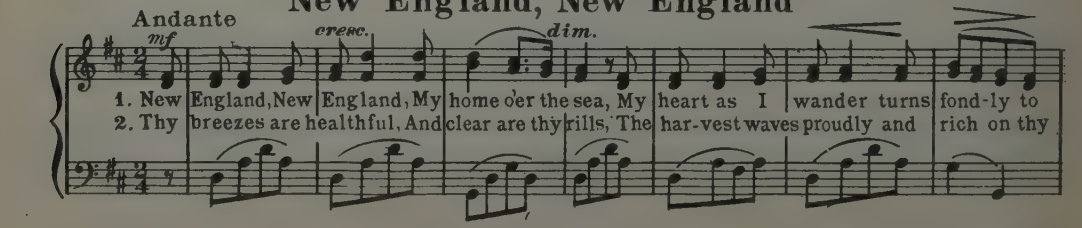
STEPHEN ADAMS

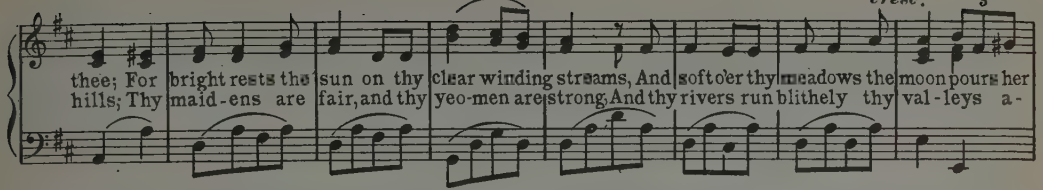
Allegro

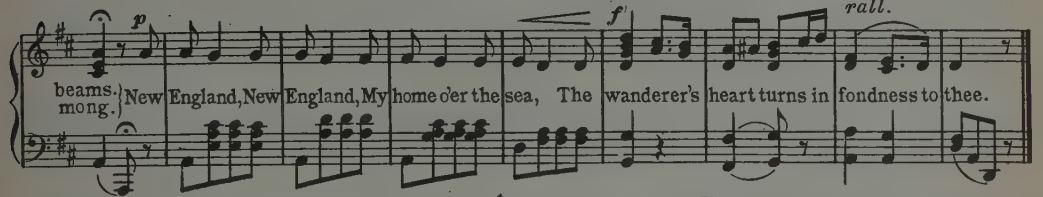

mf
1. Of all the wives as e'er you know, Yeo ho! lads! ho, Yeo ho! — yeo ho! There's
2. The har-bour's past the breezes blow, Yeo ho! lads! ho, Yeo ho! — yeo ho! 'Tis
mf
cresc.
none like Nancy Lee I trow, — Yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! See
long, e'er we come back I know, — Yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! But
f
there she stands an' waves her hand up-on — the quay, An' ev-'ry day when I'm a-way, she'll watch for
true an' bright from morn till night my home will be, An' all so neat an' snug an' sweet, for Jack at
cresc.
ff
me, An' whisper low when tem-pests blow for Jack at sea, Yeo ho! lads ho! yo ho!
sea, An' Nan-cy's face to bless the place, an' wel-come me, Yeo ho! lads ho! yo ho!
f
The sail - or's wife the sailor's star shall be, Yeo ho! — we go a - cross the
f
cresc.
ff
sea, — The sail - or's wife the sailor's star shall be The sailor's wife his star shall be. —

## New England, New England

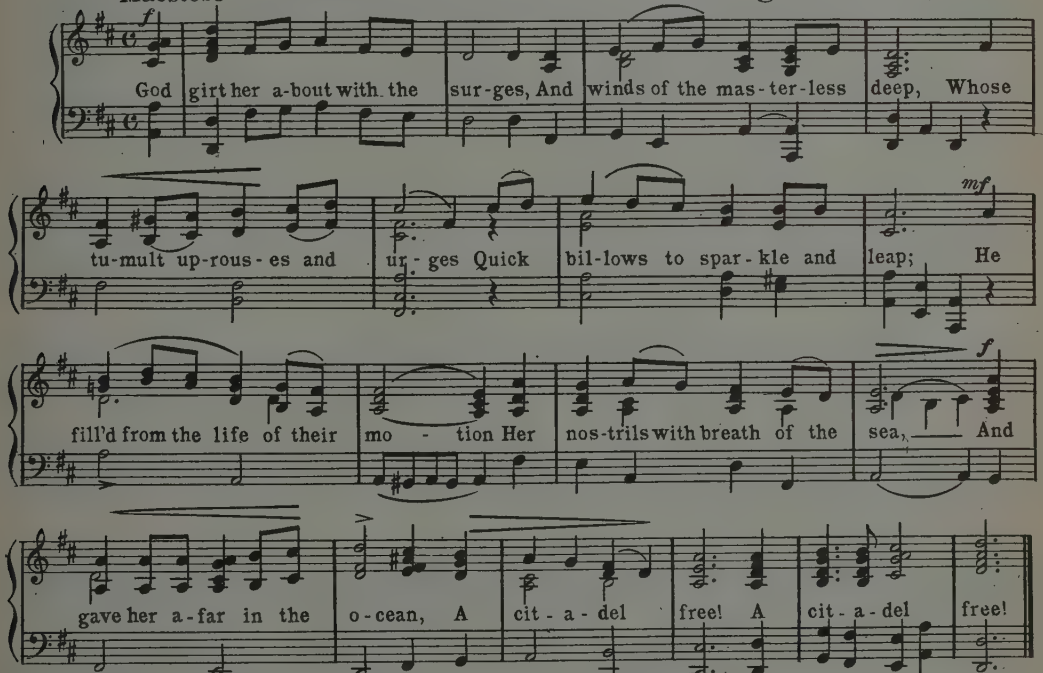
Andante


mf
cresc.
dim.
1. New England, New England, My home o'er the sea, My heart as I wander turns fond-ly to
2. Thy breezes are healthful, And clear are thy rills, The har-vest waves proudly and rich on thy


cresc.
thee; For bright rests the sun on thy clear winding streams, And soft o'er thy meadows the moon pours her
hills; Thy maid-ens are fair, and thy yeo-men are strong, And thy rivers run blithely thy val-leys a-



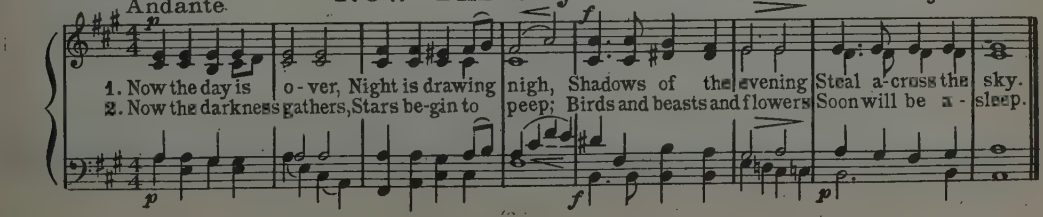

## New Zealand's National Song


Maestoso
f
God girt her a-bout with the sur-ges, And winds of the mas-ter-less deep, Whose
tu-mult up-rous-es and ur-ges Quick bil-lows to spar-kle and leap; He
mf
fill'd from the life of their mo - tion Her nos-trils with breath of the sea, And
f
gave her a-far in the o-cean, A cit-a-del free! A cit-a-del free!

SABINE BARING-GOULD

## Now The Day Is Over

J. BARNBY


Andante
p
1. Now the day is o-ver, Night is drawing nigh, Shadows of the evening Steal a-cross the sky.
2. Now the darkness gathers, Stars be-gin to peep; Birds and beasts and flowers Soon will be a-sleep.
f
p

# O Lovely Day, O Happy Day!

Andante

*mf*

1. One Sunday fine all bright and clear, As seldom dawn'd thro'-out the year, We both were strolling
2. All si-lent, arm in arm, we went, With hearts so full - on love thoughts bent, Thine eyes so blue, oh,

thro' the rye, O'er fields and meadows bright the sky. The sky-lark sang, the sun shone clear, And
love-ly sight! With sweet-est bliss are beam-ing bright! Her glance it pierced my in-most heart, More

*cresc.*

glistened bright both far and near! O love-ly day, O hap - py day, Now far a-way, that
dazz-ling than the sun-light's dart.

*f* *dim.*

hap - py day. O love - ly day, O hap - py day, Now far a - way, that hap - py day!

*f* *rit. et dim.*

# Only To See Thee

F. CAMPANA

Andante

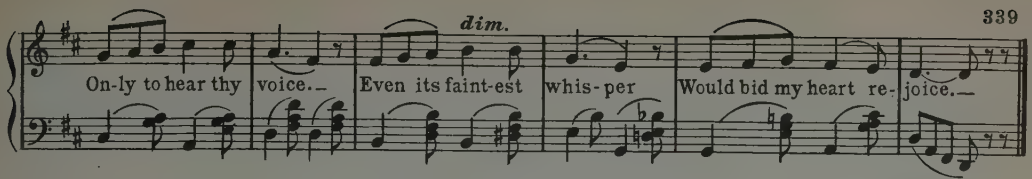
*mf*

1. On-ly to see thee dar-ling, On-ly to hear thy voice, E - ven its faint - est whis - per,
2. Gone is the sun-lit fu - ture, Vision of joy too bright, Now ev'ry gleam hath fad - ed,

*p*

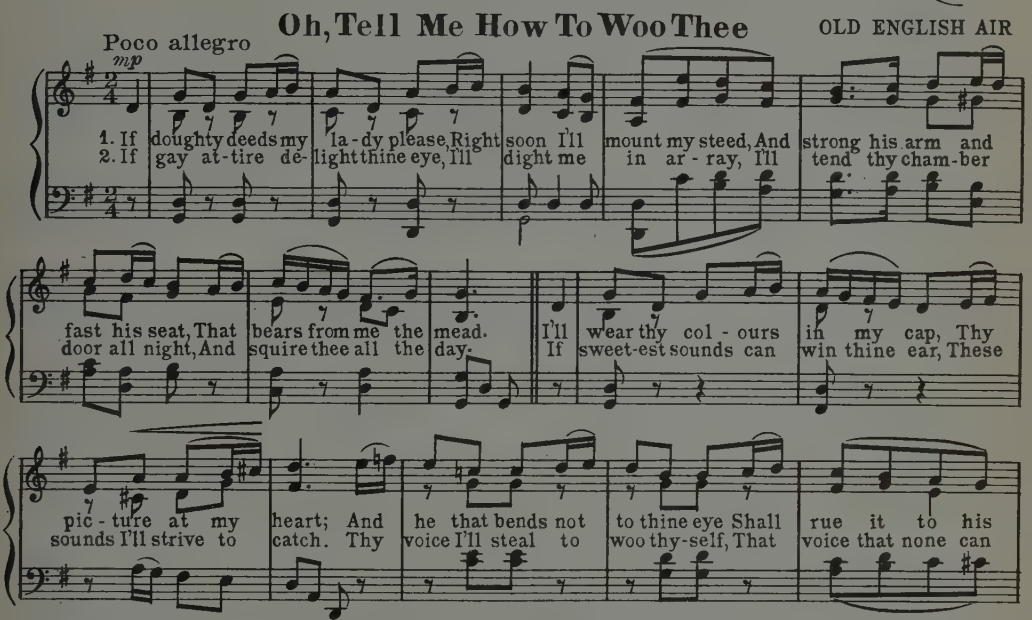
Would bid my heart re - joice; Vain-ly I crave the sun - shine Thy love would e'en im - part
Van - ish'd in dark - est night; Too late a - las! I know thee, Ah let my poor heart tell

I may but bear its im - press Deep in my in-most heart. On-ly to see thee dar-ling,
Breathe out its bit - ter an - guish In that sad, word, fare - well!



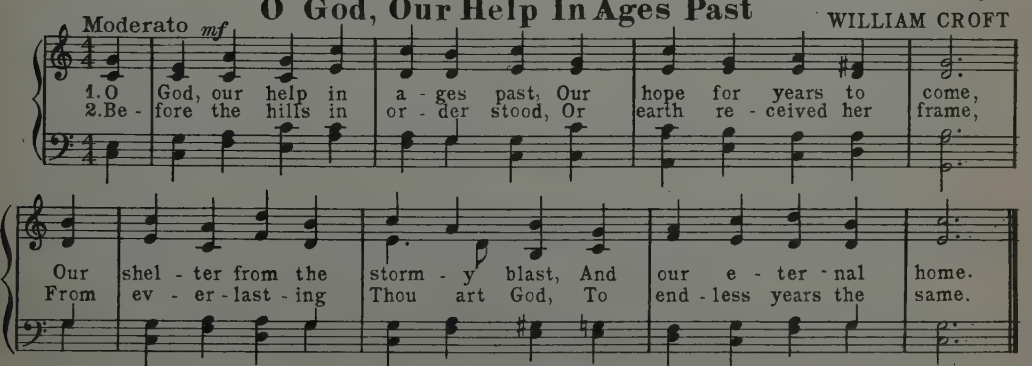

## Oh, Tell Me How To Woo Thee

OLD ENGLISH AIR


Poco allegro
mp
1. If doughty deeds my la-dy please, Right soon I'll mount my steed, And strong his arm and
2. If gay at-tire de-light thine eye, I'll dight me in ar-ray, I'll tend thy cham-ber
fast his seat, That bears from me the mead. I'll wear thy col-ours in my cap, Thy
door all night, And squire thee all the day. If sweet-est sounds can win thine ear, These
pic-ture at my heart; And he that bends not to thine eye Shall rue it to his
sounds I'll strive to catch. Thy voice I'll steal to woo thy-self, That voice that none can
poco rit.
smart! Then tell me how to woo thee, love, Oh, tell me how to woo thee!
match. Then tell me how to woo thee, love, Oh, tell me how to woo thee!

## O God, Our Help In Ages Past

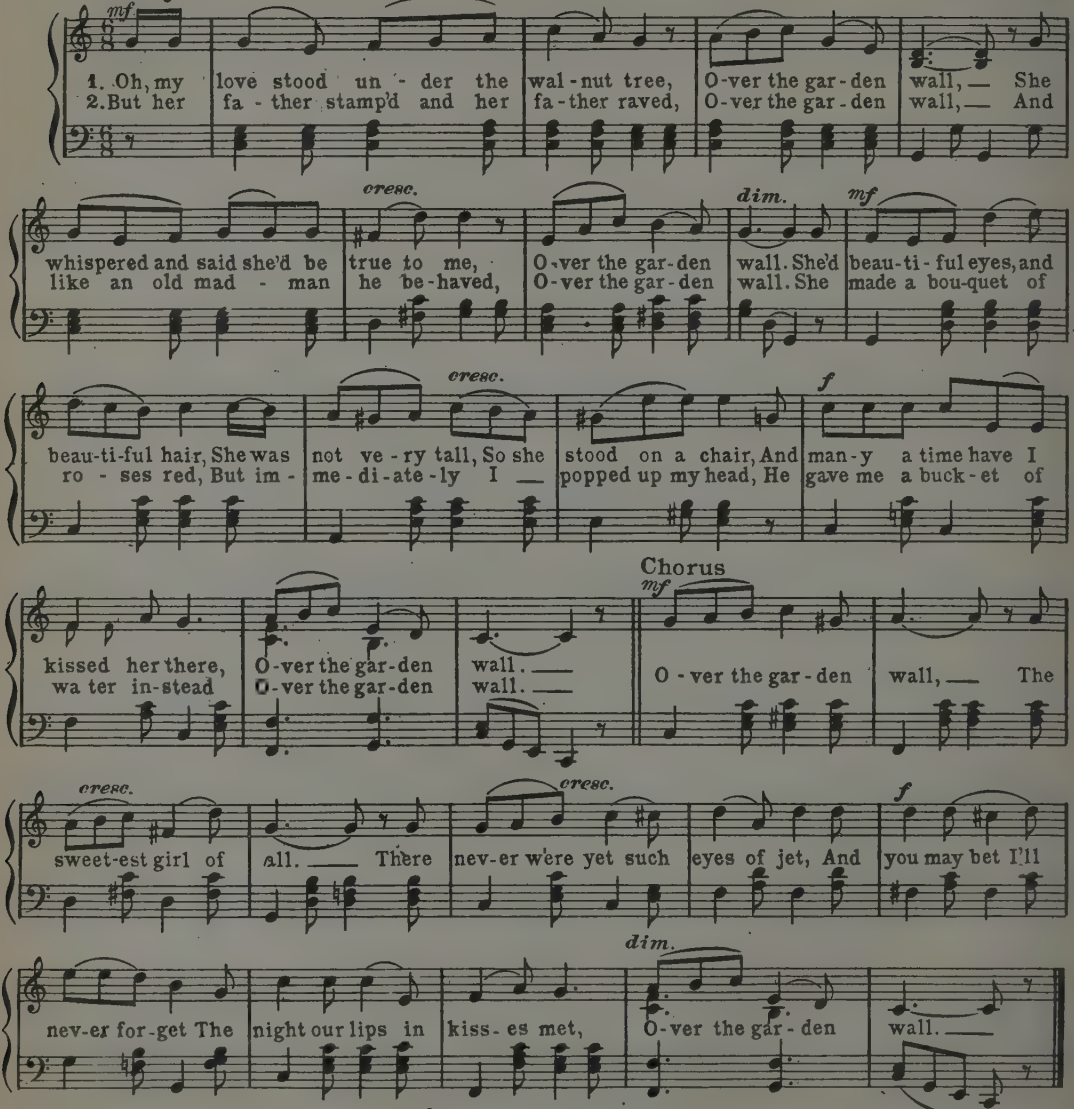
WILLIAM CROFT


Moderato
mf
1. O God, our help in a-ges past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Be-fore the hills in or-der stood, Or earth re-ceived her frame,
Our shel-ter from the storm-y blast, And our e-ter-nal home.
From ev-er-last-ing Thou art God, To end-less years the same.

# Over The Garden Wall

Lively

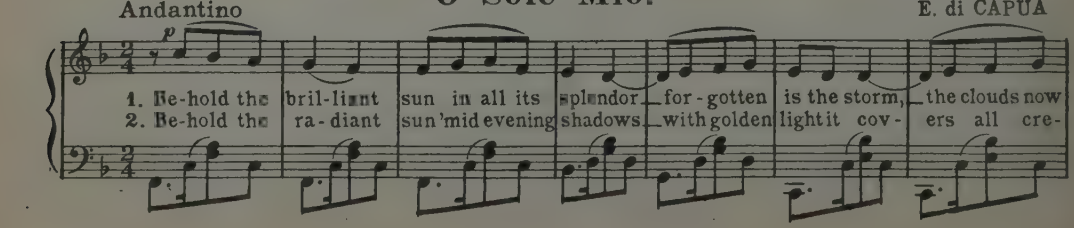
G. D. FOX

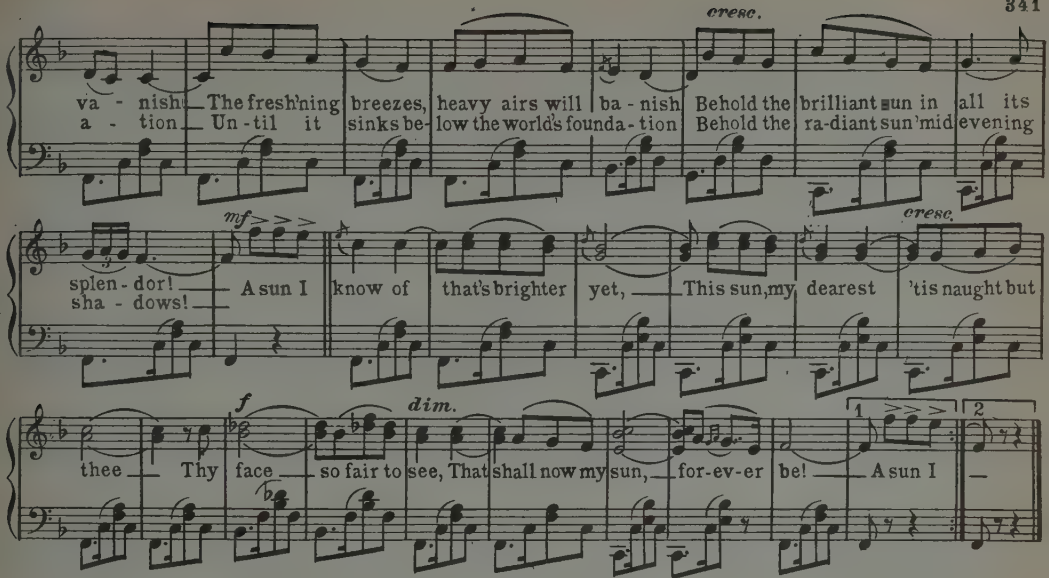

mf
1. Oh, my love stood un - der the wal - nut tree, O-ver the gar - den wall, — She
2. But her fa - ther stamp'd and her fa - ther raved, O-ver the gar - den wall, — And
cresc.
dim.
mf
whispered and said she'd be true to me, O-ver the gar - den wall. She'd beau - ti - ful eyes, and
like an old mad - man he be - haved, O-ver the gar - den wall. She made a bou-quet of
cresc.
f
beau-ti-ful hair, She was not ve - ry tall, So she stood on a chair, And man - y a time have I
ro - ses red, But im - me - di - ate - ly I — popped up my head, He gave me a buck - et of
Chorus
mf
kissed her there, O-ver the gar-den wall. — O - ver the gar - den wall, — The
wa ter in-stead O-ver the gar-den wall. —
cresc.
cresc.
f
sweet-est girl of all. — There nev-er were yet such eyes of jet, And you may bet I'll
dim.
nev-er for-get The night our lips in kiss - es met, O-ver the gar - den wall.

# 'O Sole Mio!

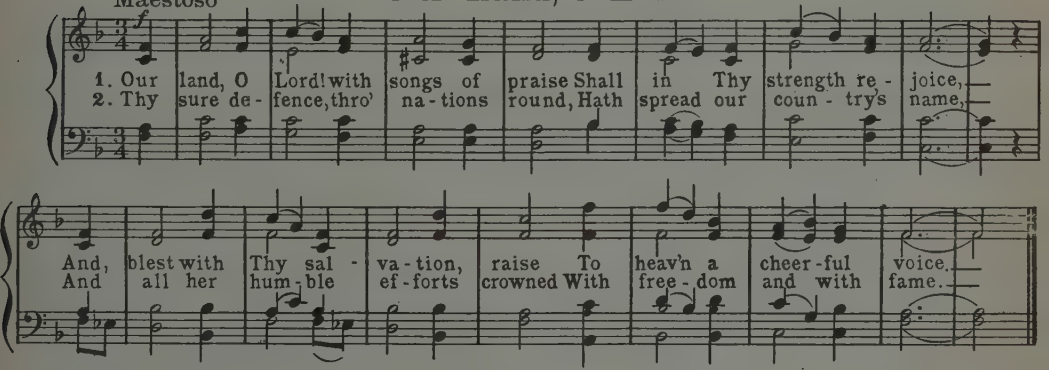
Andantino

E. di CAPUA


p
1. Be-hold the bril-liant sun in all its splendor for - gotten is the storm, the clouds now
2. Be-hold the ra-diant sun 'mid evening shadows with golden light it cov - ers all cre-

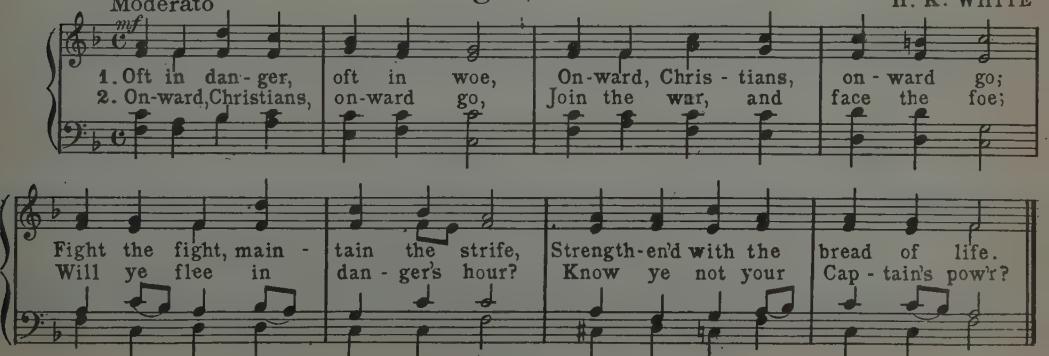

cresc.
va - nish The fresh'ning breezes, heavy airs will ba - nish Behold the brilliant sun in all its
a - tion Un - til it sinks be - low the world's founda - tion Behold the ra - diant sun 'mid evening
mf
splen - dor! A sun I know of that's brighter yet, This sun, my dearest 'tis naught but
sha - dows!
cresc.
f
dim.
1
2
thee Thy face so fair to see, That shall now my sun, for - ev - er be! A sun I

## Our Land, O Lord


Maestoso
f
1. Our land, O Lord! with songs of praise Shall in Thy strength re - joice,
2. Thy sure de - fence, thro' na - tions round, Hath spread our coun - try's name,
And, blest with Thy sal - va - tion, raise To heav'n a cheer - ful voice.
And all her hum - ble ef - forts crowned With free - dom and with fame.

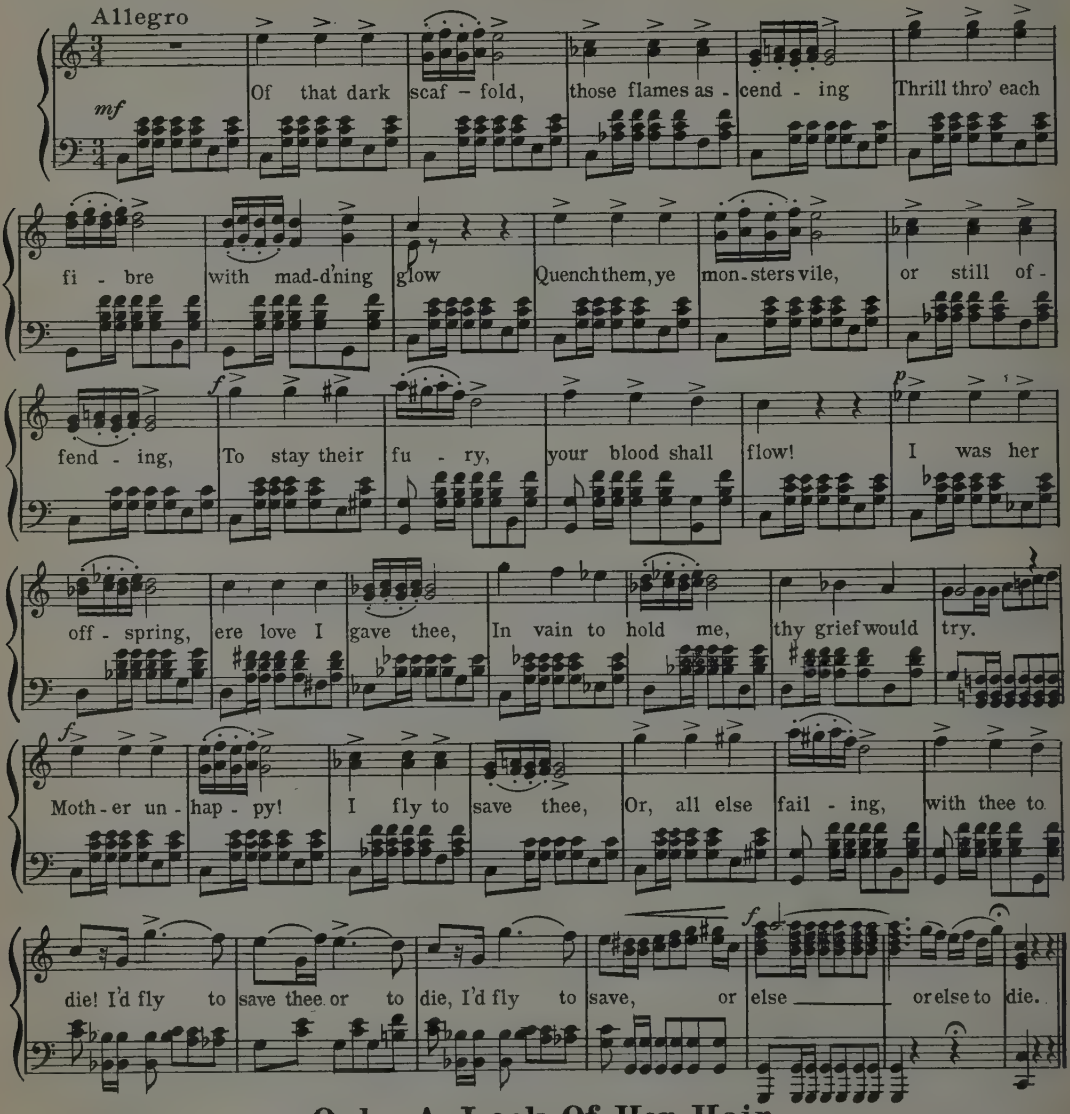
## Oft In Danger, Oft In Woe

H. K. WHITE


Moderato
mf
1. Oft in dan - ger, oft in woe, On - ward, Chris - tians, on - ward go;
2. On - ward, Christians, on - ward go, Join the war, and face the foe;
Fight the fight, main - tain the strife, Strength - en'd with the bread of life.
Will ye flee in dan - ger's hour? Know ye not your Cap - tain's pow'r?

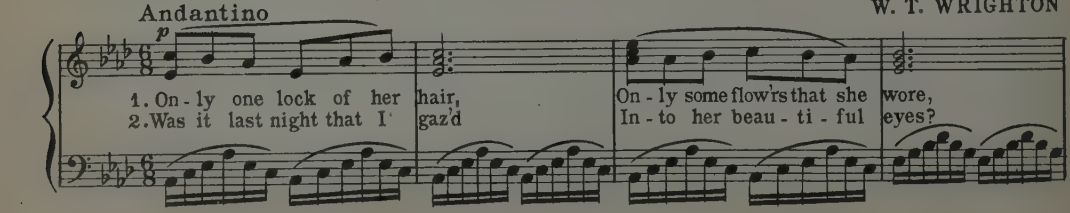
# Of That Dark Scaffold

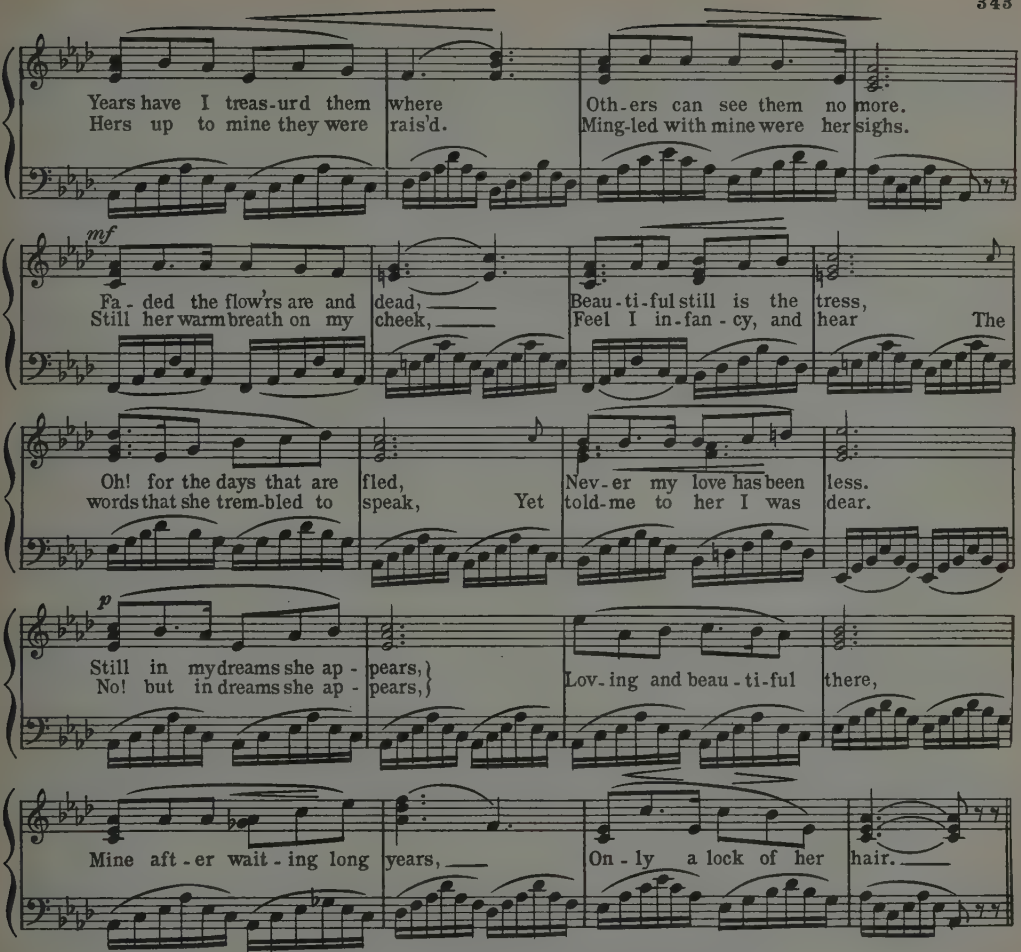
G. VERDI


Allegro
mf
Of that dark scaf - fold, those flames as - cend - ing Thrill thro' each
fi - bre with mad-d'ning glow Quench them, ye mon - sters vile, or still of -
f
fend - ing, To stay their fu - ry, your blood shall flow!
p
I was her
off - spring, ere love I gave thee, In vain to hold me, thy grief would try.
f
Moth - er un - hap - py! I fly to save thee, Or, all else fail - ing, with thee to
f
die! I'd fly to save thee or to die, I'd fly to save, or else or else to die.

# Only A Lock Of Her Hair

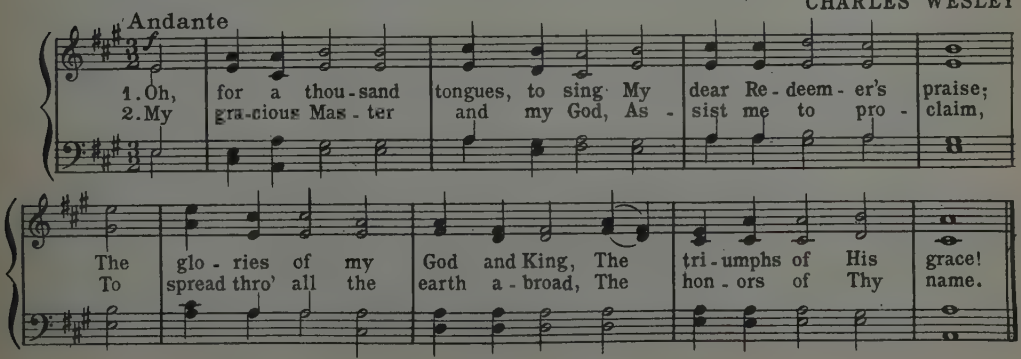
W. T. WRIGHTON


Andantino
p
1. On - ly one lock of her hair,
2. Was it last night that I gaz'd
On - ly some flow'rs that she wore,
In - to her beau - ti - ful eyes?


Years have I treas-urd them where Oth-ers can see them no more.
Hers up to mine they were rais'd. Ming-led with mine were her sighs.
mf
Fa-ded the flow'rs are and dead, Beau-ti-ful still is the tress,
Still her warm breath on my cheek, Feel I in-fan-cy, and hear The
Oh! for the days that are fled, Nev-er my love has been less.
words that she trem-bled to speak, Yet told-me to her I was dear.
p
Still in my dreams she ap-pears,
No! but in dreams she ap-pears,
Lov-ing and beau-ti-ful there,
Mine aft-er wait-ing long years, On-ly a lock of her hair.

## Oh, For A Thousand Tongues

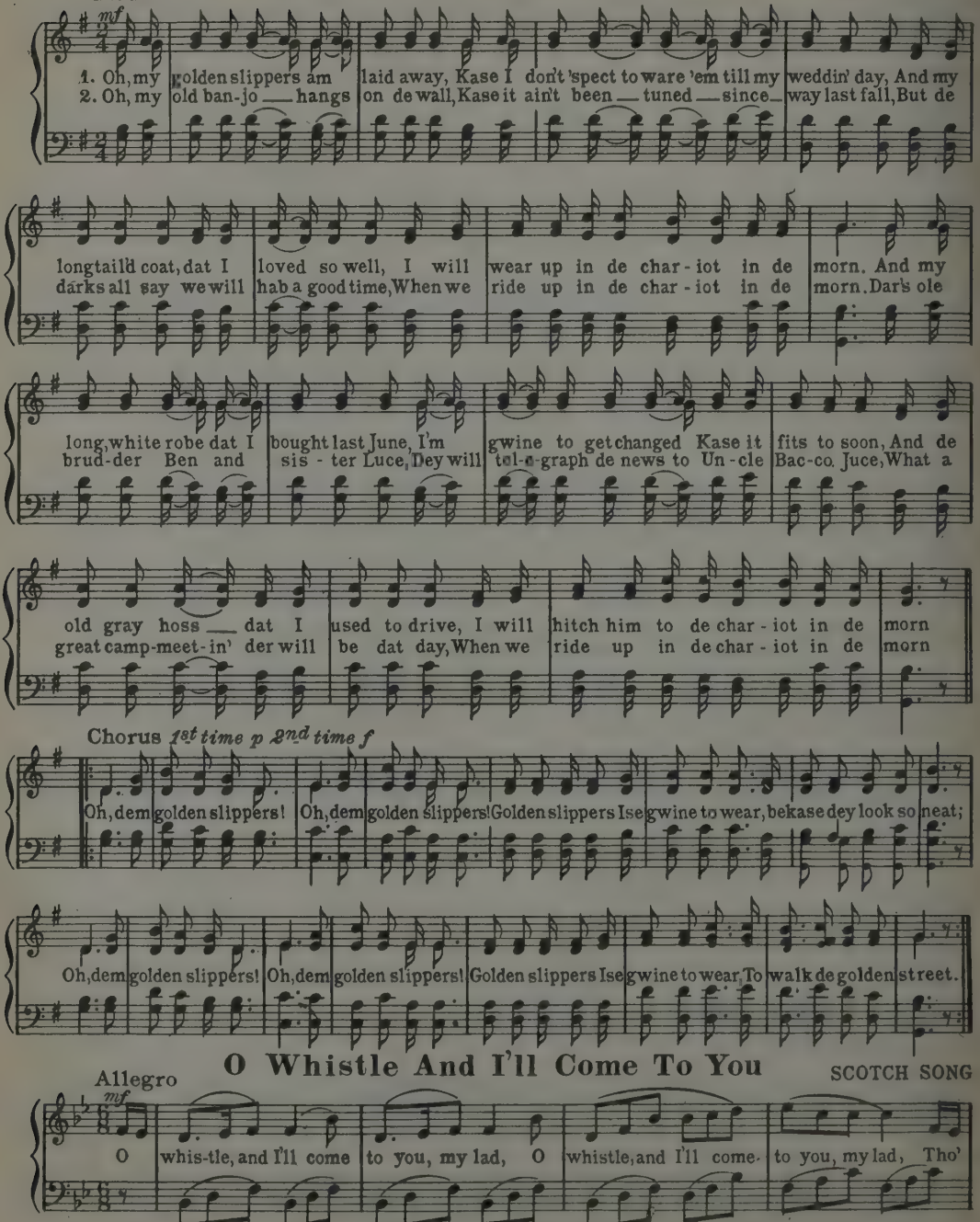
CHARLES WESLEY


Andante
f
1. Oh, for a thou-sand tongues, to sing My dear Re-deem-er's praise;
2. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim,
The glo-ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace!
To spread thro' all the earth a-broad, The hon-ors of Thy name.

# Oh, Dem Golden Slippers

Moderato

JAS. A. BLAND


mf
1. Oh, my golden slippers am laid away, Kase I don't 'spect to ware 'em till my weddin' day, And my
2. Oh, my old ban-jo ___ hangs on de wall, Kase it ain't been ___ tuned ___ since ___ way last fall, But de
long tailed coat, dat I loved so well, I will wear up in de char-iot in de morn. And my
darks all say we will hab a good time, When we ride up in de char-iot in de morn. Dar's ole
long, white robe dat I bought last June, I'm gwine to get changed Kase it fits to soon, And de
brud-der Ben and sis-ter Luce, Dey will tel-e-graph de news to Un-cle Bac-co. Juce, What a
old gray hoss ___ dat I used to drive, I will hitch him to de char-iot in de morn
great camp-meet-in' der will be dat day, When we ride up in de char-iot in de morn
Chorus 1st time p 2nd time f
Oh, dem golden slippers! Oh, dem golden slippers! Golden slippers Ise gwine to wear, bekase dey look so neat;
Oh, dem golden slippers! Oh, dem golden slippers! Golden slippers Ise gwine to wear, To walk de golden street.

# O Whistle And I'll Come To You

Allegro

SCOTCH SONG

fa-ther and mother and a' should gae mad, O whis-tle, and I'll come to you my lad (1. But 2. At

*f* *rit.*

wa-ri-ly tent when ye come to court me, And come na un-less the back yett be a-jee; Syne
kirk or at mar-ket, when e'er ye meet me, Gang by me as tho' that ye cared na a flie. But

*a tempo* *mf*

up the back style and let nae-bo-dy see, And come as ye were na com-in' to me. O
steal me a blink o' your bon-nie black e'e, Yet look as ye were na look-in' at me.

*mf* *cresc.* *dim.*

whis-tle, and I'll come to you, my lad, O whis-tle, and I'll come to you, my lad! Tho'

*rit.* *a tempo*

fa-ther and mo-ther and a' should gae mad, O whis-tle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

## Once I Saw A Sweet Brier-Rose

Moderato

*p* *p*

1. Once I saw a sweet-brier rose, All so freshly blooming, Bathed with dew and blushing fair Gently waved by
2. "Rose," said I, "thou shalt be mine, All so freshly blooming;" Rose replied, "Nay, let me go, Or thy blood shall

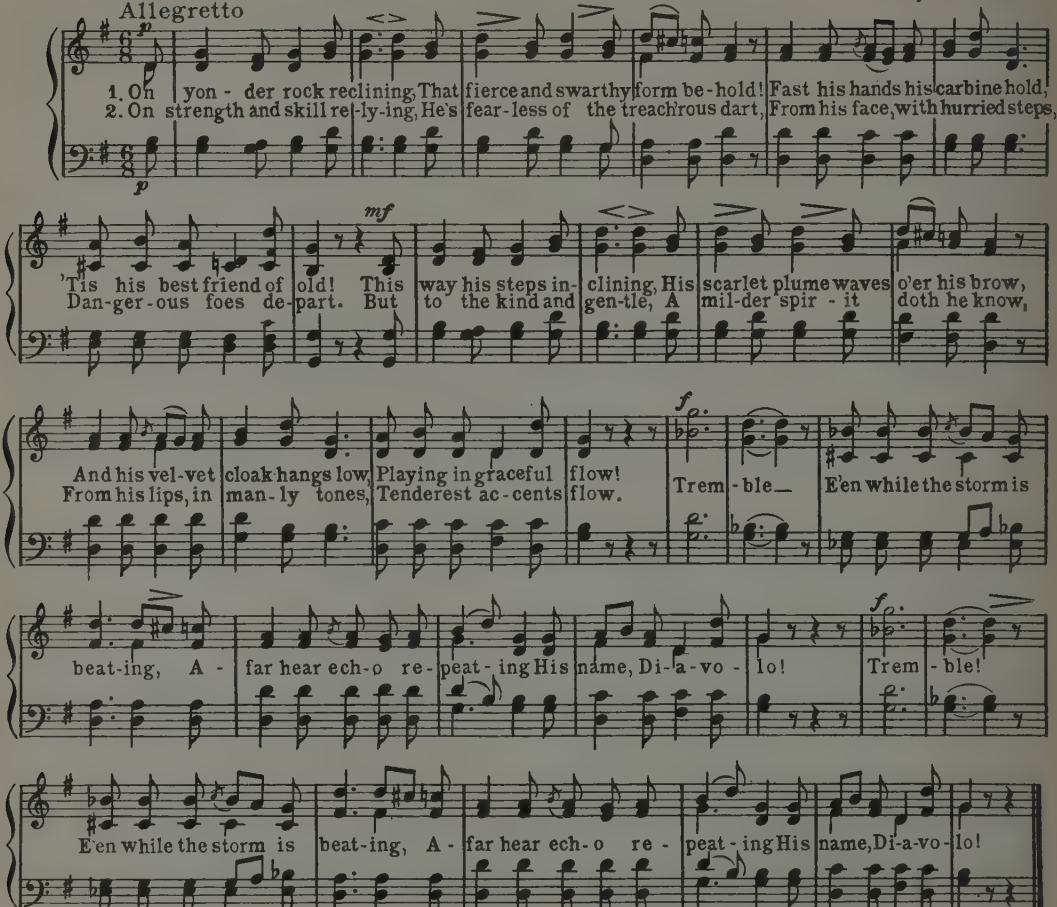
balmy air, All the air per-fum-ing: Gently waved by balmy air, All the air per-fum-ing:
freely flow, For thy rash pre-sum-ing; Or thy blood shall freely flow, For thy rash pre-sum-ing.

## On Yonder Rock Reclining

*"Fra Diavolo"*

D. F. AUBER

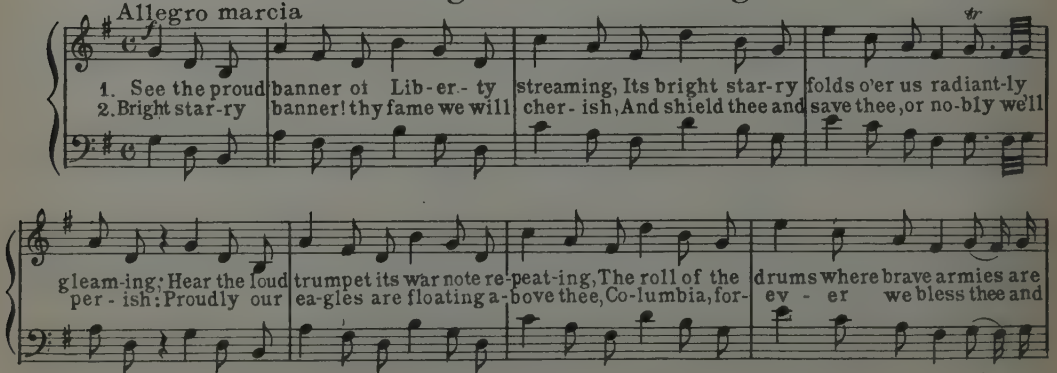
Allegretto

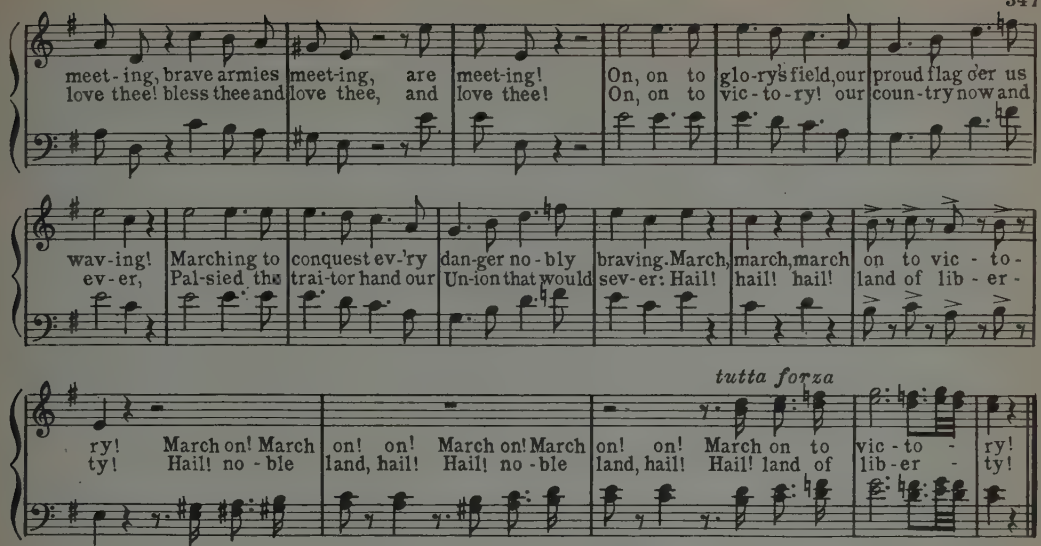

1. On yon - der rock reclining, That fierce and swarthy form be - hold! Fast his hands his carbine hold,
2. On strength and skill re - ly - ing, He's fear - less of the treach'rous dart, From his face, with hurried steps,
'Tis his best friend of old! This way his steps in - clining, His scarlet plume waves o'er his brow,
Dan - ger - ous foes de - part. But to the kind and gen - tle, A mil - der spir - it doth he know,
And his vel - vet cloak hangs low, Playing in graceful flow!
From his lips, in man - ly tones, Tenderest ac - cents flow.
Trem - ble— E'en while the storm is
beat - ing, A - far hear ech - o re - peat - ing His name, Di - a - vo - lo!
Trem - ble!
E'en while the storm is beat - ing, A - far hear ech - o re - peat - ing His name, Di - a - vo - lo!

## Our Flag O'er Us Waving

G. VERDI

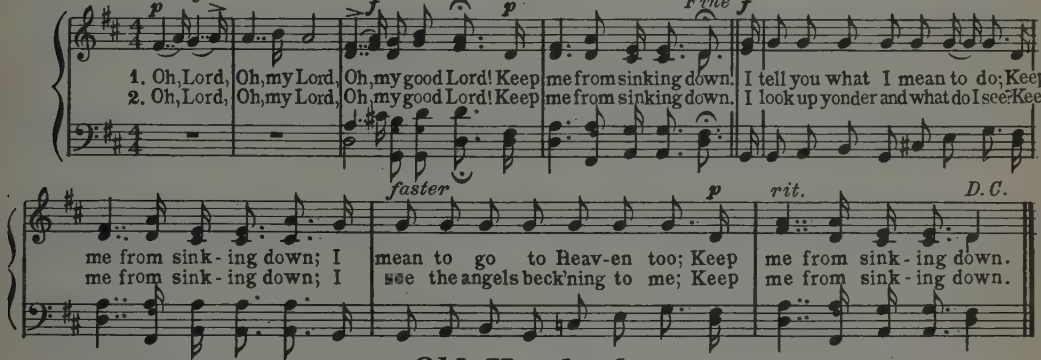
Allegro marcia


1. See the proud banner of Lib - er - ty streaming, Its bright star - ry folds o'er us radiant - ly
2. Bright star - ry banner! thy fame we will cher - ish, And shield thee and save thee, or no - bly we'll
gleam - ing: Hear the loud trumpet its war note re - peat - ing, The roll of the drums where brave armies are
per - ish: Proudly our ea - gles are floating a - bove thee, Co - lumbia, for - ev - er we bless thee and


meet-ing, brave armies wav-ing! ry!
love thee! bless thee and ev-er, ty!
meet-ing, are Marching to March on! March
love thee, and Pal-sied the Hail! no-ble
meet-ing! conquest ev-'ry on! on! March on! March
love thee! trai-tor hand our land, hail! Hail! no-ble
On, on to dan-ger no-bly braving. March, on! on! March on to
On, on to Un-ion that would sev-er: Hail! land, hail! Hail! land of
glo-ry's field, our march, march vic-to-
vic-to-ry! our hail! hail! lib-er-
proud flag o'er us on to vic-to- ry!
coun-try now and land of lib-er- ty!
tutta forza

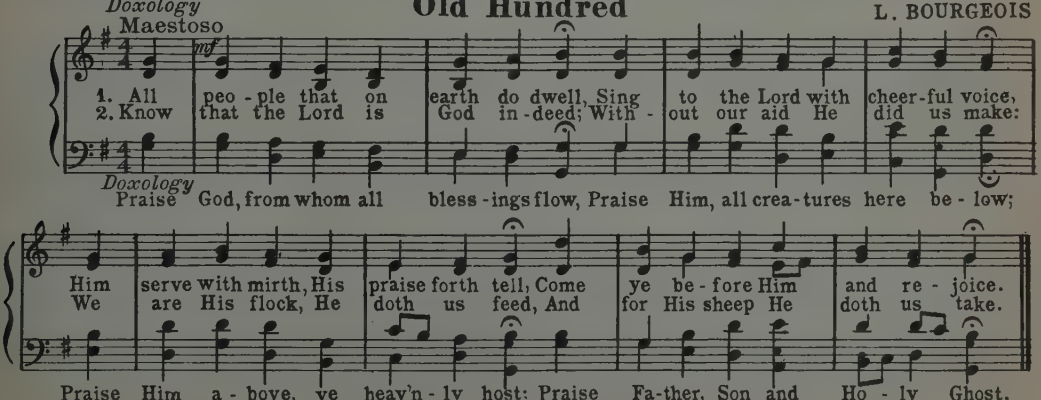
## Oh Lord, Oh, My Lord

SLAVE HYMN

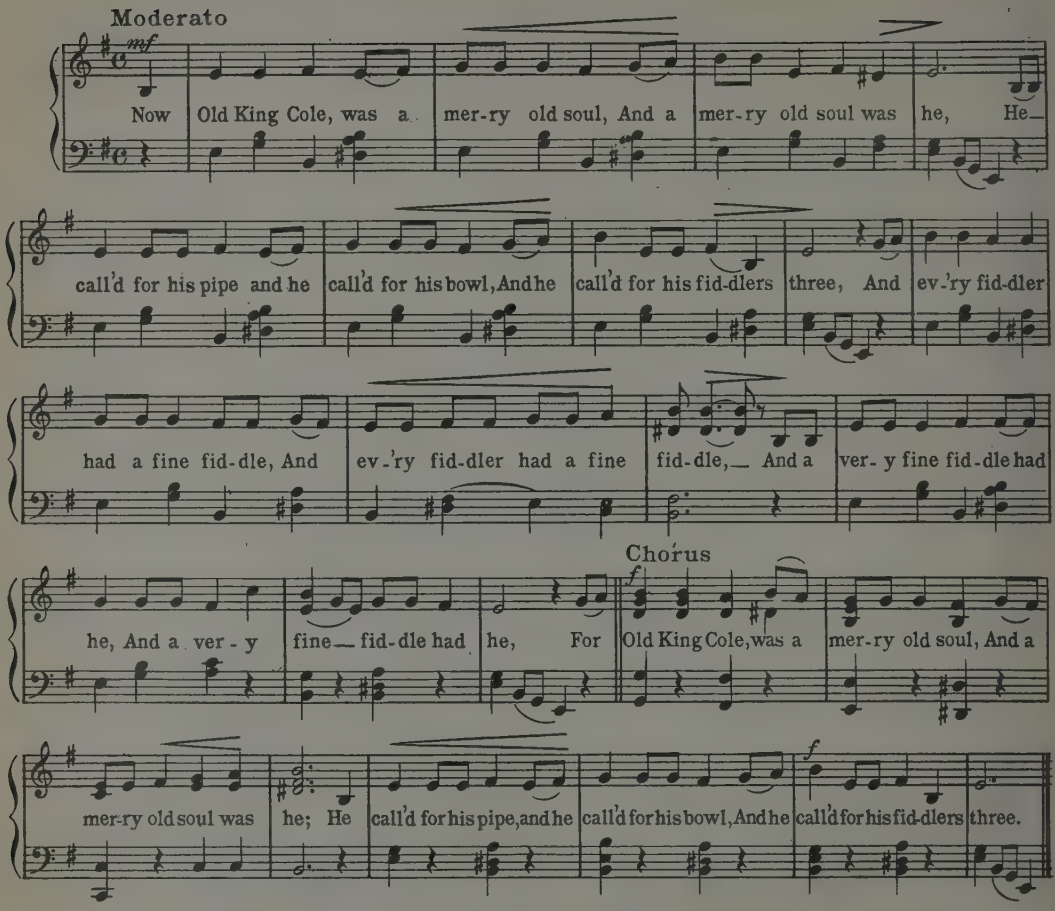

Slowly
1. Oh, Lord, Oh, my Lord, Oh, my good Lord! Keep me from sinking down. I tell you what I mean to do; Keep
2. Oh, Lord, Oh, my Lord, Oh, my good Lord! Keep me from sinking down. I look up yonder and what do I see: Keep
Fine
faster
rit.
D.C.
me from sink-ing down; I mean to go to Heav-en too; Keep me from sink-ing down.
me from sink-ing down; I see the angels beck'ning to me; Keep me from sink-ing down.

## Old Hundred

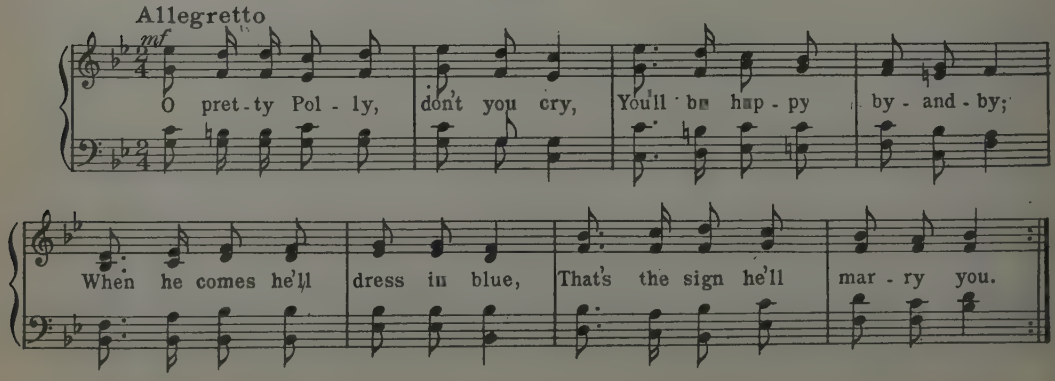
L. BOURGEOIS


Doxology
Maestoso
1. All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice,
2. Know that the Lord is God in-deed; With-out our aid He did us make:
Doxology
Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow, Praise Him, all crea-tures here be-low;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell, Come ye be-fore Him and re-joice.
We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host: Praise Fa-ther, Son and Ho-ly Ghost.

# Old King Cole

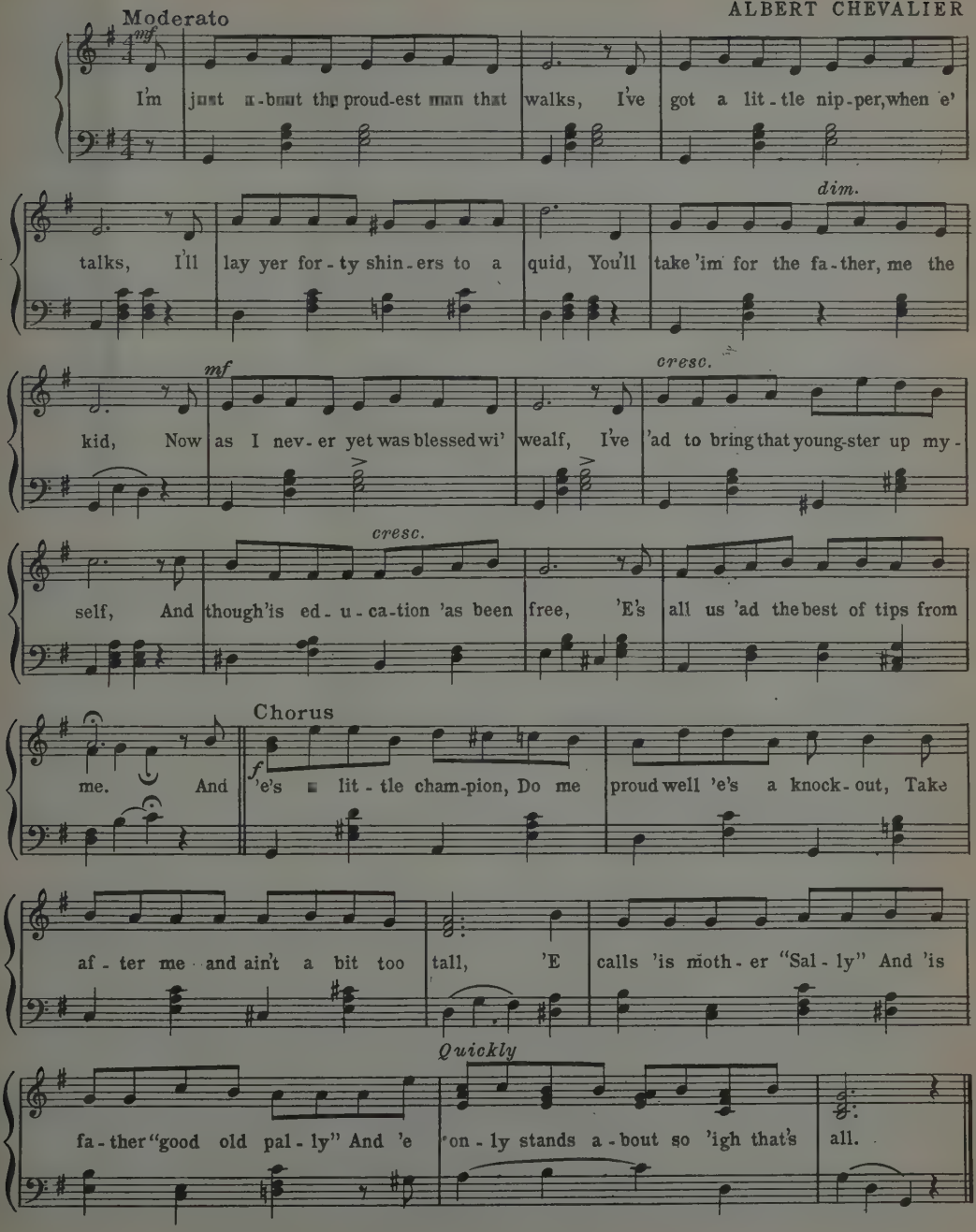

Moderato
mf
Now Old King Cole, was a mer-ry old soul, And a mer-ry old soul was he, He—
call'd for his pipe and he call'd for his bowl, And he call'd for his fid-dlers three, And ev-'ry fid-dler
had a fine fid-dle, And ev-'ry fid-dler had a fine fid-dle,— And a ver-y fine fid-dle had
Chorus
f
he, And a ver-y fine— fid-dle had he, For Old King Cole, was a mer-ry old soul, And a
mer-ry old soul was he; He call'd for his pipe, and he call'd for his bowl, And he call'd for his fid-dlers three.

# O Pretty Polly


Allegretto
mf
O pret-ty Pol-ly, don't you cry, You'll be hap-py by-and-by;
When he comes he'll dress in blue, That's the sign he'll mar-ry you.

# Our Little Nipper

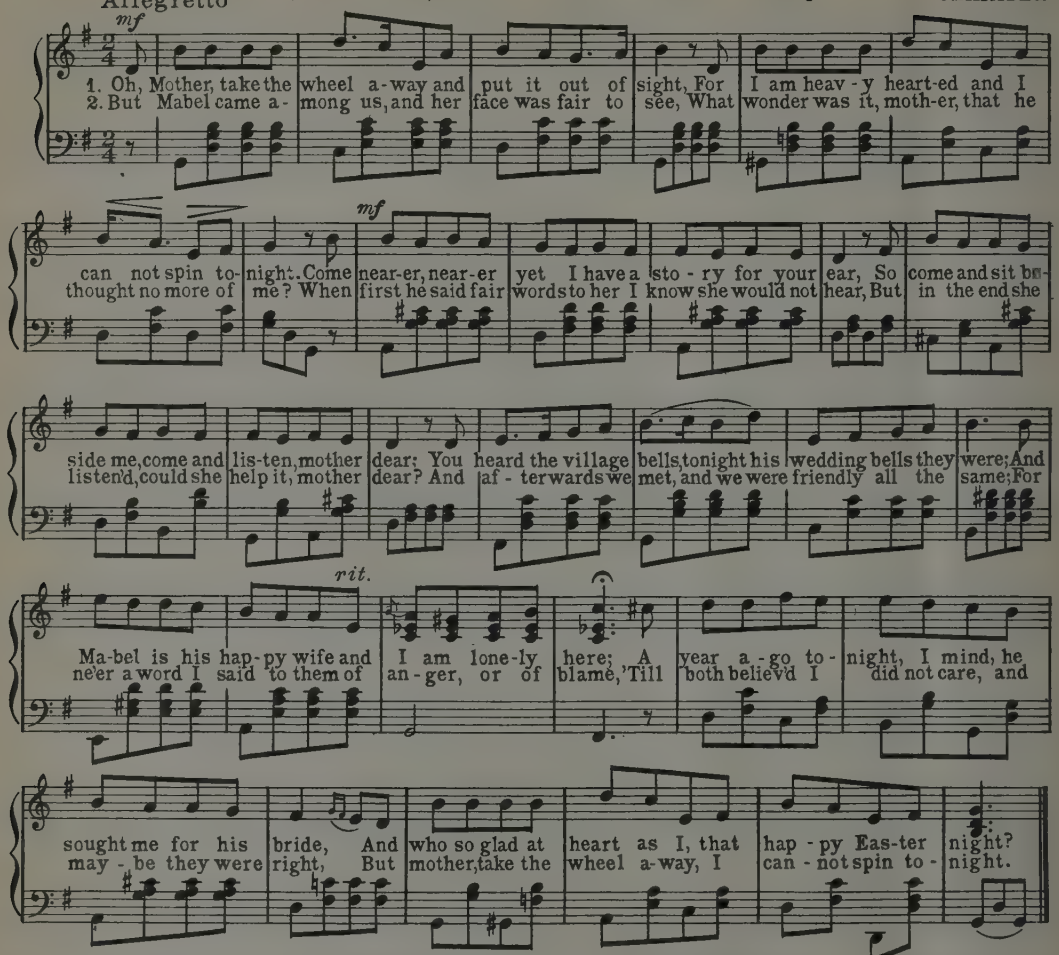
ALBERT CHEVALIER


Moderato
mf
I'm just a-bout the proud-est man that walks, I've got a lit-tle nip-per, when e'
talks, I'll lay yer for-ty shin-ers to a quid, You'll take 'im for the fa-ther, me the
dim.
mf
kid, Now as I nev-er yet was blessed wi' wealf, I've 'ad to bring that young-ster up my-
cresc.
self, And though 'is ed-u-ca-tion 'as been free, 'E's all us 'ad the best of tips from
cresc.
Chorus
me. And
f
'e's a lit-tle cham-pion, Do me proud well 'e's a knock-out, Take
af-ter me and ain't a bit too tall, 'E calls 'is moth-er "Sal-ly" And 'is
Quickly
fa-ther "good old pal-ly" And 'e on-ly stands a-bout so 'igh that's all.

## Oh, Mother, Take The Wheel Away

Allegretto

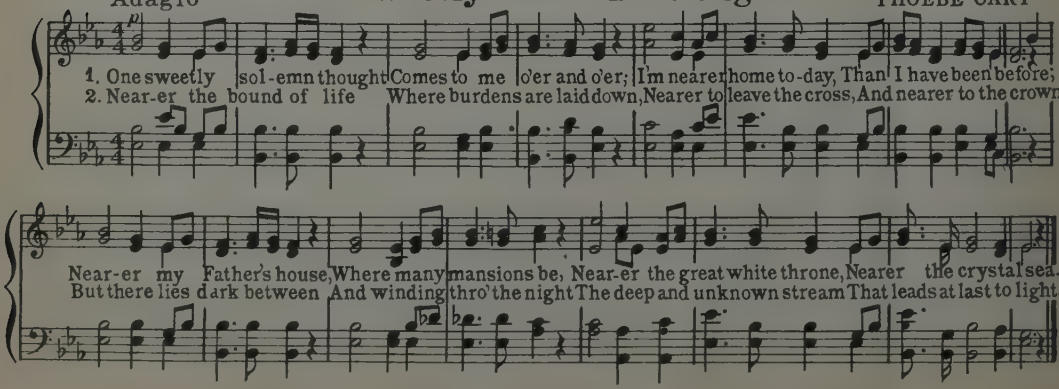
CLARIBEL


mf
1. Oh, Mother, take the wheel a-way and put it out of sight, For I am heav-y heart-ed and I
2. But Mabel came a- mong us, and her face was fair to see, What wonder was it, moth-er, that he
can not spin to- night. Come near-er, near-er yet I have a sto-ry for your ear, So come and sit be-
thought no more of me? When first he said fair words to her I know she would not hear, But in the end she
side me, come and lis-ten, mother dear; You heard the village bells, tonight his wedding bells they were; And
listen'd, could she help it, mother dear? And af-ter wards we met, and we were friendly all the same; For
rit.
Ma-bel is his hap-py wife and I am lone-ly here; A year a-go to- night, I mind, he
ne'er a word I said to them of an-ger, or of blame, 'Till both believ'd I did not care, and
sought me for his bride, And who so glad at heart as I, that hap-py Eas-ter night?
may-be they were right, But mother, take the wheel a-way, I can-not spin to- night.

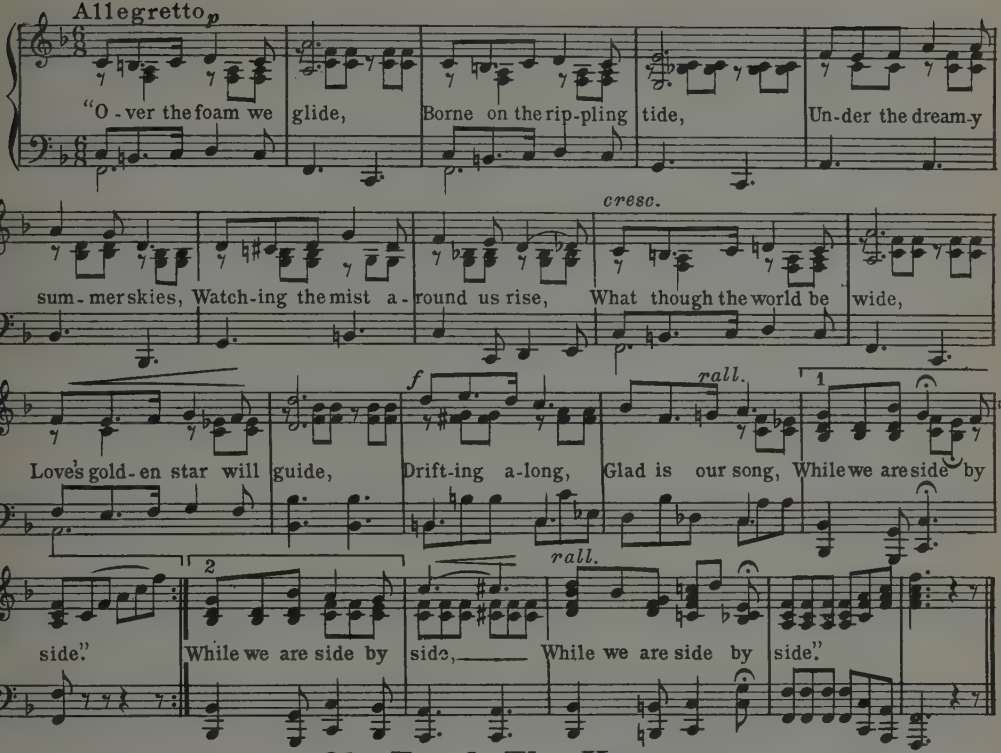
## One Sweetly Solemn Thought

Adagio

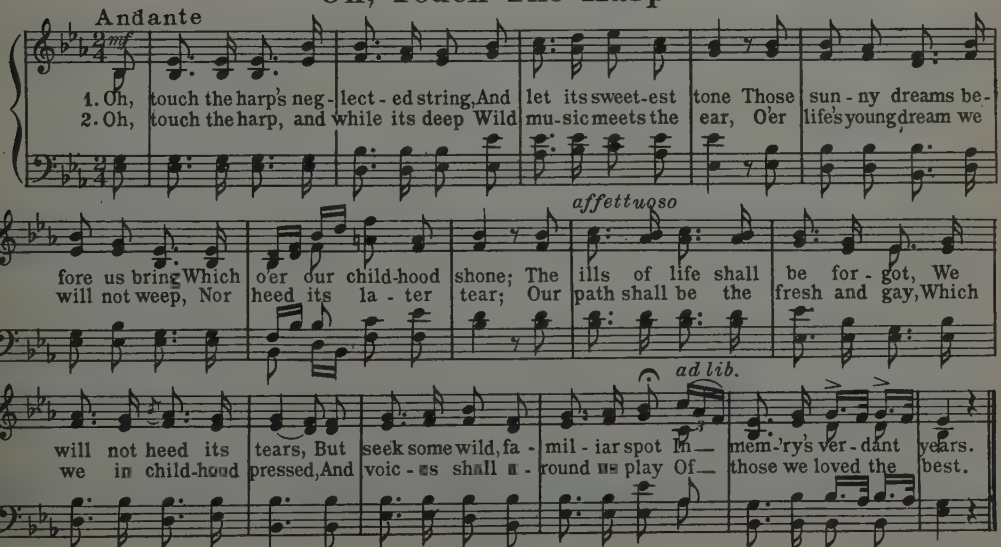
PHOEBE CARY


1. One sweetly sol-emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm nearer home to-day, Than I have been before;
2. Near-er the bound of life Where burdens are laid down, Nearer to leave the cross, And nearer to the crown:
Near-er my Father's house, Where many mansions be, Near-er the great white throne, Nearer the crystal sea.
But there lies dark between And winding thro' the night The deep and unknown stream That leads at last to light.

# On Venice Waters


Allegretto
p
"O - ver the foam we glide, Borne on the rip-pling tide, Un-der the dream-y
cresc.
sum - mer skies, Watch-ing the mist a - round us rise, What though the world be wide,
f
rall.
1
Love's gold - en star will guide, Drift-ing a-long, Glad is our song, While we are side by
2
rall.
side." While we are side by side, While we are side by side."

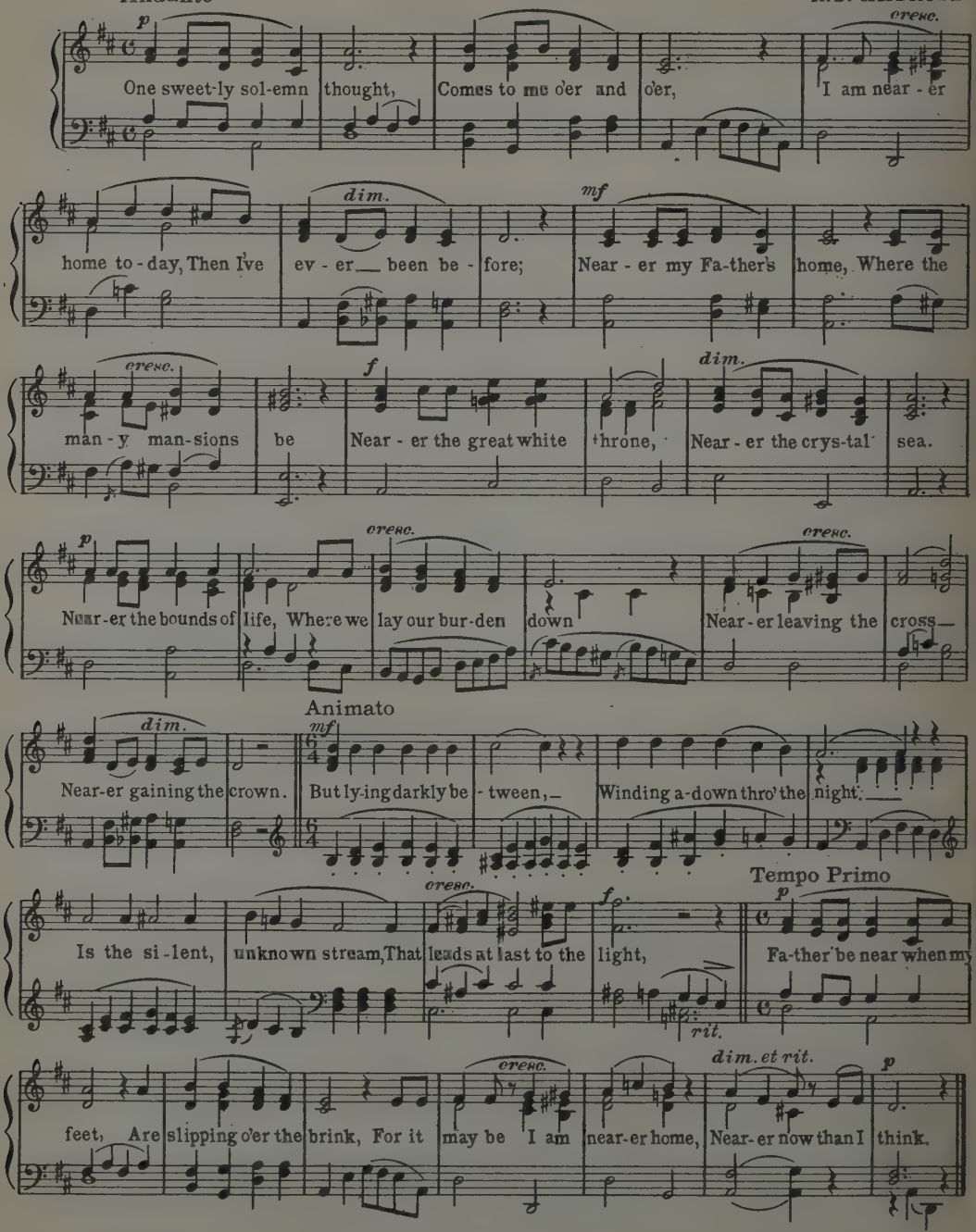
# Oh, Touch The Harp


Andante
mf
1. Oh, touch the harp's neg - lect - ed string, And let its sweet-est tone Those sun - ny dreams be-
2. Oh, touch the harp, and while its deep Wild mu-sic meets the ear, O'er life's young dream we
affettuoso
fore us bring Which o'er our child-hood shone; The ills of life shall be for - got, We
will not weep, Nor heed its la - ter tear; Our path shall be the fresh and gay, Which
ad lib.
will not heed its tears, But seek some wild, fa - mil - iar spot In mem-'ry's ver - dant years.
we in child-hood pressed, And voic - es shall a - round us play Of those we loved the best.

# One Sweetly Solemn Thought

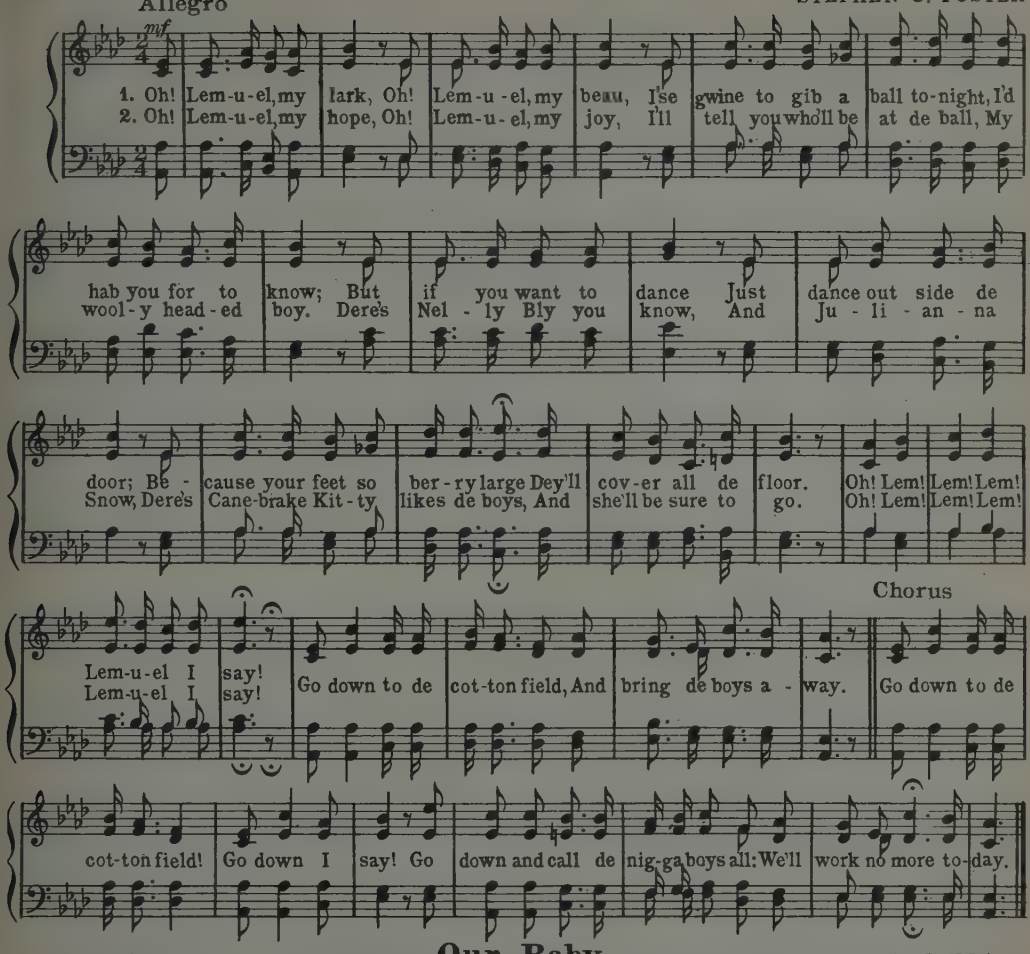
Andante

R.S. AMBROSE


p
One sweet-ly sol-emn thought, Comes to me o'er and o'er, I am near - er
cresc.
dim.
mf
home to - day, Then I've ev - er been be - fore; Near - er my Fa-ther's home, Where the
cresc.
f
dim.
man - y man-sions be Near - er the great white throne, Near - er the crys-tal sea.
p
cresc.
cresc.
Near - er the bounds of life, Where we lay our bur-den down Near - er leaving the cross
Animato
dim.
mf
Near-er gaining the crown. But ly-ing darkly be - tween, Winding a-down thro' the night.
cresc.
f
Tempo Primo
p
Is the si - lent, unknown stream, That leads at last to the light, Fa-ther be near when my
rit.
cresc.
dim. et rit.
p
feet, Are slipping o'er the brink, For it may be I am near-er home, Near-er now than I think.

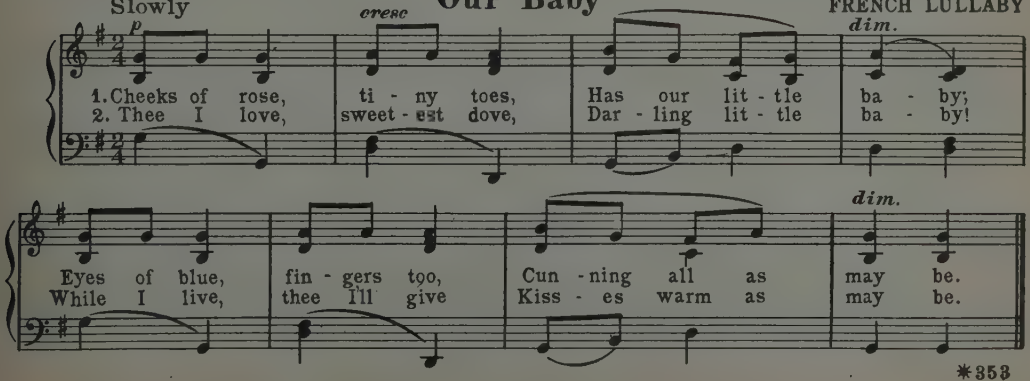
# Oh! Lemuel

STEPHEN C. FOSTER


Allegro
mf
1. Oh! Lem-u-el, my lark, Oh! Lem-u-el, my beau, I'se gwine to gib a ball to-night, I'd
2. Oh! Lem-u-el, my hope, Oh! Lem-u-el, my joy, I'll tell you who'll be at de ball, My
hab you for to know; But if you want to dance Just dance out side de
wool-y head-ed boy. Dere's Nel-ly Bly you know, And Ju-li-an-na
door; Be-cause your feet so ber-ry large Dey'll cov-er all de floor. Oh! Lem! Lem! Lem!
Snow, Dere's Cane-brake Kit-ty likes de boys, And she'll be sure to go. Oh! Lem! Lem! Lem!
Chorus
Lem-u-el I say!
Lem-u-el I say!
Go down to de cot-ton field, And bring de boys a-way. Go down to de
cot-ton field! Go down I say! Go down and call de nig-ga boys all: We'll work no more to-day.

# Our Baby

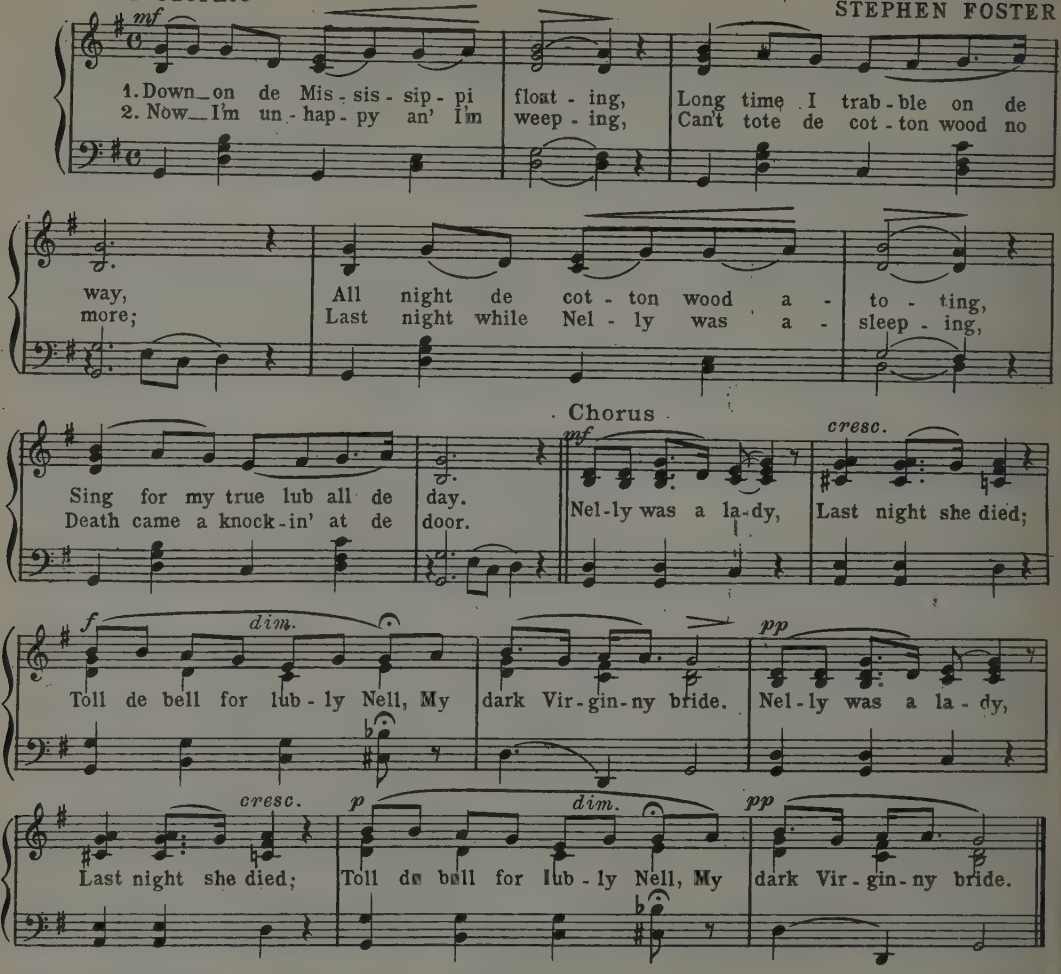
FRENCH LULLABY


Slowly
p
cresc
dim.
1. Cheeks of rose, ti-ny toes, Has our lit-tle ba-by;
2. Thee I love, sweet-est dove, Dar-ling lit-tle ba-by!
dim.
Eyes of blue, fin-gers too, Cun-ning all as may be.
While I live, thee I'll give Kiss-es warm as may be.

# Nelly Was A Lady

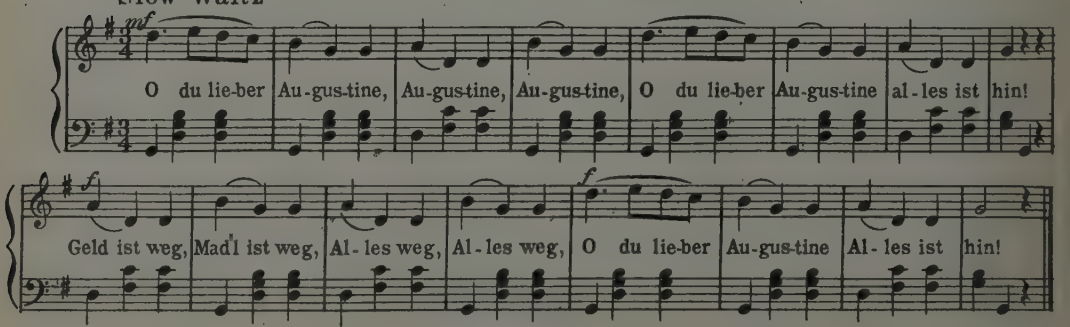
Moderato

STEPHEN FOSTER


mf
1. Down on de Mis - sis - sip - pi float - ing, Long time I trab - ble on de way,
2. Now I'm un - hap - py an' I'm weep - ing, Can't tote de cot - ton wood no more;
All night de cot - ton wood a - to - ting,
Last night while Nel - ly was a - sleep - ing,
Chorus
Sing for my true lub all de day.
Death came a knock - in' at de door.
mf
Nel - ly was a la - dy,
cresc.
Last night she died;
f
dim.
Toll de bell for lub - ly Nell, My dark Vir - gin - ny bride.
pp
Nel - ly was a la - dy,
cresc.
Last night she died;
p
dim.
Toll de bell for lub - ly Nell, My
pp
dark Vir - gin - ny bride.

# O Du Lieber Augustin

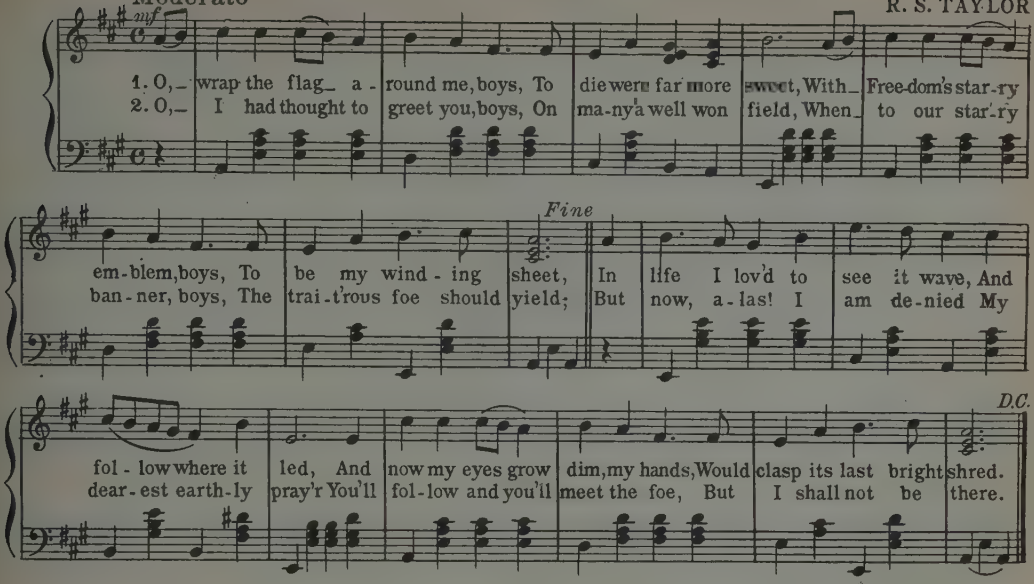
Slow Waltz


mf
O du lie - ber Au - gus - tine, Au - gus - tine, Au - gus - tine, O du lie - ber Au - gus - tine al - les ist hin!
f
Geld ist weg, Mad'l ist weg, Al - les weg, Al - les weg,
f
O du lie - ber Au - gus - tine Al - les ist hin!

# O Wrap The Flag Around Me, Boys

Moderato

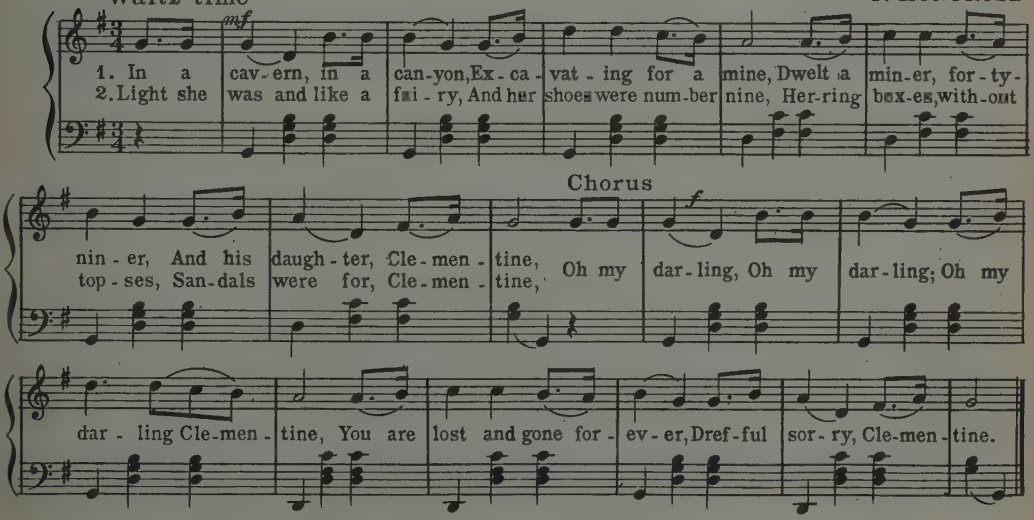
R. S. TAYLOR


mf
1. O, wrap the flag a - round me, boys, To die were far more sweet, With Free-dom's star-ry
2. O, I had thought to greet you, boys, On ma-ny a well won field, When to our star'-ry
em-blem, boys, To be my wind - ing sheet, In life I lov'd to see it wave, And
ban - ner, boys, The trai-t'rous foe should yield; But now, a - las! I am de-nied My
Fine
fol - low where it led, And now my eyes grow dim, my hands, Would clasp its last bright shred.
dear - est earth-ly pray'r You'll fol-low and you'll meet the foe, But I shall not be there.
D.C.

# Oh, My Darling Clementine

Waltz time

P. MONTROSE


mf
1. In a cav - ern, in a can-yon, Ex - ca - vat - ing for a mine, Dwelt a min-er, for-ty-
2. Light she was and like a fai - ry, And her shoes were num-ber nine, Her-ring box-es, with-out
Chorus
nin - er, And his daugh - ter, Cle - men - tine, Oh my dar - ling, Oh my dar - ling; Oh my
top - ses, San-dals were for, Cle - men - tine,
dar - ling Cle-men - tine, You are lost and gone for - ev - er, Dref - ful sor - ry, Cle-men - tine.

3.

Drove she ducklings to the water,
Every morning just at nine,
Hit her foot against a splinter,
Fell into the foaming brine.

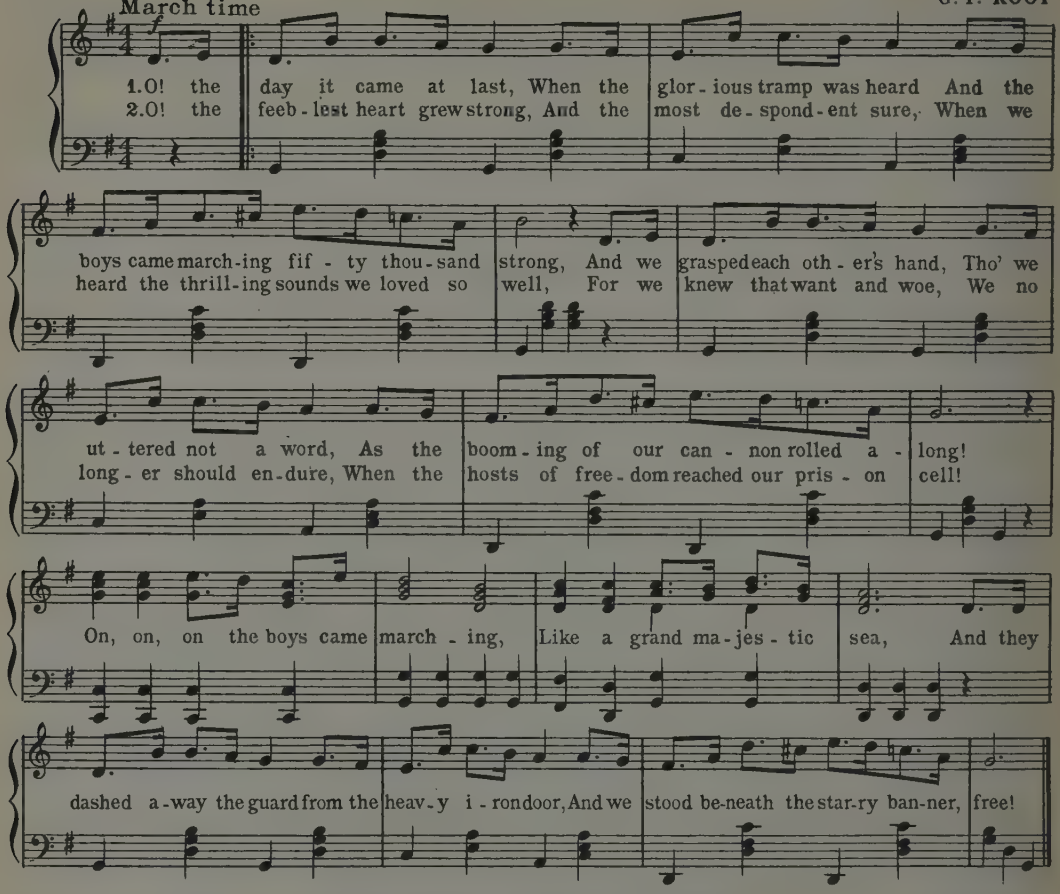
4.

Ruby lips above the water,
Blowing bubbles soft and fine;
Alas, for me! I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine.

# On, On, On, The Boys Came Marching

March time

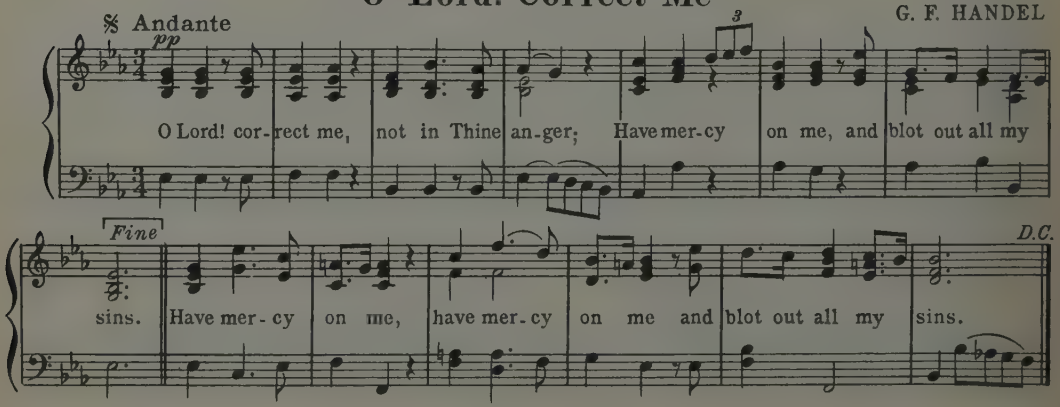
G. F. ROOT


1. O! the day it came at last, When the glor - ious tramp was heard And the
2. O! the feeb - lest heart grew strong, And the most de - spond - ent sure, When we
boys came march-ing fif - ty thou - sand strong, And we grasped each oth - er's hand, Tho' we
heard the thrill-ing sounds we loved so well, For we knew that want and woe, We no
ut - tered not a word, As the boom - ing of our can - non rolled a - long!
long - er should en - dure, When the hosts of free - dom reached our pris - on cell!
On, on, on the boys came march - ing, Like a grand ma - jes - tic sea, And they
dashed a - way the guard from the heav - y i - ron door, And we stood be-neath the star-ry ban-ner, free!

# O Lord! Correct Me

𝄋 Andante

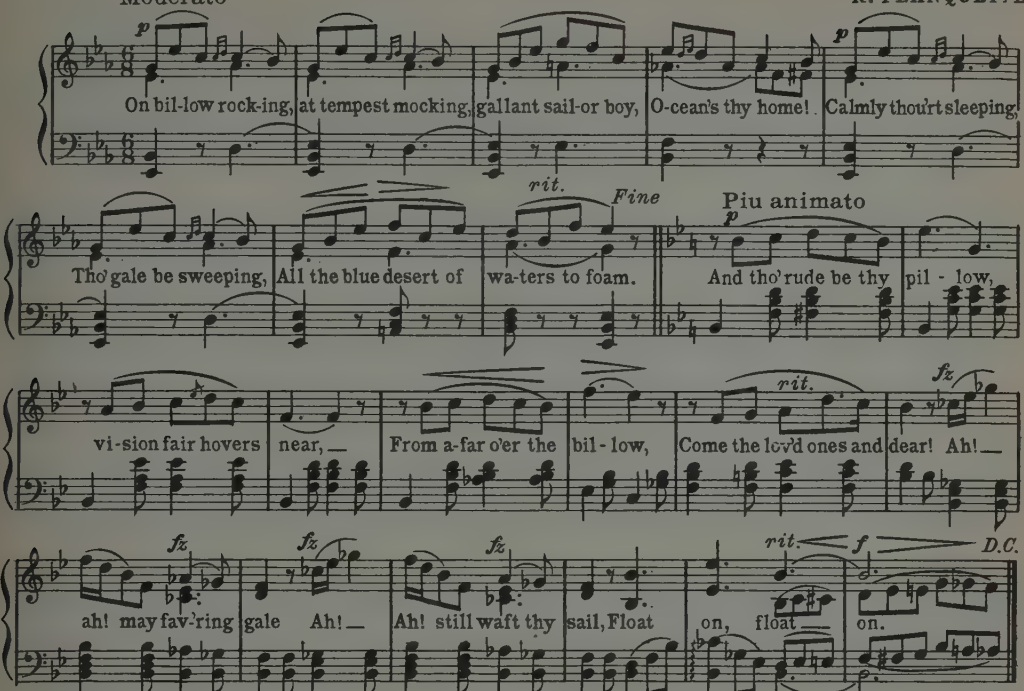
G. F. HANDEL


pp
O Lord! cor - rect me, not in Thine an - ger; Have mer - cy on me, and blot out all my
Fine
D.C.
sins. Have mer - cy on me, have mer - cy on me and blot out all my sins.

## On Billow Rocking

Moderato

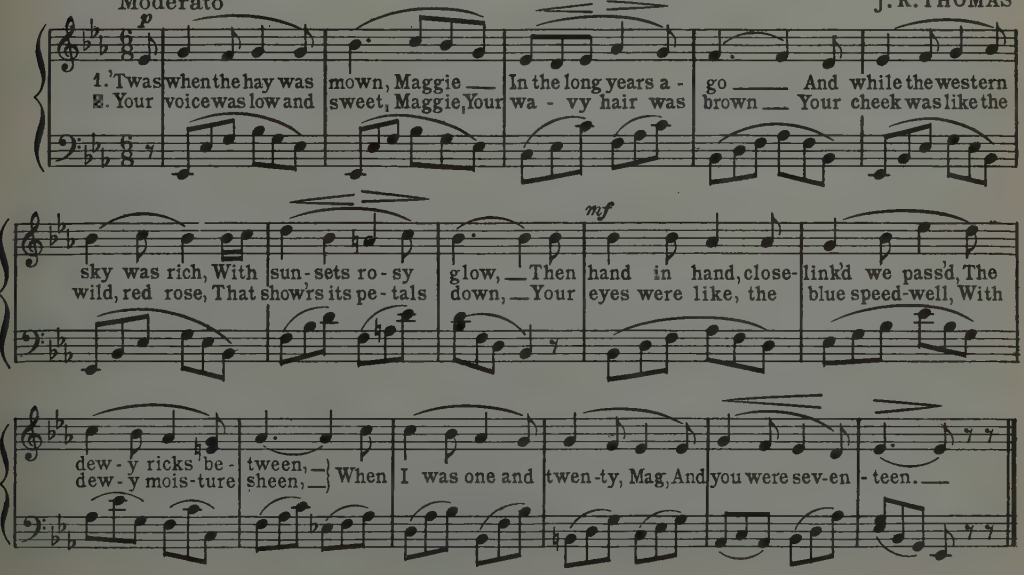
R. PLANQUETTE


p
On bil-low rock-ing, at tempest mocking, gallant sail-or boy, O-cean's thy home! Calmly thou'rt sleeping,
rit.
Fine
Tho' gale be sweeping, All the blue desert of wa-ters to foam.
Piu animato
p
And tho' rude be thy pil - low,
vi-sion fair hovers near, From a-far o'er the bil - low, Come the lov'd ones and dear! Ah!
rit.
fz
ah! may fav'-ring gale Ah! Ah! still waft thy sail, Float on, float on.
rit.
f
D.C.

## The Old Time

Moderato

J. R. THOMAS


p
1. 'Twas when the hay was mown, Maggie In the long years a - go And while the western
2. Your voice was low and sweet, Maggie, Your wa - vy hair was brown Your cheek was like the
mf
sky was rich, With sun-sets ro-sy glow, Then hand in hand, close-link'd we pass'd, The
wild, red rose, That show'rs its pe-tals down, Your eyes were like, the blue speed-well, With
dew-y ricks be-tween, } When I was one and twen-ty, Mag, And you were sev-en - teen.
dew-y mois-ture sheen, }

## Over The Bright Blue Sea

A. SULLIVAN

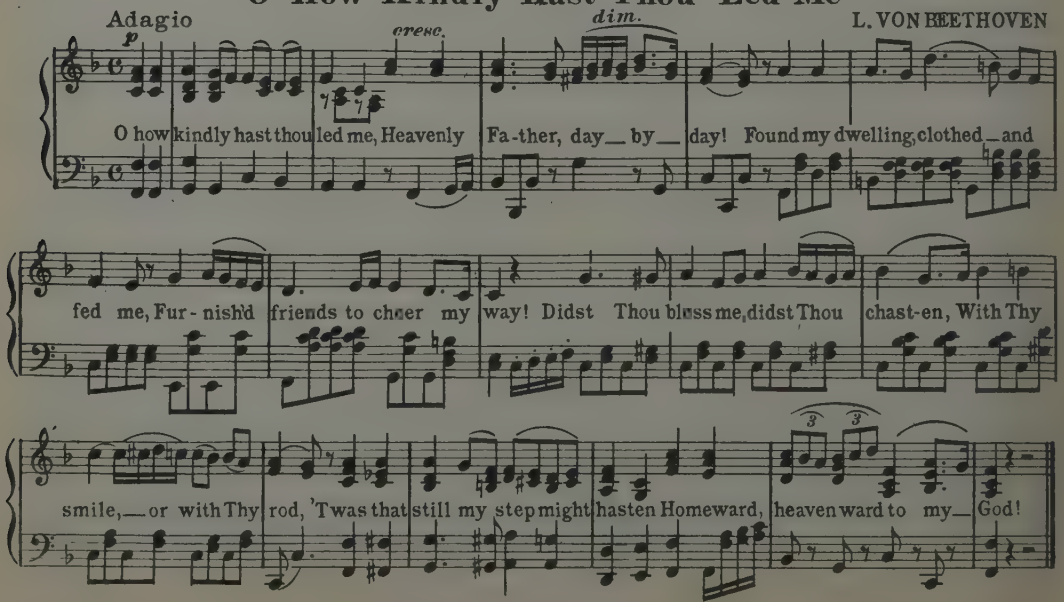
Andantino

p
O - ver the bright blue sea Comes Sir Jo - seph Por-ter, K. C. B., Wher-
f
ev - er you may go, Bang! Bang! the loud nine pounders go; Shout o'er the bright blue
p
sea For Sir Jo-seph Por-ter, K. C. B., Shout o'er the bright blue sea For Sir
f
dim.
Jo-seph Porter K.C. B., For Sir Joseph Por-ter, K. C. B.,
pp

## O How Kindly Hast Thou Led Me

L. VON BEETHOVEN

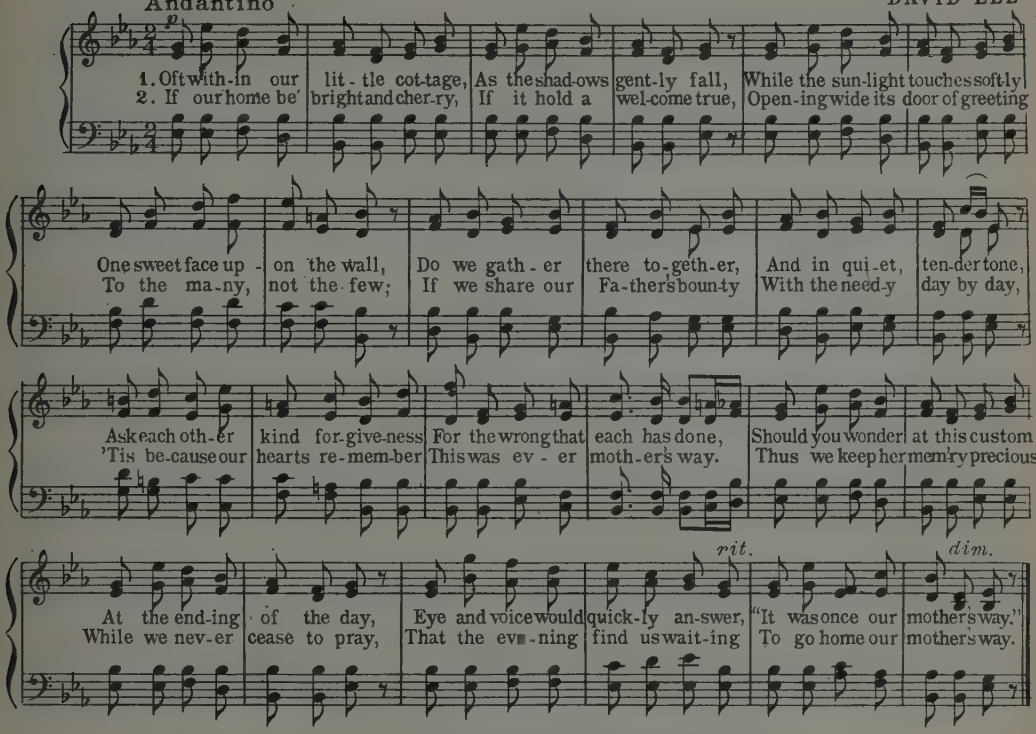
Adagio


p
cresc.
dim.
O how kindly hast thou led me, Heavenly Fa-ther, day by day! Found my dwelling, clothed and
fed me, Fur-nish'd friends to cheer my way! Didst Thou bless me, didst Thou chast-en, With Thy
smile, or with Thy rod, 'Twas that still my step might hasten Homeward, heaven ward to my God!
3
3

# Our Mother's Way

Andantino

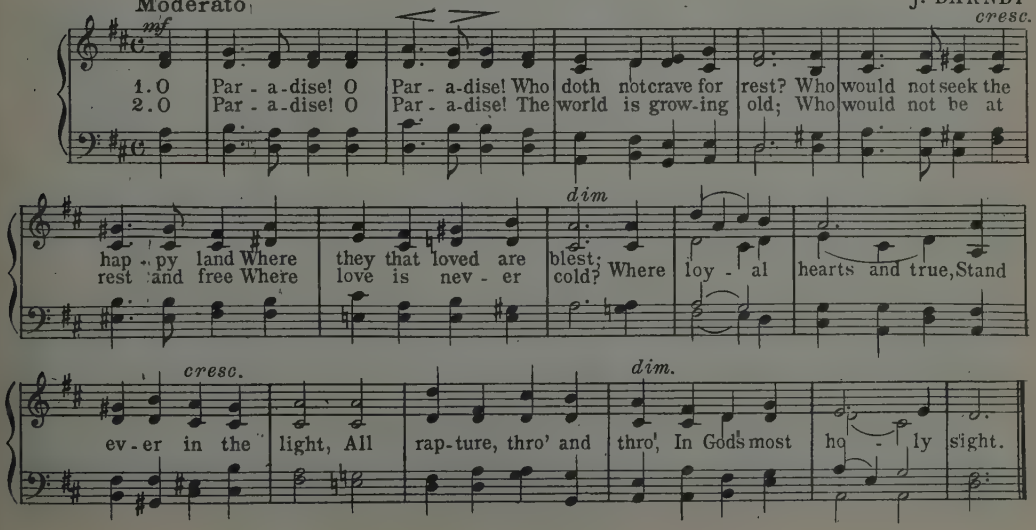
DAVID LEE


1. Oft with-in our lit-tle cot-tage, As the shad-ows gent-ly fall, While the sun-light touches soft-ly
2. If our home be' bright and cher-ry, If it hold a wel-come true, Open-ing wide its door of greeting
One sweet face up - on the wall, Do we gath-er there to-geth-er, And in qui-et, ten-der tone,
To the ma-ny, not the few; If we share our Fa-thers boun-ty With the need-y day by day,
Ask each oth-er kind for-give-ness For the wrong that each has done, Should you wonder at this custom
'Tis be-cause our hearts re-mem-ber This was ev - er moth-er's way. Thus we keep her mem'ry precious
rit.
dim.
At the end-ing of the day, Eye and voice would quick-ly an-swer, "It was once our mother's way."
While we nev-er cease to pray, That the eve-ning find us wait-ing To go home our mother's way.

# O Paradise!

Moderato

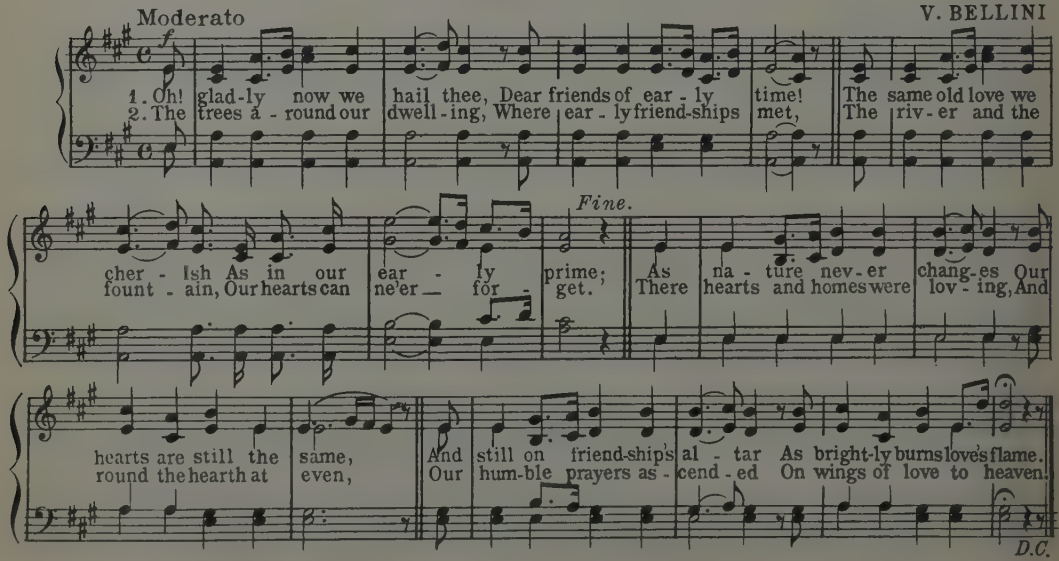
J. BARNBY


mf
cresc.
1. O Par - a-dise! O Par - a-dise! Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the
2. O Par - a-dise! O Par - a-dise! The world is grow-ing old; Who would not be at
dim
hap - py land Where they that loved are blest; Where loy - al hearts and true, Stand
rest and free Where love is nev - er cold?
cresc.
dim.
ev - er in the light, All rap-ture, thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight.

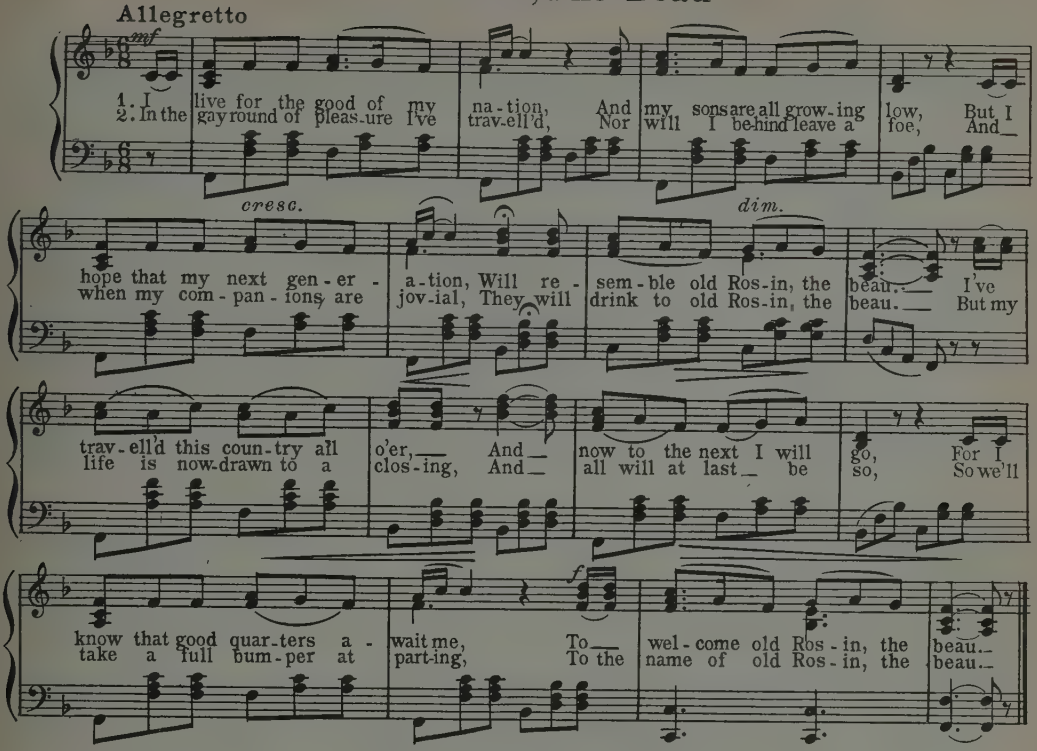
## Over The Banister

Moderato
mf
1. O - ver the ban-is-ter leans a face, Ten-der-ly sweet and be - guil - ing,
2. No - bod-y on - ly those eyes of brown, Ten-der and full — of mean - ing,
While be - low her with ten - der grace, He watch-es the pic - ture smil - ing. The
Gaze on the love-li - est face in town, — O - ver the ban-is-ter lean - ing,
dim.
mf
light — burns dim in the hall be - low, No - bod - y sees them stand - ing,
Tim - id and tired with down-cast eyes, I won-der why she lin - gers
cresc.
dim.
Say - ing good - night a-gain soft and low, — Half — way up to the land - ing.
Af - ter all the good - nights are said? — Some-bod-y holds her fin - gers.

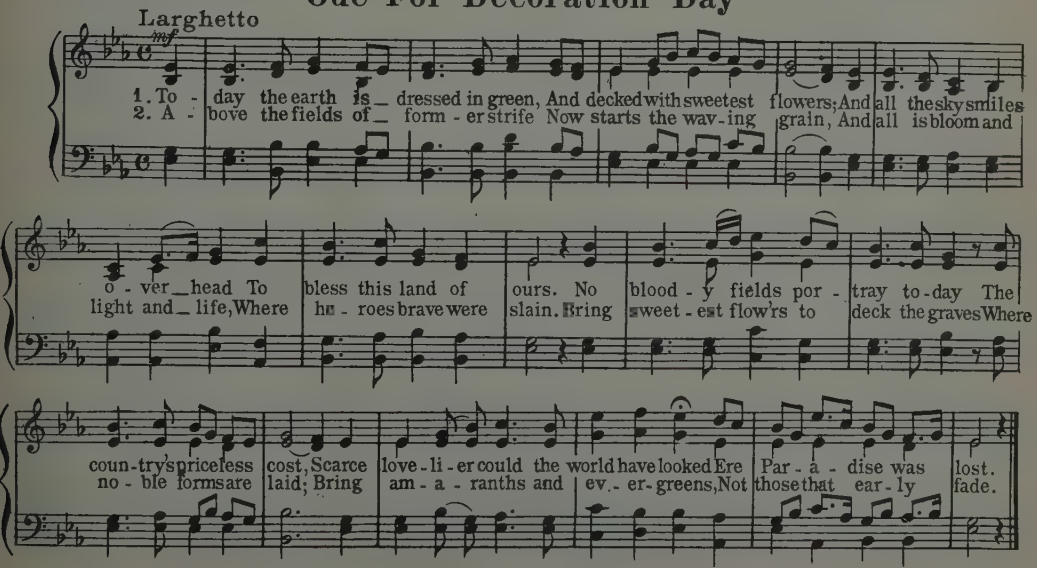
## Oh! Gladly Now We Hail Thee


Moderato
V. BELLINI
f
1. Oh! glad-ly now we hail thee, Dear friends of ear - ly time! The same old love we
2. The trees a - round our dwell - ing, Where ear - ly friend-ships met, The riv - er and the
cher - ish As in our ear - ly prime; As na - ture nev - er chang - es Our
fount - ain, Our hearts can ne'er — for - get. There hearts and homes were lov - ing, And
Fine.
hearts are still the same, And still on friend-ship's al - tar As bright-ly burns love's flame.
round the hearth at even, Our hum-ble prayers as - cend - ed On wings of love to heaven.
D.C.

## Old Rosin, The Beau


Allegretto
mf
1. I live for the good of my na-tion, And my sons are all grow-ing low, But I
2. In the gay round of pleas-ure I've trav-ell'd, Nor will I be-hind leave a foe, And
cresc.
hope that my next gen-er-a-tion, Will re-sem-ble old Ros-in, the beau. I've
when my com-pan-ions are jov-ial, They will drink to old Ros-in, the beau. But my
dim.
trav-ell'd this coun-try all o'er, And now to the next I will go, For I
life is now drawn to a clos-ing, And all will at last be so, So we'll
f
know that good quar-ters a-wait me, To wel-come old Ros-in, the beau.
take a full bum-per at part-ing, To the name of old Ros-in, the beau.

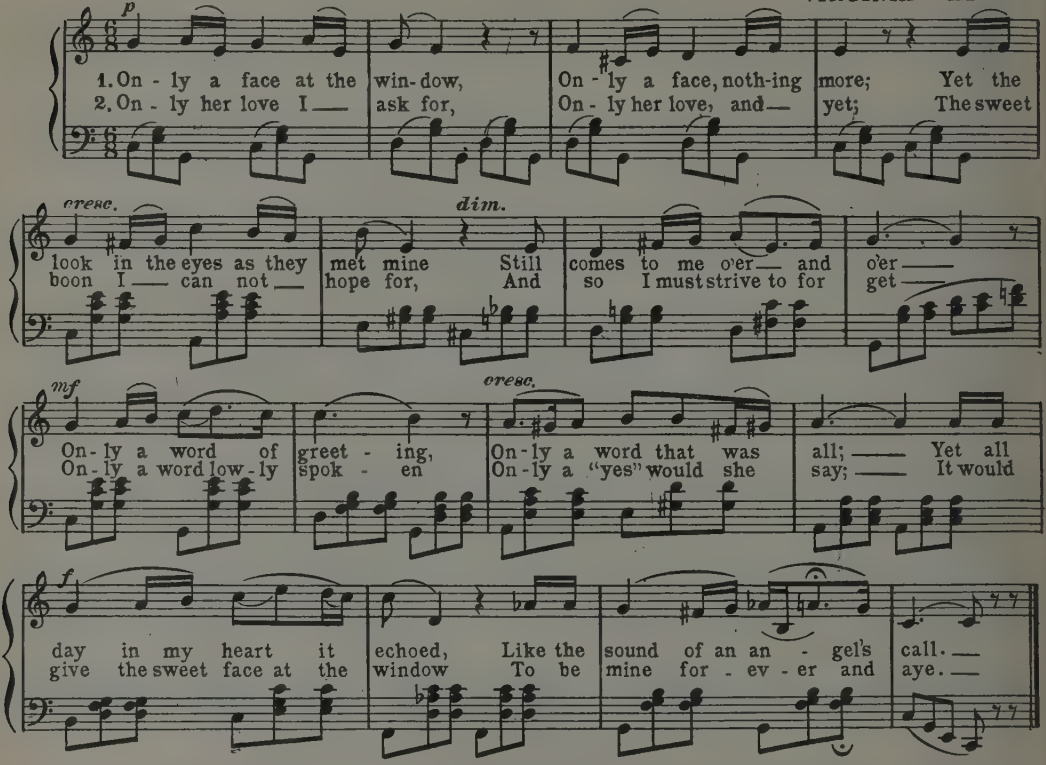
## Ode For Decoration Day


Larghetto
mf
1. To-day the earth is dressed in green, And decked with sweetest flowers; And all the sky smiles
2. A-bove the fields of form-er strife Now starts the wav-ing grain, And all is bloom and
o-ver head To bless this land of ours. No blood-y fields por-tray to-day The
light and life, Where he-roes brave were slain. Bring sweet-est flow'rs to deck the graves Where
coun-try's priceless cost, Scarce love-li-er could the world have looked Ere Par-a-dise was lost.
no-ble forms are laid; Bring am-a-ranths and ev-er-greens, Not those that ear-ly fade.

# Only A Face At The Window

Allegretto

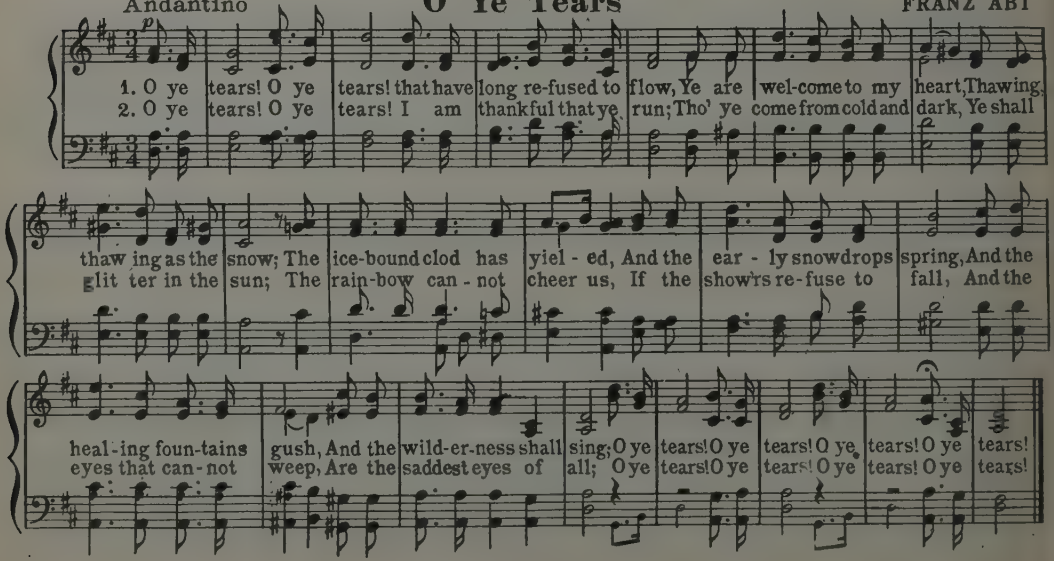
VIRGINIA GABRIEL


p
1. On - ly a face at the win-dow, On - ly a face, noth-ing more; Yet the
2. On - ly her love I ask for, On - ly her love, and yet; The sweet
cresc.
look in the eyes as they met mine Still comes to me o'er and o'er
boon I can not hope for, And so I must strive to for get
dim.
mf
On - ly a word of greet - ing, On - ly a word that was all; Yet all
On - ly a word low - ly spok - en On - ly a "yes" would she say; It would
cresc.
f
day in my heart it echoed, Like the sound of an an - gel's call.
give the sweet face at the window To be mine for - ev - er and aye.

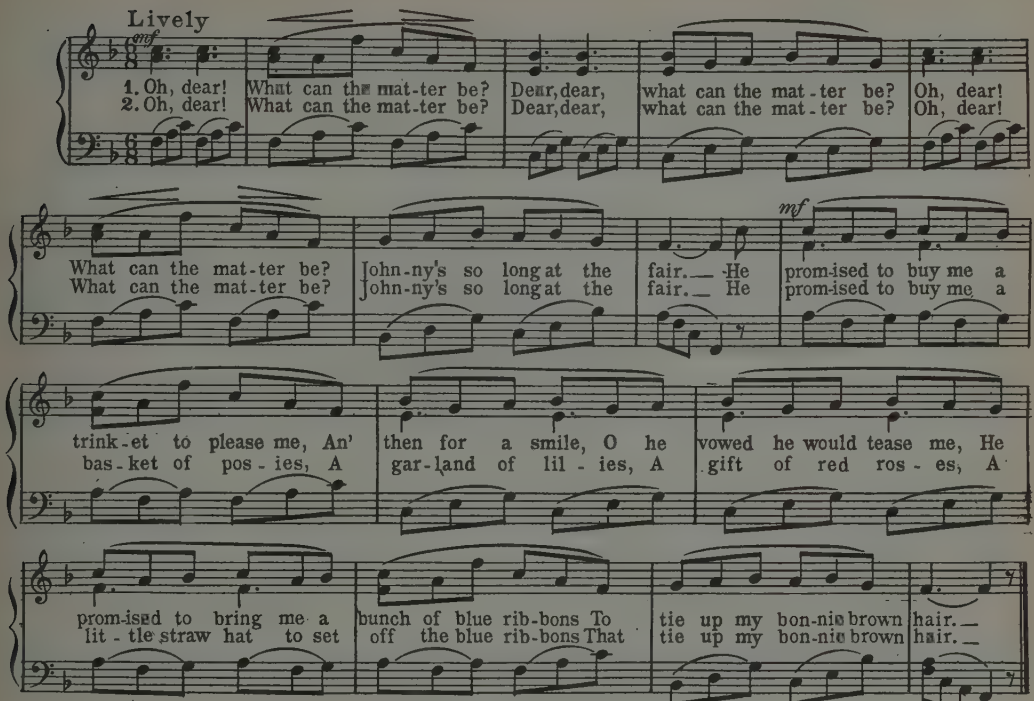
Andantino

## O Ye Tears

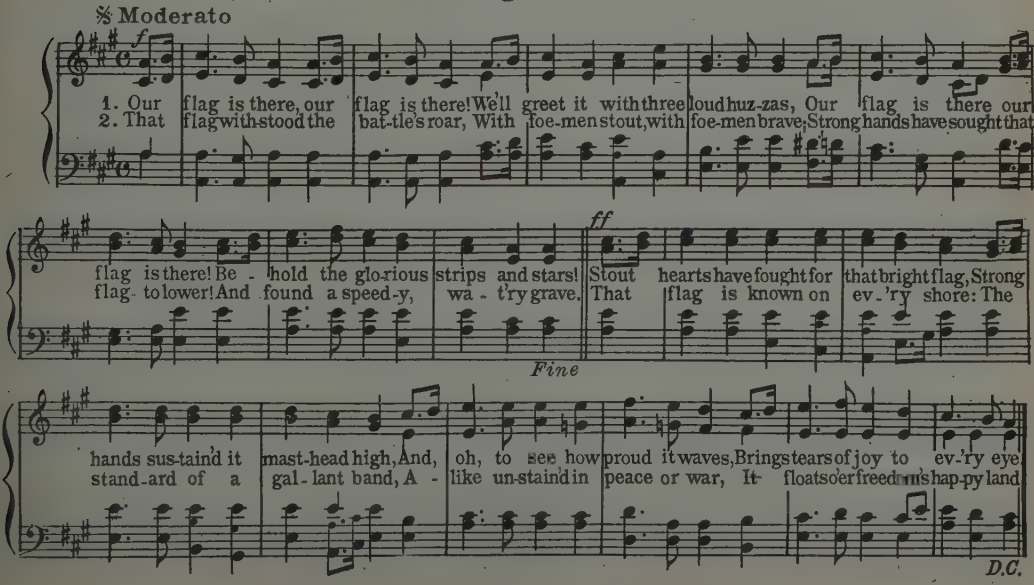
FRANZ ABT


p
1. O ye tears! O ye tears! that have long re-fused to flow, Ye are wel-come to my heart, Thawing,
2. O ye tears! O ye tears! I am thankful that ye run; Tho' ye come from cold and dark, Ye shall
thaw ing as the snow; The ice-bound clod has yiel - ed, And the ear - ly snowdrops spring, And the
glit ter in the sun; The rain-bow can - not cheer us, If the show'rs re-fuse to fall, And the
heal-ing foun-tains gush, And the wild-er-ness shall sing; O ye tears! O ye tears! O ye tears! O ye tears!
eyes that can-not weep, Are the saddest eyes of all; O ye tears! O ye tears! O ye tears! O ye tears!

# Oh, Dear! What Can The Matter Be?

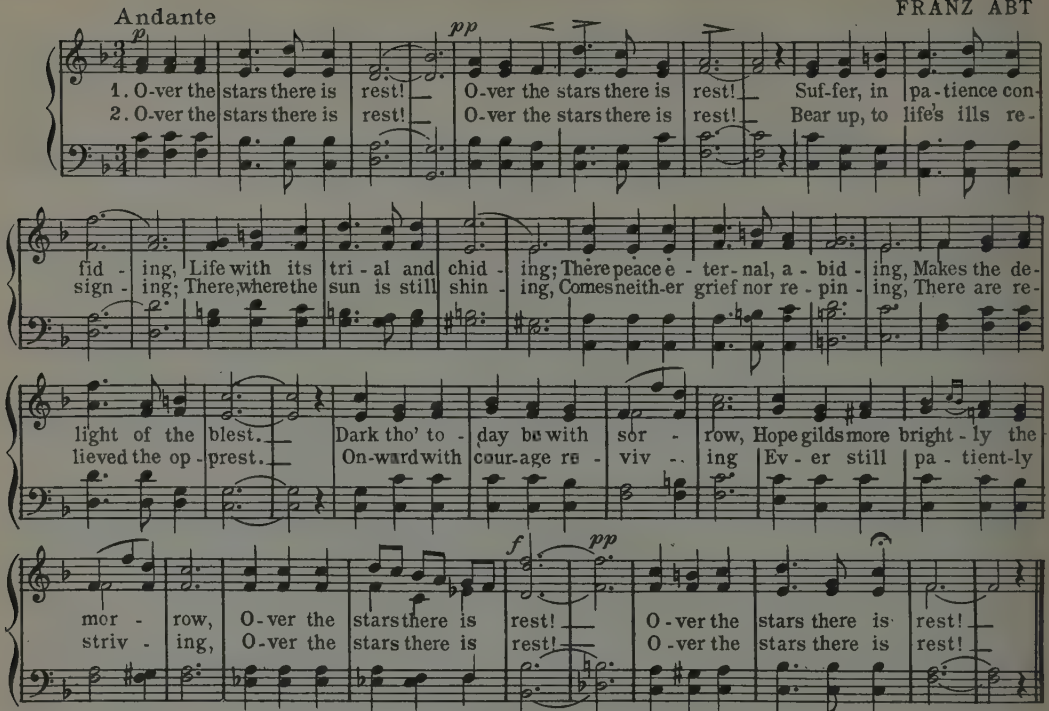

Lively
mf
1. Oh, dear! What can the mat-ter be? Dear, dear, what can the mat-ter be? Oh, dear!
2. Oh, dear! What can the mat-ter be? Dear, dear, what can the mat-ter be? Oh, dear!
What can the mat-ter be? John-ny's so long at the fair. He
What can the mat-ter be? John-ny's so long at the fair. He
mf
prom-ised to buy me a trink-et to please me, An'
prom-ised to buy me a bas-ket of pos-ies, A
then for a smile, O he gar-land of lil-ies, A
vowed he would tease me, He gift of red ros-es, A
prom-ised to bring me a lit-tle straw hat to set
bunch of blue rib-bons To off the blue rib-bons That
tie up my bon-nie brown hair.
tie up my bon-nie brown hair.

# Our Flag Is There


𝄋 Moderato
f
1. Our flag is there, our flag is there! We'll greet it with three loud huz-zas, Our flag is there our
2. That flag with-stood the bat-tle's roar, With foe-men stout, with foe-men brave, Strong hands have sought that
flag is there! Be-hold the glo-rious strips and stars!
flag to lower! And found a speed-y, wa-t'ry grave.
ff
Stout hearts have fought for that bright flag, Strong
That flag is known on ev-'ry shore: The
Fine
hands sus-tain'd it mast-head high, And, oh, to see how proud it waves, Brings tears of joy to ev-'ry eye,
stand-ard of a gal-lant band, A-like un-stain'd in peace or war, It floats o'er freed-m's hap-py land,
D.C.

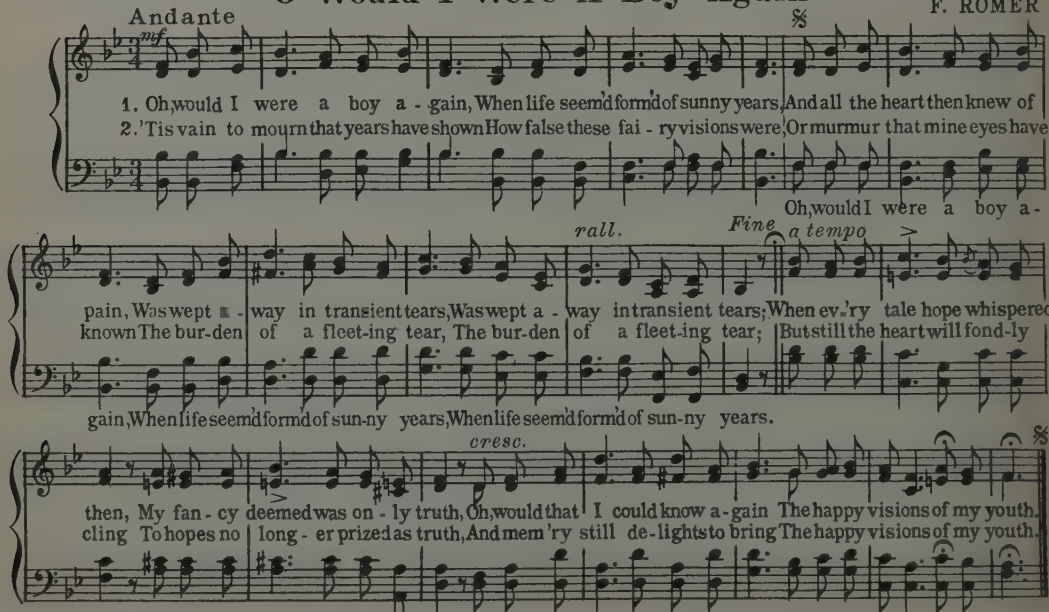
# Over The Stars There Is Rest

FRANZ ABT


Andante
1. O-ver the stars there is rest! O-ver the stars there is rest! Suf-fer, in pa-tience con-
2. O-ver the stars there is rest! O-ver the stars there is rest! Bear up, to life's ills re-
fid-ing, Life with its tri-al and chid-ing; There peace e-ter-nal, a-bid-ing, Makes the de-
sign-ing; There, where the sun is still shin-ing, Comes neith-er grief nor re-pin-ing, There are re-
light of the blest. Dark tho' to-day be with sor-row, Hope gilds more bright-ly the
lieved the op-prest. On-ward with cour-age re-viv-ing Ev-er still pa-tient-ly
mor-row, O-ver the stars there is rest! O-ver the stars there is rest!
striv-ing, O-ver the stars there is rest! O-ver the stars there is rest!

# O Would I Were A Boy Again

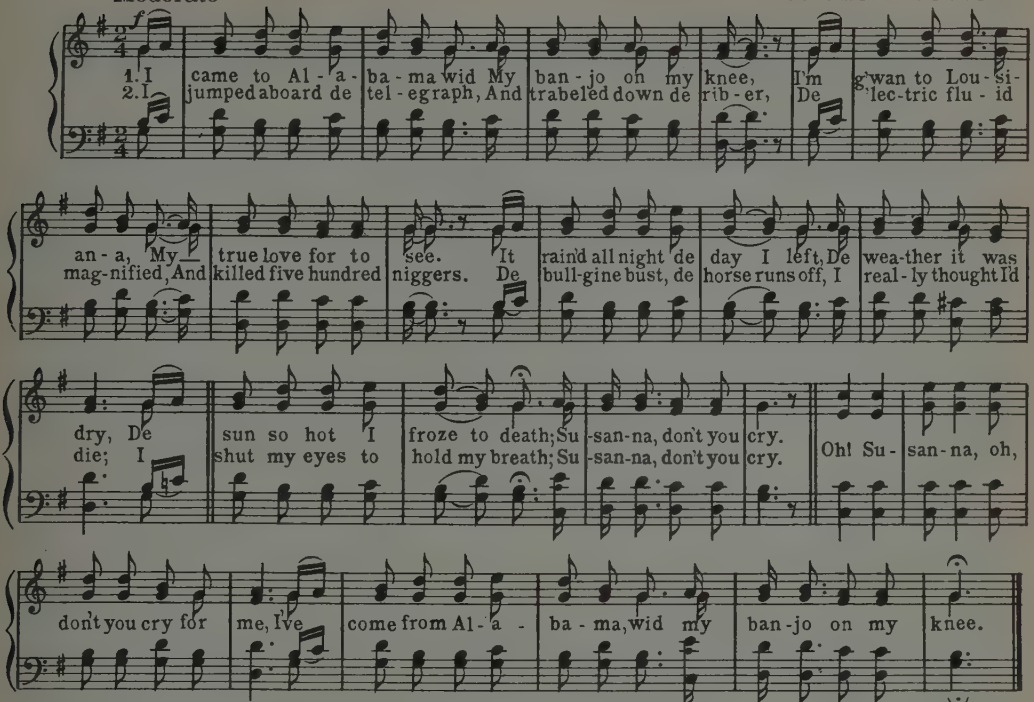
F. ROMER


Andante
1. Oh, would I were a boy a-gain, When life seem'd form'd of sunny years, And all the heart then knew of
2. 'Tis vain to mourn that years have shown How false these fai-ry visions were, Or murmur that mine eyes have
Oh, would I were a boy a-
rall.
Fine
a tempo
pain, Was wept a-way in transient tears, Was wept a-way in transient tears; When ev'-ry tale hope whispered
known The bur-den of a fleet-ing tear, The bur-den of a fleet-ing tear; But still the heart will fond-ly
gain, When life seem'd form'd of sun-ny years, When life seem'd form'd of sun-ny years.
cresc.
then, My fan-cy deemed was on-ly truth, Oh, would that I could know a-gain The happy visions of my youth.
cling To hopes no long-er prized as truth, And mem'ry still de-lights to bring The happy visions of my youth.

# Oh! Susanna

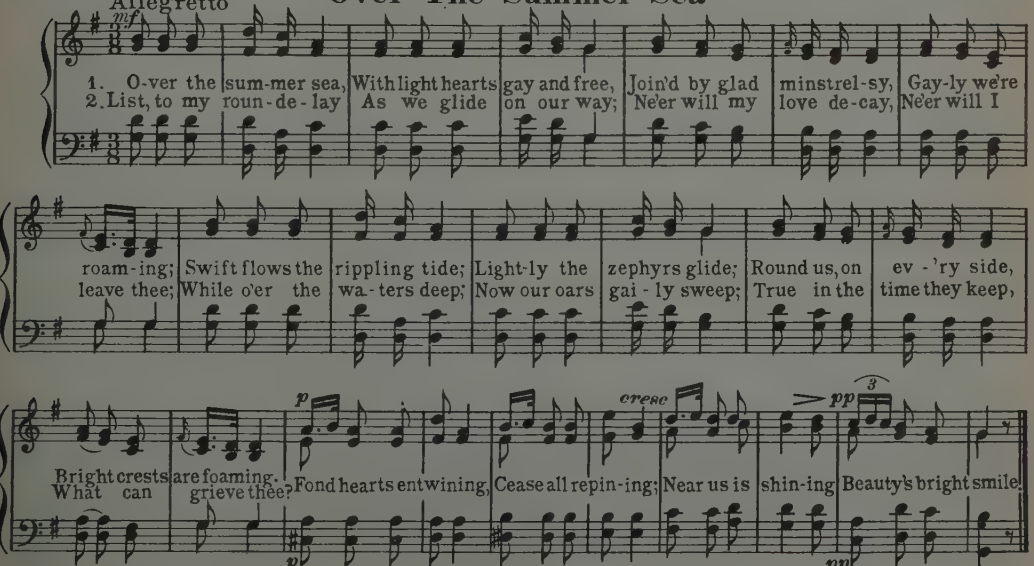
Moderato

STEPHEN C. FOSTER


1. I came to Al - a - ba - ma wid My ban - jo on my knee, I'm g'wan to Lou - si -
2. I jumped aboard de tel - e - graph, And trabeled down de rib - ber, De lec-tric flu - id
an - a, My true love for to see. It rain'd all night de day I left, De wea-ther it was
mag-nified, And killed five hundred niggers. De bull-gine bust, de horse runs off, I real - ly thought I'd
dry, De sun so hot I froze to death; Su - san-na, don't you cry.
die; I shut my eyes to hold my breath; Su - san-na, don't you cry.
Oh! Su - san-na, oh,
don't you cry for me, I've come from Al - a - ba - ma, wid my ban - jo on my knee.

# Over The Summer Sea

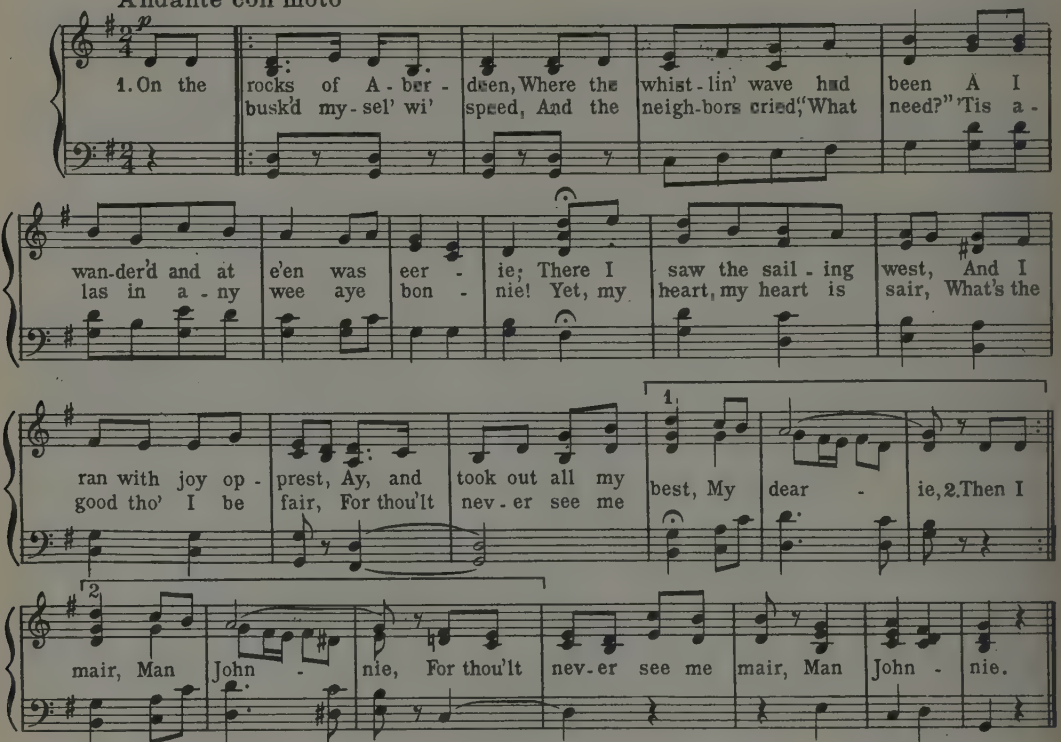
Allegretto


mf
1. O-ver the sum-mer sea, With light hearts gay and free, Join'd by glad min-strel-sy, Gay-ly we're
2. List, to my roun-de-lay As we glide on our way; Ne'er will my love de-cay, Ne'er will I
roam-ing; Swift flows the rippling tide; Light-ly the zephyrs glide; Round us, on ev - 'ry side,
leave thee; While o'er the wa-ters deep; Now our oars gai - ly sweep; True in the time they keep,
p
Bright crests are foaming. Fond hearts entwining, Cease all repin-ing; Near us is shin-ing Beauty's bright smile.
What can grieve thee?
cresc
pp
3
p
pp

# On The Rocks By Aberdeen

Andante con moto

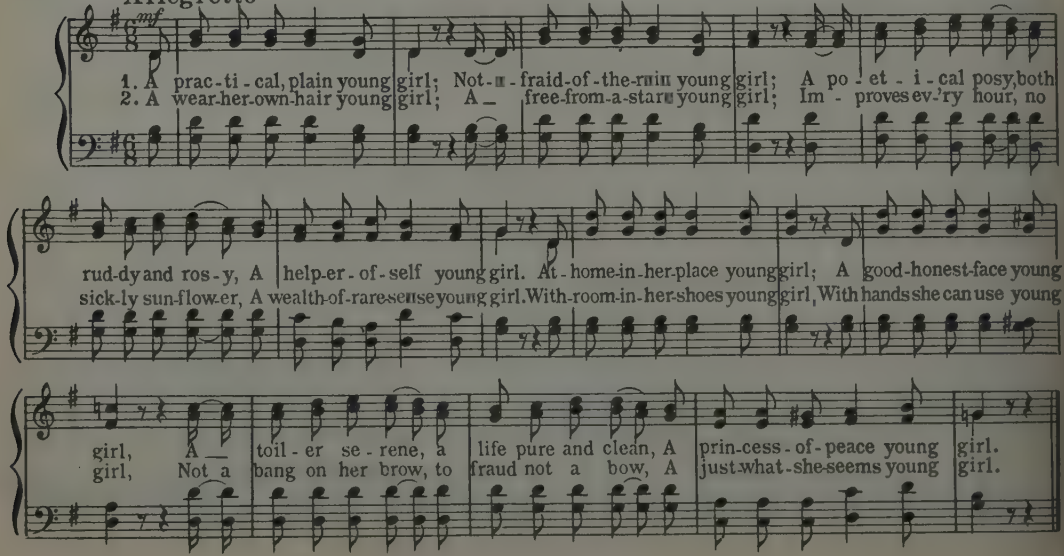
A. SCOTT GATTY


1. On the rocks of A - ber - deen, Where the whist - lin' wave had been A I
busk'd my - sel' wi' speed, And the neigh-bors cried, "What need?" 'Tis a -
wan-der'd and at e'en was eer - ie; There I saw the sail - ing west, And I
las in a - ny wee aye bon - nie! Yet, my heart, my heart is sair, What's the
ran with joy op - prest, Ay, and took out all my best, My dear - ie, 2. Then I
good tho' I be fair, For thou'lt nev - er see me
mair, Man John - nie, For thou'lt nev - er see me mair, Man John - nie.

# The Nice Young Girl

Allegretto

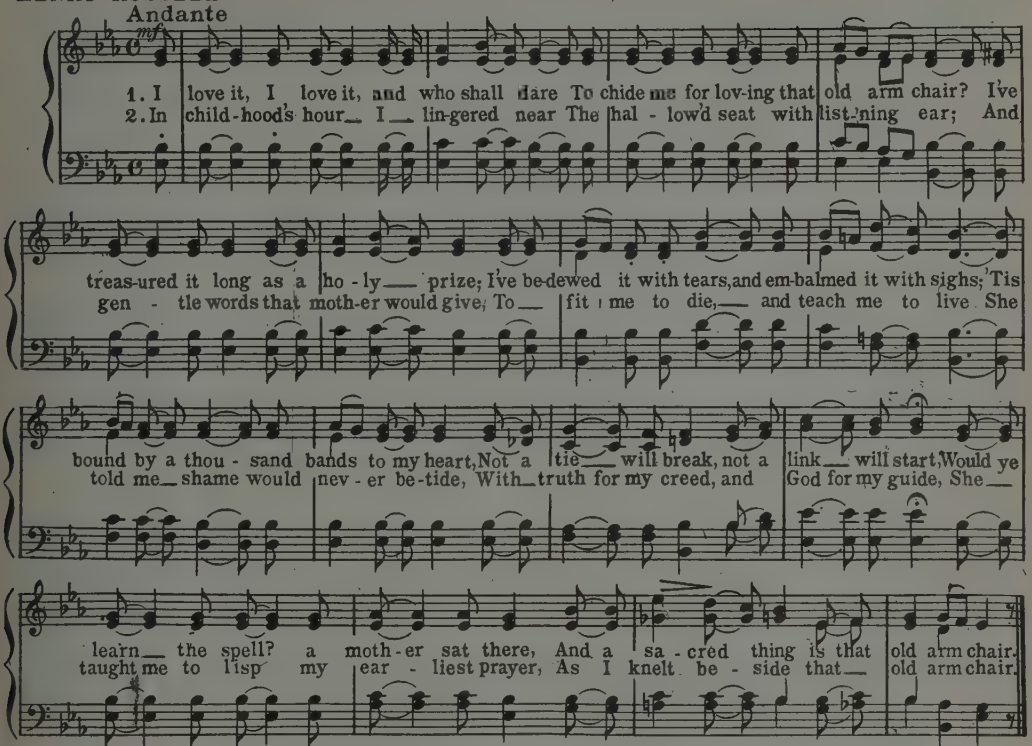
ARTHUR SULLIVAN


1. A prac - ti - cal, plain young girl; Not - a - fraid - of - the - rain young girl; A po - et - i - cal posy, both
2. A wear-her-own-hair young girl; A — free-from-a-stare young girl; Im - proves ev-'ry hour, no
rud-dy and ros - y, A help-er - of - self young girl. At - home-in-her-place young girl; A good-honest-face young
sick-ly sun-flow-er, A wealth-of-rare-sense young girl. With-room-in-her-shoes young girl, With hands she can use young
girl, A — toil - er se - rene, a life pure and clean, A prin-cess - of - peace young girl.
girl, Not a bang on her brow, to fraud not a bow, A just-what-she-seems young girl.

# The Old Arm Chair

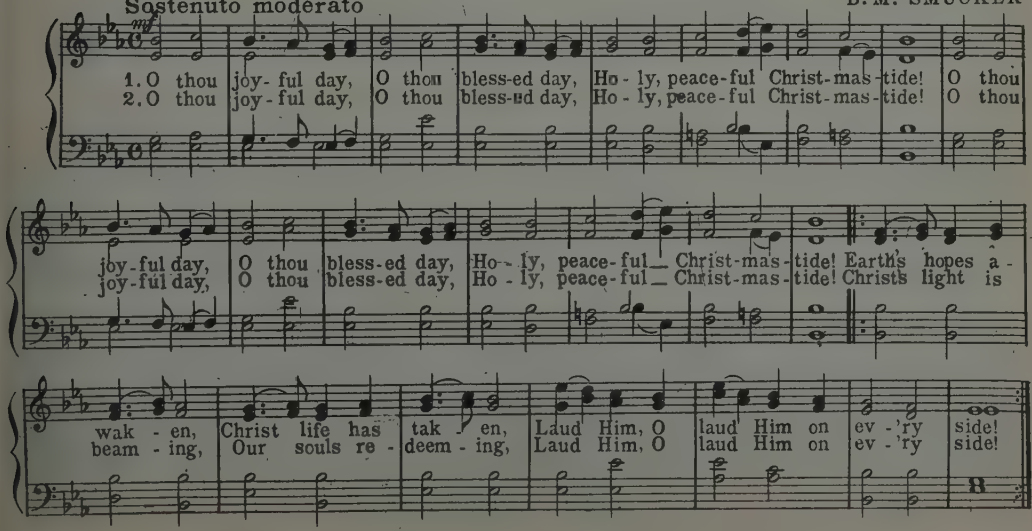
HENRY RUSSELL — ELIZA COOK

Andante


1. I love it, I love it, and who shall dare To chide me for lov-ing that old arm chair? I've
2. In child-hood's hour I lin-gered near The hal - low'd seat with list'ning ear; And
treas-ured it long as a ho - ly prize; I've be-dewed it with tears, and em-balmed it with sighs; 'Tis
gen - tle words that moth-er would give, To fit me to die, and teach me to live She
bound by a thou - sand bands to my heart, Not a tie will break, not a link will start, Would ye
told me shame would nev - er be-tide, With truth for my creed, and God for my guide, She
learn the spell? a moth-er sat there, And a sa - cred thing is that old arm chair.
taught me to lisp my ear - liest prayer, As I knelt be - side that old arm chair.

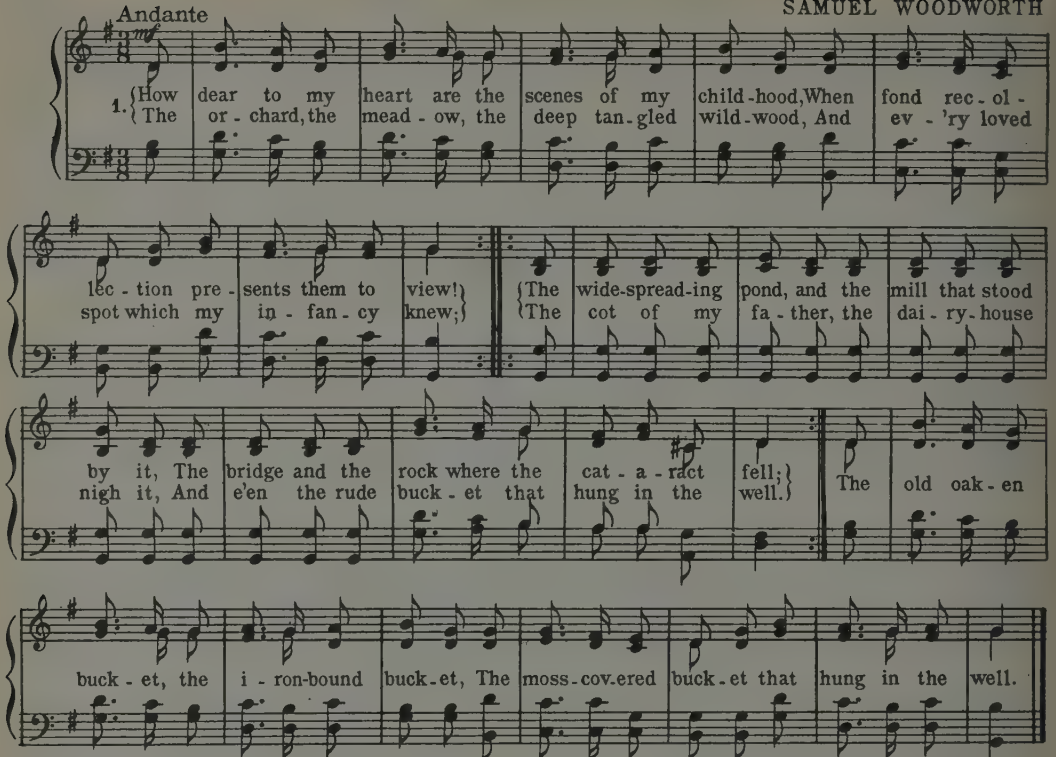
# O Thou Joyful Day

Sostenuto moderato — B. M. SMUCKER


1. O thou joy-ful day, O thou bless-ed day, Ho - ly, peace-ful Christ-mas-tide! O thou
2. O thou joy-ful day, O thou bless-ed day, Ho - ly, peace-ful Christ-mas-tide! O thou
joy-ful day, O thou bless-ed day, Ho - ly, peace-ful Christ-mas-tide! Earth's hopes a-
joy-ful day, O thou bless-ed day, Ho - ly, peace-ful Christ-mas-tide! Christs light is
wak - en, Christ life has tak - en, Laud Him, O laud Him on ev - 'ry side!
beam - ing, Our souls re - deem - ing, Laud Him, O laud Him on ev - 'ry side!

# The Old Oaken Bucket

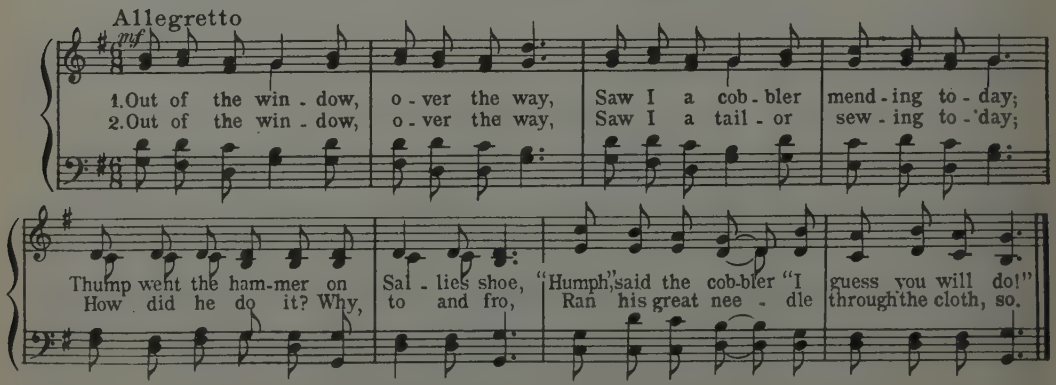
SAMUEL WOODWORTH


Andante
mf
1. How dear to my heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec-ol-
The or-chard, the mead-ow, the deep tan-gled wild-wood, And ev-'ry loved
lec-tion pre-sents them to view!
spot which my in-fan-cy knew;
The wide-spread-ing pond, and the mill that stood
The cot of my fa-ther, the dai-ry-house
by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat-a-ract fell;
nigh it, And e'en the rude buck-et that hung in the well.
The old oak-en
buck-et, the i-ron-bound buck-et, The moss-cov-ered buck-et that hung in the well.

2.

The moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing.
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that rose from the well.

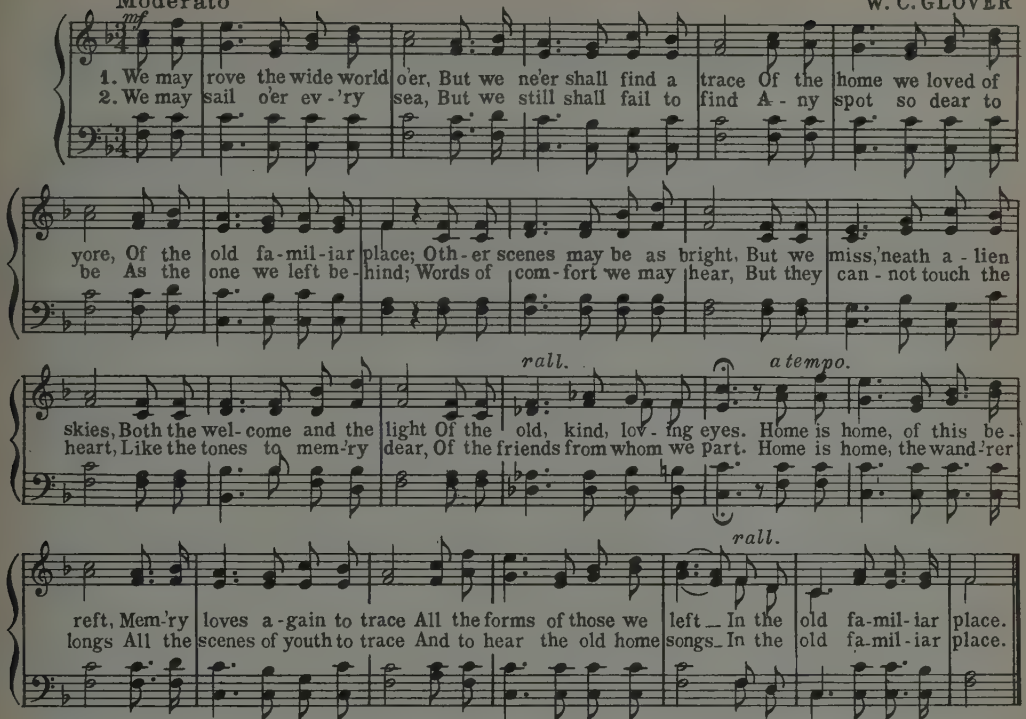
# Out Of The Window


Allegretto
mf
1. Out of the win-dow, o-ver the way, Saw I a cob-bler mend-ing to-day;
2. Out of the win-dow, o-ver the way, Saw I a tail-or sew-ing to-'day;
Thump went the ham-mer on Sal-lies shoe, "Humph," said the cob-bler "I
How did he do it? Why, to and fro, Ran his great nee-dle through the cloth, so.
guess you will do!"

## The Old Familiar Place

Moderato

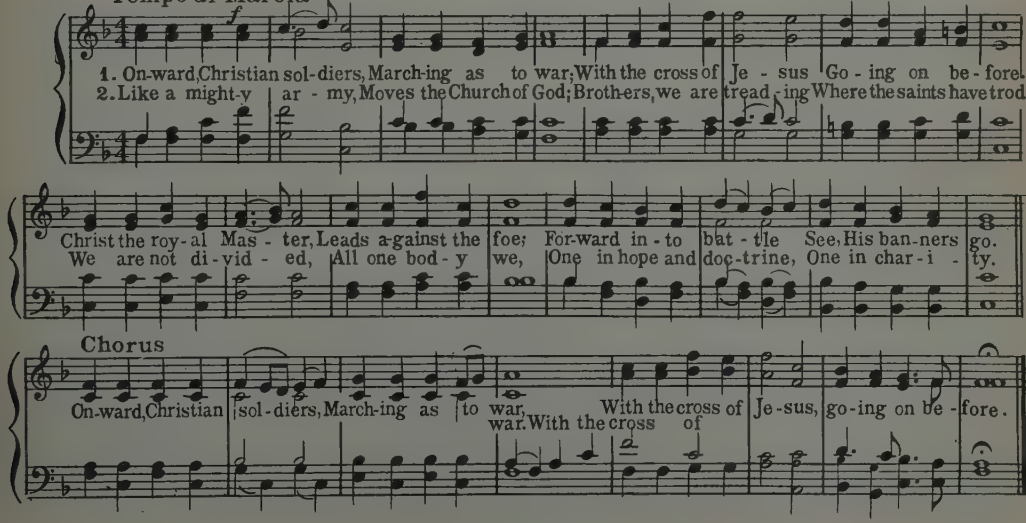
W. C. GLOVER


mf
1. We may rove the wide world o'er, But we ne'er shall find a trace Of the home we loved of
2. We may sail o'er ev-'ry sea, But we still shall fail to find A-ny spot so dear to
yore, Of the old fa-mil-iar place; Oth-er scenes may be as bright, But we miss, 'neath a-lien
be As the one we left be-hind; Words of com-fort we may hear, But they can-not touch the
rall.
a tempo.
skies, Both the wel-come and the light Of the old, kind, lov-ing eyes. Home is home, of this be-
heart, Like the tones to mem-'ry dear, Of the friends from whom we part. Home is home, the wand-'rer
rall.
reft, Mem-'ry loves a-gain to trace All the forms of those we left In the old fa-mil-iar place.
longs All the scenes of youth to trace And to hear the old home songs In the old fa-mil-iar place.

## Onward, Christian Soldiers

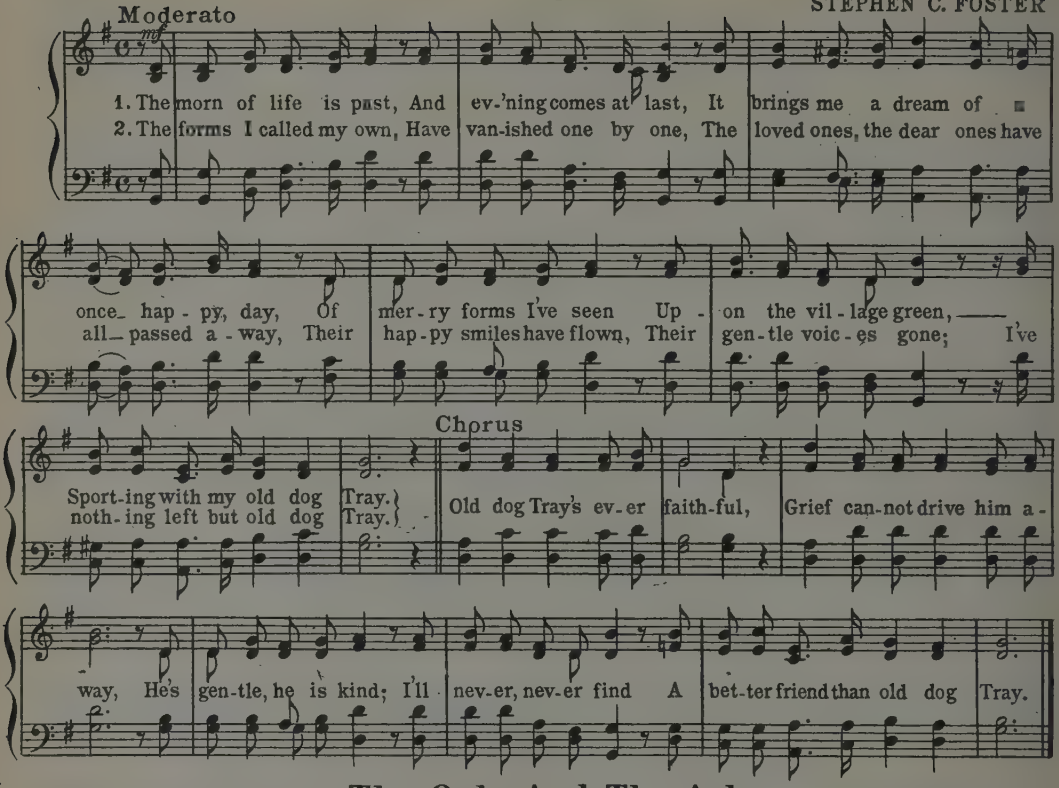
Tempo di Marcia

A. S. SULLIVAN

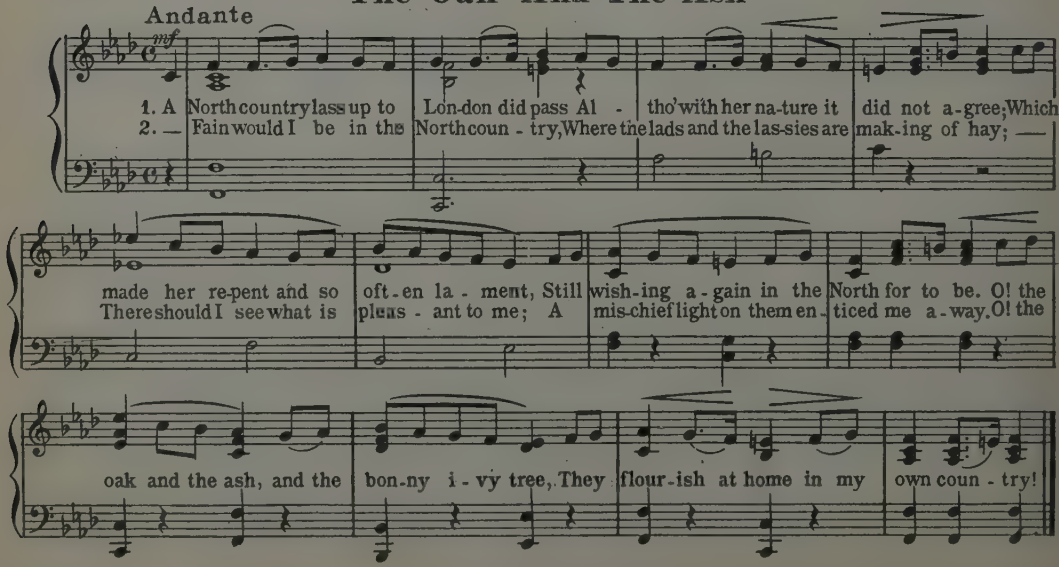

f
1. On-ward, Christian sol-diers, March-ing as to war; With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore.
2. Like a might-y ar-my, Moves the Church of God; Broth-ers, we are tread-ing Where the saints have trod;
Christ the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads a-gainst the foe; For-ward in-to bat-tle See, His ban-ners go.
We are not di-vid-ed, All one bod-y we, One in hope and doc-trine, One in char-i-ty.
Chorus
On-ward, Christian sol-diers, March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je-sus, go-ing on be-fore.
war. With the cross of

# Old Dog Tray

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

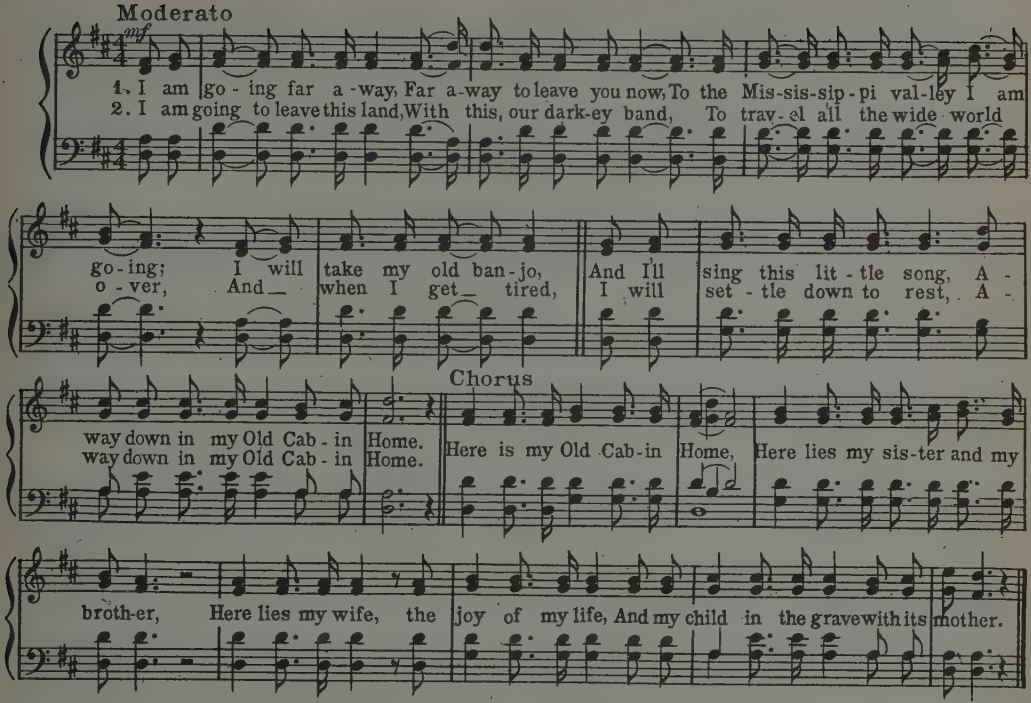

Moderato
1. The morn of life is past, And ev-'ning comes at last, It brings me a dream of
2. The forms I called my own, Have van-ished one by one, The loved ones, the dear ones have
once hap-py, day, Of mer-ry forms I've seen Up-on the vil-lage green,
all passed a-way, Their hap-py smiles have flown, Their gen-tle voic-es gone; I've
Chorus
Sport-ing with my old dog Tray.
noth-ing left but old dog Tray.
Old dog Tray's ev-er faith-ful, Grief can-not drive him a-
way, He's gen-tle, he is kind; I'll nev-er, nev-er find A bet-ter friend than old dog Tray.

# The Oak And The Ash


Andante
1. A North country lass up to Lon-don did pass Al-tho' with her na-ture it did not a-gree; Which
2. Fain would I be in the North coun-try, Where the lads and the las-sies are mak-ing of hay;
made her re-pent and so oft-en la-ment, Still wish-ing a-gain in the North for to be. O! the
There should I see what is pleas-ant to me; A mis-chief light on them en-ticed me a-way. O! the
oak and the ash, and the bon-ny i-vy tree, They flour-ish at home in my own coun-try!

## The Old Cabin Home

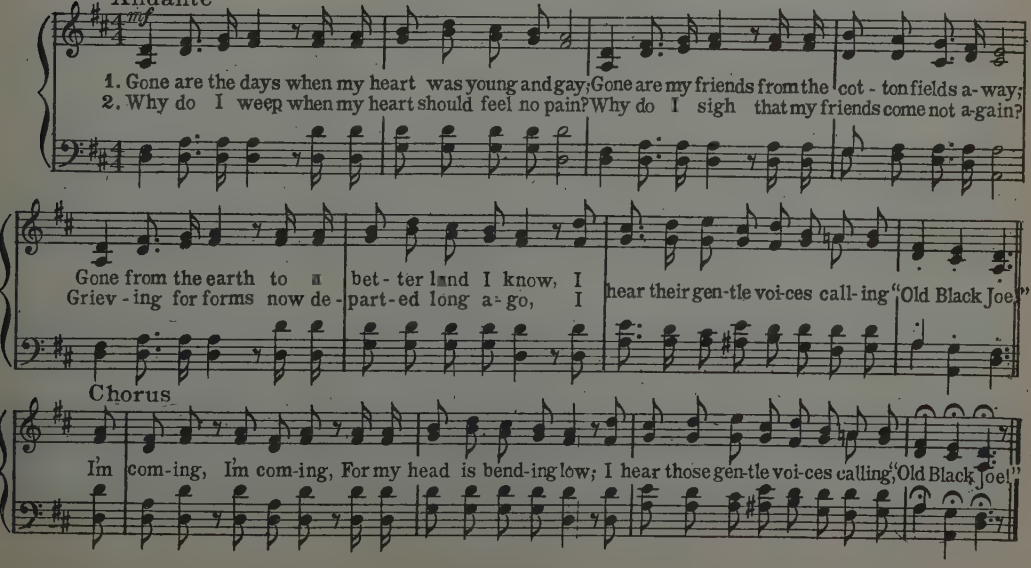
Moderato


mf
1. I am go - ing far a - way, Far a - way to leave you now, To the Mis-sis-sip - pi val-ley I am
2. I am going to leave this land, With this, our dark-ey band, To trav - el all the wide world
go - ing; I will take my old ban - jo, And I'll sing this lit - tle song, A -
o - ver, And when I get tired, I will set - tle down to rest, A -
Chorus
way down in my Old Cab - in Home.
way down in my Old Cab - in Home.
Here is my Old Cab - in Home, Here lies my sis - ter and my
broth-er, Here lies my wife, the joy of my life, And my child in the grave with its mother.

## Old Black Joe

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

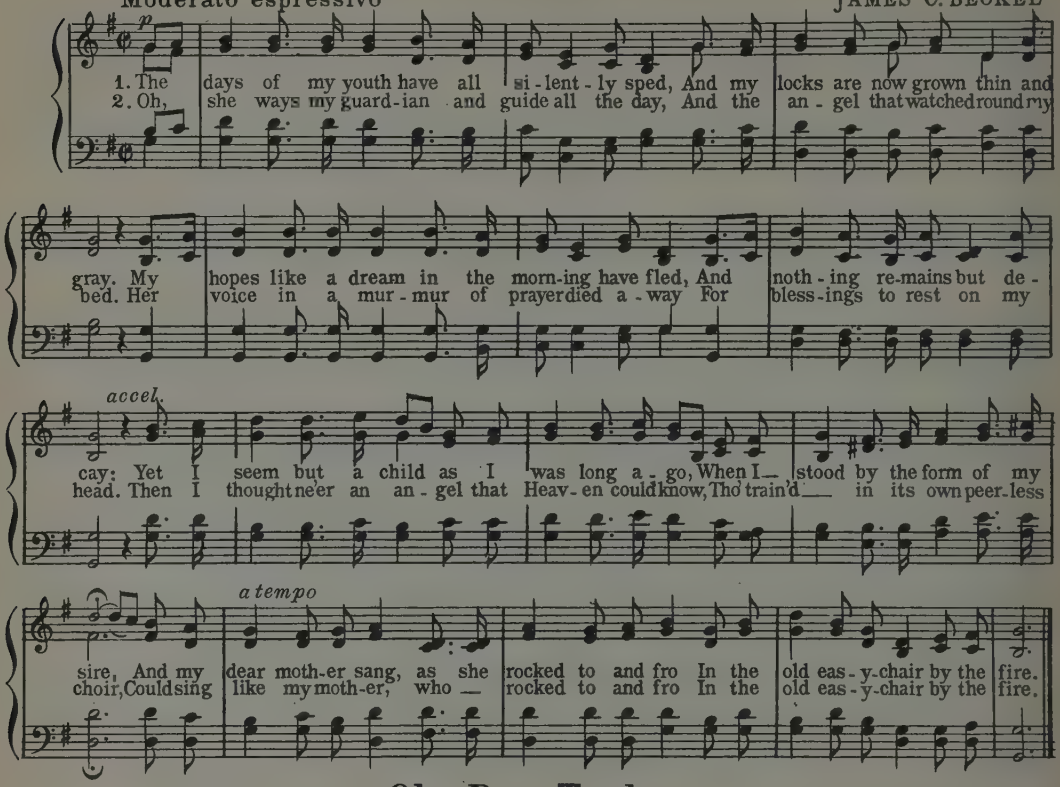
Andante


mf
1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my friends from the cot - ton fields a - way;
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my friends come not a - gain?
Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land I know, I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing "Old Black Joe."
Griev - ing for forms now de - part - ed long a - go, I
Chorus
I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my head is bend - ing low; I hear those gen - tle voi - ces calling, "Old Black Joe."

# Old Easy-Chair By The Fire

Moderato espressivo

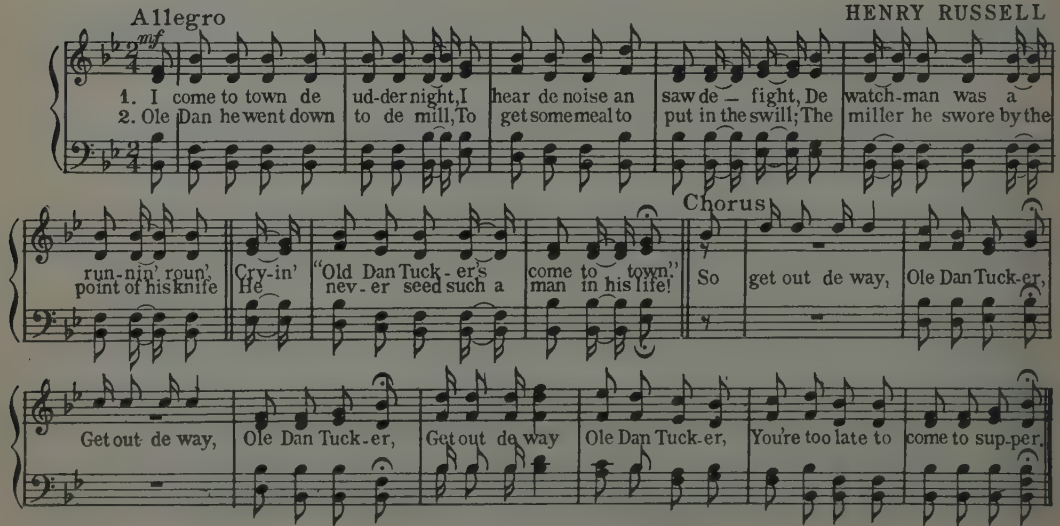
JAMES C. BECKEL


p
1. The days of my youth have all si-lent-ly sped, And my locks are now grown thin and
2. Oh, she ways my guard-ian and guide all the day, And the an-gel that watched round my
gray. My hopes like a dream in the morn-ing have fled, And noth-ing re-mains but de-
bed. Her voice in a mur-mur of prayer died a-way For bless-ings to rest on my
accel.
cay: Yet I seem but a child as I was long a-go, When I stood by the form of my
head. Then I thought ne'er an an-gel that Heav-en could know, Tho' train'd in its own peer-less
a tempo
sire, And my dear moth-er sang, as she rocked to and fro In the old eas-y-chair by the fire.
choir, Could sing like my moth-er, who rocked to and fro In the old eas-y-chair by the fire.

# Ole Dan Tucker

Allegro

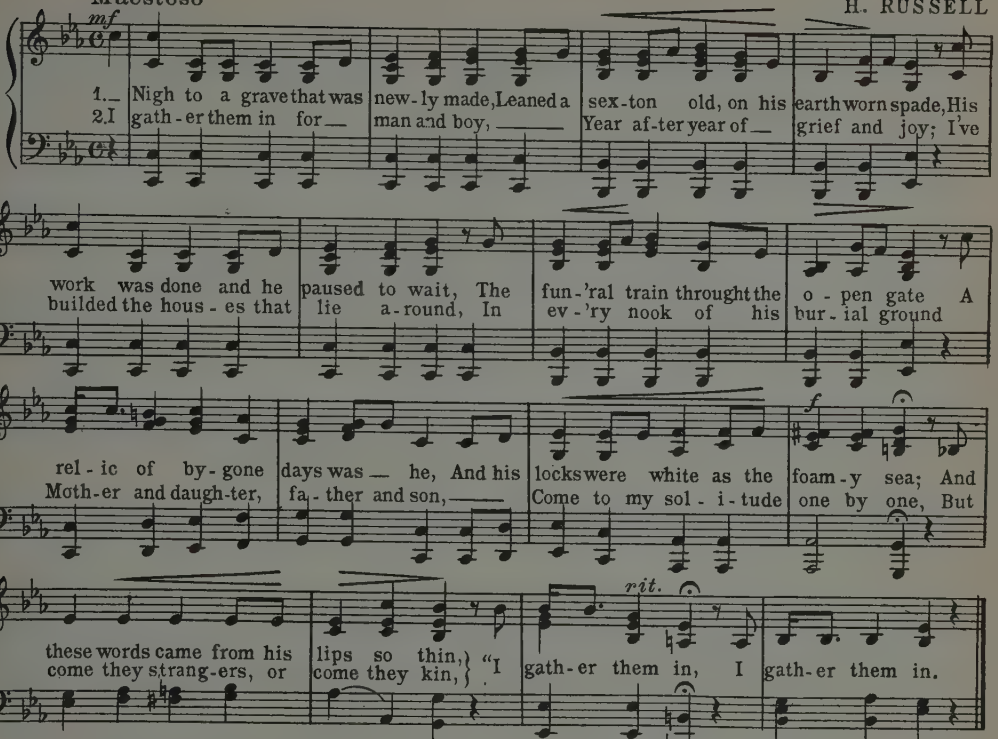
HENRY RUSSELL


mf
1. I come to town de ud-der night, I hear de noise an saw de fight, De watch-man was a
2. Ole Dan he went down to de mill, To get some meal to put in the swill; The miller he swore by the
run-nin' roun' Cry-in' "Old Dan Tuck-er's come to town"
point of his knife He nev-er seed such a man in his life!
Chorus
So get out de way, Ole Dan Tuck-er,
Get out de way, Ole Dan Tuck-er, Get out de way Ole Dan Tuck-er, You're too late to come to sup-per.

# The Old Sexton

Maestoso

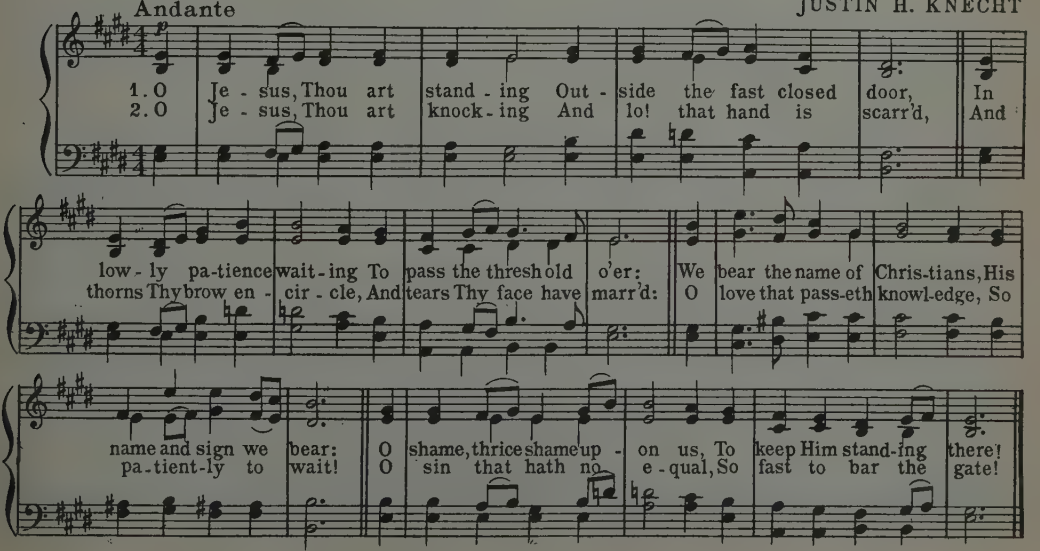
H. RUSSELL


mf
1. Nigh to a grave that was new-ly made, Leaned a sex-ton old, on his earth worn spade, His
2. I gath-er them in for— man and boy, — Year af-ter year of— grief and joy; I've
work was done and he paused to wait, The fun-'ral train through the o-pen gate A
builded the hous-es that lie a-round, In ev-'ry nook of his bur-ial ground
rel-ic of by-gone days was— he, And his locks were white as the foam-y sea; And
Moth-er and daugh-ter, fa-ther and son, — Come to my sol-i-tude one by one, But
f
these words came from his lips so thin, } "I gath-er them in, I gath-er them in.
come they strang-ers, or come they kin, }
rit.

# O Jesus, Thou Art Standing

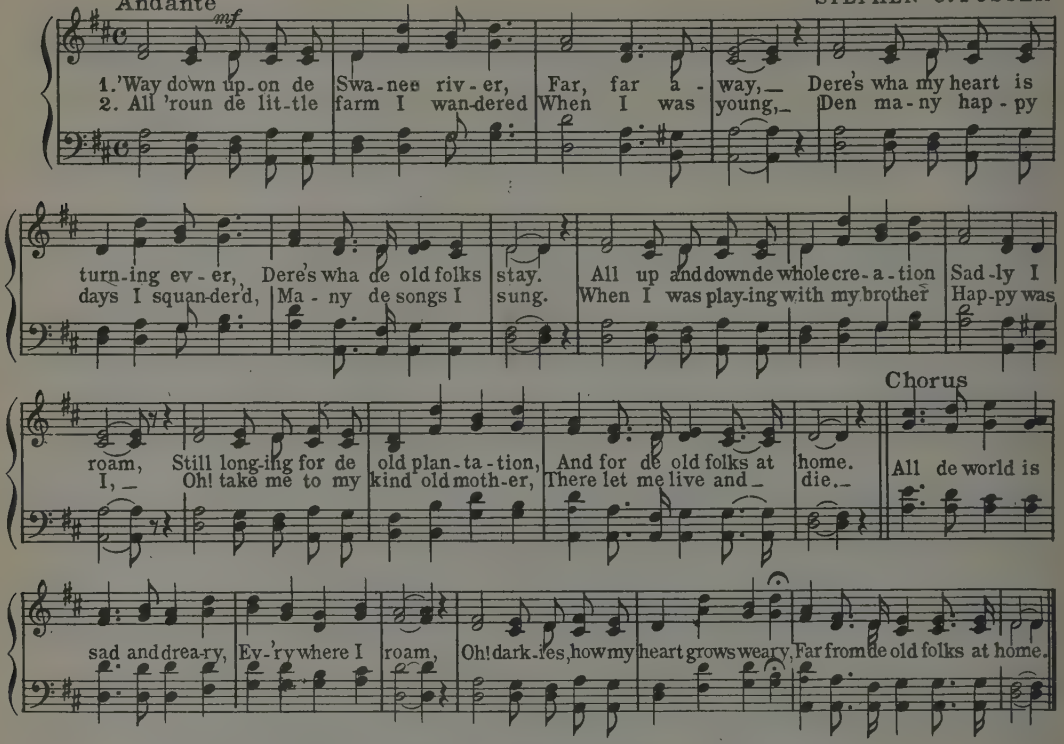
Andante

JUSTIN H. KNECHT


p
1. O Je-sus, Thou art stand-ing Out-side the fast closed door, In
2. O Je-sus, Thou art knock-ing And lo! that hand is scarr'd, And
low-ly pa-tience wait-ing To pass the thresh old o'er: We bear the name of Chris-tians, His
thorns Thy brow en-cir-cle, And tears Thy face have marr'd: O love that pass-eth knowl-edge, So
name and sign we bear: O shame, thrice shame up-on us, To keep Him stand-ing there!
pa-tient-ly to wait! O sin that hath no e-qual, So fast to bar the gate!

# Old Folks At Home

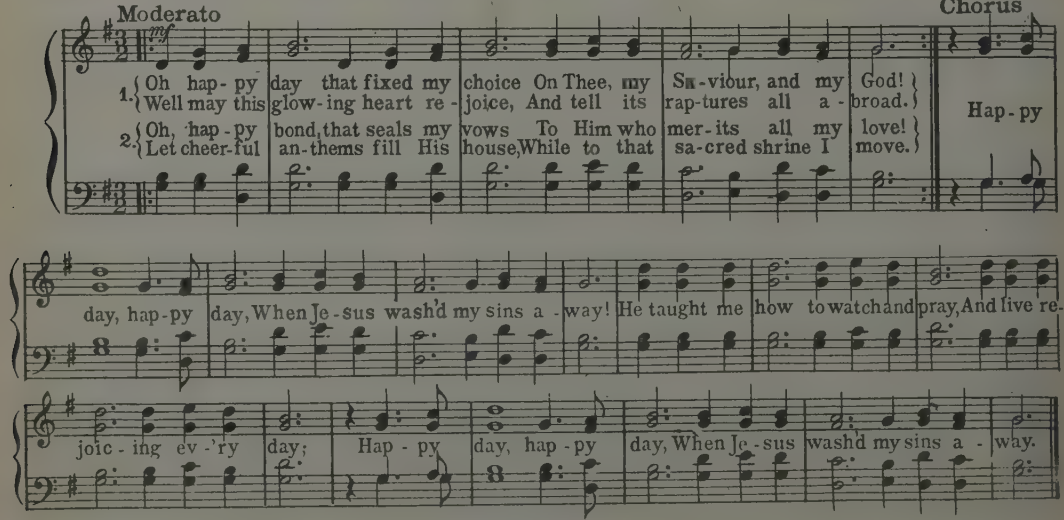
STEPHEN C. FOSTER


Andante
mf
1. 'Way down up-on de Swa-nee riv-er, Far, far a-way, Dere's wha my heart is
2. All 'roun de lit-tle farm I wan-dered When I was young, Den ma-ny hap-py
turn-ing ev-er, Dere's wha de old folks stay. All up and down de whole cre-a-tion Sad-ly I
days I squan-der'd, Ma-ny de songs I sung. When I was play-ing with my brother Hap-py was
Chorus
roam, Still long-ing for de old plan-ta-tion, And for de old folks at home.
I, Oh! take me to my kind old moth-er, There let me live and die.
All de world is
sad and drea-ry, Ev-'ry where I roam, Oh! dark-'es, how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home.

# Oh, Happy Day, That Fixed My Choice

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

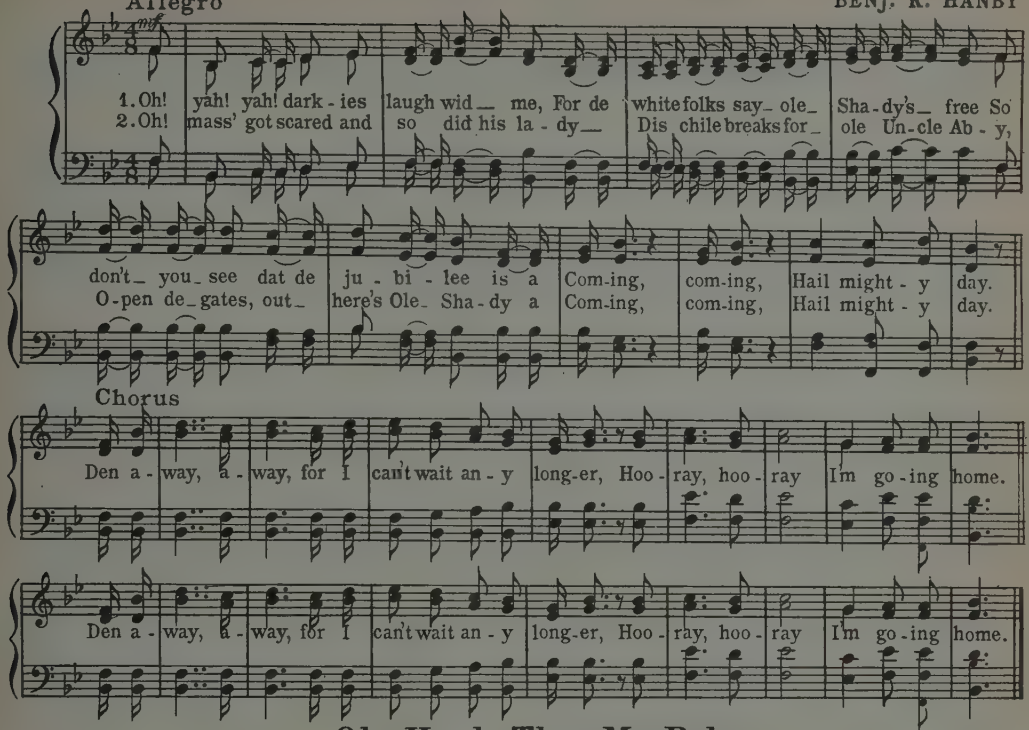
EDWARD F. RIMBAULT


Moderato
mf
Chorus
1. Oh hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sa-viour, and my God!
Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.
2. Oh, hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love!
Let cheer-ful an-thems fill His house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move.
Hap-py
day, hap-py day, When Je-sus wash'd my sins a-way! He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-
joic-ing ev-'ry day; Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus wash'd my sins a-way.

# Ole Shady

Allegro

BENJ. R. HANBY

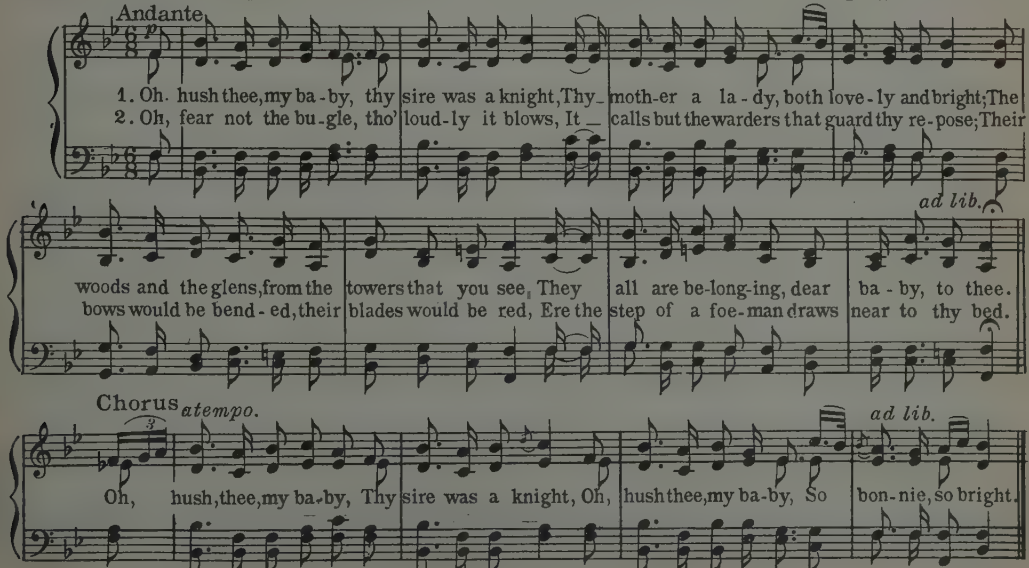

mf
1. Oh! yah! yah! dark - ies laugh wid me, For de white folks say ole Shady's free So
2. Oh! mass' got scared and so did his la - dy Dis chile breaks for ole Un-cle Ab - y,
don't you see dat de ju - bi - lee is a Com-ing, com-ing, Hail might - y day.
O-pen de gates, out here's Ole Shady a Com-ing, com-ing, Hail might - y day.
Chorus
Den a - way, a - way, for I can't wait an - y long-er, Hoo - ray, hoo - ray I'm go - ing home.
Den a - way, a - way, for I can't wait an - y long-er, Hoo - ray, hoo - ray I'm go - ing home.

# Oh, Hush Thee, My Baby

SIR WALTER SCOTT

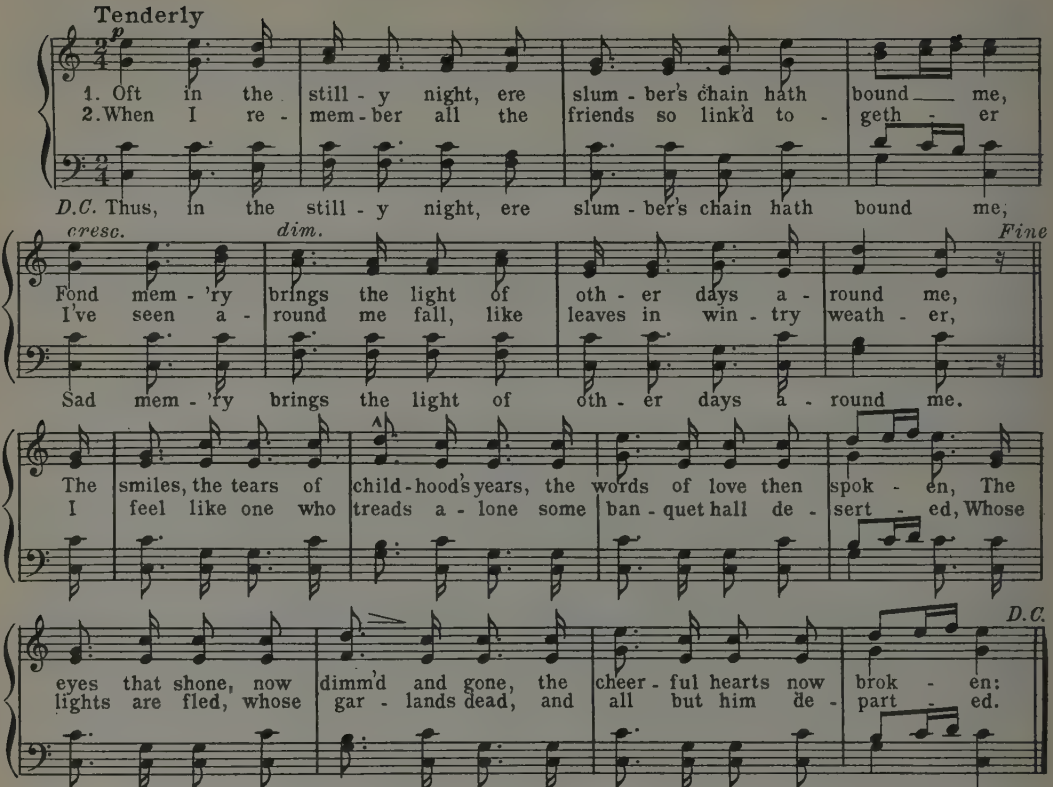
T. WHITTAKER

Andante


p
1. Oh hush thee, my ba - by, thy sire was a knight, Thy moth-er a la - dy, both love - ly and bright; The
2. Oh, fear not the bu - gle, tho' loud - ly it blows, It calls but the warders that guard thy re - pose; Their
ad lib.
woods and the glens, from the towers that you see, They all are be-long-ing, dear ba - by, to thee.
bows would be bend - ed, their blades would be red, Ere the step of a foe-man draws near to thy bed.
Chorus atempo.
ad lib.
Oh, hush, thee, my ba-by, Thy sire was a knight, Oh, hush thee, my ba-by, So bon-nie, so bright.

# Oft In The Stilly Night

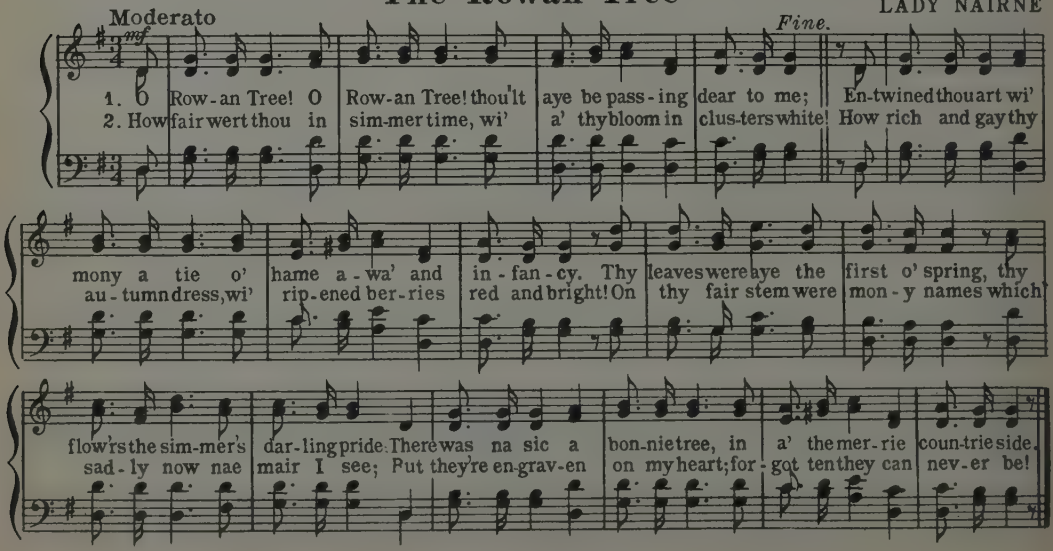
Tenderly


p
1. Oft in the still - y night, ere slum - ber's chain hath bound me,
2. When I re - mem - ber all the friends so link'd to - geth - er
D.C. Thus, in the still - y night, ere slum - ber's chain hath bound me,
cresc.
dim.
Fine
Fond mem - 'ry brings the light of oth - er days a - round me,
I've seen a - round me fall, like leaves in win - try weath - er,
Sad mem - 'ry brings the light of oth - er days a - round me.
The smiles, the tears of child - hood's years, the words of love then spok - en, The
I feel like one who treads a - lone some ban - quet hall de - sert - ed, Whose
D.C.
eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone, the cheer - ful hearts now brok - en:
lights are fled, whose gar - lands dead, and all but him de - part - ed.

# The Rowan Tree

LADY NAIRNE

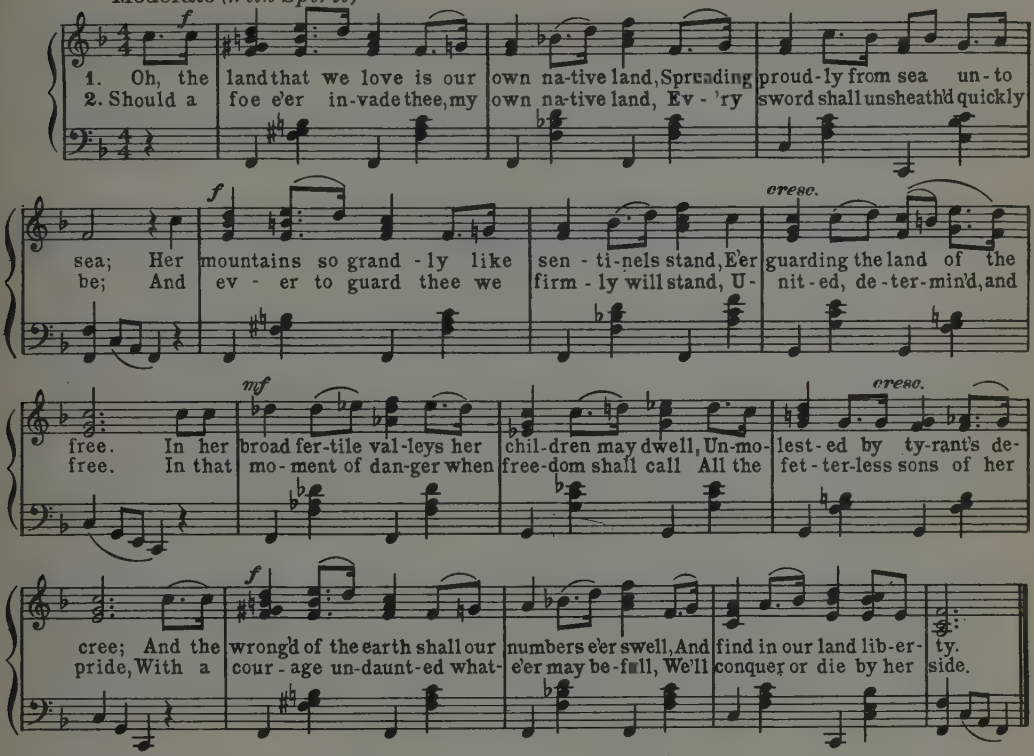
Moderato


mf
Fine.
1. O Row - an Tree! O Row - an Tree! thou'lt aye be pass - ing dear to me; En - twined thou art wi'
2. How fair wert thou in sim - mer time, wi' a' thy bloom in clus - ters white! How rich and gay thy
mony a tie o' hame a - wa' and in - fan - cy. Thy leaves were aye the first o' spring, thy
au - tumn dress, wi' rip - ened ber - ries red and bright! On thy fair stem were mon - y names which
flow'rs the sim - mer's dar - ling pride. There was na sic a bon - nie tree, in a' the mer - rie coun - trie side.
sad - ly now nae mair I see; But they're en - grav - en on my heart; for - got ten they can nev - er be!

## Oh, The Land That We Love

M. W. BALFE

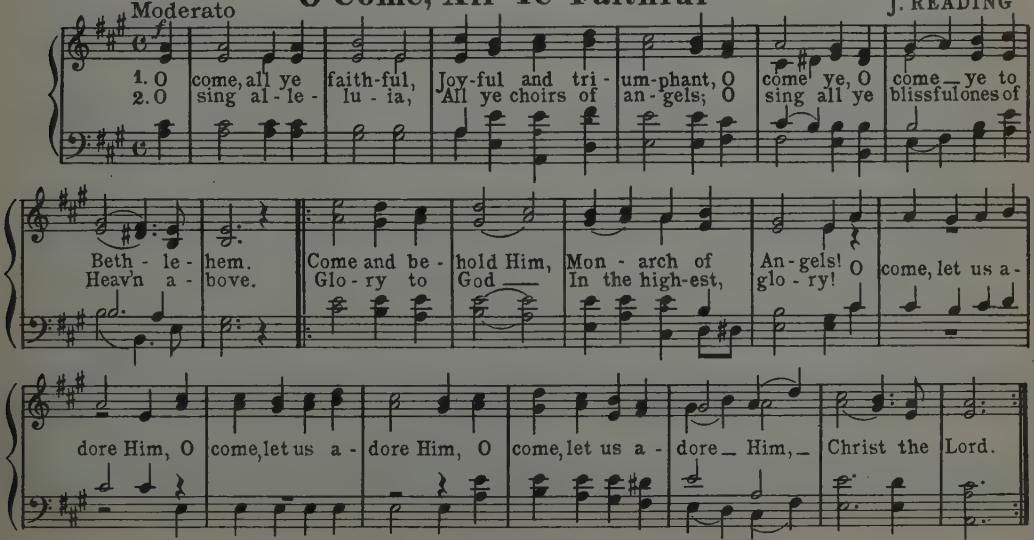
Moderato (*With Spirit*)


1. Oh, the land that we love is our own na-tive land, Spreading proud-ly from sea un-to
2. Should a foe e'er in-vade thee, my own na-tive land, Ev-'ry sword shall unsheath'd quickly
sea; Her mountains so grand-ly like sen-ti-nels stand, E'er guarding the land of the
be; And ev-er to guard thee we firm-ly will stand, U-nit-ed, de-ter-min'd, and
free. In her broad fer-tile val-leys her chil-dren may dwell, Un-mo-lest-ed by ty-rant's de-
free. In that mo-ment of dan-ger when free-dom shall call All the fet-ter-less sons of her
cree; And the wrong'd of the earth shall our numbers e'er swell, And find in our land lib-er-ty.
pride, With a cour-age un-daunt-ed what-e'er may be-fall, We'll conquer or die by her side.

## O Come, All Ye Faithful

J. READING

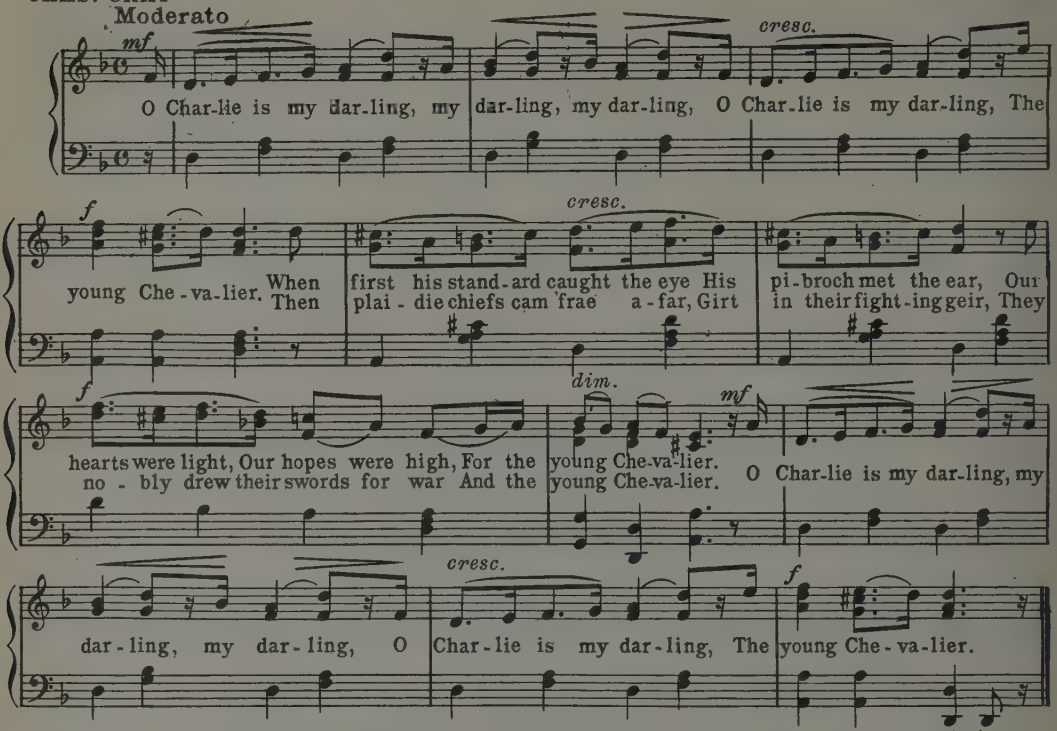
Moderato


1. O come, all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful and tri-um-phant, O come ye, O come ye to
2. O sing al-le-lu-ia, All ye choirs of an-gels; O sing all ye blissful ones of
Beth-le-hem. Come and be-hold Him, Mon-arch of An-gels! O come, let us a-
Heav'n a-bove. Glo-ry to God In the high-est, glo-ry!
dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, Christ the Lord.

# O Charlie Is My Darling

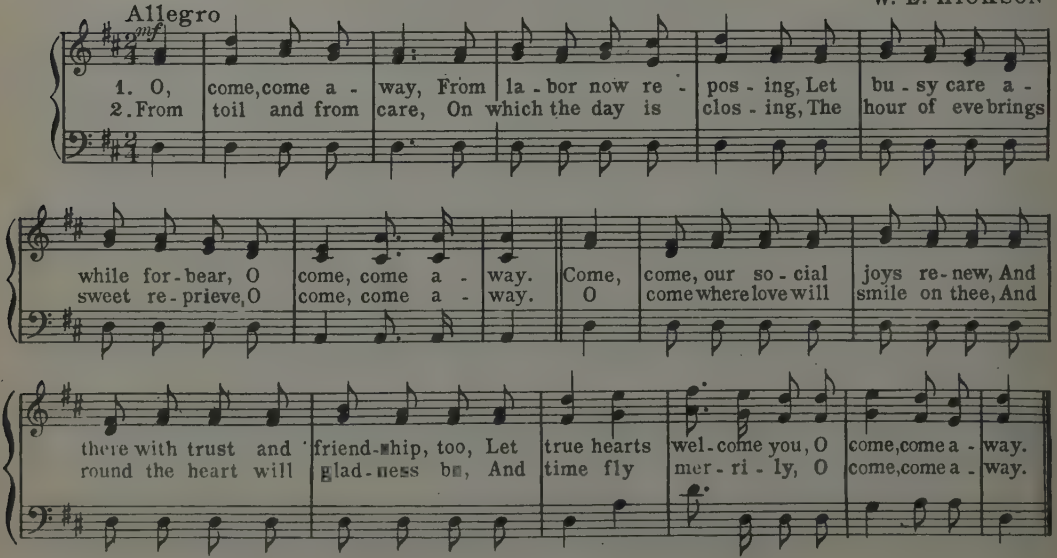
CHAS. GRAY

SCOTCH SONG


Moderato
mf
cresc.
O Char-lie is my dar-ling, my dar-ling, my dar-ling, O Char-lie is my dar-ling, The
f
cresc.
young Che-va-lier. When first his stand-ard caught the eye His pi-broch met the ear, Our
Then plai-die chiefs cam frae a-far, Girt in their fight-ing geir, They
f
dim.
mf
hearts were light, Our hopes were high, For the young Che-va-lier.
no-bly drew their swords for war And the young Che-va-lier. O Char-lie is my dar-ling, my
cresc.
f
dar-ling, my dar-ling, O Char-lie is my dar-ling, The young Che-va-lier.

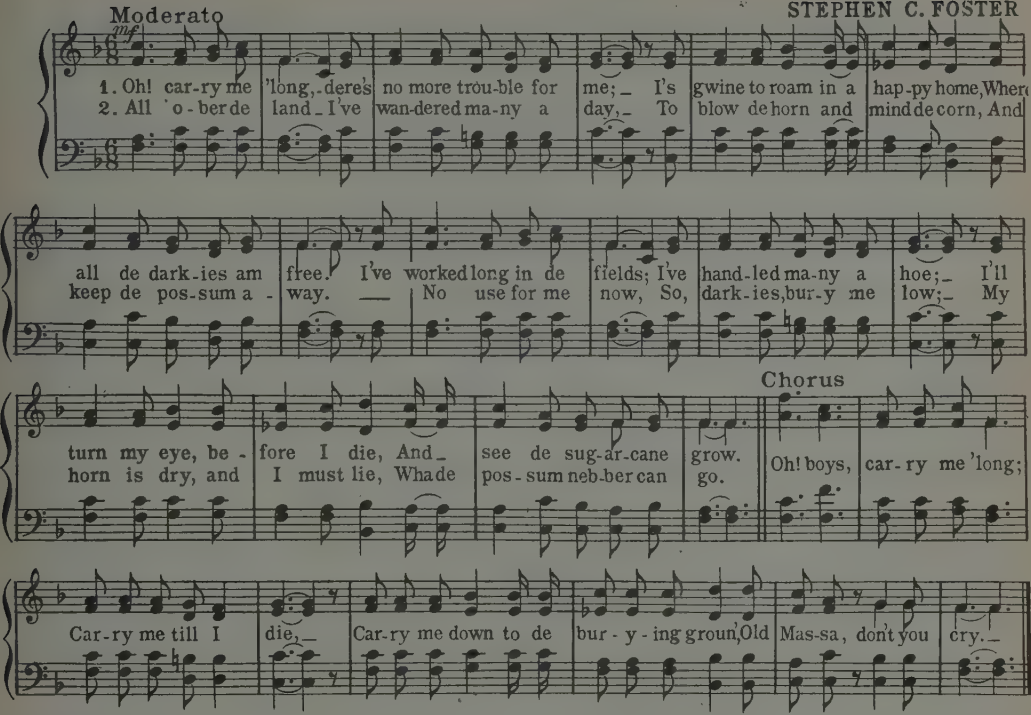
# O Come, Come Away

W. E. HICKSON


Allegro
mf
1. O, come, come a-way, From la-bor now re-pos-ing, Let bu-sy care a-
2. From toil and from care, On which the day is clos-ing, The hour of eve brings
while for-bear, O come, come a-way. Come, come, our so-cial joys re-new, And
sweet re-prieve, O come, come a-way. O come where love will smile on thee, And
there with trust and friend-ship, too, Let true hearts wel-come you, O come, come a-way.
round the heart will glad-ness be, And time fly mer-ri-ly, O come, come a-way.

# Oh, Boys, Carry Me 'Long

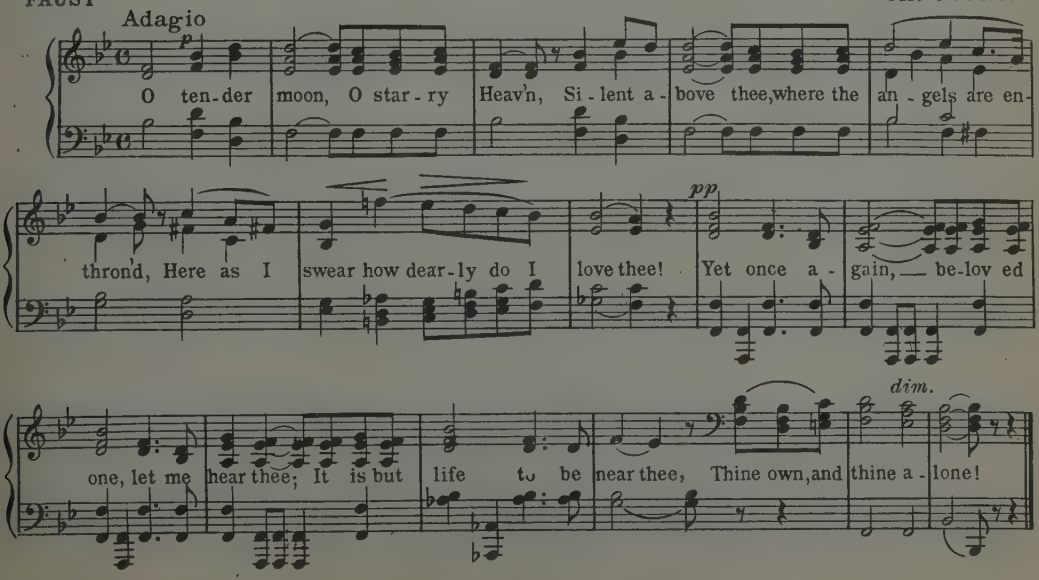
STEPHEN C. FOSTER


Moderato
mf
1. Oh! car-ry me 'long, dere's no more trou-ble for me; I's gwine to roam in a hap-py home, Where
2. All 'o-ber de land I've wan-dered ma-ny a day, To blow de horn and mind de corn, And
all de dark-ies am free. I've worked long in de fields; I've hand-led ma-ny a hoe; I'll
keep de pos-sum a-way. No use for me now, So, dark-ies, bur-y me low; My
turn my eye, be-fore I die, And see de sug-ar-cane grow.
horn is dry, and I must lie, Wha de pos-sum neb-ber can go.
Chorus
Oh! boys, car-ry me 'long;
Car-ry me till I die, Car-ry me down to de bur-y-ing groun', Old Mas-sa, don't you cry.

"FAUST"

# O Tender Moon

CH. GOUNOD


Adagio
p
O ten-der moon, O star-ry Heav'n, Si-lent a-bove thee, where the an-gels are en-
throned, Here as I swear how dear-ly do I love thee!
pp
Yet once a-gain, be-lov ed
dim.
one, let me hear thee; It is but life to be near thee, Thine own, and thine a-lone!

## O'er My Head

Andante

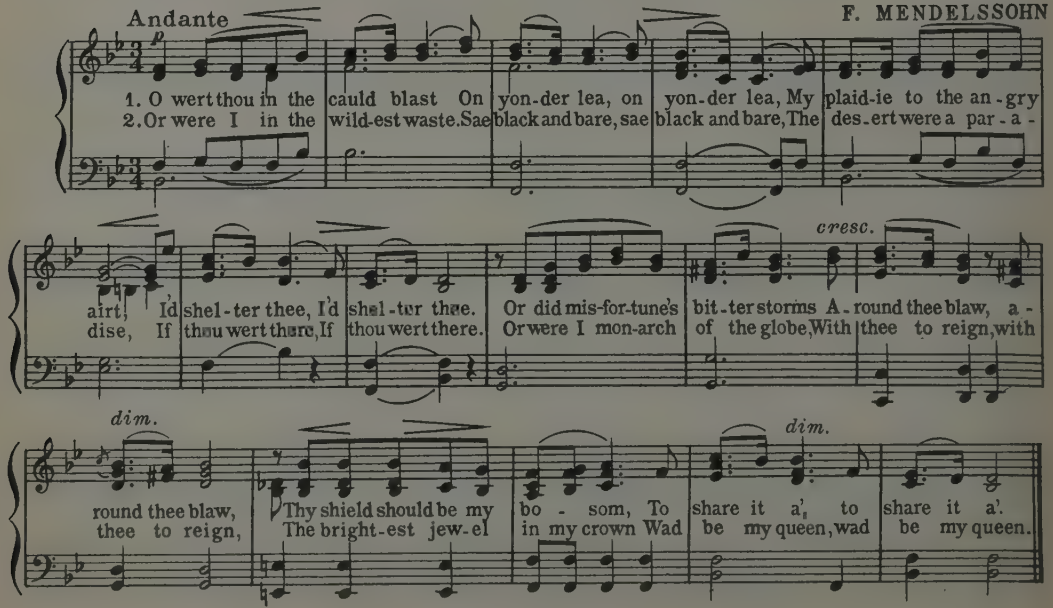
"MARTHA"

dolce
p
O'er my head from boy-hood ten-der, you have spread a shel-t'ring care; Hap-py all my
cresc.
p
days to ren-der, you con-sent your all to share: Home than yours we had no
cresc.
oth-er, when our fa-ther came one day; Weep-ing still our dear-est
cresc.
moth-er, in your arms he pass'd a-way, In your arms he pass'd a-way.

## O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast?

Andante

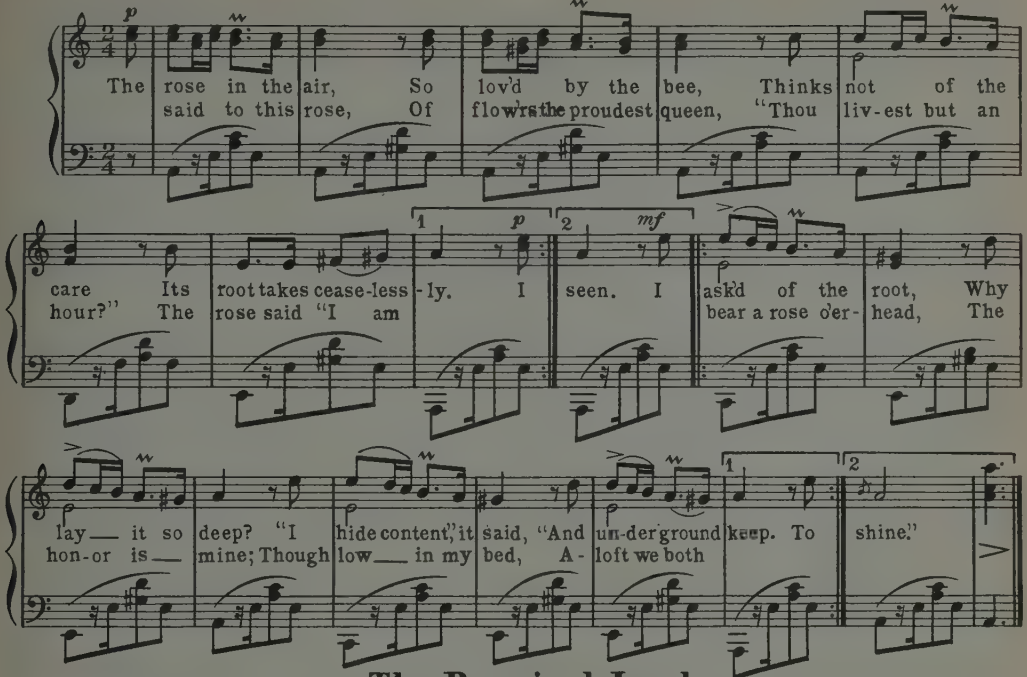
F. MENDELSSOHN


p
1. O wert thou in the cauld blast On yon-der lea, on yon-der lea, My plaid-ie to the an-gry
2. Or were I in the wild-est waste. Sae black and bare, sae black and bare, The des-ert were a par-a-
airt, I'd shel-ter thee, I'd shel-ter thee. Or did mis-for-tune's bit-ter storms A-round thee blaw, a-
dise, If thou wert there, If thou wert there. Or were I mon-arch of the globe, With thee to reign, with
cresc.
dim.
round thee blaw, thee to reign, Thy shield should be my bo-som, To share it a', to share it a'.
The bright-est jew-el in my crown Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.
dim.

## The Rose In The Air

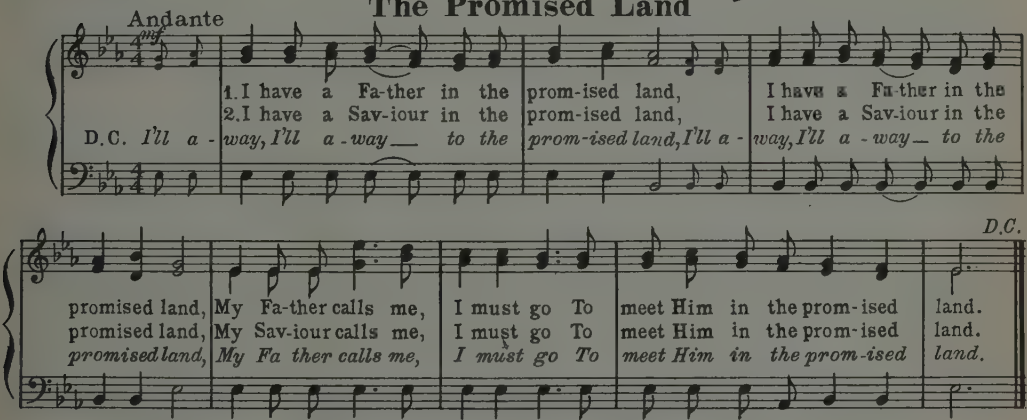
Andantino

PORTUGESE SONG


The rose in the air, So lov'd by the bee, Thinks not of the
said to this rose, Of flowrs the proudest queen, "Thou liv-est but an
care Its root takes cease-less-ly. I seen. I ask'd of the root, Why
hour?" The rose said "I am bear a rose o'er- head, The
lay it so deep? "I hide content," it said, "And un-der ground keep. To
hon-or is mine; Though low in my bed, A- loft we both shine."

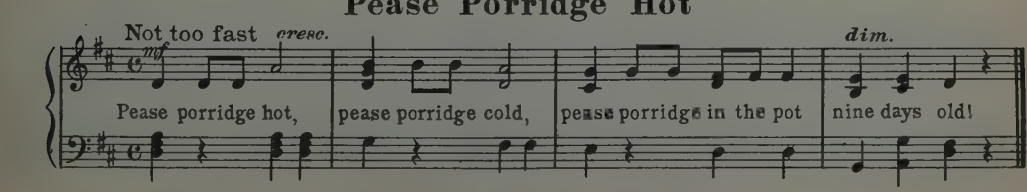
## The Promised Land

Andante

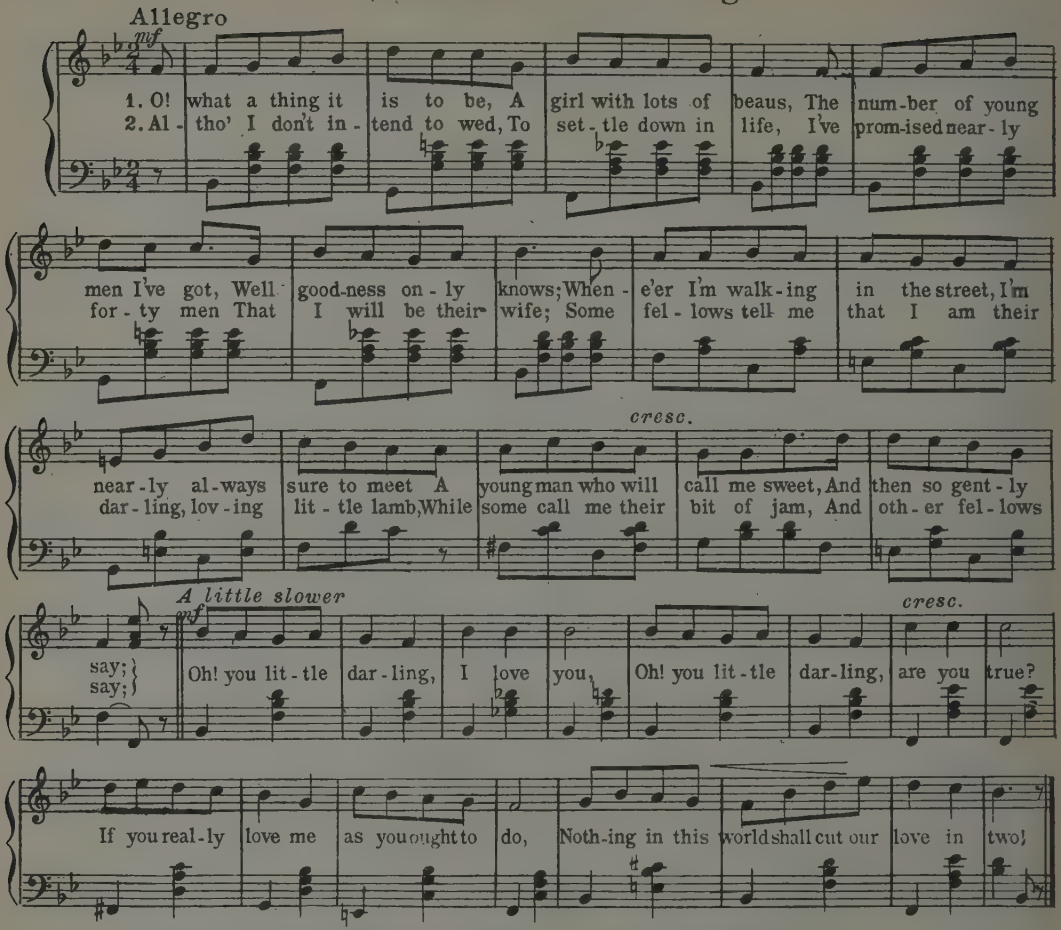

1. I have a Fa-ther in the prom-ised land, I have a Fa-ther in the
2. I have a Sav-iour in the prom-ised land, I have a Sav-iour in the
D.C. I'll a- way, I'll a-way to the prom-ised land, I'll a- way, I'll a-way to the
D.C.
promised land, My Fa-ther calls me, I must go To meet Him in the prom-ised land.
promised land, My Sav-iour calls me, I must go To meet Him in the prom-ised land.
promised land, My Fa ther calls me, I must go To meet Him in the prom-ised land.

## Pease Porridge Hot

Not too fast

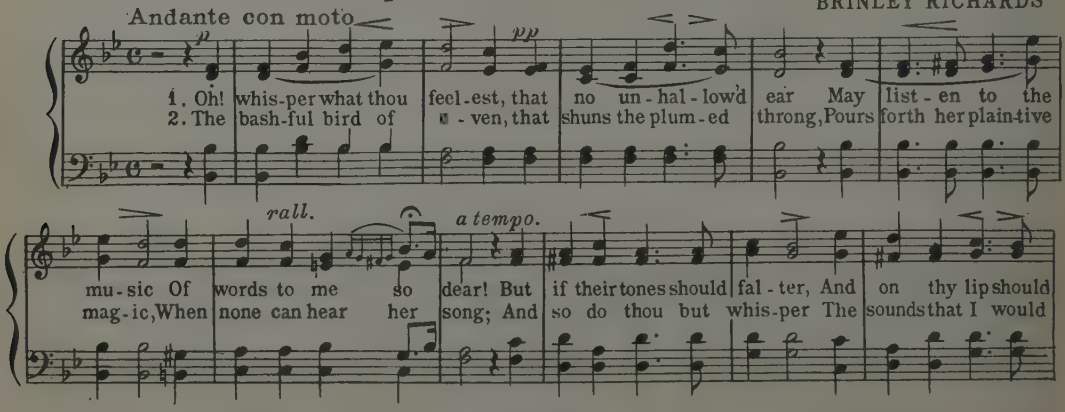


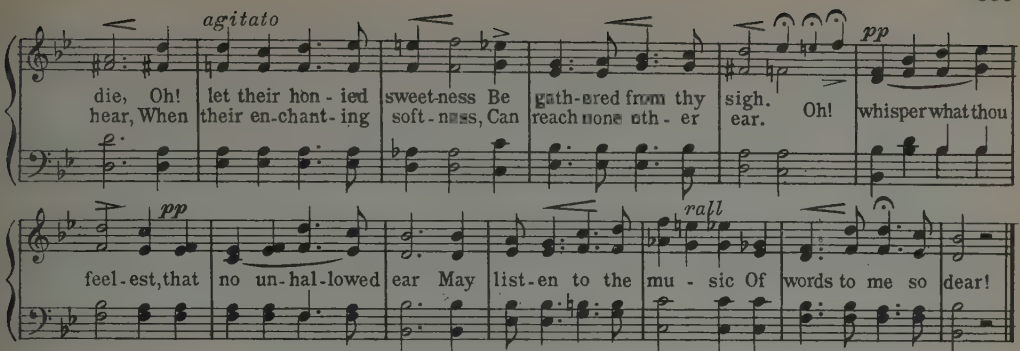
# Oh, You Little Darling


Allegro
mf
1. O! what a thing it is to be, A girl with lots of beaus, The num-ber of young
2. Al - tho' I don't in - tend to wed, To set - tle down in life, I've prom-ised near - ly
men I've got, Well good-ness on - ly knows; When - e'er I'm walk-ing in the street, I'm
for - ty men That I will be their wife; Some fel - lows tell me that I am their
cresc.
near - ly al - ways sure to meet A young man who will call me sweet, And then so gent - ly
dar - ling, lov - ing lit - tle lamb, While some call me their bit of jam, And oth - er fel - lows
A little slower
mf
cresc.
say;
say;
Oh! you lit - tle dar - ling, I love you, Oh! you lit - tle dar - ling, are you true?
If you real - ly love me as you ought to do, Noth - ing in this world shall cut our love in two!

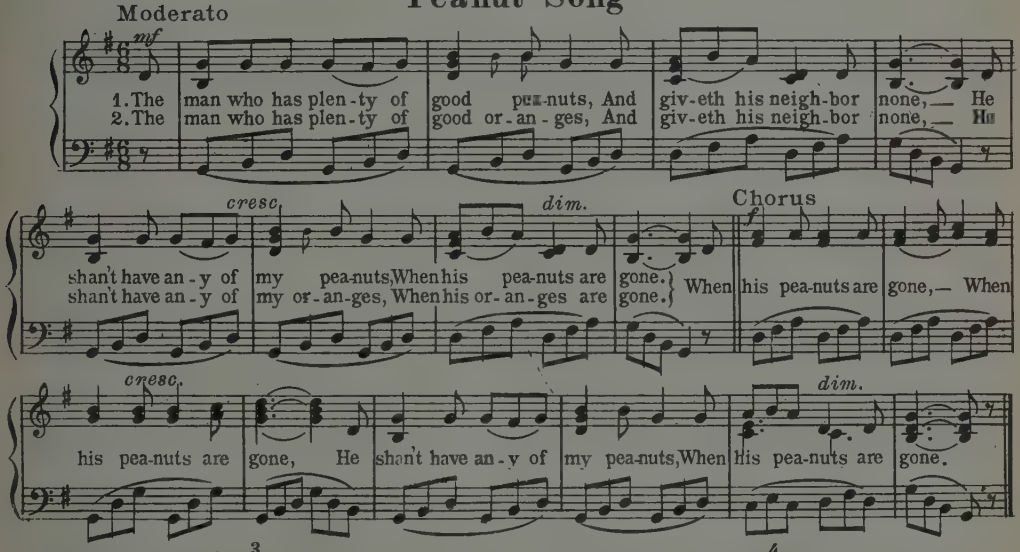
# O Whisper What Thou Feelest

BRINLEY RICHARDS


Andante con moto
p
pp
1. Oh! whis-per what thou feel-est, that no un - hal - low'd ear May list - en to the
2. The bash-ful bird of - ven, that shuns the plum - ed throng, Pours forth her plain-tive
rall.
a tempo.
mu - sic Of words to me so dear! But if their tones should fal - ter, And on thy lip should
mag - ic, When none can hear her song; And so do thou but whis-per The sounds that I would


agitato
pp
die, Oh! let their hon - ied sweet-ness Be gath-ered from thy sigh. Oh! whisper what thou
hear, When their en-chant- ing soft - ness, Can reach none oth - er ear.
pp
rall
feel - est, that no un-hal-lowed ear May list-en to the mu - sic Of words to me so dear!

## Peanut Song


Moderato
mf
1. The man who has plen - ty of good pea-nuts, And giv-eth his neigh-bor none, — He
2. The man who has plen - ty of good or - an - ges, And giv-eth his neigh-bor none, — He
cresc.
dim.
Chorus
shan't have an - y of my pea-nuts, When his pea-nuts are gone. } When his pea-nuts are gone, — When
shan't have an - y of my or - an-ges, When his or - an - ges are gone. }
cresc.
dim.
his pea-nuts are gone, He shan't have an - y of my pea-nuts, When his pea-nuts are gone.

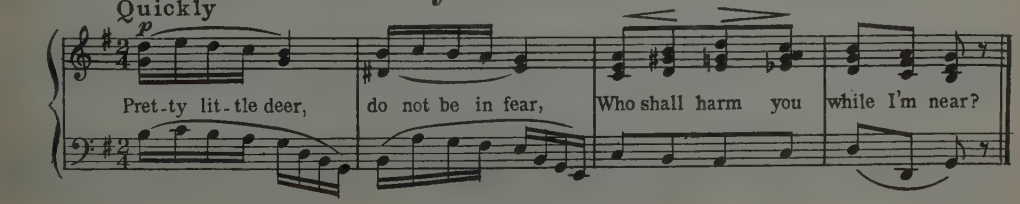
3.

The man who has plenty of soft, sweet soda crackers
And giveth his neighbor none;
He shan't have any of my soft soda crackers,
When his soft, sweet soda crackers are gone.

4.

The man who has plenty of ripe, red strawberry short-cake
And giveth his neighbor none;
He shan't have any of my ripe, red strawberry short-cake
When his ripe, red strawberry short-cake is gone.

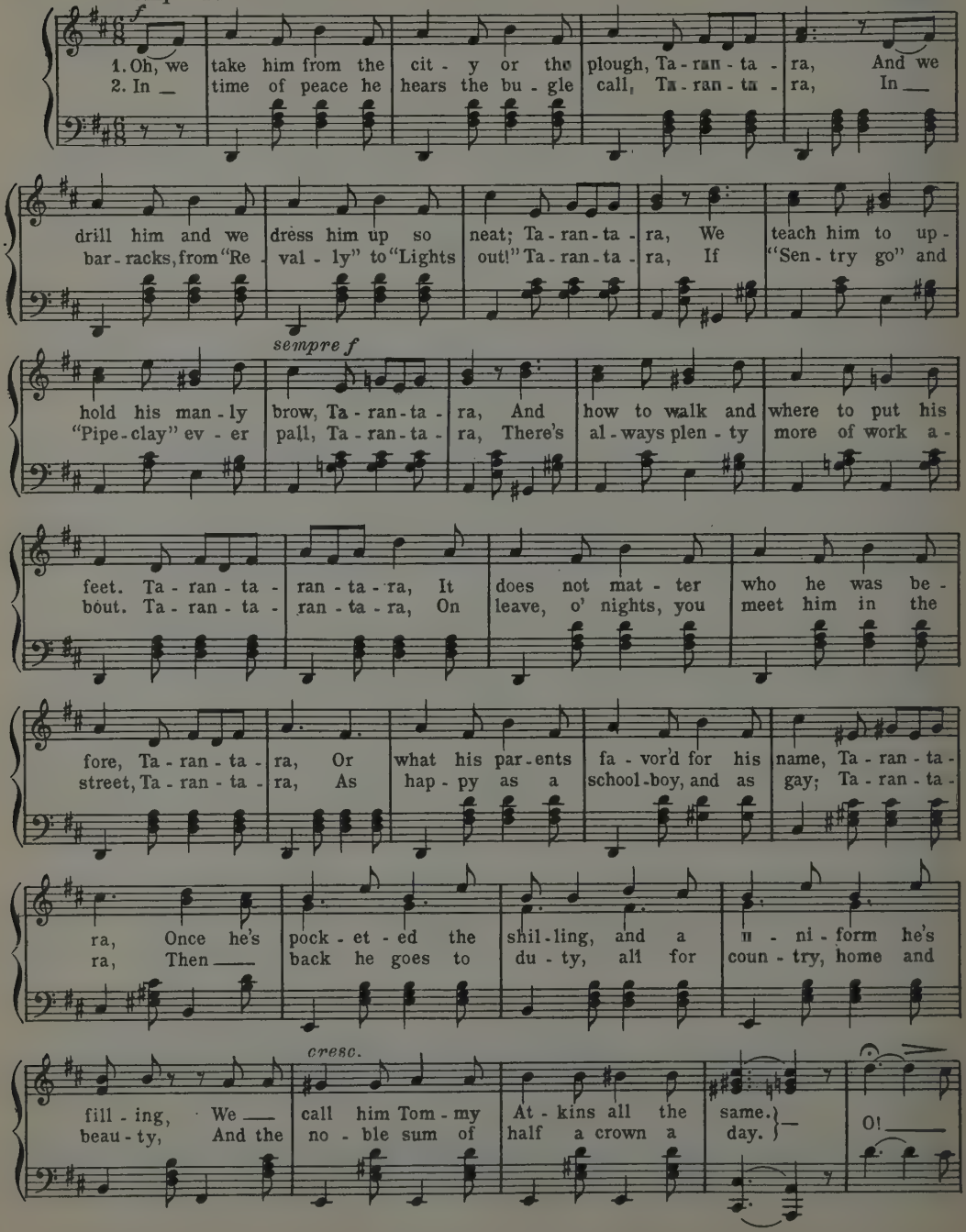
## Pretty Little Deer

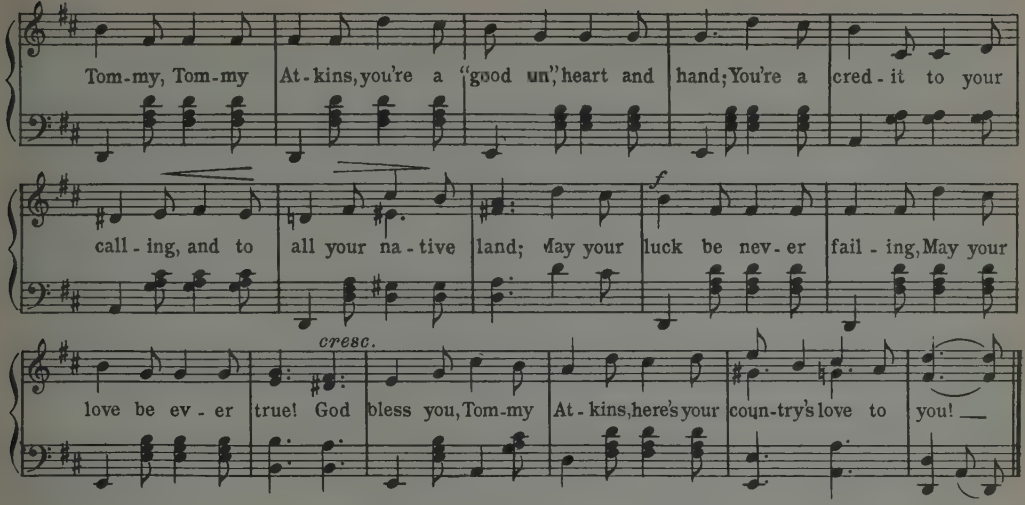


# Private Tommy Atkins

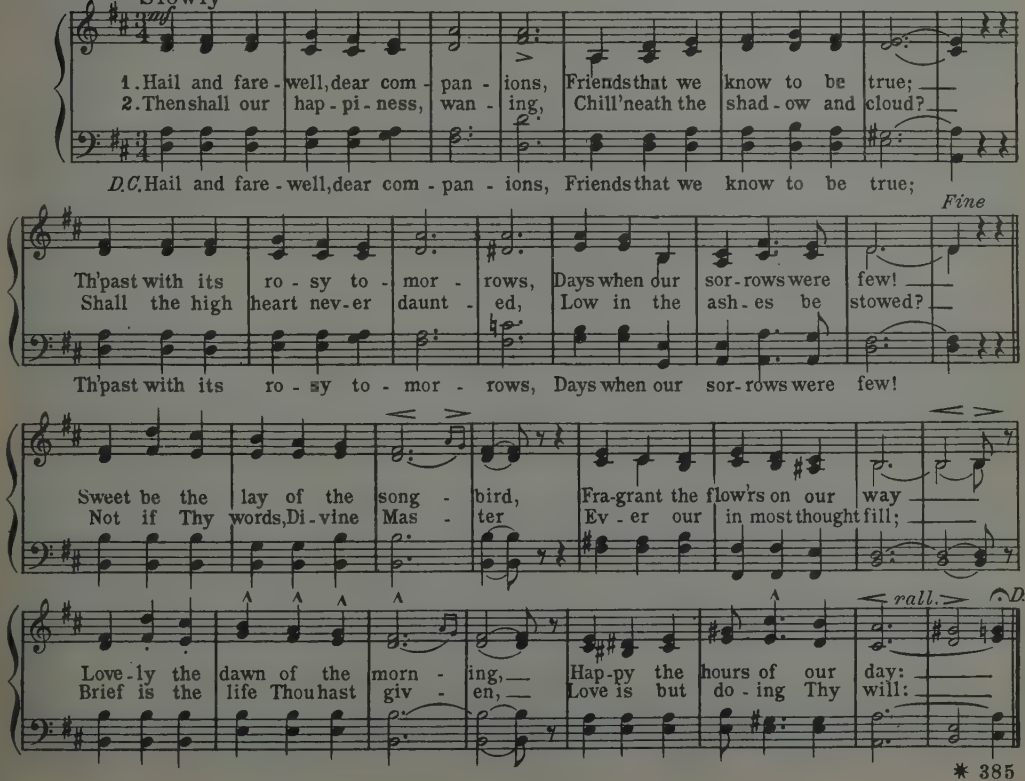
Tempo di Marcia

S. POTTER


f
1. Oh, we take him from the cit - y or the plough, Ta - ran - ta - ra, And we
2. In _ time of peace he hears the bu - gle call, Ta - ran - ta - ra, In _
drill him and we dress him up so neat; Ta - ran - ta - ra, We teach him to up -
bar - racks, from "Re - val - ly" to "Lights out!" Ta - ran - ta - ra, If "Sen - try go" and
sempre f
hold his man - ly brow, Ta - ran - ta - ra, And how to walk and where to put his
"Pipe - clay" ev - er pall, Ta - ran - ta - ra, There's al - ways plen - ty more of work a -
feet. Ta - ran - ta - ran - ta - ra, It does not mat - ter who he was be -
bout. Ta - ran - ta - ran - ta - ra, On leave, o' nights, you meet him in the
fore, Ta - ran - ta - ra, Or what his par - ents fa - vor'd for his name, Ta - ran - ta -
street, Ta - ran - ta - ra, As hap - py as a school - boy, and as gay; Ta - ran - ta -
ra, Once he's pock - et - ed the shil - ling, and a u - ni - form he's
ra, Then _ back he goes to du - ty, all for coun - try, home and
cresc.
fill - ing, We _ call him Tom - my At - kins all the same. _
beau - ty, And the no - ble sum of half a crown a day. _
O! _

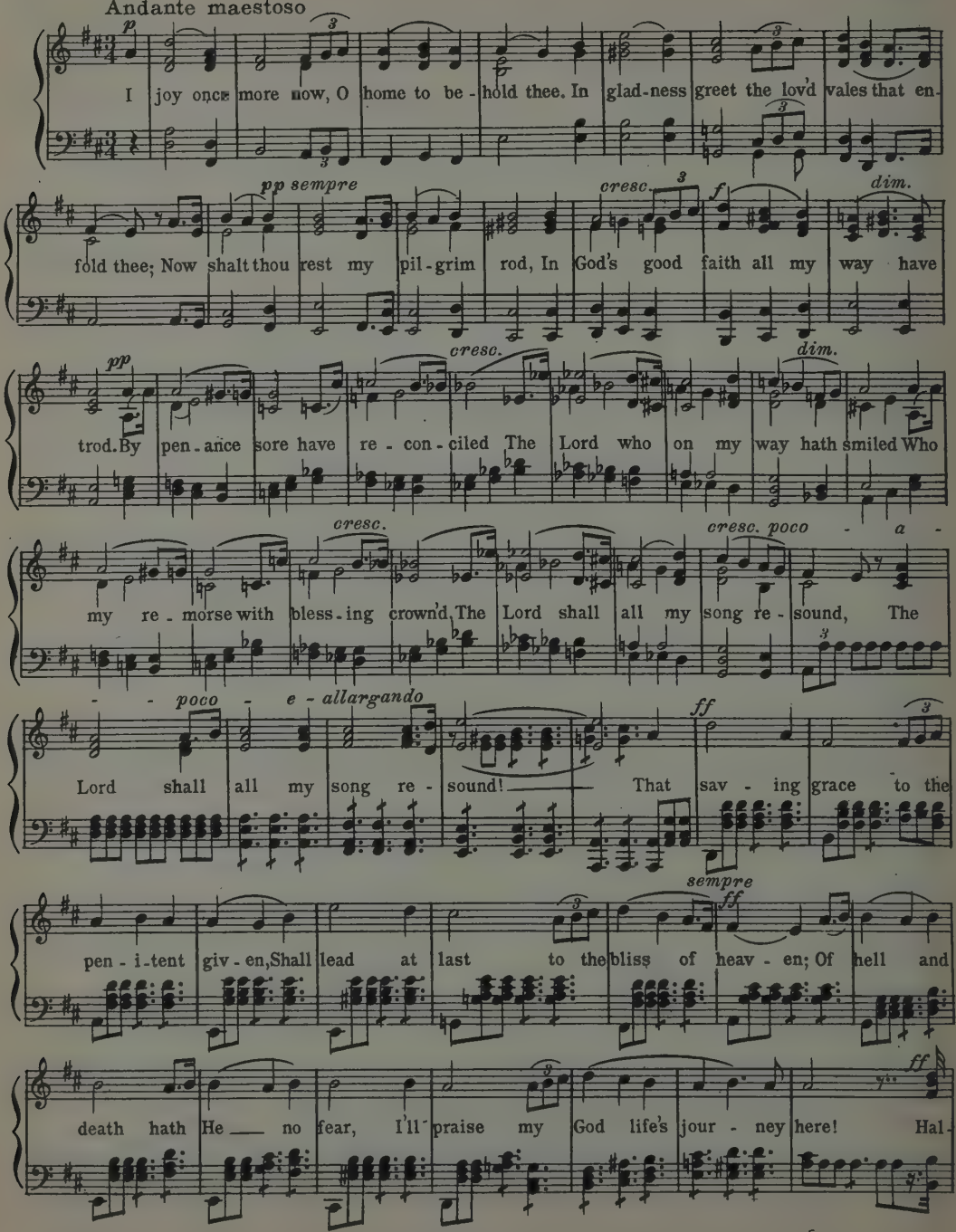

Tom-my, Tom-my At-kins, you're a "good un," heart and hand; You're a cred-it to your
call-ing, and to all your na-tive land; May your luck be nev-er fail-ing, May your
cresc.
love be ev-er true! God bless you, Tom-my At-kins, here's your coun-try's love to you!

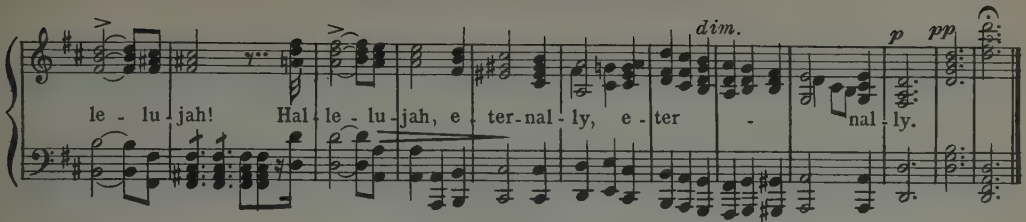
## Parting Graduation Song


Slowly
1. Hail and fare-well, dear com-pan-ions, Friends that we know to be true;
2. Then shall our hap-pi-ness, wan-ing, Chill'neath the shad-ow and cloud?
D.C. Hail and fare-well, dear com-pan-ions, Friends that we know to be true;
Fine
Th'past with its ro-sy to-mor-rows, Days when our sor-rows were few!
Shall the high heart nev-er daunt-ed, Low in the ash-es be stowed?
Th'past with its ro-sy to-mor-rows, Days when our sor-rows were few!
Sweet be the lay of the song-bird, Fra-grant the flow'rs on our way
Not if Thy words, Di-vine Mas-ter Ev-er our in most thought fill;
rall.
D.C.
Love-ly the dawn of the morn-ing, Hap-py the hours of our day:
Brief is the life Thou hast giv-en, Love is but do-ing Thy will:

# Pilgrim Chorus

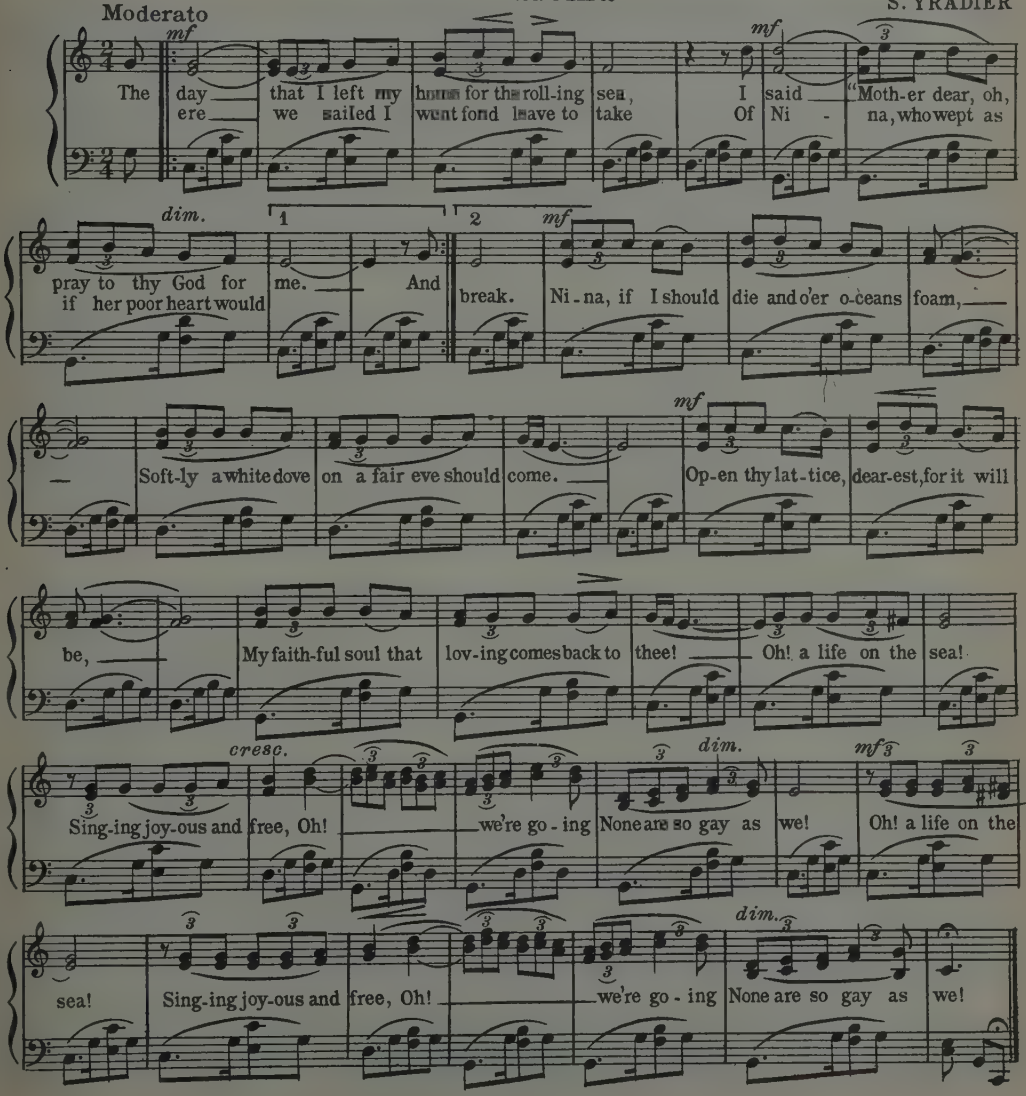
R. WAGNER


Andante maestoso
p
I joy once more now, O home to be - hold thee. In glad-ness greet the lov'd vales that en-
pp sempre
cresc.
f
dim.
fold thee; Now shalt thou rest my pil-grim rod, In God's good faith all my way have
pp
cresc.
dim.
trod. By pen-ance sore have re - con - ciled The Lord who on my way hath smiled Who
cresc.
cresc. poco - a -
my re - morse with bless-ing crown'd, The Lord shall all my song re - sound, The
poco - e - allargando
ff
Lord shall all my song re - sound! That sav - ing grace to the
sempre ff
pen - i-tent giv - en, Shall lead at last to the bliss of heav - en; Of hell and
ff
death hath He no fear, I'll praise my God life's jour - ney here! Hal-

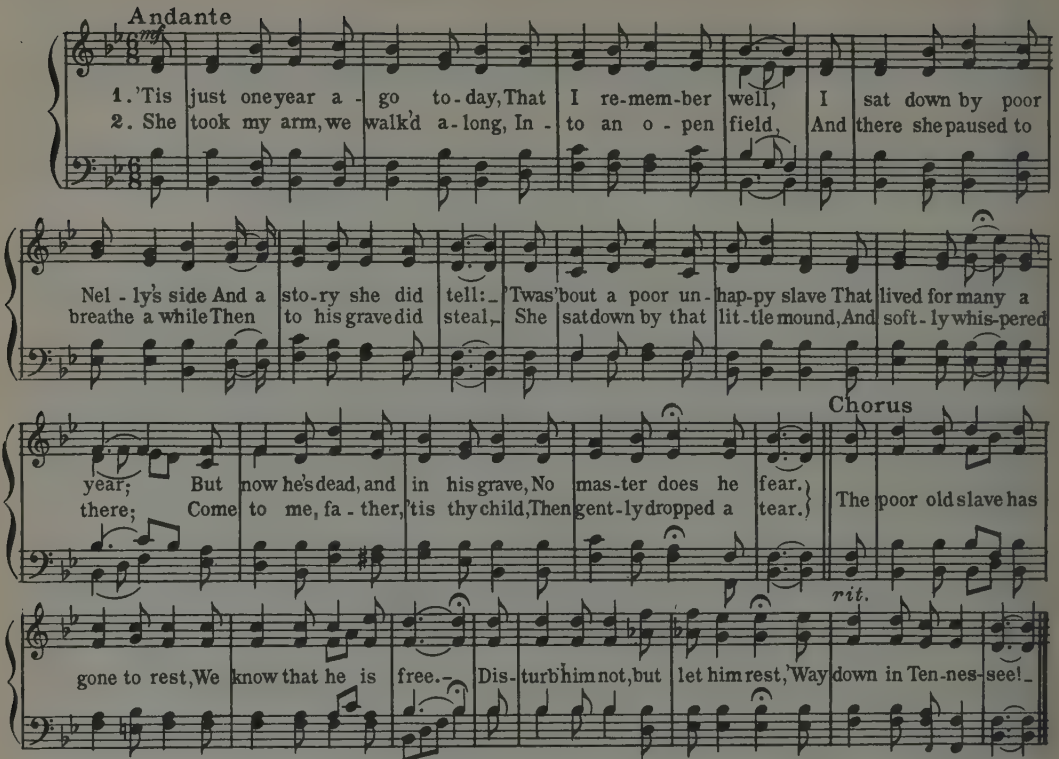



## La Paloma

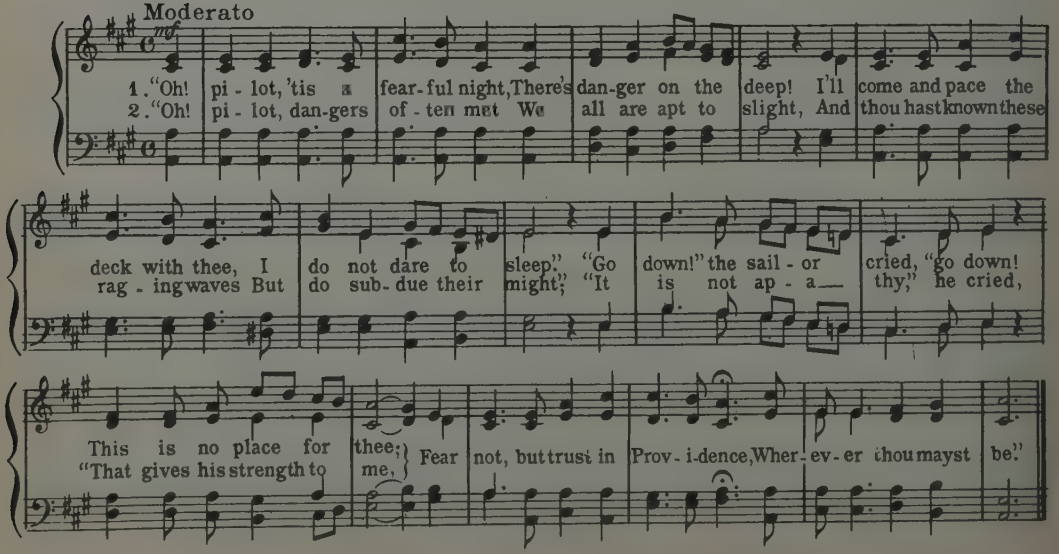
S. YRADIER


Moderato
mf
The day that I left my home for the roll-ing sea, I said "Moth-er dear, oh,
ere we sailed I went fond leave to take Of Ni - na, who wept as
dim.
1
2
mf
pray to thy God for me. And
if her poor heart would break. Ni - na, if I should die and o'er o-ceans foam,
Soft-ly a white dove on a fair eve should come. Op-en thy lat-tice, dear-est, for it will
be, My faith-ful soul that lov-ing comes back to thee! Oh! a life on the sea!
cresc.
dim.
mf
Sing-ing joy-ous and free, Oh! we're go - ing None are so gay as we! Oh! a life on the
sea! Sing-ing joy-ous and free, Oh! we're go - ing None are so gay as we!

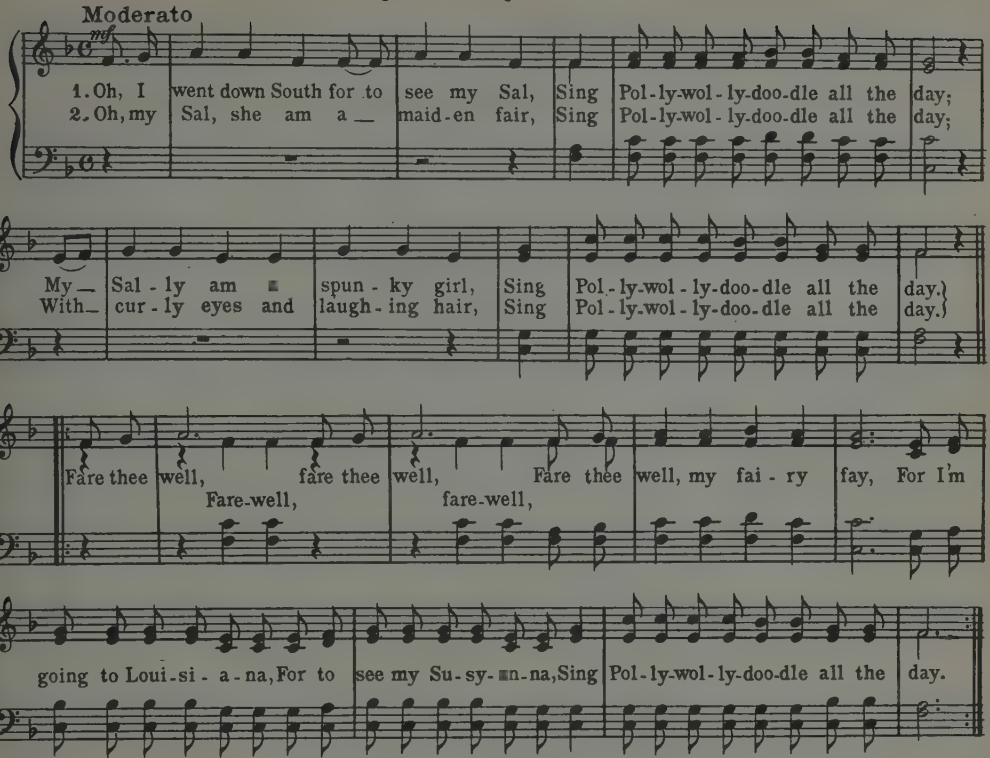
# The Poor Old Slave


Andante
mf
1. 'Tis just one year a - go to - day, That I re-mem-ber well, I sat down by poor
2. She took my arm, we walk'd a - long, In - to an o - pen field, And there she paused to
Nel - ly's side And a sto-ry she did tell: 'Twas 'bout a poor un - hap-py slave That lived for many a
breathe a while Then to his grave did steal, She sat down by that lit - tle mound, And soft - ly whis-pered
year; But now he's dead, and in his grave, No mas-ter does he fear.
there; Come to me, fa - ther, 'tis thy child, Then gent-ly dropped a tear.
Chorus
The poor old slave has
gone to rest, We know that he is free. Dis-turb him not, but let him rest, 'Way down in Ten-nes-see!
rit.

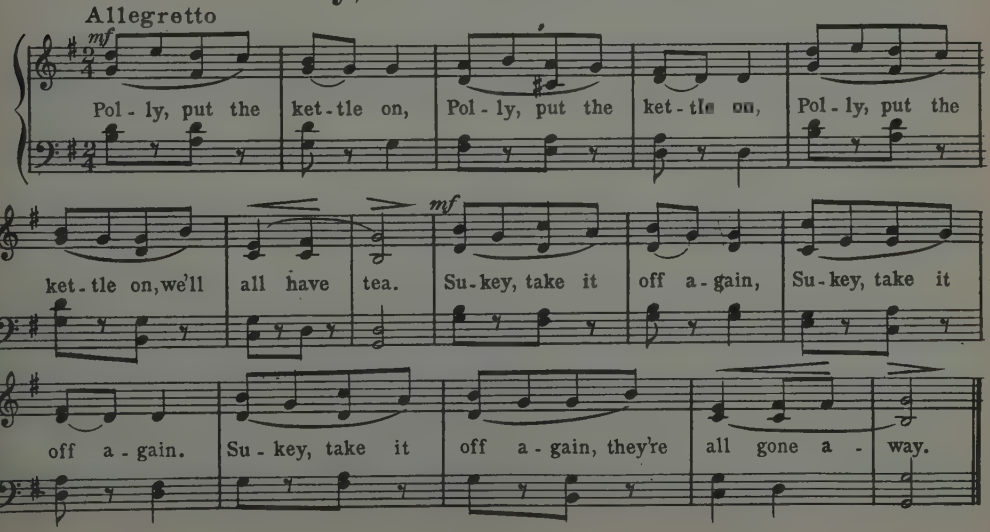
# The Pilot


Moderato
mf
1. "Oh! pi - lot, 'tis a fear-ful night, There's dan-ger on the deep! I'll come and pace the
2. "Oh! pi - lot, dan-gers of - ten met We all are apt to slight, And thou hast known these
deck with thee, I do not dare to sleep." "Go down!" the sail - or cried, "go down!
rag - ing waves But do sub - due their might;" "It is not ap - a — thy," he cried,
This is no place for thee;
"That gives his strength to me,"
Fear not, but trust in Prov - i-dence, Wher - ev - er thou mayst be."

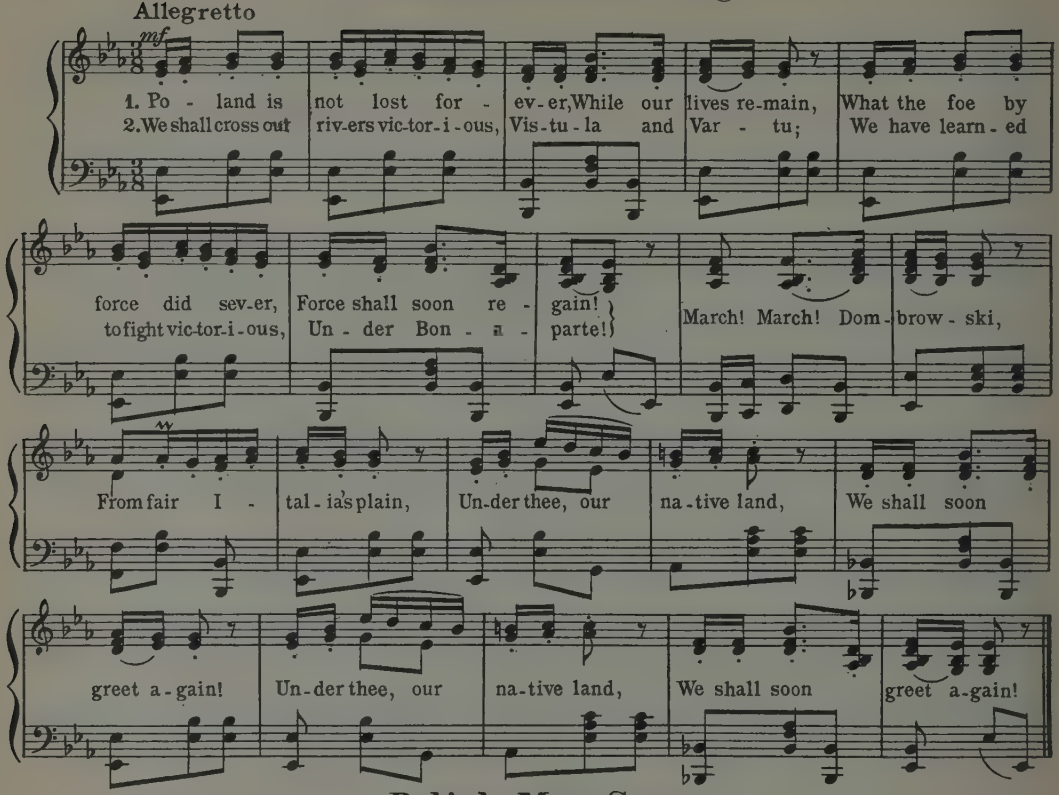
# Polly-Wolly-Doodle


Moderato
mf
1. Oh, I went down South for to see my Sal, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the day;
2. Oh, my Sal, she am a maid-en fair, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the day;
My Sal-ly am a spun-ky girl, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the day.
With cur-ly eyes and laugh-ing hair, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the day.
Fare thee well, fare thee well, Fare thee well, my fai-ry fay, For I'm
Fare-well, fare-well,
going to Loui-si-a-na, For to see my Su-sy-an-na, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the day.

# Polly, Put The Kettle On


Allegretto
mf
Pol-ly, put the ket-tle on, Pol-ly, put the ket-tle on, Pol-ly, put the
ket-tle on, we'll all have tea. Su-key, take it off a-gain, Su-key, take it
off a-gain. Su-key, take it off a-gain, they're all gone a-way.

# Poland's National Song

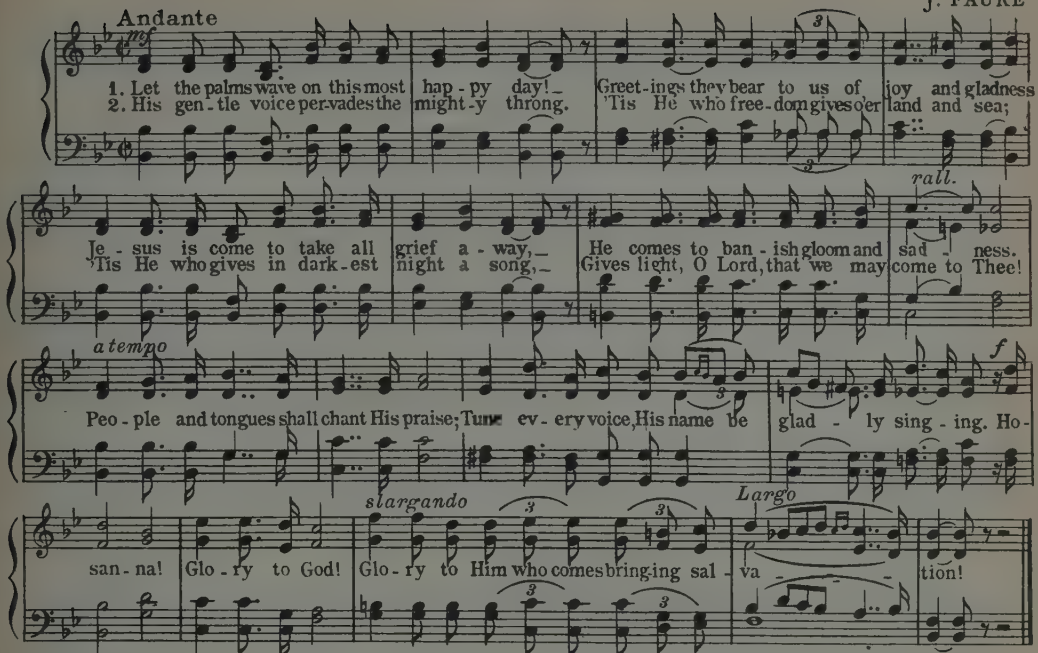

Allegretto
mf
1. Po - land is not lost for - ev - er, While our lives re-main, What the foe by
2. We shall cross out riv-ers vic-tor-i-ous, Vis-tu-la and Var - tu; We have learn - ed
force did sev-er, Force shall soon re - gain!
to fight vic-tor-i-ous, Un - der Bon - a - parte!
March! March! Dom-brow - ski,
From fair I - tal - ia's plain, Un-der thee, our na-tive land, We shall soon
greet a-gain! Un-der thee, our na-tive land, We shall soon greet a-gain!

# Polish May Song

Allegretto
mf
cresc.
1. May is here, the world re-joic-es, Earth puts on her smiles to greet her: Grove and field lift
2. Birds through ev-'ry thick-et call-ing Wake the woods to sounds of glad-ness: Hark! the long-drawn
up their voic-es Leaf and flow'r come forth to meet her!
notes are fall-ing Sad, but pleas-ant in their sad-ness
Hap - py May, blithe-some May!
f
Win-ter's reign has pass'd a-way! Hap-py May, blithe-some May! Win-ter's reign has pass'd a-way!

# The Palms

J. FAURE

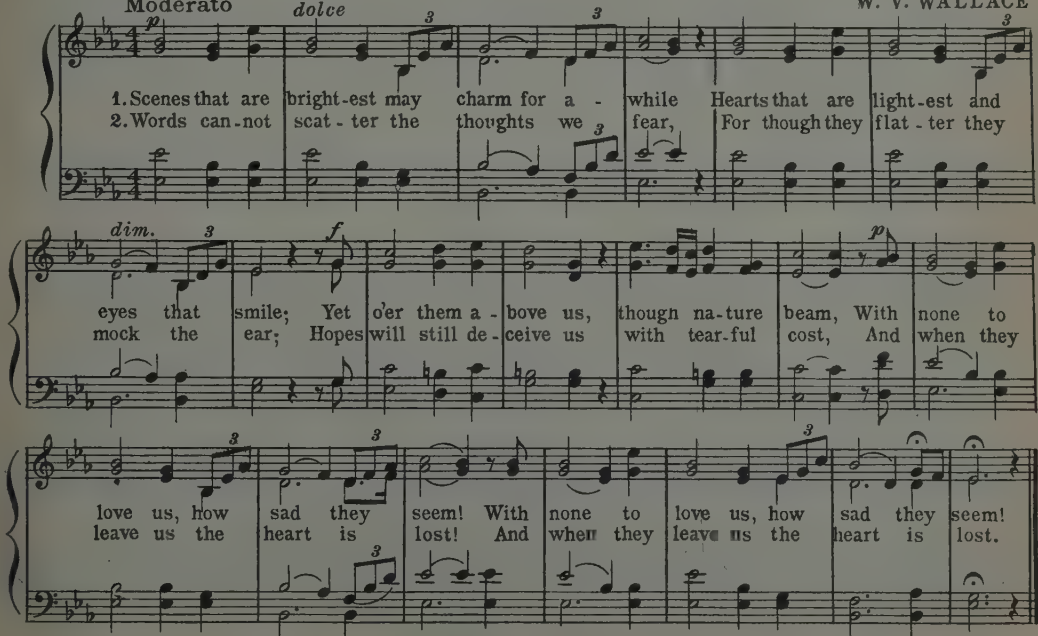

Andante
mf
1. Let the palms wave on this most hap - py day! Greet - ings they bear to us of joy and gladness
2. His gen - tle voice per-vades the might - y throng. 'Tis He who free - dom gives o'er land and sea;
Je - sus is come to take all grief a - way, He comes to ban - ish gloom and sad - ness.
'Tis He who gives in dark - est night a song, Gives light, O Lord, that we may come to Thee!
rall.
a tempo
Peo - ple and tongues shall chant His praise; Tune ev - ery voice, His name be glad - ly sing - ing. Ho -
f
slargando
Largo
san - na! Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to Him who comes bringing sal - va - tion!

"MARITANA"

# Scenes That Are Brightest

Moderato

W. V. WALLACE

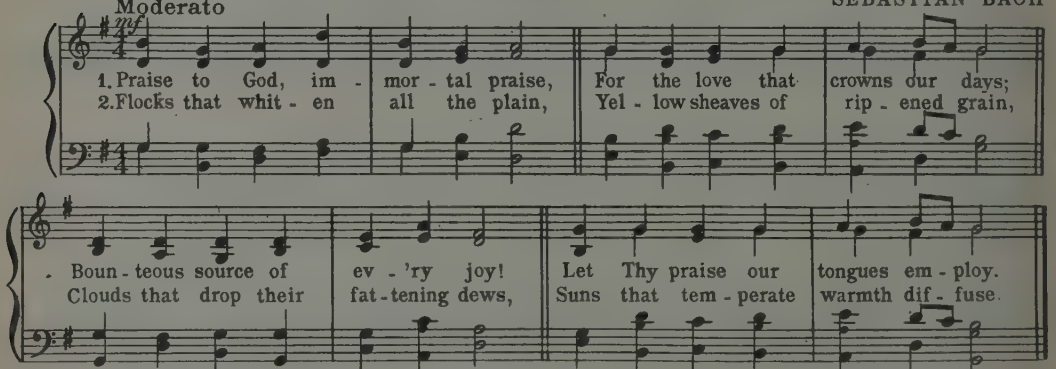

p
dolce
1. Scenes that are bright - est may charm for a - while Hearts that are light - est and
2. Words can - not scat - ter the thoughts we fear, For though they flat - ter they
dim.
f
eyes that smile; Yet o'er them a - bove us, though na - ture beam, With none to
mock the ear; Hopes will still de - ceive us with tear - ful cost, And when they
p
love us, how sad they seem! With none to love us, how sad they seem!
leave us the heart is lost! And when they leave us the heart is lost.

# The Quilting Party

Andante
mf
1. In the sky the bright stars glit - tered, On the bank the pale moon shone;
2. On my arm a soft hand rest - ed, Rust - ed light as o - cean foam;
And 'twas
cresc.
dim.
Refrain
from Aunt Di-nah's quilt-ing par-ty, I was see-ing Nel-lie home.
I was see-ing Nel-lie home, I was
cresc.
dim e rit.
see-ing Nel-lie home; And 'twas from Aunt Di-nah's quilt-ing par-ty, I was see-ing Nel-lie home.

# Praise To God

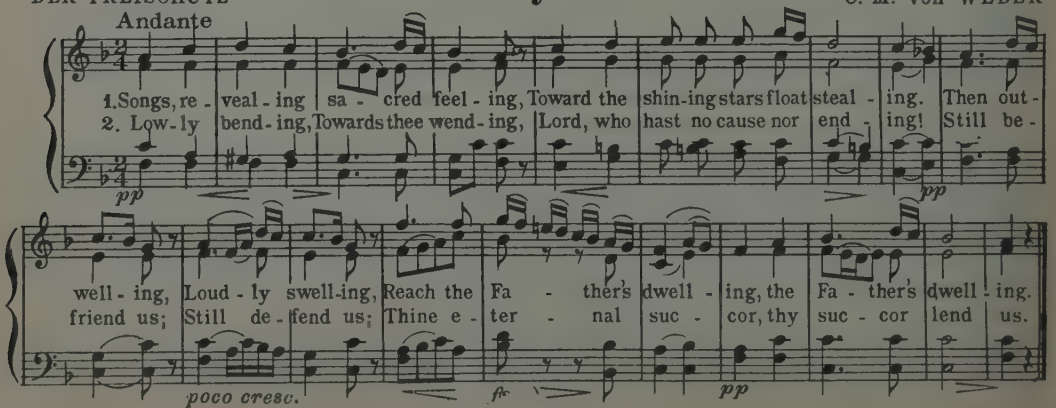
SEBASTIAN BACH


Moderato
mf
1. Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days;
2. Flocks that whit - en all the plain, Yel - low sheaves of rip - ened grain,
Boun - teous source of ev - 'ry joy! Let Thy praise our tongues em - ploy.
Clouds that drop their fat - tening dews, Suns that tem - perate warmth dif - fuse.

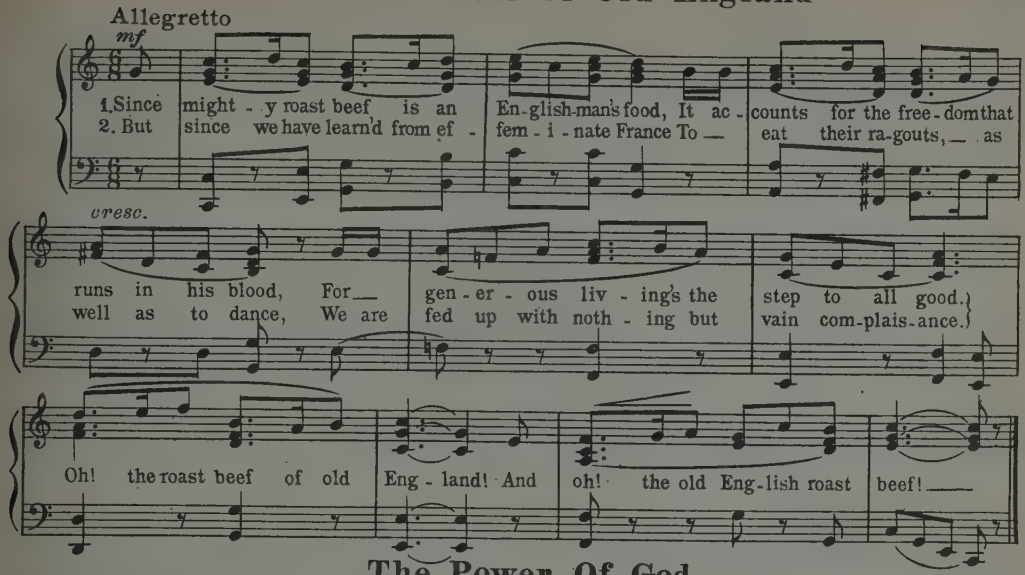
"DER FREISCHUTZ"

# Prayer

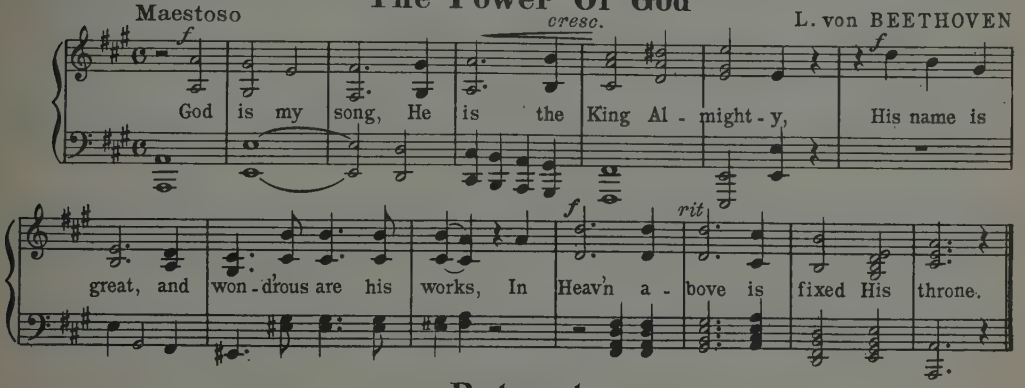
C. M. von WEBER


Andante
pp
1. Songs, re - veal - ing sa - cred feel - ing, Toward the shin-ing stars float steal - ing. Then out -
2. Low - ly bend - ing, Towards thee wend - ing, Lord, who hast no cause nor end - ing! Still be -
pp
well - ing, Loud - ly swell-ing, Reach the Fa - ther's dwell - ing, the Fa - ther's dwell - ing.
friend us; Still de - fend us; Thine e - ter - nal suc - cor, thy suc - cor lend us.
poco cresc.
ff
pp

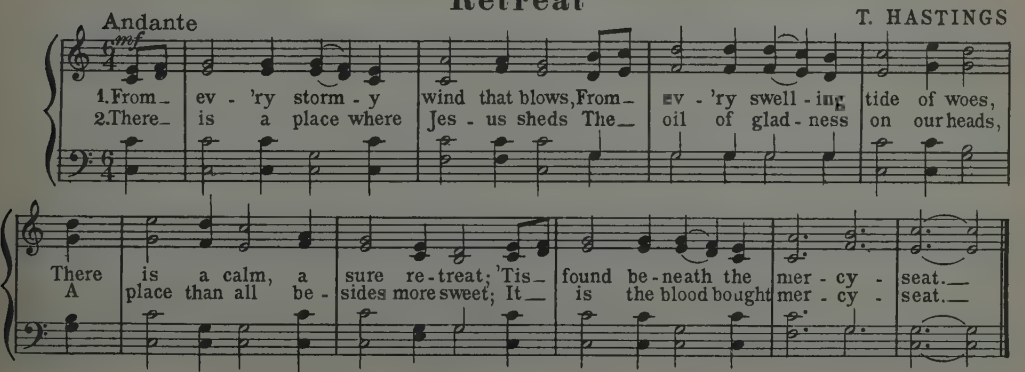
# The Roast Beef Of Old England


Allegretto
mf
1.Since might - y roast beef is an En-glish-man's food, It ac - counts for the free - dom that
2. But since we have learn'd from ef - fem - i - nate France To — eat their ra-gouts, — as
cresc.
runs in his blood, For — gen - er - ous liv - ing's the step to all good.
well as to dance, We are fed up with noth - ing but vain com-plais-ance.
Oh! the roast beef of old Eng - land! And oh! the old Eng-lish roast beef! —

# The Power Of God

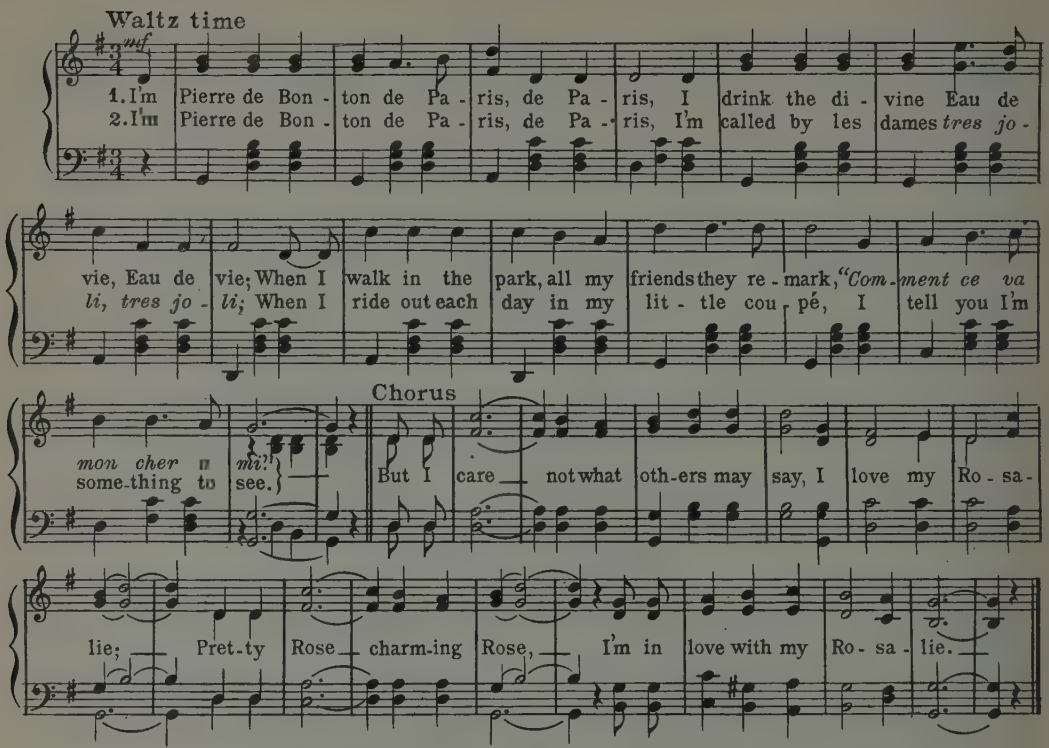

Maestoso
f
cresc.
L. von BEETHOVEN
God is my song, He is the King Al - might - y, His name is
f
rit
great, and won - drous are his works, In Heav'n a - bove is fixed His throne.

# Retreat


Andante
mf
T. HASTINGS
1.From — ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From — ev - 'ry swell - ing tide of woes,
2.There — is a place where Jes - us sheds The — oil of glad - ness on our heads,
There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis — found be-neath the mer - cy - seat. —
A place than all be - sides more sweet; It — is the blood bought mer - cy - seat. —

# Rosalie

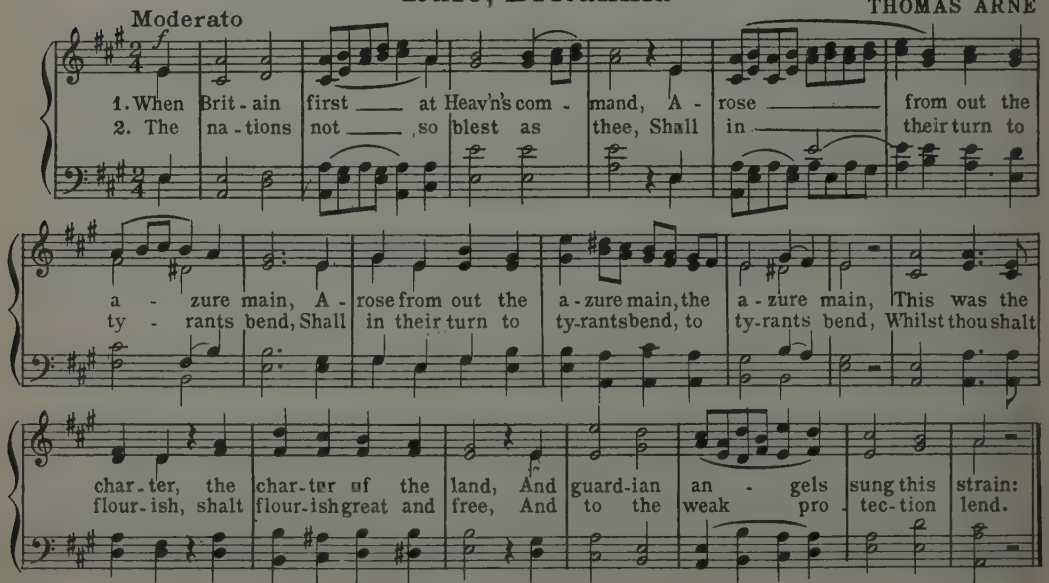
Waltz time

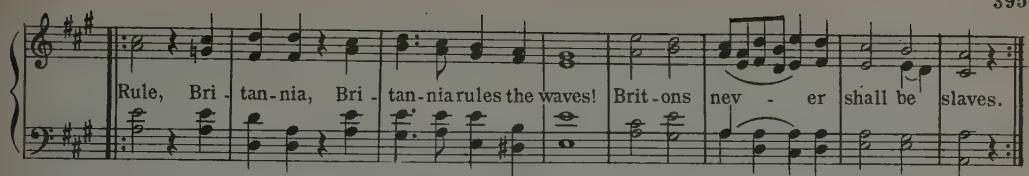

1. I'm Pierre de Bon - ton de Pa - ris, de Pa - ris, I drink the di - vine Eau de
2. I'm Pierre de Bon - ton de Pa - ris, de Pa - ris, I'm called by les dames tres jo -
vie, Eau de vie; When I walk in the park, all my friends they re - mark, "Com - ment ce va
li, tres jo - li; When I ride out each day in my lit - tle cou - pé, I tell you I'm
Chorus
mon cher mi!"
some - thing to see.
But I care not what oth - ers may say, I love my Ro - sa -
lie; Pret - ty Rose charm - ing Rose, I'm in love with my Ro - sa - lie.

# Rule, Britannia

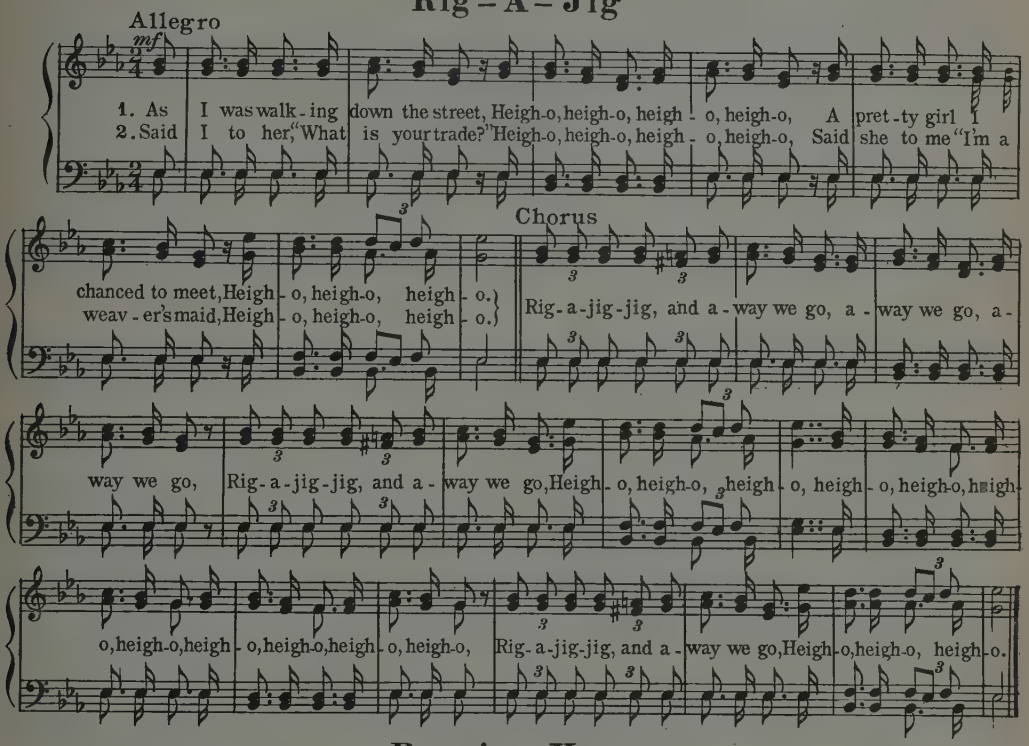
THOMAS ARNE

Moderato


1. When Brit - ain first at Heav'n's com - mand, A - rose from out the
2. The na - tions not so blest as thee, Shall in their turn to
a - zure main, A - rose from out the a - zure main, the a - zure main, This was the
ty - rants bend, Shall in their turn to ty - rants bend, to ty - rants bend, Whilst thou shalt
char - ter, the char - ter of the land, And guard - ian an - gels sung this strain:
flour - ish, shalt flour - ish great and free, And to the weak pro - tec - tion lend.

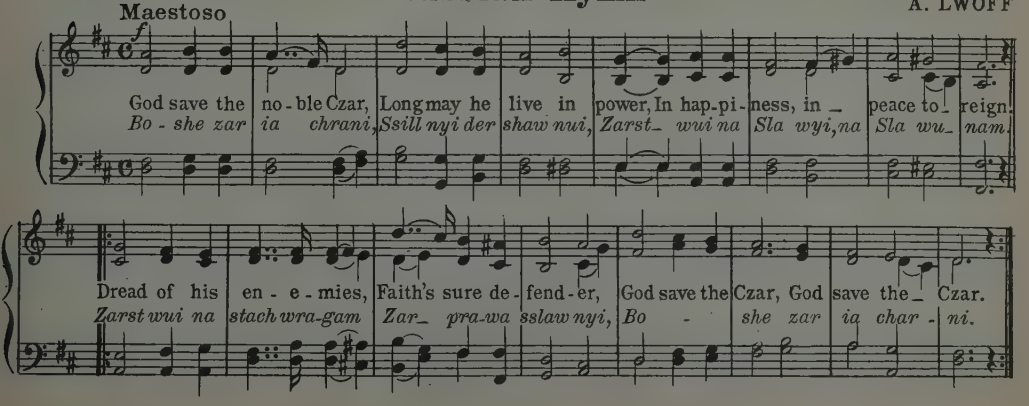



## Rig-A-Jig


Allegro
mf
1. As I was walk-ing down the street, Heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh - o, heigh-o, A pret-ty girl I
2. Said I to her, "What is your trade?" Heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh - o, heigh-o, Said she to me "I'm a
chanced to meet, Heigh - o, heigh-o, heigh - o.
weav - er's maid, Heigh - o, heigh-o, heigh - o.
Chorus
Rig-a-jig-jig, and a - way we go, a - way we go, a -
way we go, Rig-a-jig-jig, and a - way we go, Heigh - o, heigh-o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh-o, heigh -
o, heigh-o, heigh - o, heigh-o, heigh - o, heigh-o, Rig-a-jig-jig, and a - way we go, Heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh - o.

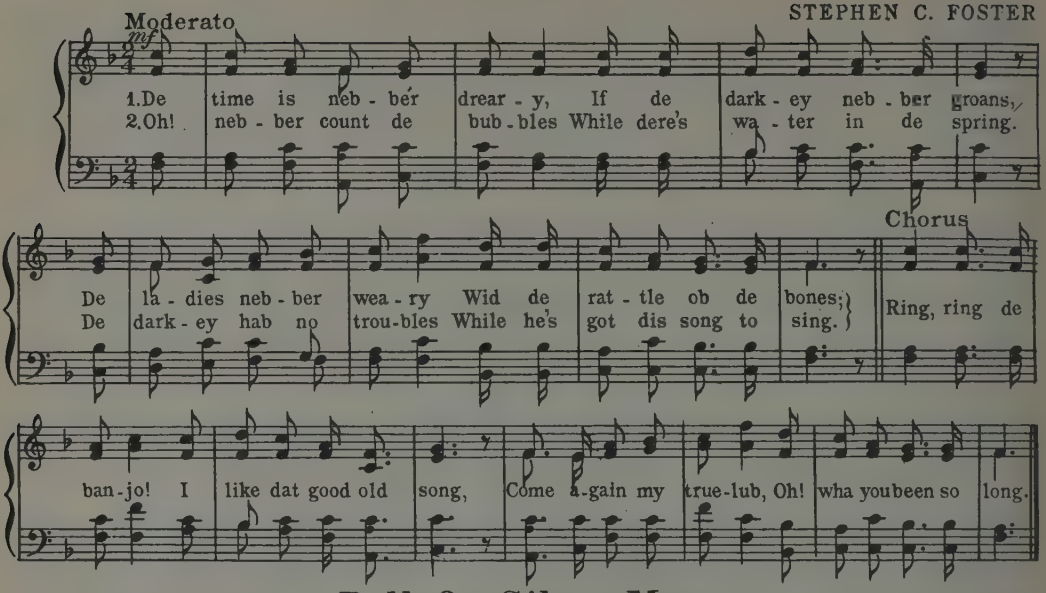
## Russian Hymn

A. LWOFF


Maestoso
f
God save the no - ble Czar, Long may he live in power, In hap-pi-ness, in peace to - reign.
Bo - she zar ia chrani, Ssill nyi der shaw nui, Zarst wui na Sla wyi, na Sla wu nam.
Dread of his en - e - mies, Faith's sure de - fend - er, God save the Czar, God save the Czar.
Zarst wui na stach wra-gam Zar pra-wa sslaw nyi, Bo - she zar ia char - ni.

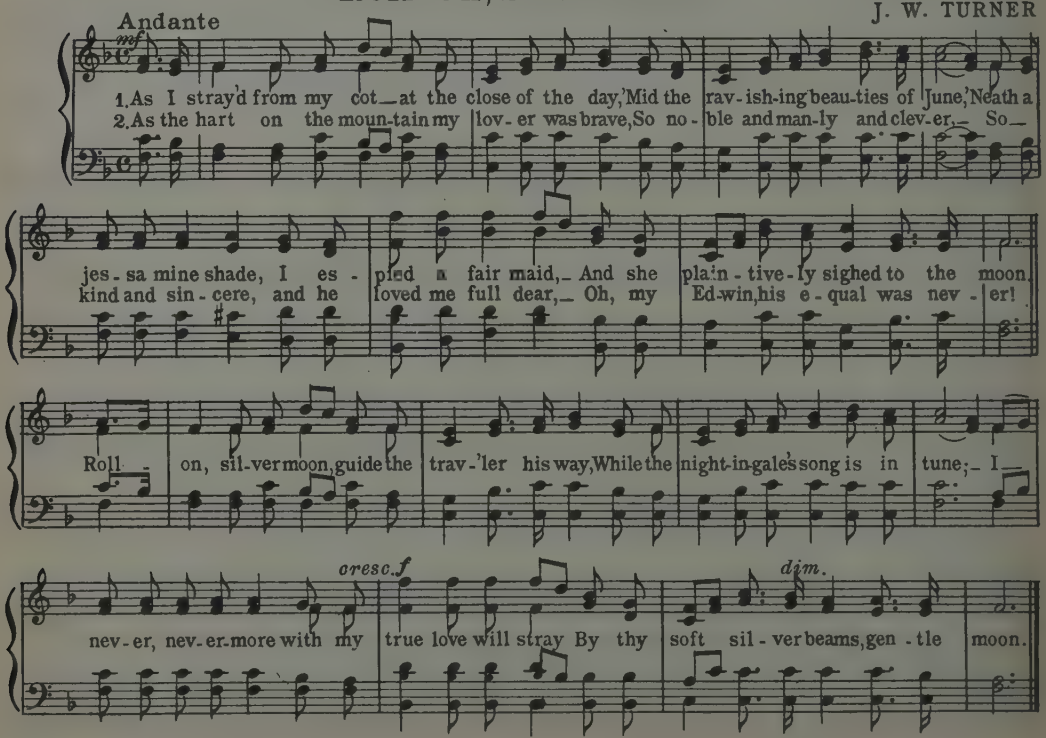
# Ring, Ring De Banjo

STEPHEN C. FOSTER


Moderato
mf
1.De time is neb - ber drear - y, If de dark - ey neb - ber groans,
2.Oh! neb - ber count de bub - bles While dere's wa - ter in de spring.
Chorus
De la - dies neb - ber wea - ry Wid de rat - tle ob de bones;
De dark - ey hab no trou-bles While he's got dis song to sing.
Ring, ring de ban-jo! I like dat good old song, Come a-gain my true-lub, Oh! wha you been so long.

# Roll On, Silver Moon

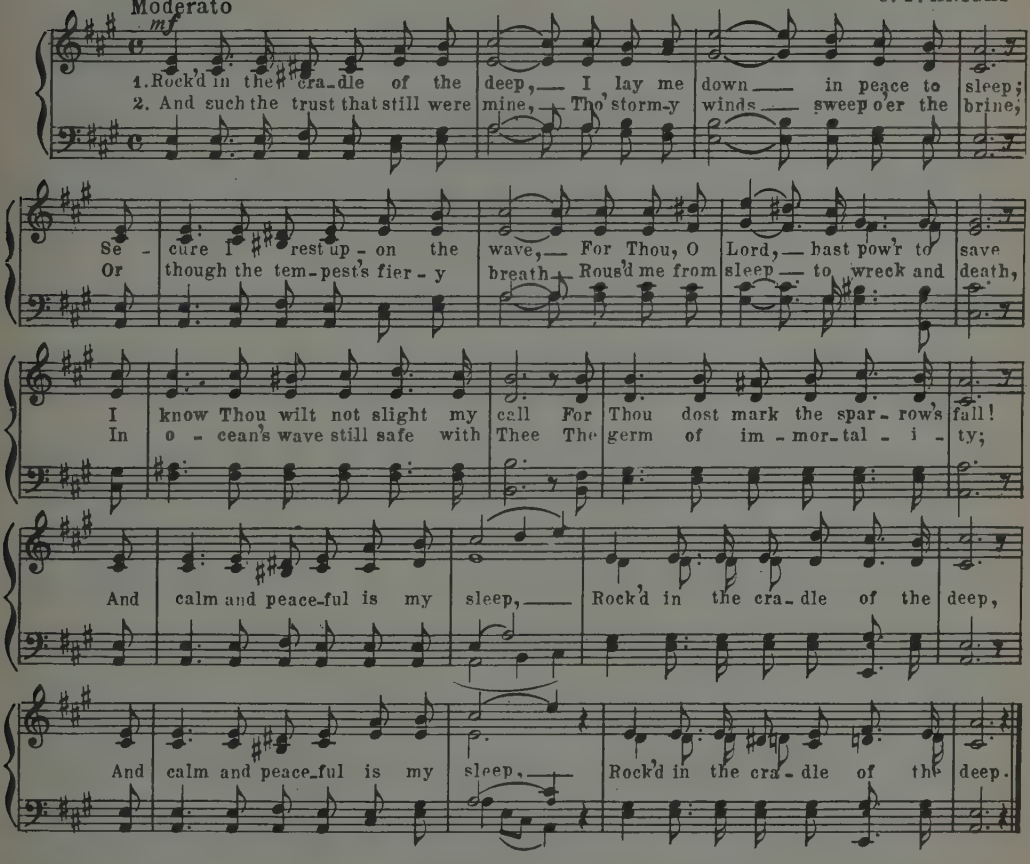
J. W. TURNER


Andante
mf
1.As I stray'd from my cot—at the close of the day,'Mid the rav - ish-ing beau-ties of June,'Neath a
2.As the hart on the moun-tain my lov - er was brave,So no - ble and man-ly and clev-er,— So—
jes - sa mine shade, I es - pied a fair maid,— And she pla!n - tive - ly sighed to the moon.
kind and sin - cere, and he loved me full dear,— Oh, my Ed-win,his e - qual was nev - er!
Roll - on, sil-ver moon, guide the trav - 'ler his way,While the night-in-gale's song is in tune;— I—
cresc. f
dim.
nev - er, nev - er-more with my true love will stray By thy soft sil - ver beams,gen - tle moon.

# Rocked In The Cradle Of The Deep

J. P. KNIGHT

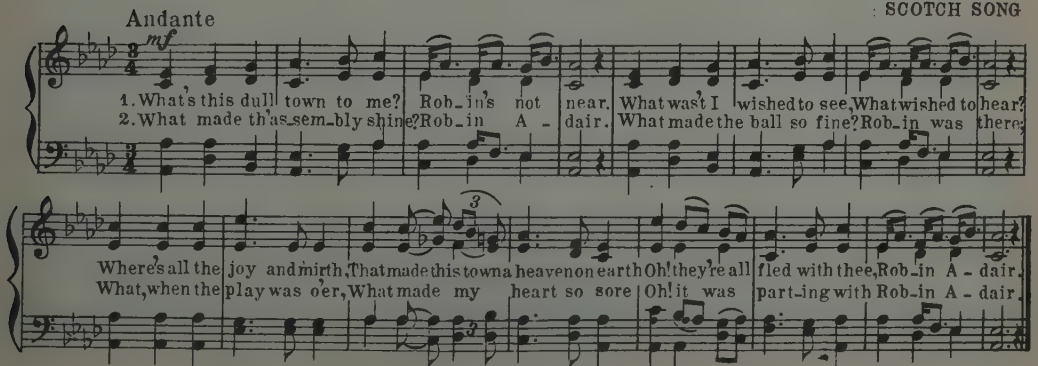
Moderato


mf
1. Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep;
2. And such the trust that still were mine, Tho' storm-y winds sweep o'er the brine,
Se - cure I rest up - on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save
Or though the tem-pest's fier - y breath Rous'd me from sleep to wreck and death,
I know Thou wilt not slight my call For Thou dost mark the spar-row's fall!
In o - cean's wave still safe with Thee The germ of im-mor-tal - i - ty;
And calm and peace-ful is my sleep, Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep,
And calm and peace-ful is my sleep, Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep.

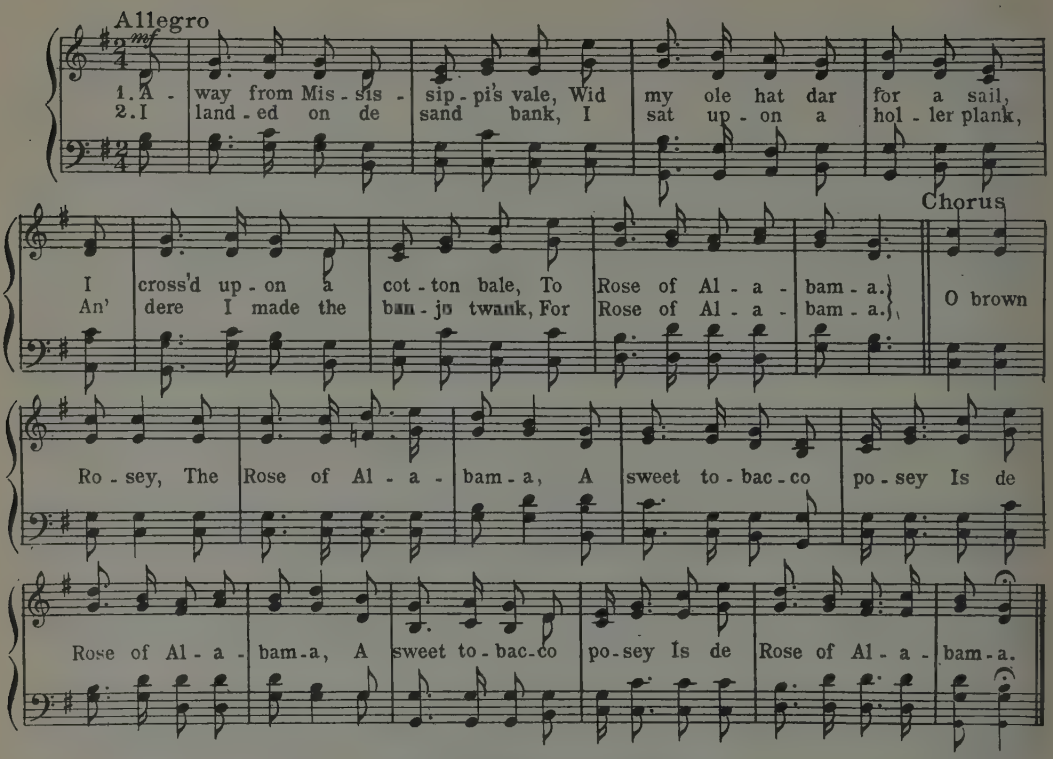
# Robin Adair

SCOTCH SONG

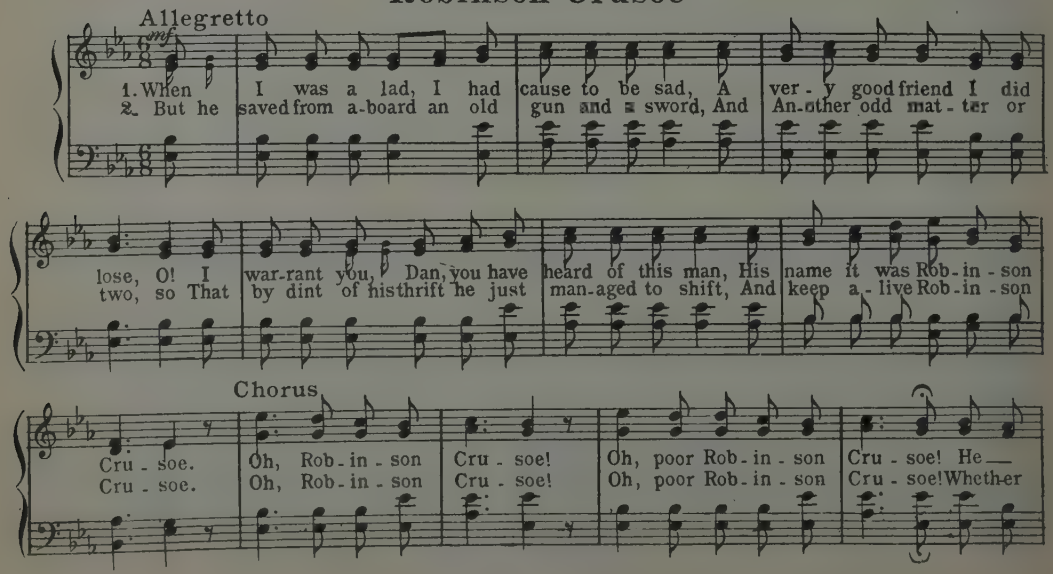
Andante


mf
1. What's this dull town to me? Rob-in's not near. What was't I wished to see, What wished to hear?
2. What made th'as-sem-bly shine? Rob-in A - dair. What made the ball so fine? Rob-in was there.
Where's all the joy and mirth That made this town a heaven on earth Oh! they're all fled with thee, Rob-in A - dair.
What, when the play was o'er, What made my heart so sore Oh! it was part-ing with Rob-in A - dair.

## The Rose Ob Alabama


Allegro
mf
1. A - way from Mis - sis - sip - pi's vale, Wid my ole hat dar for a sail,
2. I land - ed on de sand bank, I sat up - on a hol - ler plank,
I cross'd up - on a cot - ton bale, To Rose of Al - a - bam - a.
An' dere I made the ban - jo twank, For Rose of Al - a - bam - a.
Chorus
O brown
Ro - sey, The Rose of Al - a - bam - a, A sweet to - bac - co po - sey Is de
Rose of Al - a - bam - a, A sweet to - bac - co po - sey Is de Rose of Al - a - bam - a.

## Robinson Crusoe


Allegretto
mf
1. When I was a lad, I had cause to be sad, A ver - y good friend I did
2. But he saved from a - board an old gun and a sword, And An - other odd mat - ter or
lose, O! I war - rant you, Dan, you have heard of this man, His name it was Rob - in - son
two, so That by dint of his thrift he just man - aged to shift, And keep a - live Rob - in - son
Chorus
Cru - soe. Oh, Rob - in - son Cru - soe! Oh, poor Rob - in - son Cru - soe! He—
Cru - soe. Oh, Rob - in - son Cru - soe! Oh, poor Rob - in - son Cru - soe! Whether

went off to sea and be - tween you and me, Old Nep-tune wreck'd Rob-in - son Cru - soe.
temp-est or Turk, — or wild man or work, No mat-ter to Rob-in - son Cru - soe.

## Rosa Lee

Moderato

*mf*

1. When I lib'd in Ten-nes-see U-li-a-li - o-la-e, I went court-in' Ro-sa Lee
2. I said you lub-ly gal, dat's plain U-li-a-li - o-la-e, Breff as sweet as su-gar cane

U-li-a-li - o-la-e, Eyes as dark as win-ter's night Lips as red as ber-ries bright;
U-li-a-li - o-la-e, Feet so large and come-ly too Might make a cra-dle of each shoe;

Chorus

When first I did her woo-ing go She said "Now don't be fool-ish Joe."
— Ro-sa, take me for your beau, She said "Now don't be fool-ish Joe."
U-li-a-li - o-la-e,

Court-in' down in Ten-nes-see, U-li-a-li - o-la-e, 'Neath de wild ba - na-na-tree.

## Rock-A-Bye, Baby

Slowly

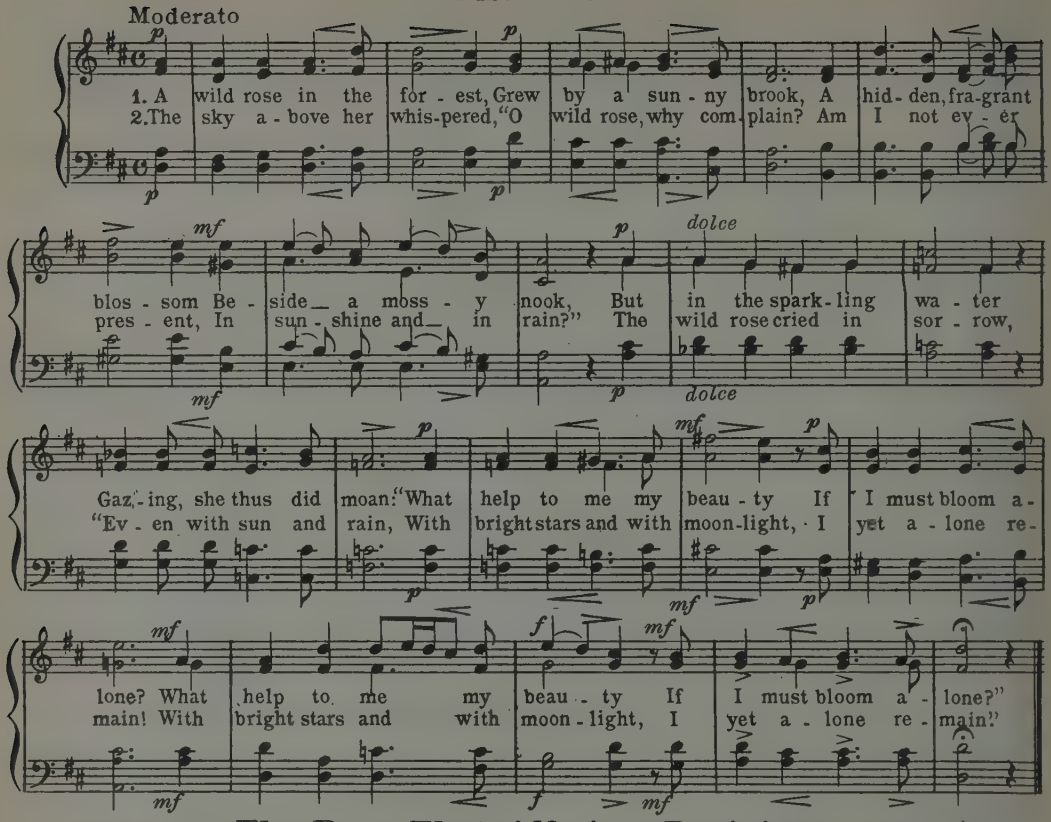
*p* *cresc.* *dim.*

1. Rock - a-bye, ba - by
2. Hush - a-bye, ba - by
on the tree-top, When the wind blows the cra-dle will rock;

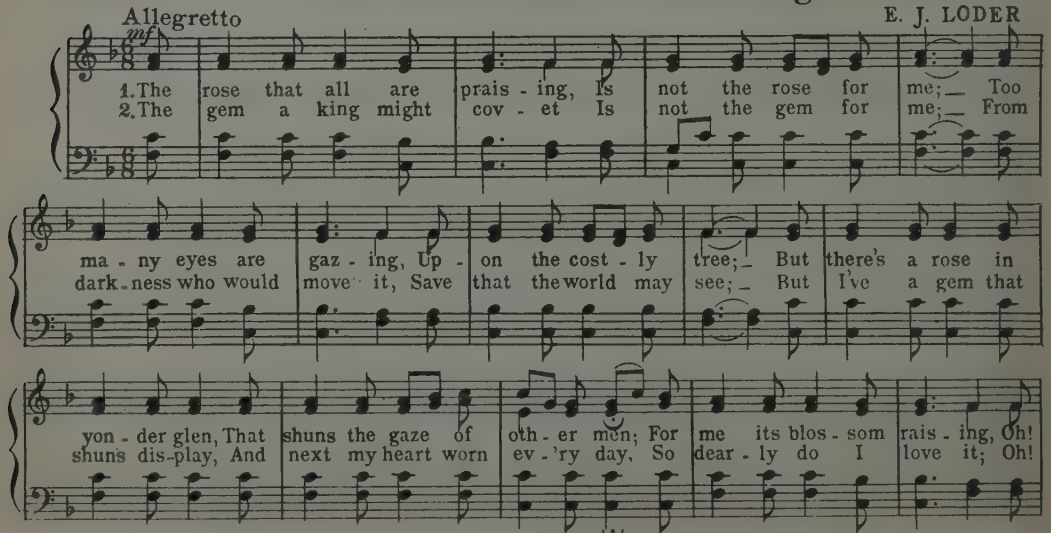
*cresc.* *rit.* *e* *dim.*

When the bough breaks the cra-dle will fall, — Down will come ba - by cra-dle and all.

# The Rose


Moderato
1. A wild rose in the for - est, Grew by a sun - ny brook, A hid - den, fra - grant
2. The sky a - bove her whis - pered, "O wild rose, why com - plain? Am I not ev - er
blos - som Be - side a moss - y nook, But in the spark - ling wa - ter
pres - ent, In sun - shine and in rain?" The wild rose cried in sor - row,
Gaz - ing, she thus did moan: "What help to me my beau - ty If I must bloom a -
"Ev - en with sun and rain, With bright stars and with moon - light, I yet a - lone re -
lone? What help to me my beau - ty If I must bloom a - lone?"
main! With bright stars and with moon - light, I yet a - lone re - main!"

# The Rose That All Are Praising


Allegretto
E. J. LODER
1. The rose that all are prais - ing, Is not the rose for me; Too
2. The gem a king might cov - et Is not the gem for me; From
ma - ny eyes are gaz - ing, Up - on the cost - ly tree; But there's a rose in
dark - ness who would move it, Save that the world may see; But I've a gem that
yon - der glen, That shuns the gaze of oth - er men; For me its blos - som rais - ing, Oh!
shuns dis - play, And next my heart worn ev - 'ry day, So dear - ly do I love it; Oh!

that's the rose for me;— Oh! that's the rose for me,— Oh! that's the rose for me.—
that's the gem for me;— Oh! that's the gem for me,— Oh! that's the gem for me.—

## The Rose Of Allandale

Andantino

SIDNEY NELSON

*mf*

1. The morn was fair, the skies were clear, No breath came o'er the
2. Wher - e'er I wan - dered, east or west, Though fate be - gan to

sea, When Ma - ry left her high - land cot, And wan - dered forth with
lower, A sol - ace still was she to me, In sor - row's lone - ly

me. The flow - ers decked the moun - tain side, And fra - grance filled the
hour. When temp - ests lashed our gal - lant bark, And rent her shiv - 'ring

vale, By far the sweet - est flow - er there, Was the Rose of Al - lan -
sail, One maid - en form with - stood the storm, 'Twas the Rose of Al - lan -

dale. Was the Rose of Al - lan - dale, the Rose of Al - lan - dale, By
dale. 'Twas the Rose of Al - lan - dale, the Rose of Al - lan - dale, One

far the sweet - est flow - er there, Was the Rose of Al - lan - dale.
maid - en form with - stood the storm, 'Twas the Rose of Al - lan - dale.

# Resolution

Andantino

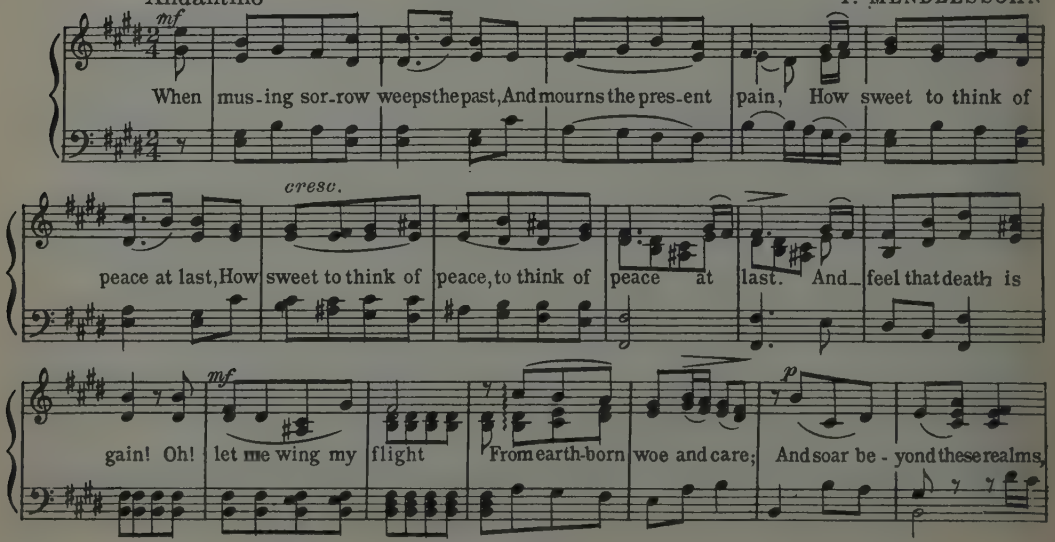
E. LASSEN

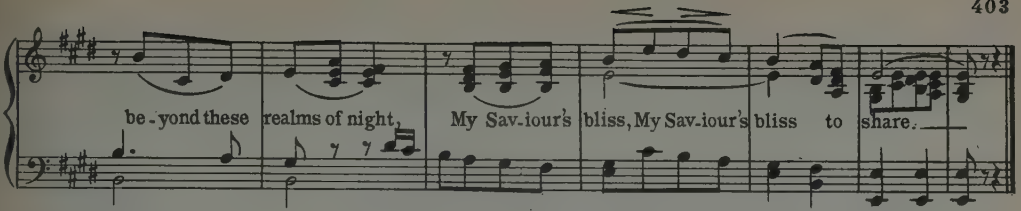
p
No word shall e'er re - veal it, How mad-ly I love thee! Deep in my heart con-
cresc.
fine it, and ev - er si-lent be. No songs to you shall tell it, Nor shall you hear my
poco - a - poco
f
p
sighs; Thy heart a-lone must see it, and read it in mine eyes! And if thou can'st not see it
The love that shin-eth here, My heart has been but dream-ing, For - give a lov-er's tear.

# Resignation

Andantino

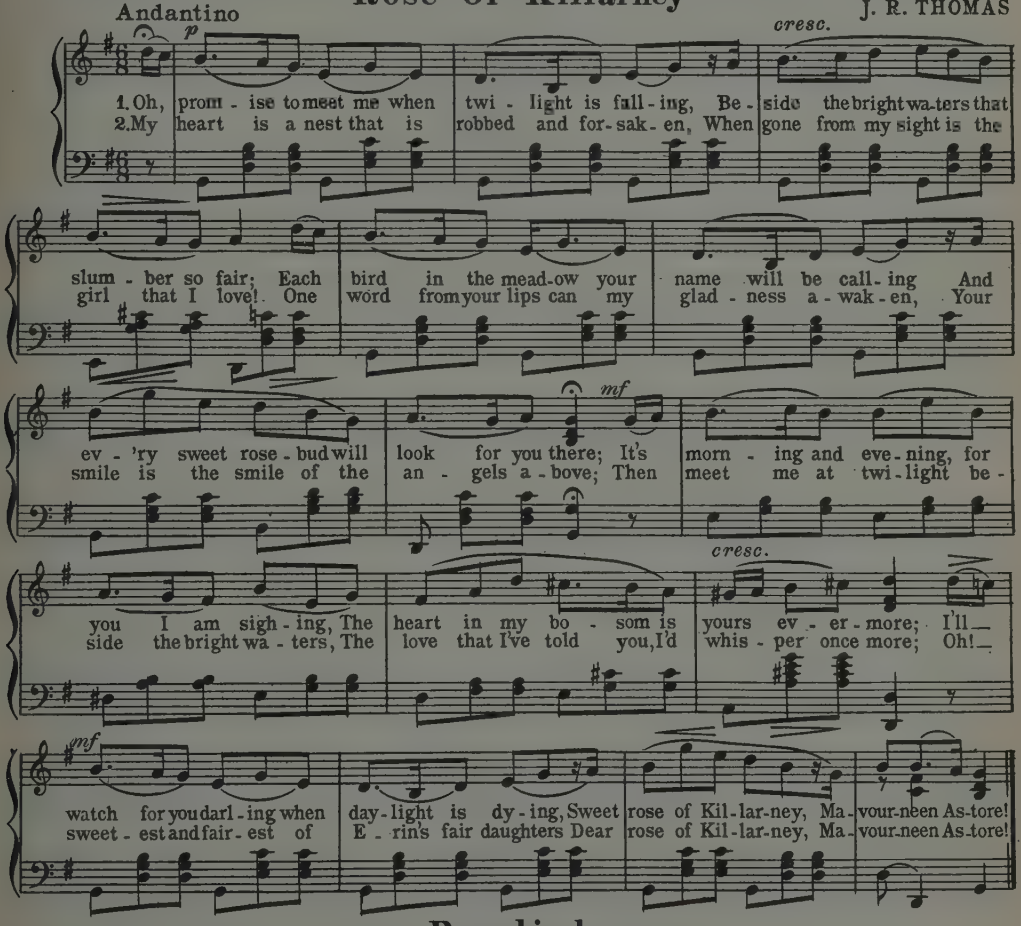
F. MENDELSSOHN


mf
When mus-ing sor-row weeps the past, And mourns the pres-ent pain, How sweet to think of
cresc.
peace at last, How sweet to think of peace, to think of peace at last. And feel that death is
mf
p
gain! Oh! let me wing my flight From earth-born woe and care; And soar be - yond these realms,

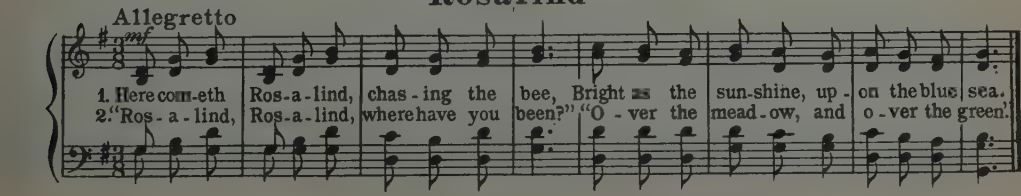



## Rose Of Killarney

J. R. THOMAS


Andantino
p
cresc.
1. Oh, prom - ise to meet me when twi - light is fall - ing, Be - side the bright wa-ters that
2. My heart is a nest that is robbed and for-sak - en, When gone from my sight is the
slum - ber so fair; Each bird in the mead-ow your name will be call - ing And
girl that I love! One word from your lips can my glad - ness a - wak - en, Your
mf
ev - 'ry sweet rose - bud will look for you there; It's morn - ing and eve - ning, for
smile is the smile of the an - gels a - bove; Then meet me at twi - light be -
cresc.
you I am sigh - ing, The heart in my bo - som is yours ev - er - more; I'll
side the bright wa - ters, The love that I've told you, I'd whis - per once more; Oh!
mf
watch for you darl - ing when day - light is dy - ing, Sweet rose of Kil - lar - ney, Ma - vour - neen As - tore!
sweet - est and fair - est of E - rin's fair daughters Dear rose of Kil - lar - ney, Ma - vour - neen As - tore!

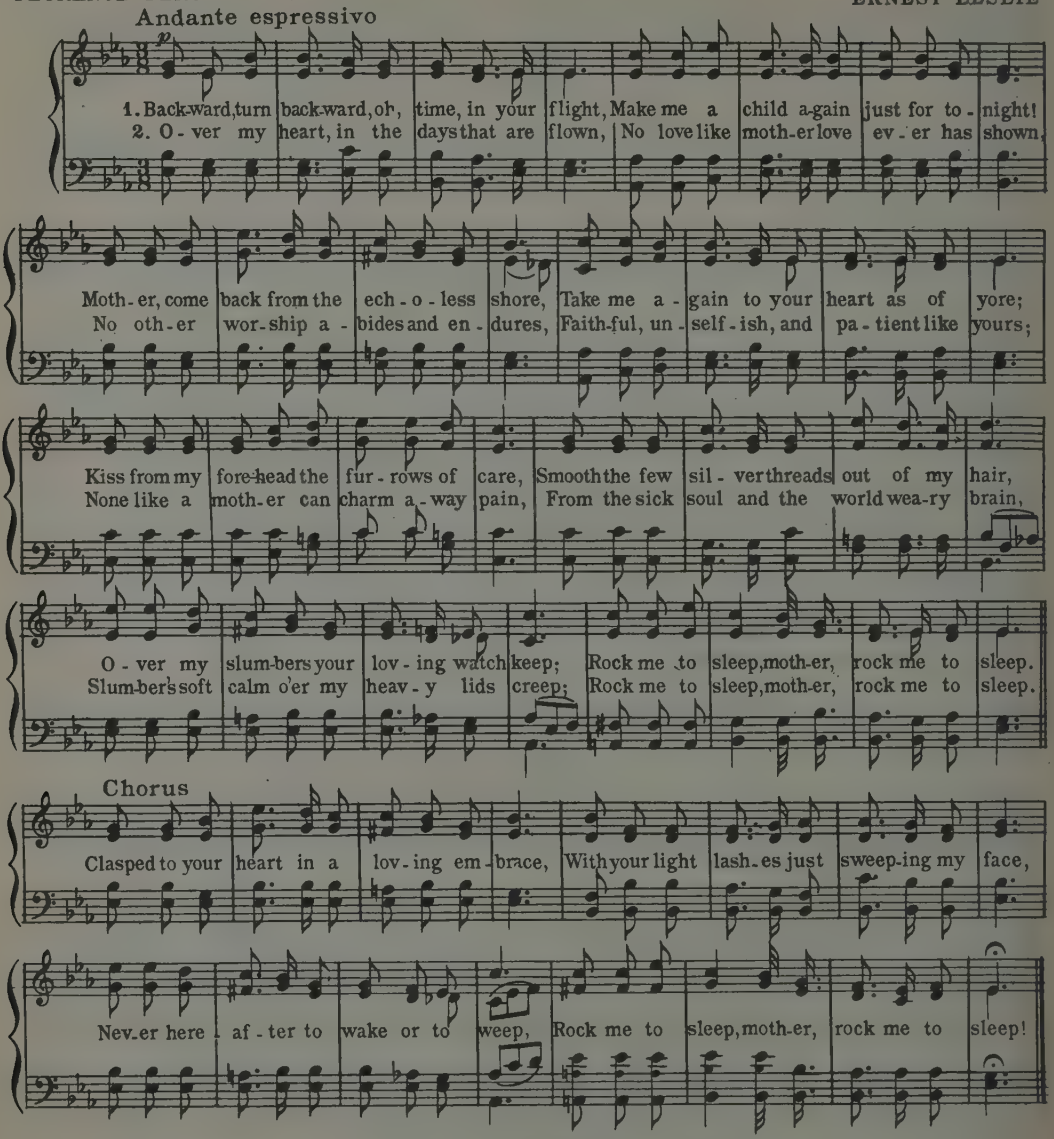
## Rosalind


Allegretto
mf
1. Here com-eth Ros-a-lind, chas - ing the bee, Bright as the sun-shine, up - on the blue sea.
2. "Ros - a - lind, Ros - a - lind, where have you been?" "O - ver the mead - ow, and o - ver the green."

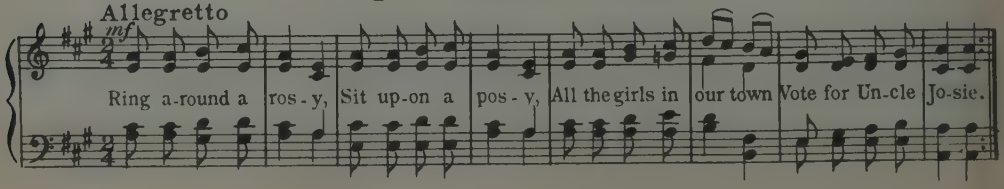
FLORENCE PERCY

# Rock Me To Sleep, Mother

ERNEST LESLIE


Andante espressivo
p
1. Back-ward, turn back-ward, oh, time, in your flight, Make me a child a-gain just for to-night!
2. O-ver my heart, in the days that are flown, No love like moth-er love ev-er has shown,
Moth-er, come back from the ech-o-less shore, Take me a-gain to your heart as of yore;
No oth-er wor-ship a-bides and en-dures, Faith-ful, un-self-ish, and pa-tient like yours;
Kiss from my fore-head the fur-rows of care, Smooth the few sil-ver threads out of my hair,
None like a moth-er can charm a-way pain, From the sick soul and the world wea-ry brain,
O-ver my slum-bers your lov-ing watch keep; Rock me to sleep, moth-er, rock me to sleep.
Slum-ber's soft calm o'er my heav-y lids creep; Rock me to sleep, moth-er, rock me to sleep.
Chorus
Clasped to your heart in a lov-ing em-brace, With your light lash-es just sweep-ing my face,
Nev-er here-af-ter to wake or to weep, Rock me to sleep, moth-er, rock me to sleep!

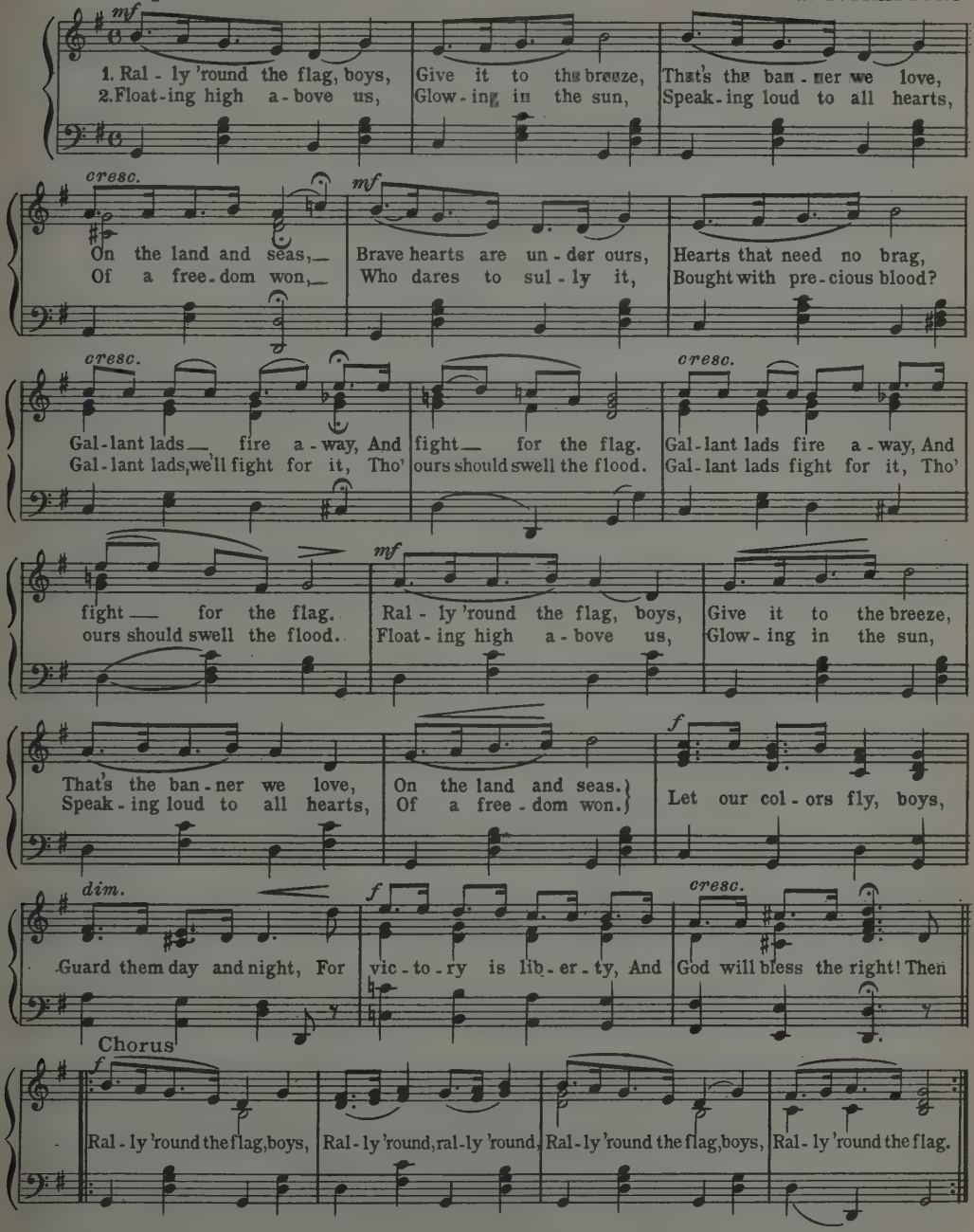
# Ring Around A Rosy



# Rally 'Round The Flag

Tempo di Marcia

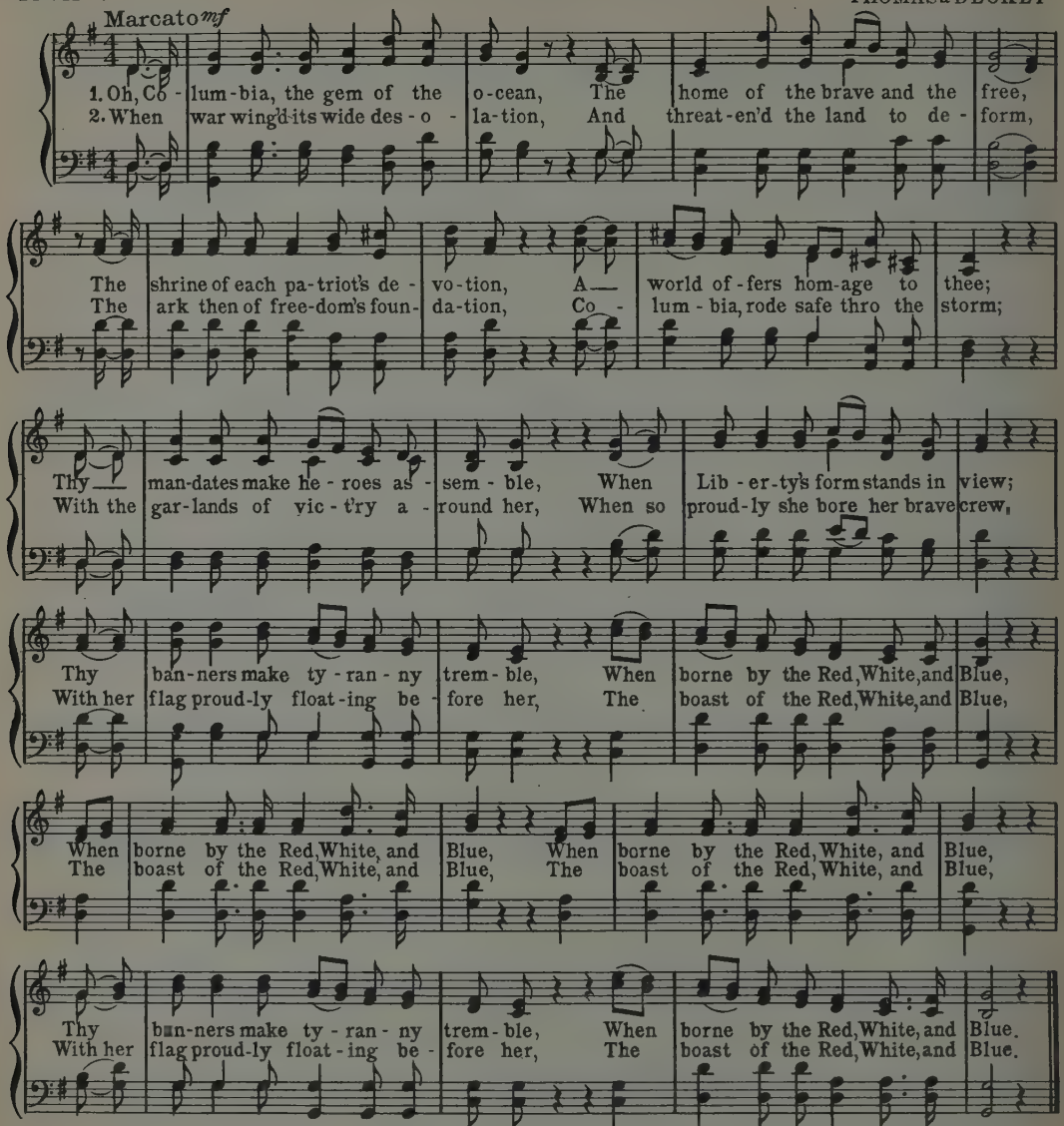
W. B. BRADBURY


mf
1. Ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, Give it to the breeze, That's the ban - ner we love,
2. Float - ing high a - bove us, Glow - ing in the sun, Speak - ing loud to all hearts,
cresc.
mf
On the land and seas, Brave hearts are un - der ours, Hearts that need no brag,
Of a free - dom won, Who dares to sul - ly it, Bought with pre - cious blood?
cresc.
cresc.
Gal - lant lads fire a - way, And fight for the flag. Gal - lant lads fire a - way, And
Gal - lant lads, we'll fight for it, Tho' ours should swell the flood. Gal - lant lads fight for it, Tho'
mf
fight for the flag. Ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, Give it to the breeze,
ours should swell the flood. Float - ing high a - bove us, Glow - ing in the sun,
That's the ban - ner we love, On the land and seas. f Let our col - ors fly, boys,
Speak - ing loud to all hearts, Of a free - dom won.
dim.
f
cresc.
Guard them day and night, For vic - to - ry is lib - er - ty, And God will bless the right! Then
Chorus
f
Ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, Ral - ly 'round, ral - ly 'round, Ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, Ral - ly 'round the flag.

DAVID T. SHAW

# The Red, White And Blue

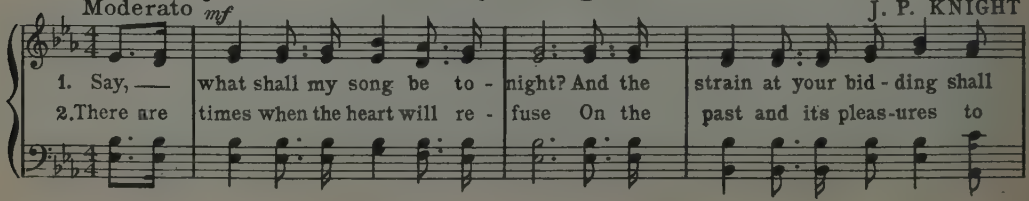
THOMAS á BECKET


Marcato mf
1. Oh, Co - lum - bia, the gem of the o - cean, The home of the brave and the free,
2. When war wing'd its wide des - o - la - tion, And threat - en'd the land to de - form,
The shrine of each pa - triot's de - vo - tion, A — world of - fers hom - age to thee;
The ark then of free - dom's foun - da - tion, Co - lum - bia, rode safe thro the storm;
Thy — man - dates make he - roes as - sem - ble, When Lib - er - ty's form stands in view;
With the gar - lands of vic - t'ry a - round her, When so proud - ly she bore her brave crew,
Thy ban - ners make ty - ran - ny trem - ble, When borne by the Red, White, and Blue,
With her flag proud - ly float - ing be - fore her, The boast of the Red, White, and Blue,
When borne by the Red, White, and Blue, When borne by the Red, White, and Blue,
The boast of the Red, White, and Blue, The boast of the Red, White, and Blue,
Thy ban - ners make ty - ran - ny trem - ble, When borne by the Red, White, and Blue.
With her flag proud - ly float - ing be - fore her, The boast of the Red, White, and Blue.

# Say, What Shall My Song Be To-Night?

Moderato mf

J. P. KNIGHT


1. Say, — what shall my song be to - night? And the strain at your bid - ding shall
2. There are times when the heart will re - fuse On the past and its pleas - ures to

flow; Shall the measure be sport-ive and light, Or its mur-murs be mourn-ful and low? Shall the
dwell; There are moments which memory im-bues With a gloom which it can-not dis-pel; But the

days that are gone flit be-fore thee? The — fresh-ness of child-hood come o'er thee? Shall the
charm that en-thralls them is brok-en, With the first word of song that is spok-en; For there

past yield its smiles and its tears? Or the fu-ture its hopes and its fears? Say what shall my song be to-
is not a feel-ing or tone In the heart but to mu-sic is known. Say what shall my song be to-

night?
night? And the strain at your bid-ding shall flow; Shall the meas-ure be sport-ive and light? Or its

mur-murs be mourn-ful and low? Say, say, oh! say, what shall my song be to-night?

## Remember Thy Creator

Moderato

F. R. HAVERGAL

*mf*

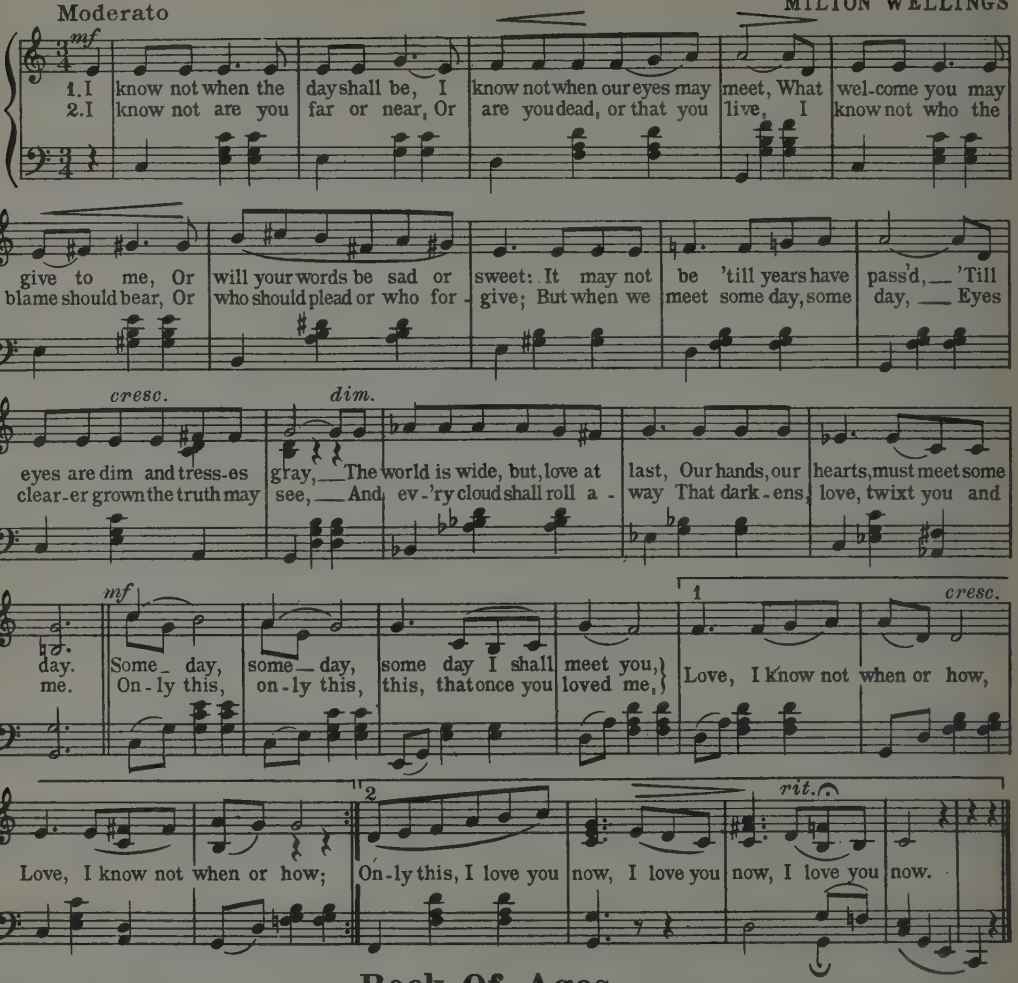
1. Re-mem-ber thy Cre-a-tor now, In these thy youth-ful days, He
2. Re-mem-ber thy Cre-a-tor now, His wil-ling ser-vant be; Then,
3. Al-migh-ty God our hearts in-cline, Thy heav'n-ly voice to hear, Let

will ac-cept thine ear-liest vow, And list-en to thy praise.
when thy head in death shall bow, He will re-mem-ber thee.
all our fu-ture days be Thine, De-vo-ted to thy fear.

HUGH CONWAY

# Some Day

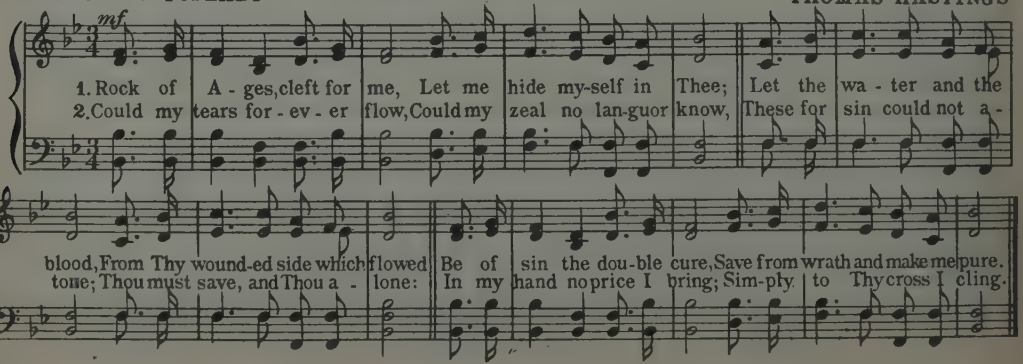
MILTON WELLINGS


Moderato
mf
1. I know not when the day shall be, I know not when our eyes may meet, What wel-come you may
2. I know not are you far or near, Or are you dead, or that you live, I know not who the
give to me, Or will your words be sad or sweet: It may not be 'till years have pass'd, 'Till
blame should bear, Or who should plead or who for - give; But when we meet some day, some day, Eyes
cresc.
dim.
eyes are dim and tress-es gray, The world is wide, but, love at last, Our hands, our hearts, must meet some
clear-er grown the truth may see, And ev-'ry cloud shall roll a - way That dark-ens love, twixt you and
mf
day. Some day, some day, some day I shall meet you,
me. On-ly this, on-ly this, this, that once you loved me,
1
cresc.
Love, I know not when or how,
2
rit.
Love, I know not when or how; On-ly this, I love you now, I love you now, I love you now.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY

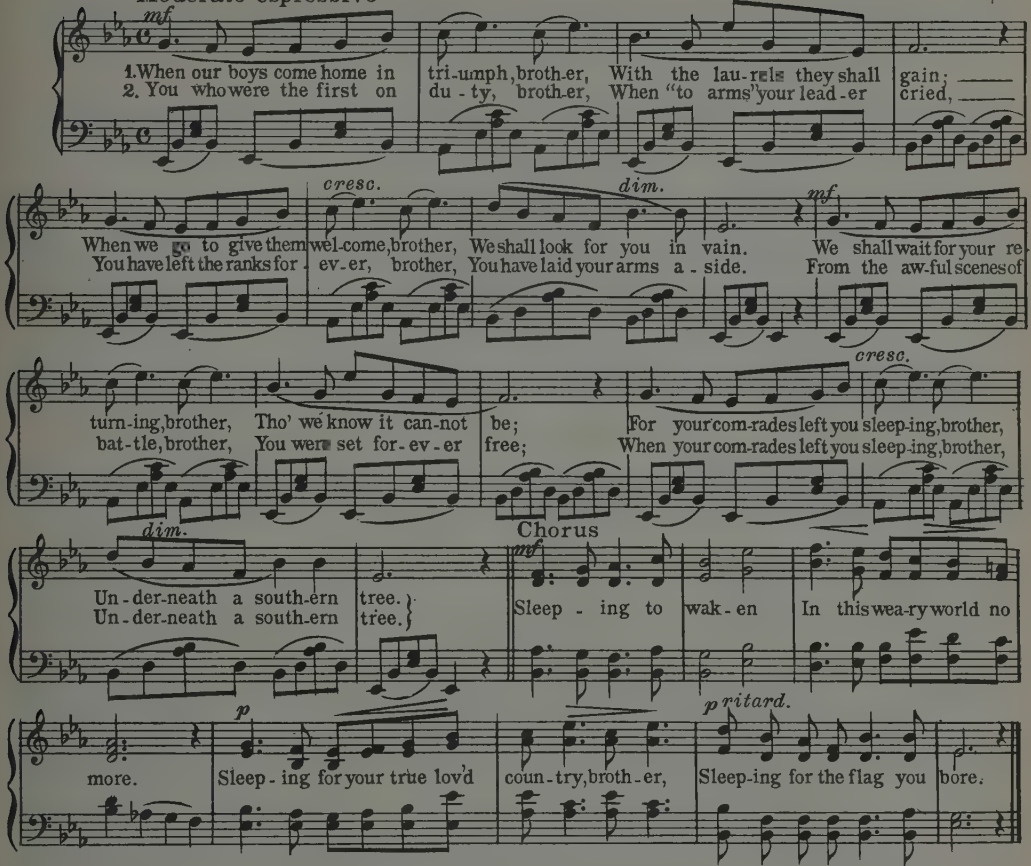
# Rock Of Ages

THOMAS HASTINGS


mf
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know, These for sin could not a -
blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flowed Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone: In my hand no price I bring; Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling.

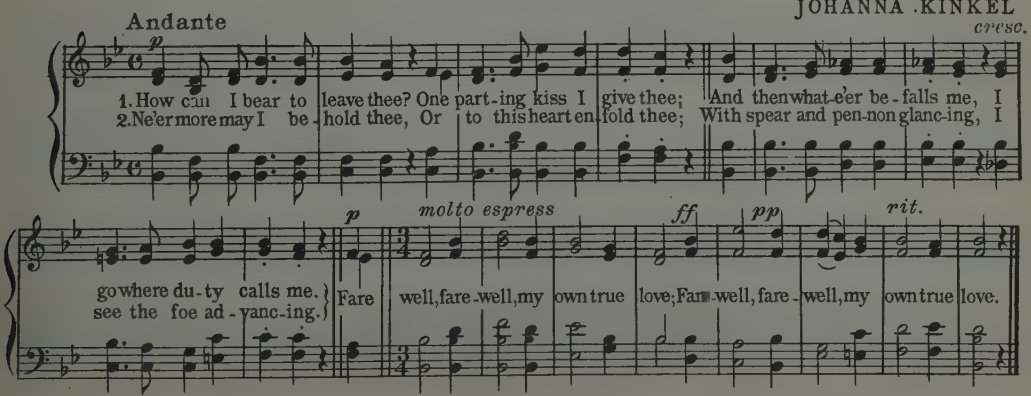
# Sleeping For The Flag

H. C. WORK


Moderato espressivo
mf
1. When our boys come home in tri-umph, broth-er, With the lau-rels they shall gain;
2. You who were the first on du-ty, broth-er, When "to arms" your lead-er cried,
cresc.
dim.
mf
When we go to give them wel-come, brother, We shall look for you in vain. We shall wait for your re-
You have left the ranks for ev-er, brother, You have laid your arms a-side. From the aw-ful scenes of
cresc.
turn-ing, brother, Tho' we know it can-not be; For your com-rades left you sleep-ing, brother,
bat-tle, brother, You were set for-ev-er free; When your com-rades left you sleep-ing, brother,
dim.
Un-der-neath a south-ern tree.
Un-der-neath a south-ern tree.
Chorus
mf
Sleep-ing to wak-en In this wea-ry world no
p
more.
Sleep-ing for your true lov'd coun-try, broth-er,
p ritard.
Sleep-ing for the flag you bore.

# Soldier's Farewell

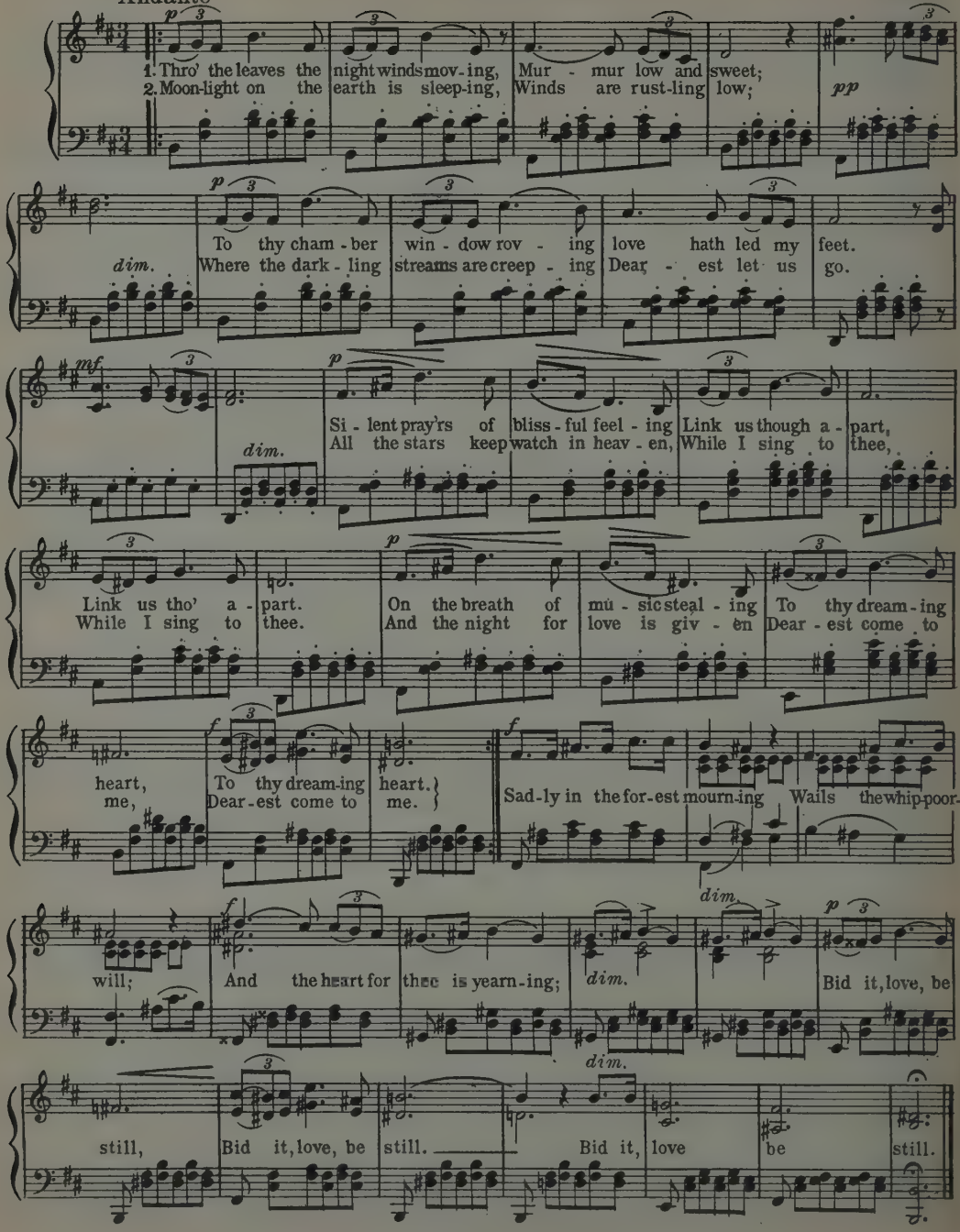
JOHANNA KINKEL


Andante
p
cresc.
1. How can I bear to leave thee? One part-ing kiss I give thee; And then what-e'er be-falls me, I
2. Ne'er more may I be-hold thee, Or to this heart en-fold thee; With spear and pen-non glanc-ing, I
p
molto espress
ff
pp
rit.
go where du-ty calls me.
see the foe ad-vanc-ing.
Fare well, fare-well, my own true love; Fare-well, fare-well, my own true love.

# Serenade

FR. SCHUBERT

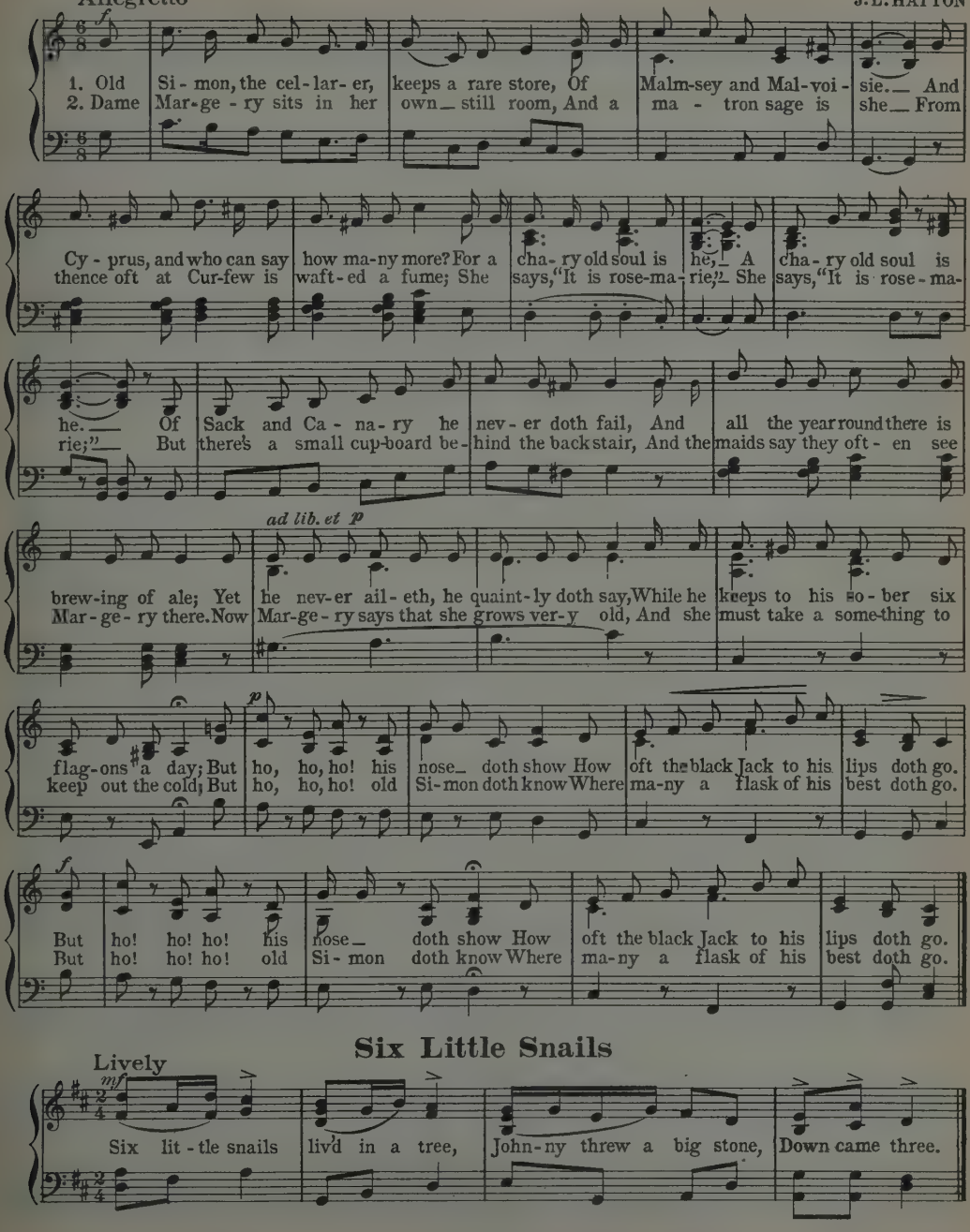
Andante


1. Thro' the leaves the night winds mov-ing, Mur - mur low and sweet;
2. Moon-light on the earth is sleep-ing, Winds are rust-ling low;
To thy cham-ber win-dow rov-ing love hath led my feet.
Where the dark-ling streams are creep-ing Dear-est let us go.
Si-lent pray'rs of bliss-ful feel-ing Link us though a-part,
All the stars keep watch in heav-en, While I sing to thee,
Link us tho' a-part. On the breath of mu-sic steal-ing To thy dream-ing
While I sing to thee. And the night for love is giv-en Dear-est come to
heart, To thy dream-ing heart. Sad-ly in the for-est mourn-ing Wails the whip-poor-
me, Dear-est come to me.
will; And the heart for thee is yearn-ing; Bid it, love, be
still, Bid it, love, be still. Bid it, love be still.

# Simon The Cellarer

Allegretto

J. L. HATTON

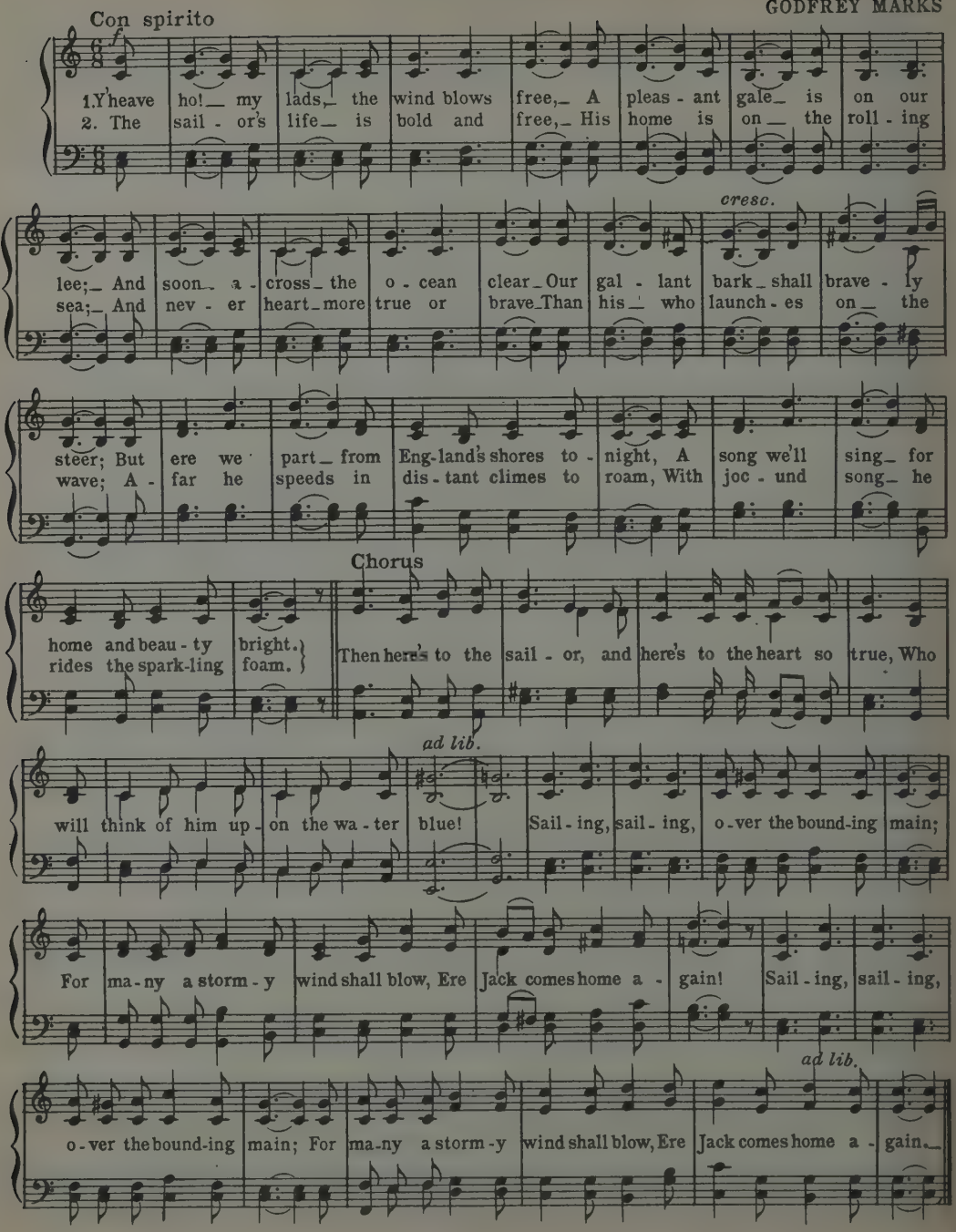

1. Old Si - mon, the cel - lar - er, keeps a rare store, Of Malm-sey and Mal-voi - sie. And
2. Dame Mar-ge - ry sits in her own still room, And a ma - tron sage is she From
Cy - prus, and who can say how ma-ny more? For a cha - ry old soul is he, A cha - ry old soul is
thence oft at Cur-few is waft-ed a fume; She says, "It is rose-ma - rie," She says, "It is rose - ma-
he. Of Sack and Ca - na - ry he nev - er doth fail, And all the year round there is
rie;" But there's a small cup-board be - hind the back stair, And the maids say they oft - en see
ad lib. et p
brew-ing of ale; Yet he nev-er ail - eth, he quaint - ly doth say, While he keeps to his so - ber six
Mar - ge - ry there. Now Mar-ge - ry says that she grows ver - y old, And she must take a some-thing to
p
flag-ons a day; But ho, ho, ho! his nose doth show How oft the black Jack to his lips doth go.
keep out the cold; But ho, ho, ho! old Si-mon doth know Where ma-ny a flask of his best doth go.
But ho! ho! ho! his nose doth show How oft the black Jack to his lips doth go.
But ho! ho! ho! old Si - mon doth know Where ma-ny a flask of his best doth go.

# Six Little Snails

Lively

# Sailing

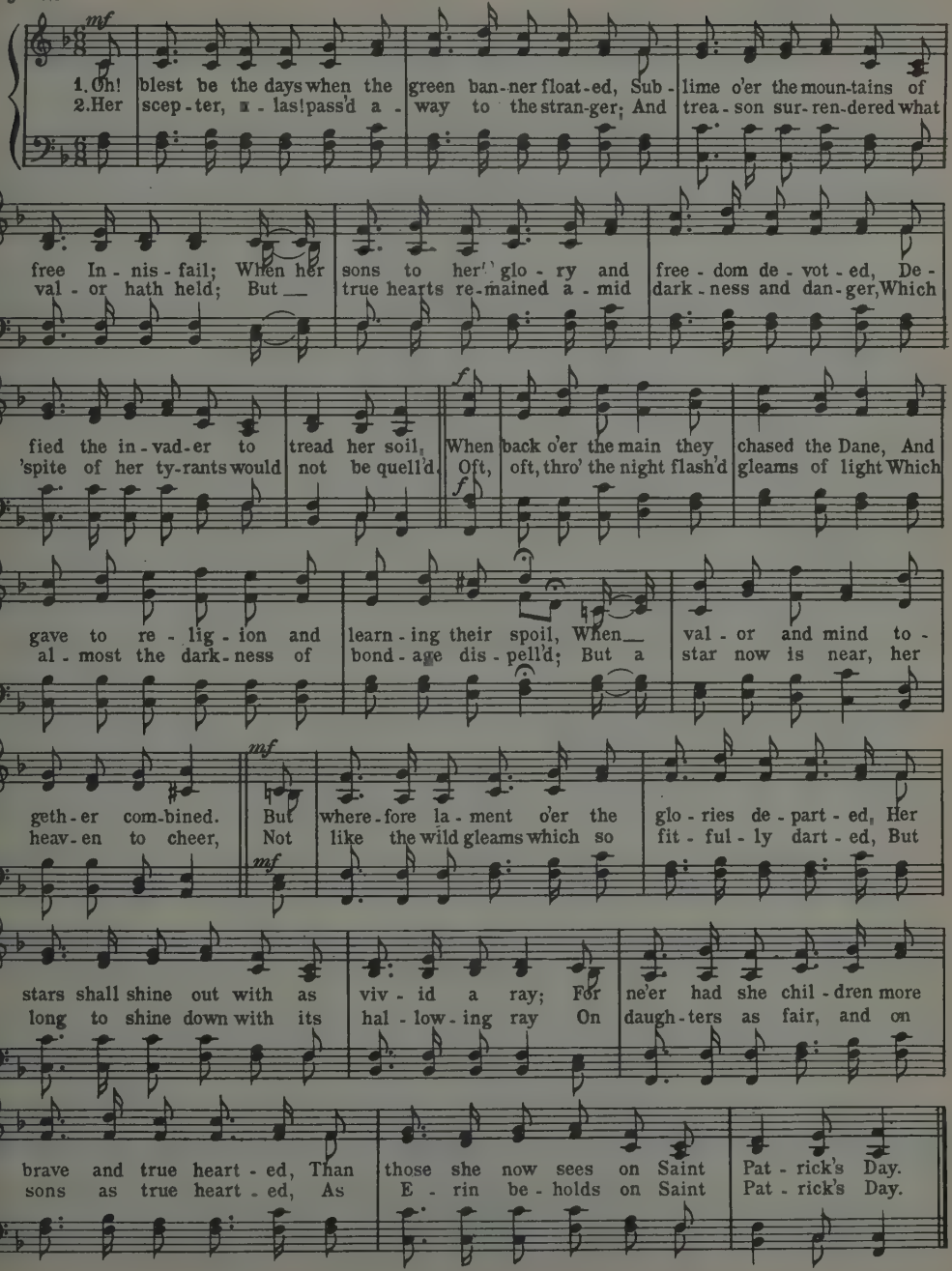
GODFREY MARKS


Con spirito
f
1. Y'heave ho! my lads, the wind blows free, A pleas - ant gale is on our
2. The sail - or's life is bold and free, His home is on the roll - ing
cresc.
lee; And soon a - cross the o - cean clear Our gal - lant bark shall brave - ly
sea; And nev - er heart more true or brave Than his who launch - es on the
steer; But ere we part from Eng-land's shores to - night, A song we'll sing for
wave; A - far he speeds in dis - tant climes to roam, With joc - und song he
Chorus
home and beau - ty bright.
rides the spark-ling foam.
Then here's to the sail - or, and here's to the heart so true, Who
ad lib.
will think of him up - on the wa - ter blue! Sail - ing, sail - ing, o - ver the bound-ing main;
For ma - ny a storm - y wind shall blow, Ere Jack comes home a - gain! Sail - ing, sail - ing,
ad lib.
o - ver the bound-ing main; For ma - ny a storm - y wind shall blow, Ere Jack comes home a - gain.

# Saint Patrick's Day

M. J. BARRY

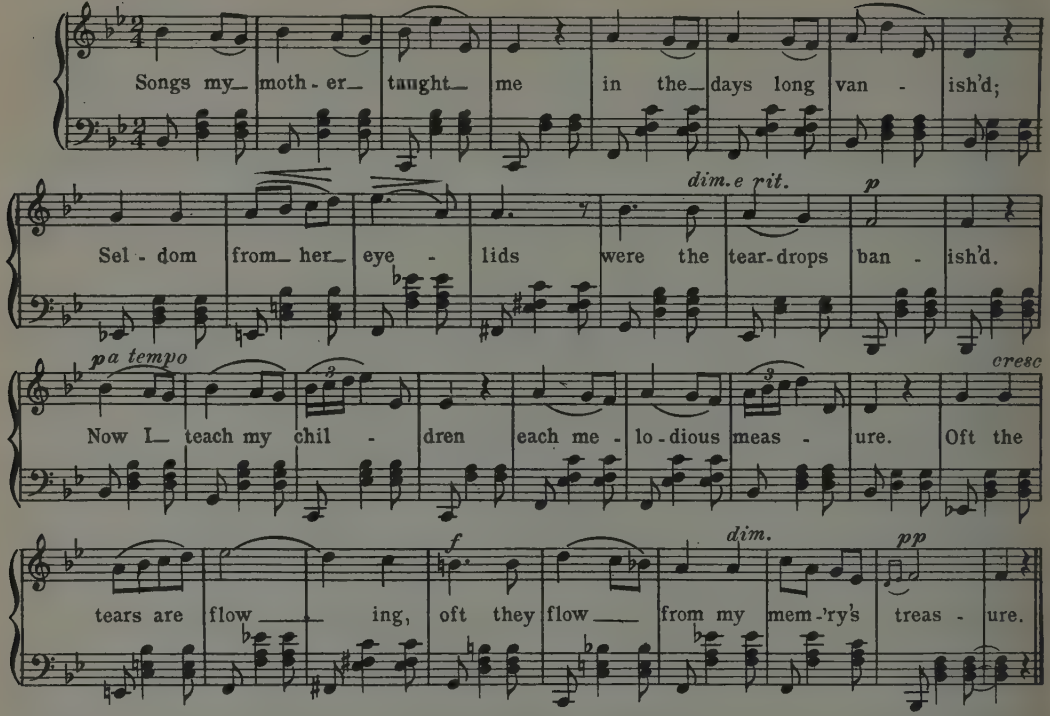
IRISH FOLKSONG


mf
1. Oh! blest be the days when the green ban-ner float-ed, Sub-lime o'er the moun-tains of
2. Her scep-ter, a-las! pass'd a-way to the stran-ger; And trea-son sur-ren-dered what
free In-nis-fail; When her sons to her glo-ry and free-dom de-vot-ed, De-
val-or hath held; But true hearts re-mained a-mid dark-ness and dan-ger, Which
fied the in-vad-er to tread her soil, When back o'er the main they chased the Dane, And
'spite of her ty-rants would not be quell'd. Oft, oft, thro' the night flash'd gleams of light Which
f
gave to re-lig-ion and learn-ing their spoil, When val-or and mind to-
al-most the dark-ness of bond-age dis-pell'd; But a star now is near, her
mf
geth-er com-bined. But where-fore la-ment o'er the glo-ries de-part-ed, Her
heav-en to cheer, Not like the wild gleams which so fit-ful-ly dart-ed, But
stars shall shine out with as viv-id a ray; For ne'er had she chil-dren more
long to shine down with its hal-low-ing ray On daugh-ters as fair, and on
brave and true heart-ed, Than those she now sees on Saint Pat-rick's Day.
sons as true heart-ed, As E-rin be-holds on Saint Pat-rick's Day.

# Songs My Mother Taught Me

Andante con moto

A. DVOŘÀK

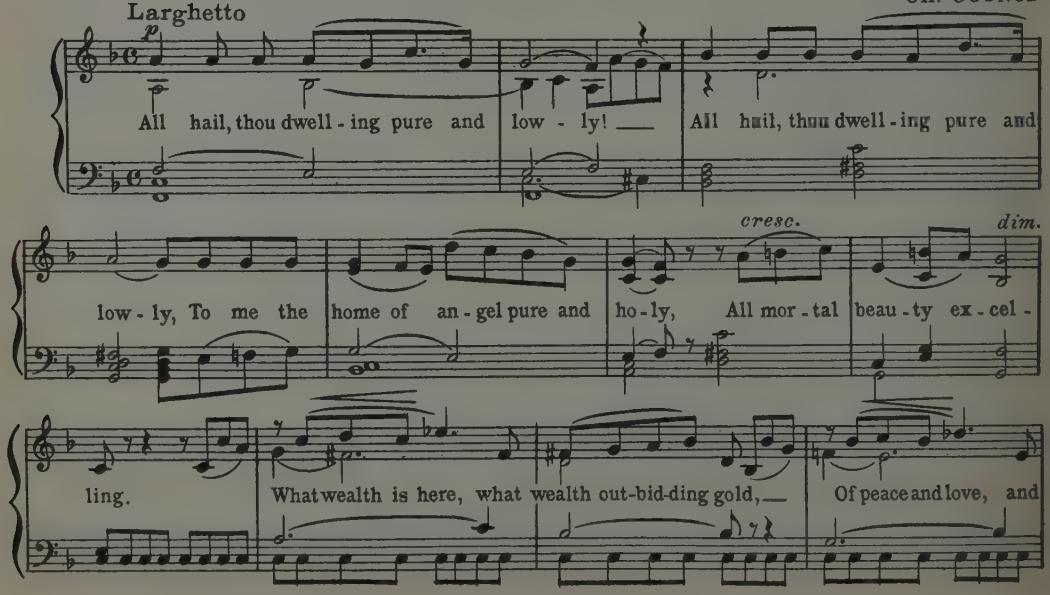

Songs my_ moth - er_ taught_ me in the_ days long van - ish'd;
dim. e rit.
p
Sel - dom from_ her_ eye - lids were the tear-drops ban - ish'd.
pa tempo
cresc
Now I_ teach my chil - dren each me - lo - dious meas - ure. Oft the
f
dim.
pp
tears are flow___ ing, oft they flow___ from my mem-'ry's treas - ure.

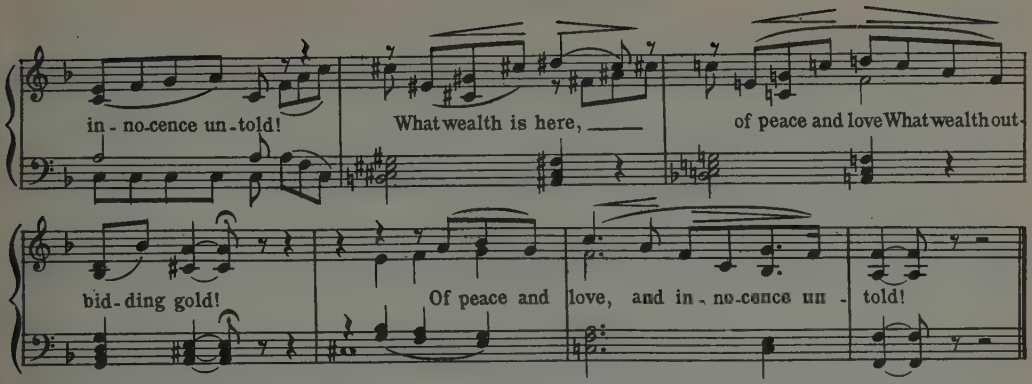
"FAUST"

# Salut Demeure

CH. GOUNOD

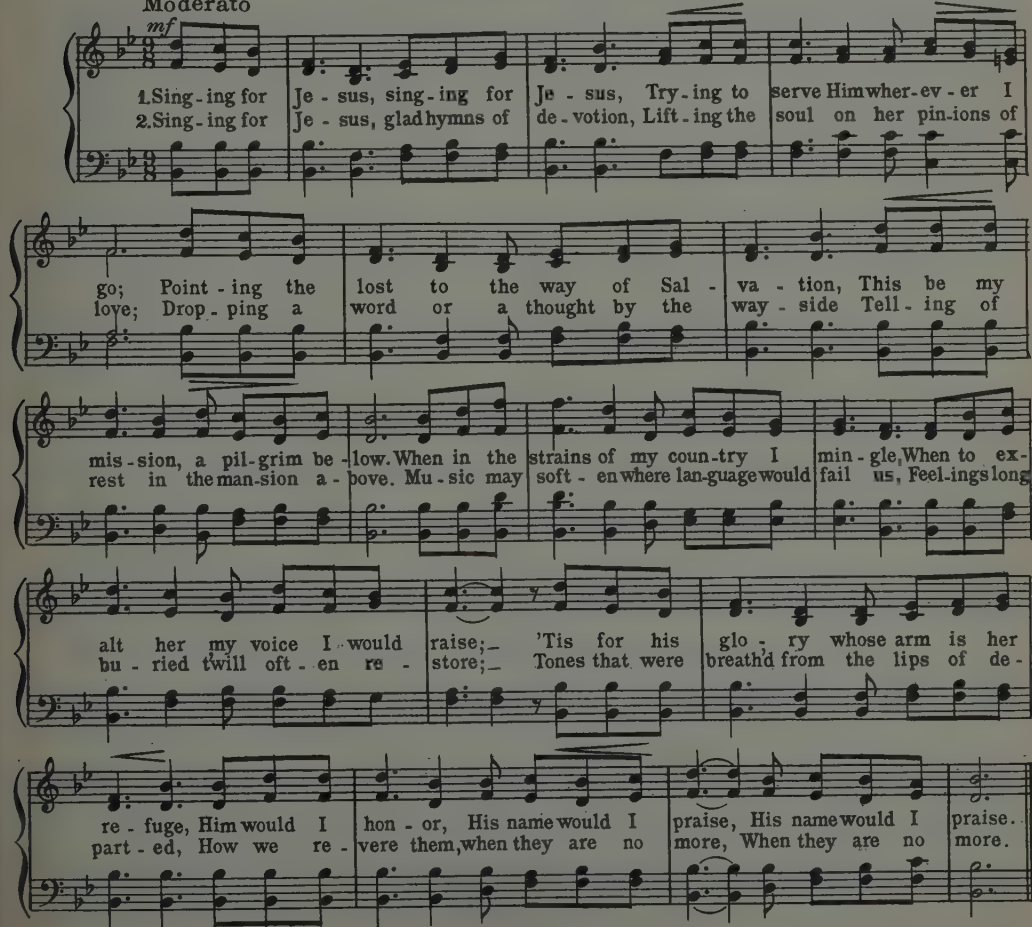
Larghetto


p
All hail, thou dwell - ing pure and low - ly! All hail, thou dwell - ing pure and
cresc.
dim.
low - ly, To me the home of an - gel pure and ho - ly, All mor - tal beau - ty ex - cel -
ling. What wealth is here, what wealth out-bid-ding gold, Of peace and love, and


in - no-cence un - told!
What wealth is here,
of peace and love What wealth out-
bid - ding gold!
Of peace and love, and in - no-cence un - told!

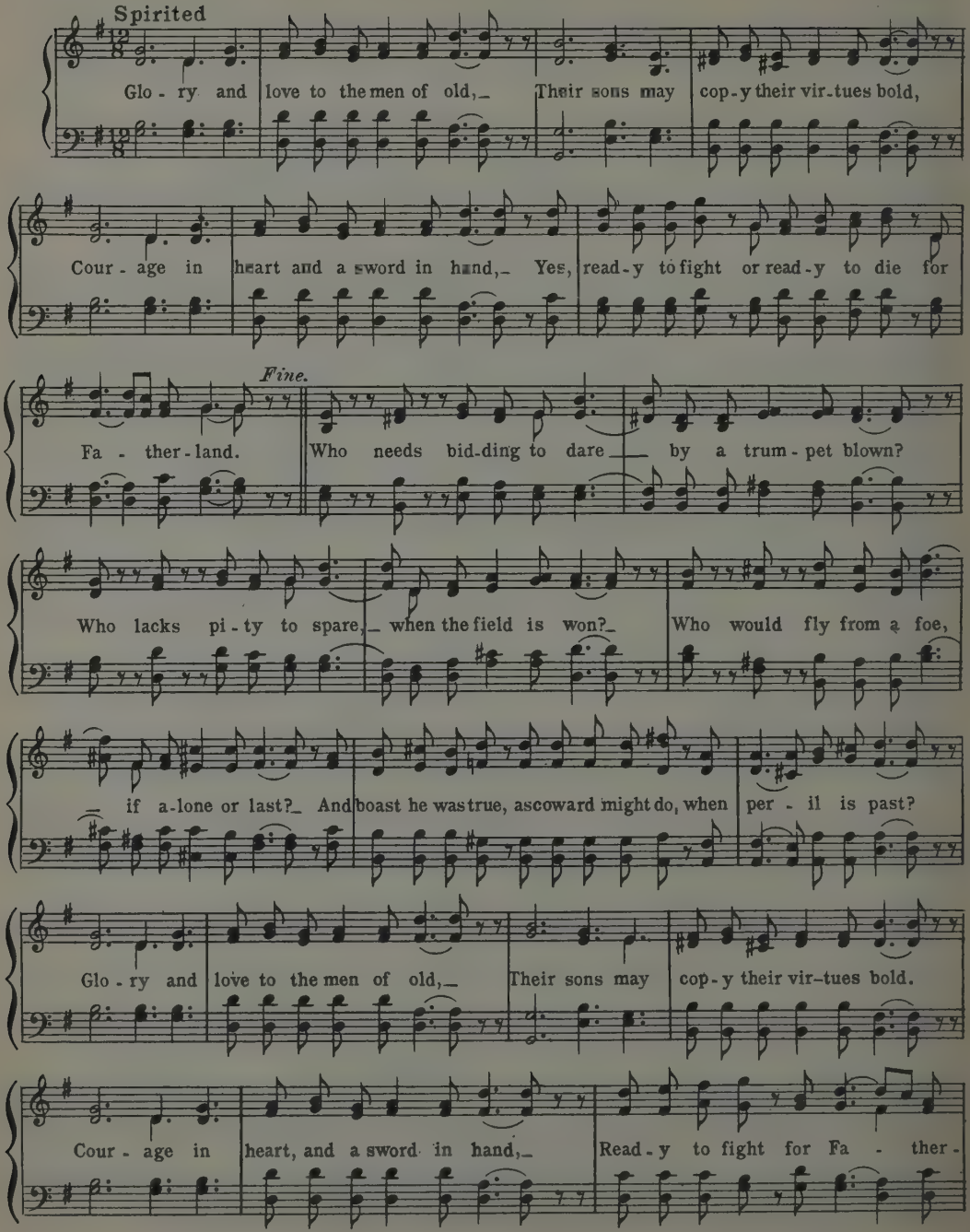
## Singing For Jesus

ENGLISH CAROL


Moderato
mf
1.Sing - ing for Je - sus, sing - ing for Je - sus, Try - ing to serve Him wher-ev - er I
2.Sing - ing for Je - sus, glad hymns of de - votion, Lift - ing the soul on her pin-ions of
go; Point - ing the lost to the way of Sal - va - tion, This be my
love; Drop - ping a word or a thought by the way - side Tell - ing of
mis - sion, a pil-grim be - low. When in the strains of my coun-try I min - gle, When to ex-
rest in the man-sion a - bove. Mu - sic may soft - en where lan-guage would fail us, Feel-ings long
alt her my voice I would raise; 'Tis for his glo - ry whose arm is her
bu - ried twill oft - en re - store; Tones that were breath'd from the lips of de -
re - fuge, Him would I hon - or, His name would I praise, His name would I praise.
part - ed, How we re - vere them, when they are no more, When they are no more.

# Soldiers' Chorus

CH. GOUNOD


Spirited
Glo - ry and love to the men of old, Their sons may cop - y their vir - tues bold,
Cour - age in heart and a sword in hand, Yes, read - y to fight or read - y to die for
Fine.
Fa - ther - land. Who needs bid - ding to dare by a trum - pet blown?
Who lacks pi - ty to spare, when the field is won? Who would fly from a foe,
if a - lone or last? And boast he was true, a coward might do, when per - il is past?
Glo - ry and love to the men of old, Their sons may cop - y their vir - tues bold.
Cour - age in heart, and a sword in hand, Read - y to fight for Fa - ther -

land. Now home a - gain, we come, the long and fie - ry strife of bat - tle

o - ver. Rest is pleas-ant af - ter toil, as hard as ours be-neath a strang-er

sun. Ma - ny a maid-en fair is wait-ing here to greet her tru-ant sol-dier

lov - er, And many a heart will fail, and brow grow pale to hear the tale of per-il he has

D.C.

seen. We are at home, we are at home, we are at home, we are at home.

## Stars Of The Summer Night

Moderato

1. Stars of the sum-mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps, Hide, hide your
2. Moon of the sum-mer night, Far down yon west - ern steeps, Sink, sink in

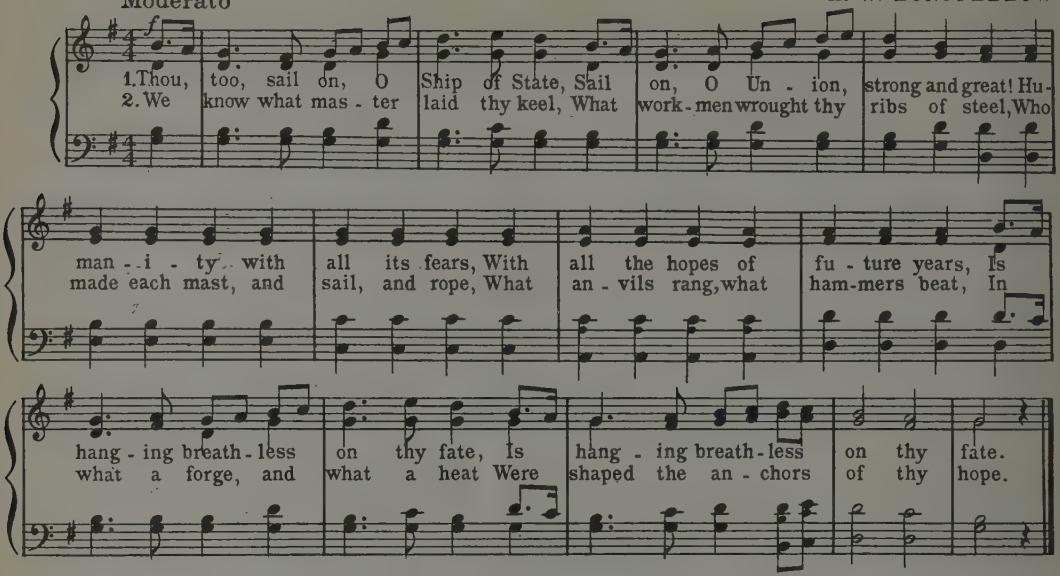
gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
sil - ver light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

rall.

# The Ship Of State

H. W. LONGFELLOW

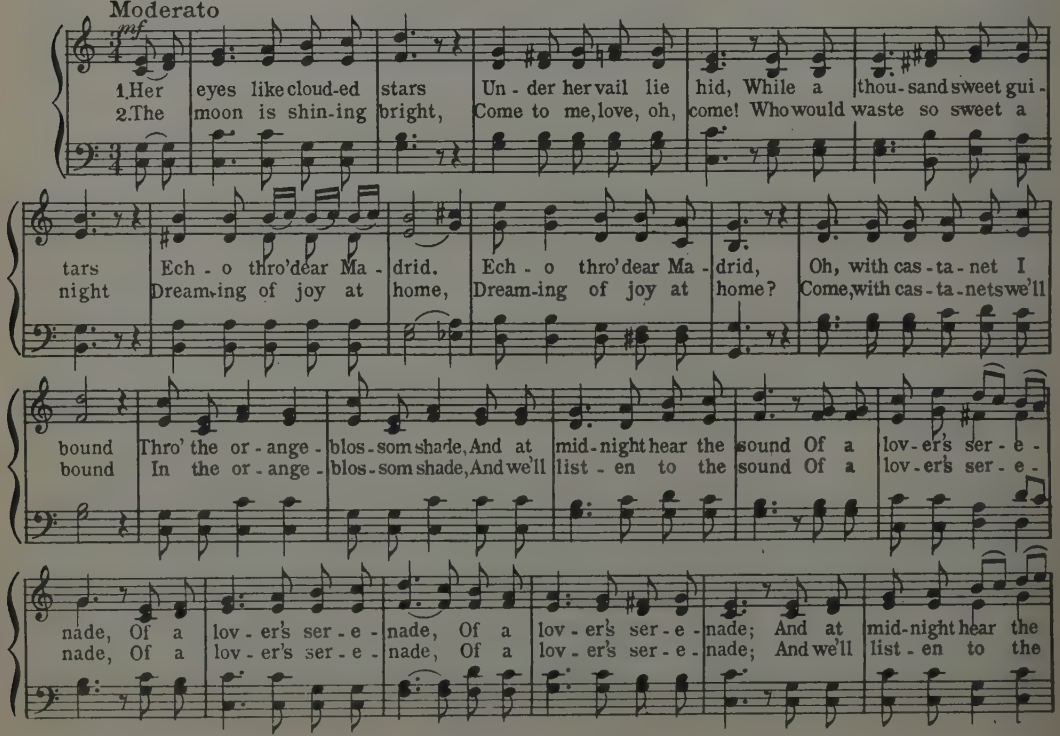
Moderato

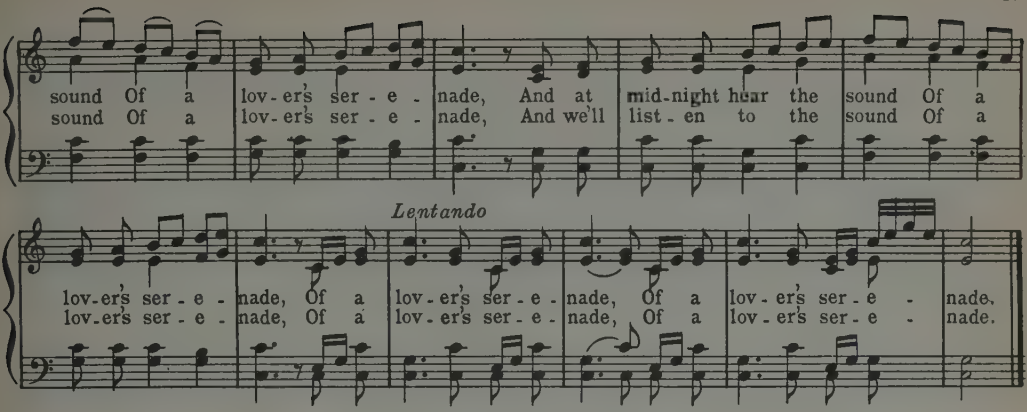

1. Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State, Sail on, O Un - ion, strong and great! Hu-
2. We know what mas - ter laid thy keel, What work - men wrought thy ribs of steel, Who
man - i - ty with all its fears, With all the hopes of fu - ture years, Is
made each mast, and sail, and rope, What an - vils rang, what ham-mers beat, In
hang - ing breath - less on thy fate, Is hang - ing breath - less on thy fate.
what a forge, and what a heat Were shaped the an - chors of thy hope.

# Spanish Serenade

T. H. BAYLY

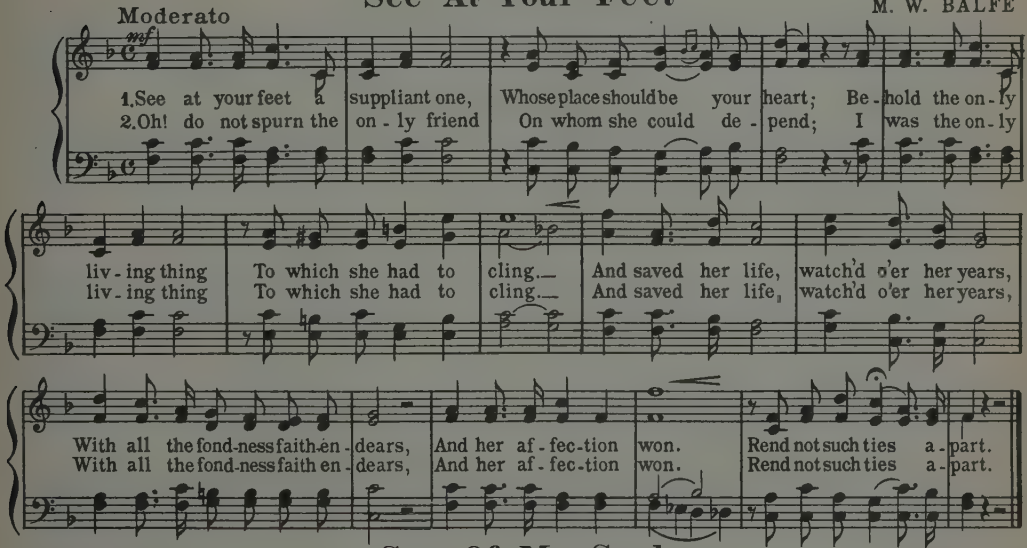
Moderato


1. Her eyes like cloud-ed stars Un - der her vail lie hid, While a thou - sand sweet gui -
2. The moon is shin-ing bright, Come to me, love, oh, come! Who would waste so sweet a
tars Ech - o thro' dear Ma - drid. Ech - o thro' dear Ma - drid, Oh, with cas - ta - net I
night Dream-ing of joy at home, Dream-ing of joy at home? Come, with cas - ta - nets we'll
bound Thro' the or - ange - blos - som shade, And at mid-night hear the sound Of a lov - er's ser - e -
bound In the or - ange - blos - som shade, And we'll list - en to the sound Of a lov - er's ser - e -
nade, Of a lov - er's ser - e - nade, Of a lov - er's ser - e - nade; And at mid-night hear the
nade, Of a lov - er's ser - e - nade, Of a lov - er's ser - e - nade; And we'll list - en to the


sound Of a lov-er's ser-e-nade, And at mid-night hear the sound Of a
sound Of a lov-er's ser-e-nade, And we'll list-en to the sound Of a
Lentando
lov-er's ser-e-nade, Of a lov-er's ser-e-nade, Of a lov-er's ser-e-nade.
lov-er's ser-e-nade, Of a lov-er's ser-e-nade, Of a lov-er's ser-e-nade.

## See At Your Feet

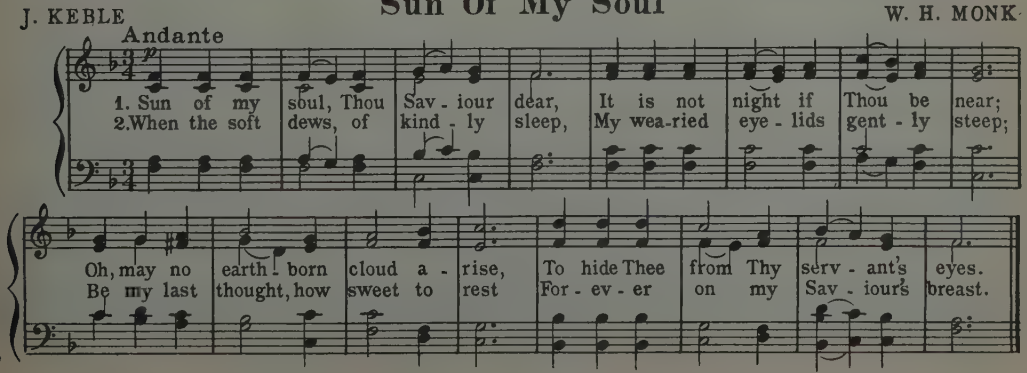
M. W. BALFE


Moderato
mf
1.See at your feet a suppliant one, Whose place should be your heart; Be-hold the on-ly
2.Oh! do not spurn the on-ly friend On whom she could de-pend; I was the on-ly
liv-ing thing To which she had to cling. And saved her life, watch'd o'er her years,
liv-ing thing To which she had to cling. And saved her life, watch'd o'er her years,
With all the fond-ness faith-en-dears, And her af-fec-tion won. Rend not such ties a-part.
With all the fond-ness faith en-dears, And her af-fec-tion won. Rend not such ties a-part.

## Sun Of My Soul

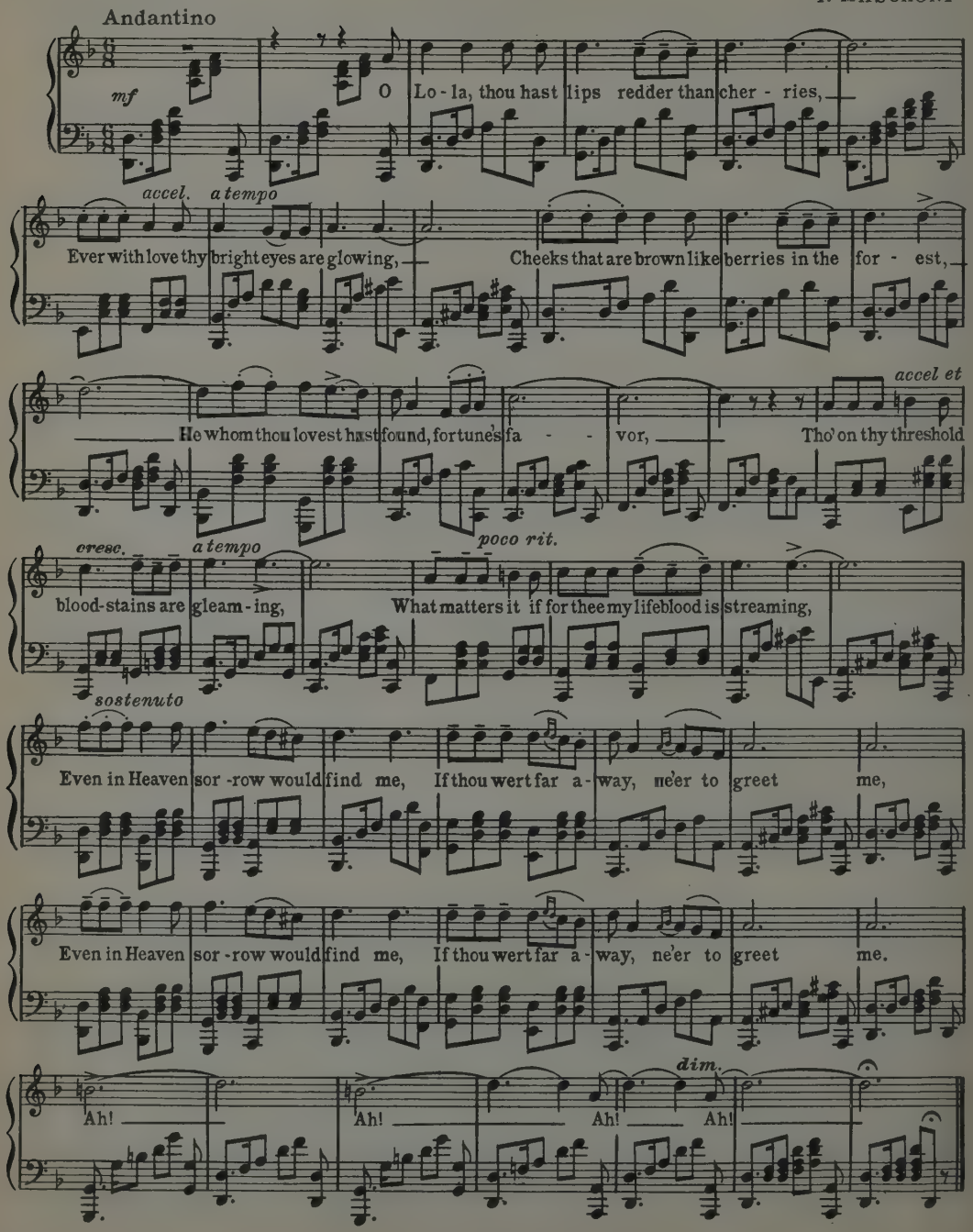
J. KEBLE

W. H. MONK

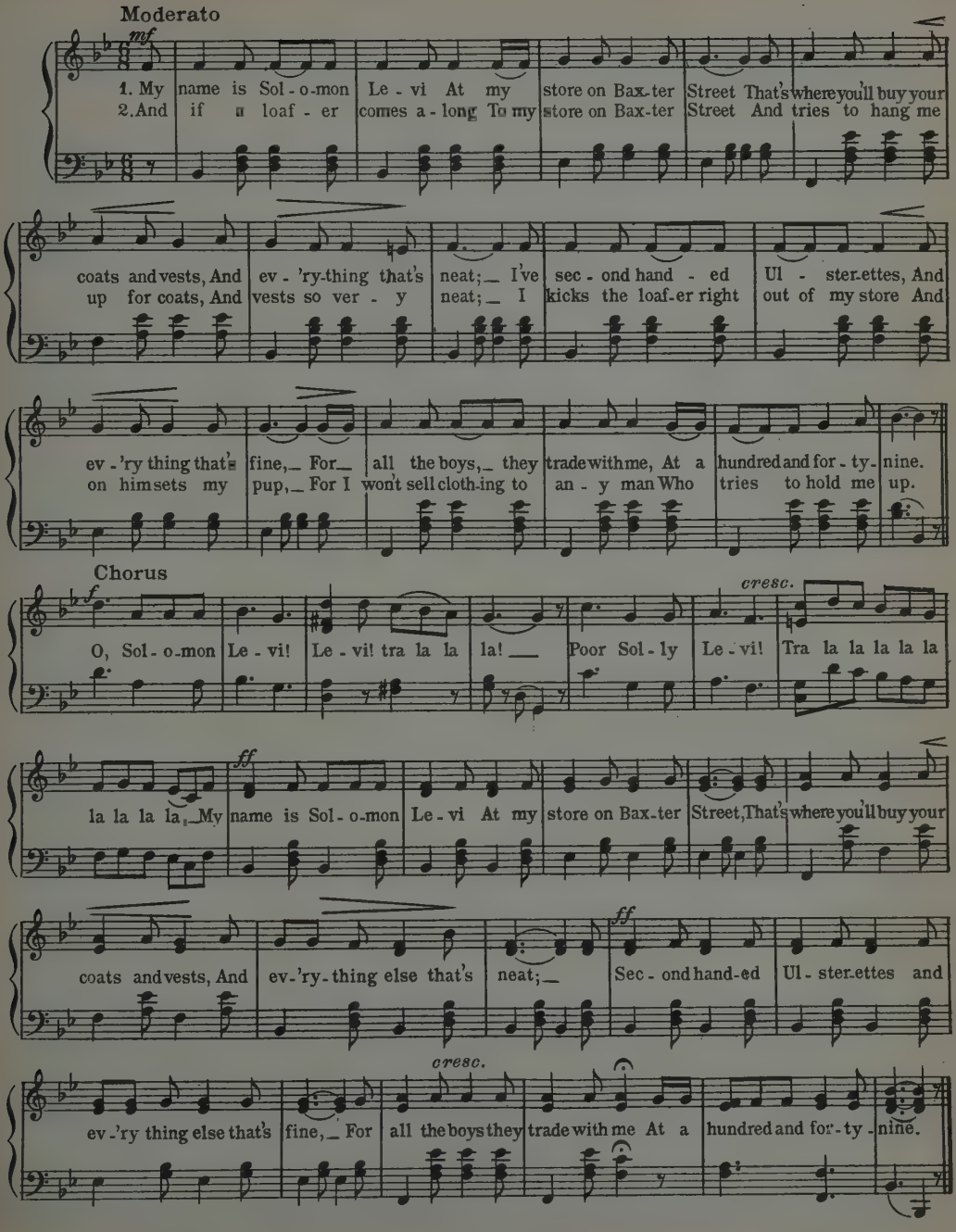

Andante
p
1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2.When the soft dews, of kind-ly sleep, My wea-ried eye-lids gent-ly steep;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise, To hide Thee from Thy serv-ant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-iour's breast.

# Siciliana

P. MASCAGNI

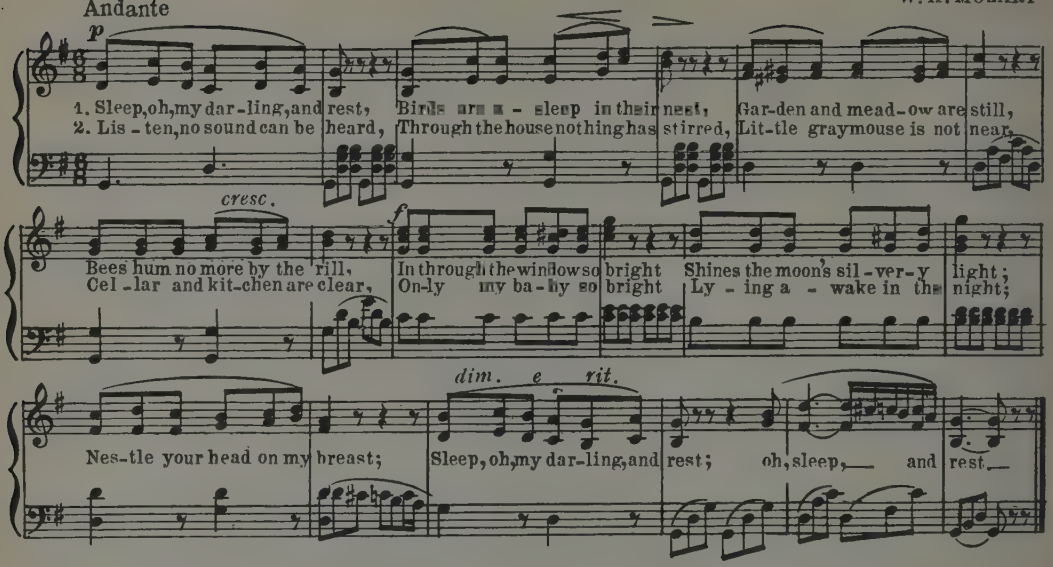

Andantino
mf
O Lo - la, thou hast lips redder than cher - ries,
accel.
a tempo
Ever with love thy bright eyes are glowing, Cheeks that are brown like berries in the for - est,
accel et
He whom thou lovest hast found, for tune's fa - - vor, Tho' on thy threshold
cresc.
a tempo
poco rit.
blood-stains are gleam - ing, What matters it if for thee my life blood is streaming,
sostenuto
Even in Heaven sor - row would find me, If thou wert far a - way, ne'er to greet me,
Even in Heaven sor - row would find me, If thou wert far a - way, ne'er to greet me.
dim.
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

# Solomon Levi


Moderato
mf
1. My name is Sol - o - mon Le - vi At my store on Bax - ter Street That's where you'll buy your
2. And if a loaf - er comes a - long To my store on Bax - ter Street And tries to hang me
coats and vests, And ev - 'ry - thing that's neat; I've sec - ond hand - ed Ul - ster - ettes, And
up for coats, And vests so ver - y neat; I kicks the loaf - er right out of my store And
ev - 'ry thing that's fine, For all the boys, they trade with me, At a hundred and for - ty - nine.
on him sets my pup, For I won't sell cloth - ing to an - y man Who tries to hold me up.
Chorus
f
cresc.
O, Sol - o - mon Le - vi! Le - vi! tra la la la! Poor Sol - ly Le - vi! Tra la la la la la
ff
la la la la, My name is Sol - o - mon Le - vi At my store on Bax - ter Street, That's where you'll buy your
coats and vests, And ev - 'ry - thing else that's neat; Sec - ond hand - ed Ul - ster - ettes and
cresc.
ev - 'ry thing else that's fine, For all the boys they trade with me At a hundred and for - ty - nine.

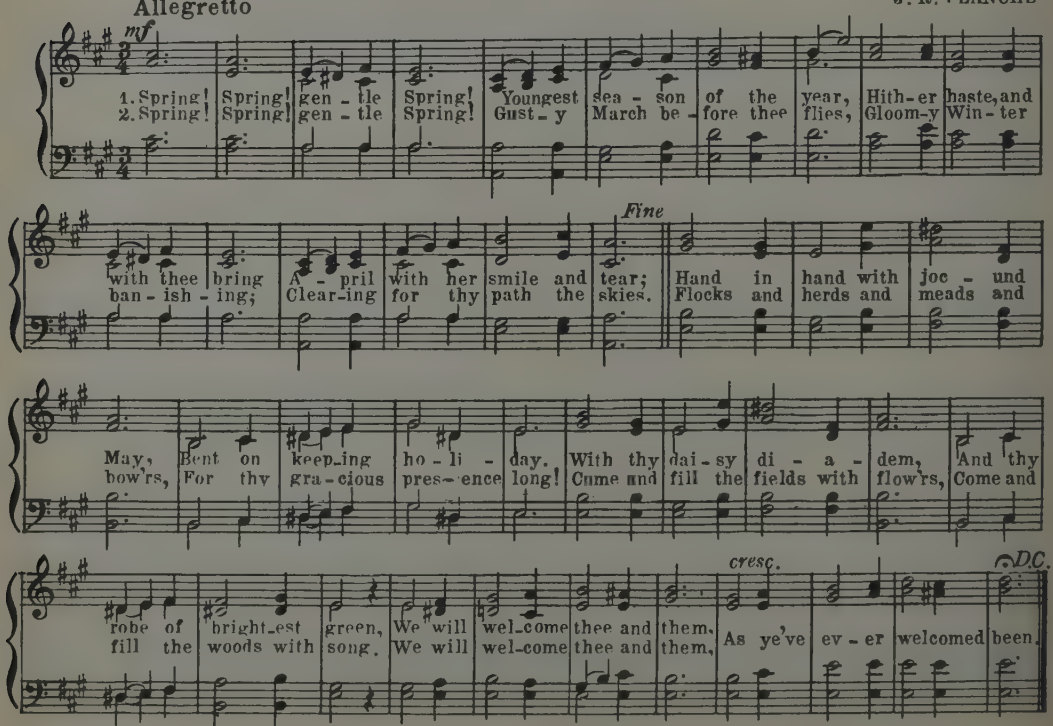
## Sleep and Rest

W. A. MOZART


Andante
p
1. Sleep, oh, my dar-ling, and rest, Birds are a - sleep in their nest, Gar-den and mead-ow are still,
2. Lis - ten, no sound can be heard, Through the house nothing has stirred, Lit-tle gray mouse is not near,
cresc.
f
Bees hum no more by the rill, In through the windows so bright Shines the moon's sil-ver-y light;
Cel - lar and kit-chen are clear, On-ly my ba-by so bright Ly - ing a - wake in the night;
dim. e rit.
Nes-tle your head on my breast; Sleep, oh, my dar-ling, and rest; oh, sleep, and rest.

## Spring, Gentle Spring

J. R. PLANCHE

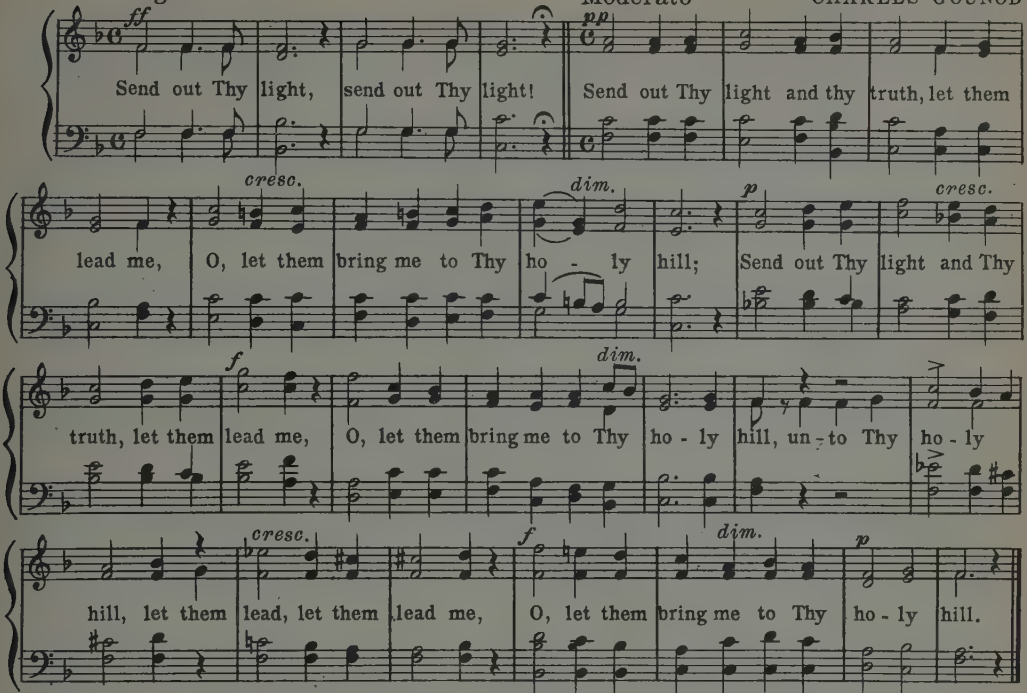

Allegretto
mf
1. Spring! Spring! gen - tle Spring! Youngest sea - son of the year, Hith-er haste, and
2. Spring! Spring! gen - tle Spring! Gust - y March be - fore thee flies, Gloom-y Win - ter
Fine
with thee bring A - pril with her smile and tear; Hand in hand with joc - und
ban - ish - ing; Clear-ing for thy path the skies. Flocks and herds and meads and
May, Bent on keep-ing ho - li - day. With thy dai - sy di - a - dem, And thy
bow'rs, For thy gra-cious pres-ence long! Come and fill the fields with flow'rs, Come and
cresc.
D.C.
robe of bright-est green, We will wel-come thee and them, As ye've ev - er welcomed been.
fill the woods with song. We will wel-come thee and them,

# Send Out Thy Light

Adagio molto

Moderato

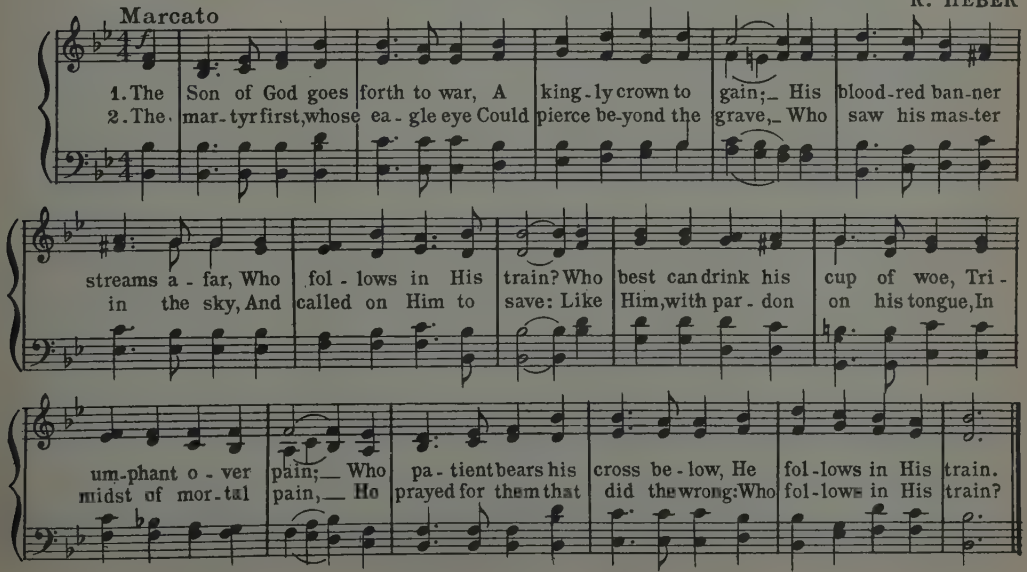
CHARLES GOUNOD


ff
Send out Thy light, send out Thy light!
pp
Send out Thy light and thy truth, let them
cresc.
lead me, O, let them bring me to Thy ho - ly
dim.
hill; Send out Thy light and Thy
p
cresc.
truth, let them lead me, O, let them bring me to Thy ho - ly
f
dim.
hill, un - to Thy ho - ly
cresc.
hill, let them lead, let them lead me,
f
O, let them bring me to Thy ho - ly
dim.
p
hill.

# The Son Of God Goes Forth To War

R. HEBER

Marcato


f
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain; His blood - red ban - ner
2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave, Who saw his mas - ter
streams a - far, Who fol - lows in His train? Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri -
in the sky, And called on Him to save: Like Him, with par - don on his tongue, In
um - phant o - ver pain; Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.
midst of mor - tal pain, Ho prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in His train?

# Sweet Love Of Mine

Andante. F. COWEN

*mf*

1. Sweet love of mine, my soul and thine Are linked by hid - den chains, My
2. Sweet love of mine, my soul did pine In lone - li - ness un - blest, This

life with thine will in - ter - twine, While life it - self re - mains. The ros - es rare that
love of thine on me did shine, And brought me peace and rest. The swal - low flies to

scent the air, In win - ter fade a - way, But joy or care with thee I'll share, My heart, my
kind - er skies, When ear - ly fades the day, My sum - mer lies with - in thine eyes, My heart, my

*f* *dim.*

*sempre p* *rit.e dim.*

heart is thine al - way. But joy or care with thee I'll share, My heart is thine al - way.
heart is thine al - way. My sum - mer lies with - in thine eyes, My heart is thine al - way.

# Steal Away

SLAVE HYMN

Andante.

*p* *f* *prit.*

Steal a - way, steal a - way, steal a - way to Je - sus! Steal a - way, steal a - way home, I've

*Fine. f*

not got long to stay here. 1. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the
2. Green trees are bend - ing, Poor sin - ners stand

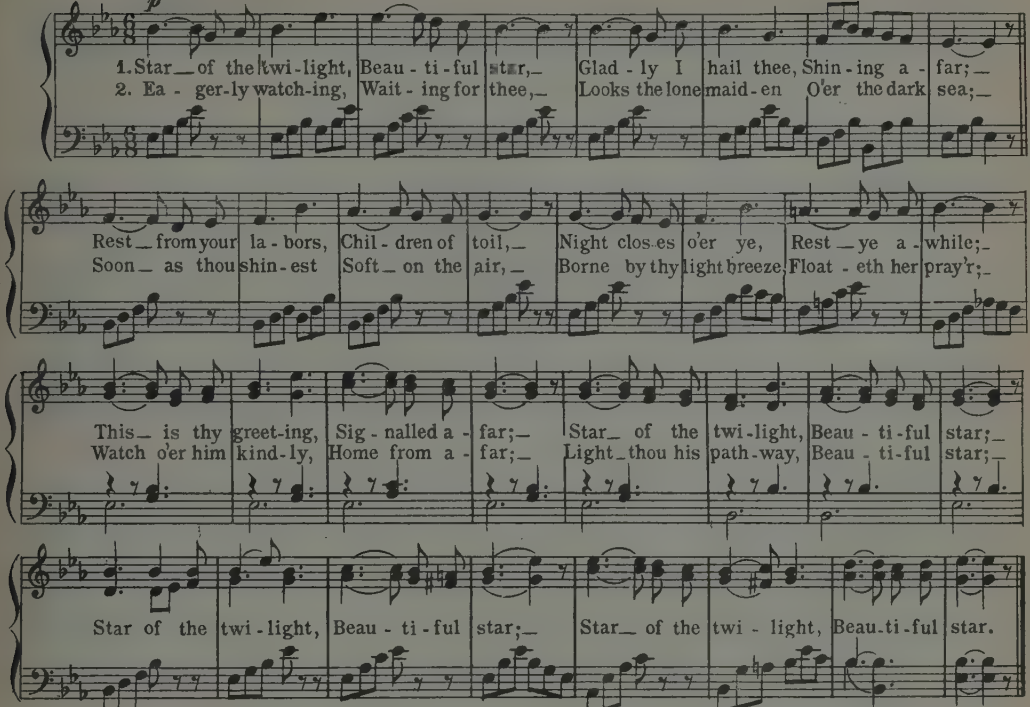
*prit.* *D.C.*

thun - der; The trum - pet sounds it in my soul: I've not got long to stay here.
tremb - ling;

# Star Of The Twilight

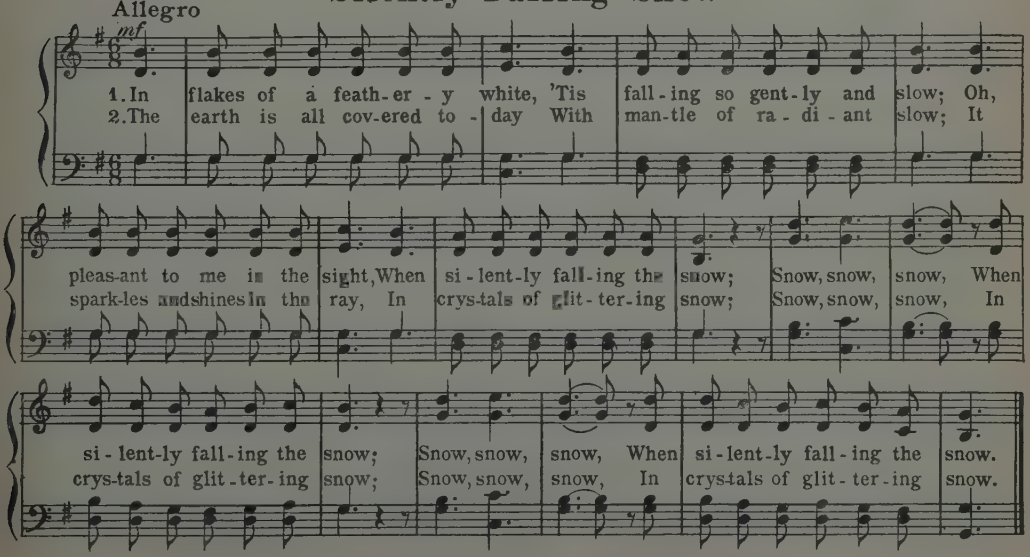
Andantino

L. O. EMERSON


p
1. Star of the twi-light, Beau-ti-ful star, Glad-ly I hail thee, Shin-ing a-far;
2. Ea-ger-ly watch-ing, Wait-ing for thee, Looks the lone maid-en O'er the dark sea;
Rest from your la-bors, Chil-dren of toil, Night clos-es o'er ye, Rest ye a-while;
Soon as thou shin-est Soft on the air, Borne by thy light breeze Float-eth her pray'r;
This is thy greet-ing, Sig-nalled a-far; Star of the twi-light, Beau-ti-ful star;
Watch o'er him kind-ly, Home from a-far; Light thou his path-way, Beau-ti-ful star;
Star of the twi-light, Beau-ti-ful star; Star of the twi-light, Beau-ti-ful star.

# Silently Falling Snow

Allegro


mf
1. In flakes of a feath-er-y white, 'Tis fall-ing so gent-ly and slow; Oh,
2. The earth is all cov-ered to-day With man-tle of ra-di-ant slow; It
pleas-ant to me is the sight, When si-lent-ly fall-ing the snow; Snow, snow, snow, When
spark-les and shines in the ray, In crys-tals of glit-ter-ing snow; Snow, snow, snow, In
si-lent-ly fall-ing the snow; Snow, snow, snow, When si-lent-ly fall-ing the snow.
crys-tals of glit-ter-ing snow; Snow, snow, snow, In crys-tals of glit-ter-ing snow.

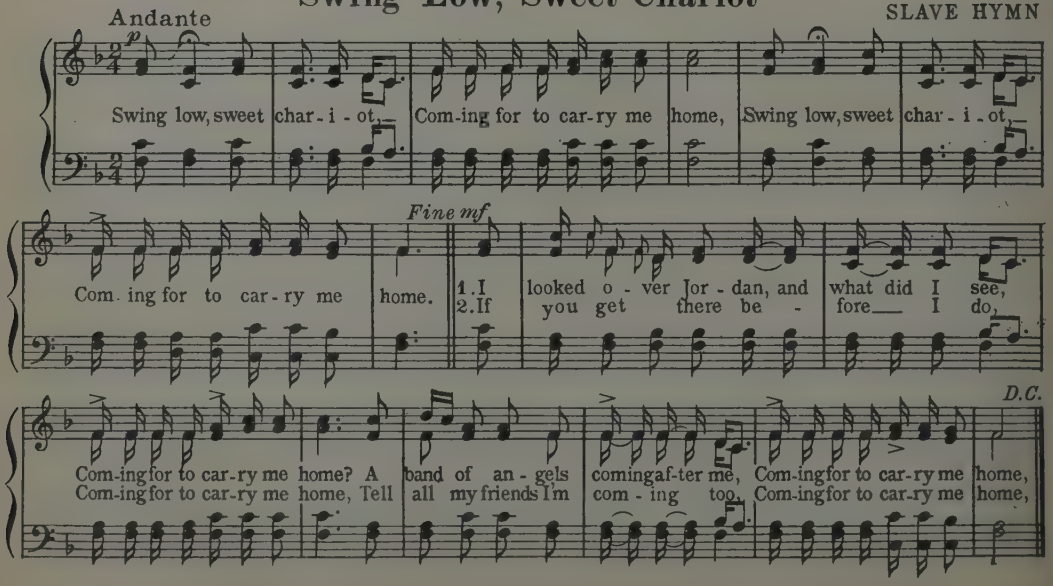
# Softly The Night Is Sleeping

A. T. GARDNER

Andante
p
1. Soft - ly the night is sleep - ing On Bethlehem's peace-ful hill; si - lent the shep-herds
2. Day in the East is break - ing; Day o'er the crim-soned earth! Now the glad world is
watch-ing, The gen - tle flocks are still. But hark! The won'drous mu - sic Falls from the open-ing sky;
wak - ing, Glad in the Sav-iour's birth! See where the clear star bend - eth O - ver the man-ger blest;
Quicker
rit.
a tempo
f
Chorus
spirited
Val - ley and cliff re - ech - o Glo - ry to God on high,
See where the In-fant Je - sus Smiles up - on Ma-ry's breast!
Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God!
Glo - ry to God it rings a-gain, Peace on earth! Peace on earth! Peace on earth! Good will to men.

# Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

SLAVE HYMN

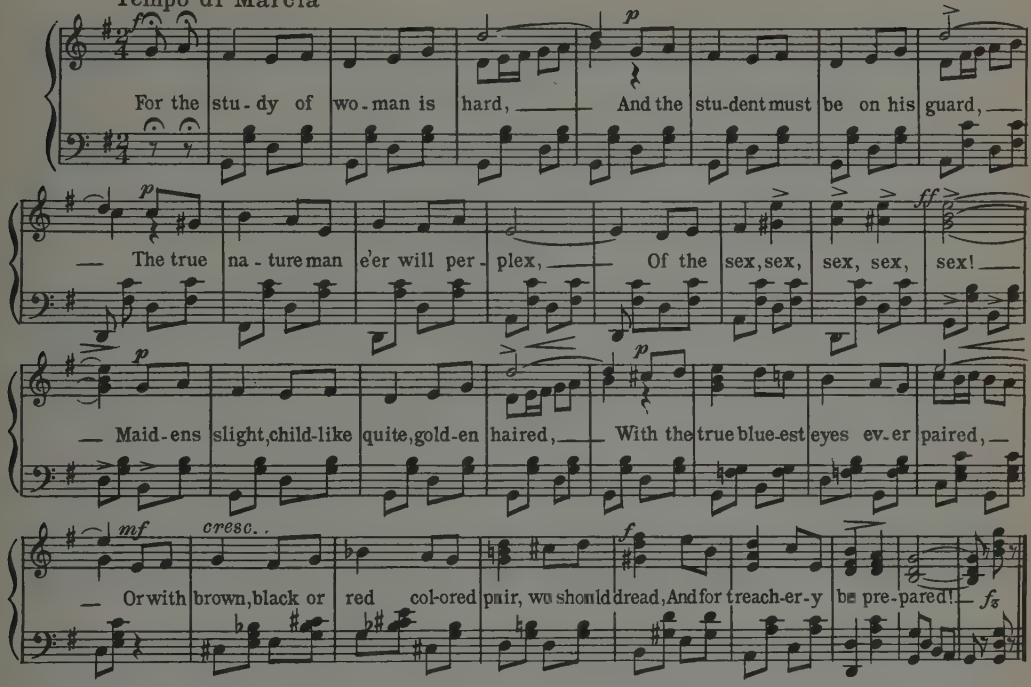

Andante
p
Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com-ing for to car-ry me home, Swing low, sweet char - i - ot,
Fine
mf
Com - ing for to car - ry me home.
1. I looked o - ver Jor - dan, and what did I see,
2. If you get there be - fore I do,
D.C.
Com-ing for to car-ry me home? A band of an - gels coming af-ter me, Com-ing for to car-ry me home,
Com-ing for to car-ry me home, Tell all my friends I'm com - ing too, Com-ing for to car-ry me home,

## The Study Of Woman

"MERRY WIDOW"

F. LEHAR

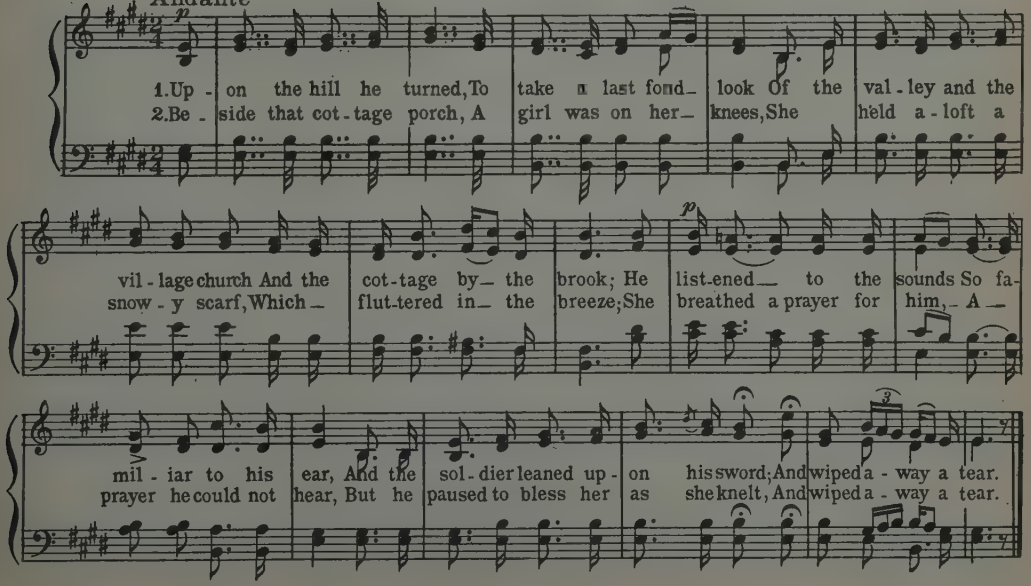
Tempo di Marcia


For the stu - dy of wo - man is hard, — And the stu-dent must be on his guard, —
— The true na - ture man e'er will per - plex, — Of the sex, sex, sex, sex, sex! —
— Maid-ens slight, child-like quite, gold-en haired, — With the true blue-est eyes ev-er paired, —
— Or with brown, black or red col-ored pair, we should dread, And for treach-er-y be pre-pared! —

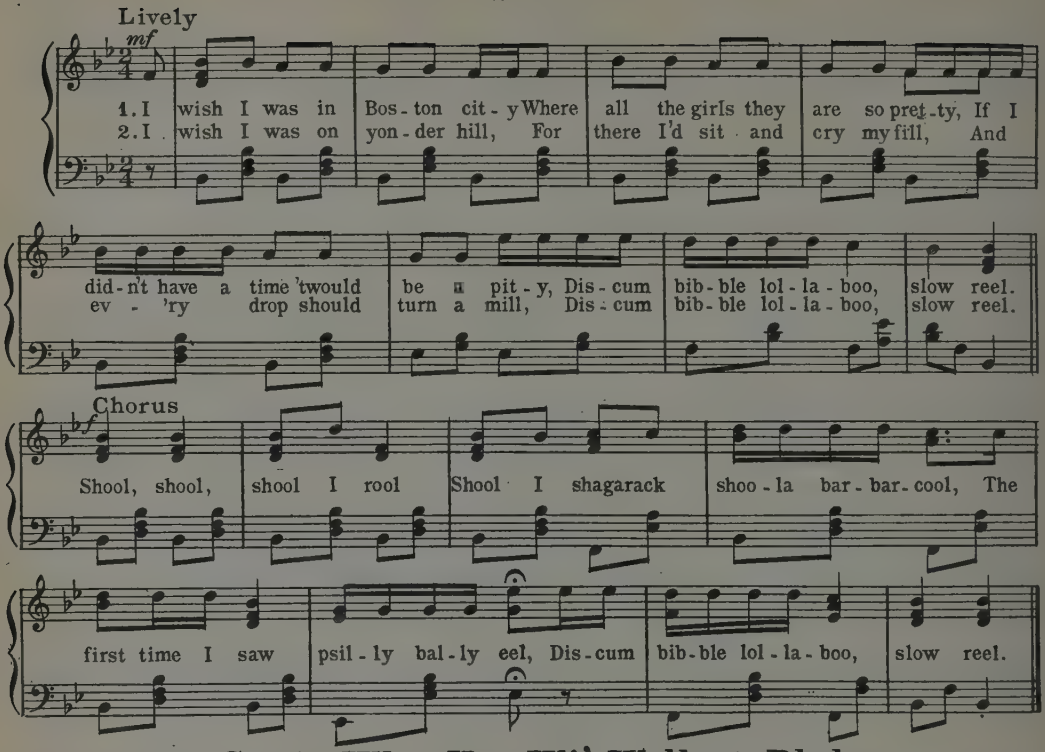
## The Soldier's Tear

ALEXANDER LEE

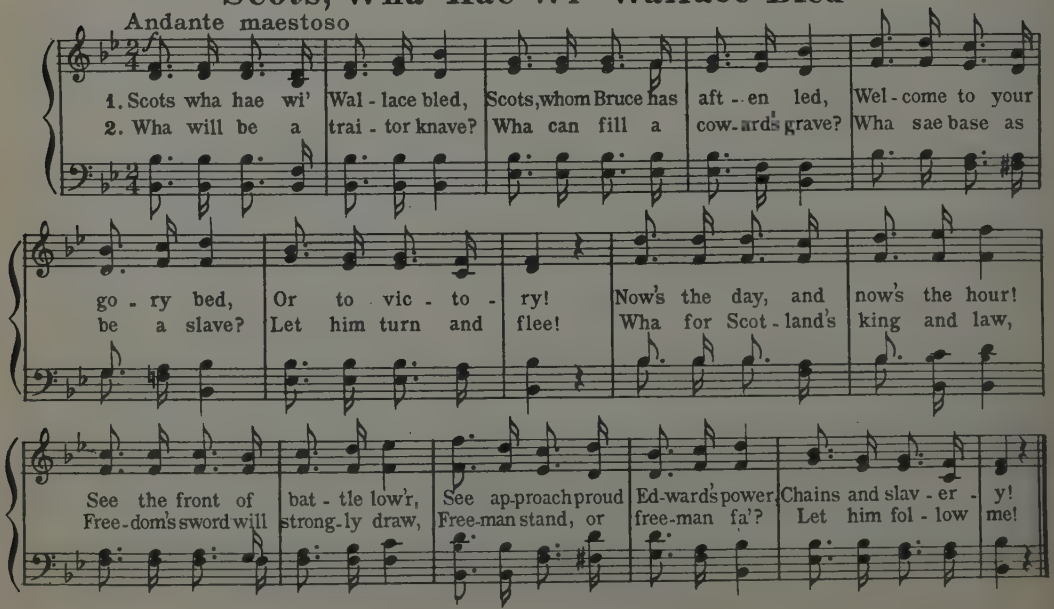
Andante


1. Up - on the hill he turned, To take a last fond look Of the val - ley and the
2. Be - side that cot - tage porch, A girl was on her knees, She held a - loft a
vil - lage church And the cot - tage by the brook; He list-ened to the sounds So fa-
snow - y scarf, Which flut-tered in the breeze; She breathed a prayer for him, A
mil - iar to his ear, And the sol - dier leaned up - on his sword; And wiped a - way a tear.
prayer he could not hear, But he paused to bless her as she knelt, And wiped a - way a tear.

# Shool


Lively
mf
1. I wish I was in Bos - ton cit - y Where all the girls they are so pret - ty, If I
2. I wish I was on yon - der hill, For there I'd sit and cry my fill, And
did - n't have a time 'twould be a pit - y, Dis - cum bib - ble lol - la - boo, slow reel.
ev - 'ry drop should turn a mill, Dis - cum bib - ble lol - la - boo, slow reel.
Chorus
ff
Shool, shool, shool I rool Shool I shagarack shoo - la bar - bar - cool, The
first time I saw psil - ly bal - ly eel, Dis - cum bib - ble lol - la - boo, slow reel.

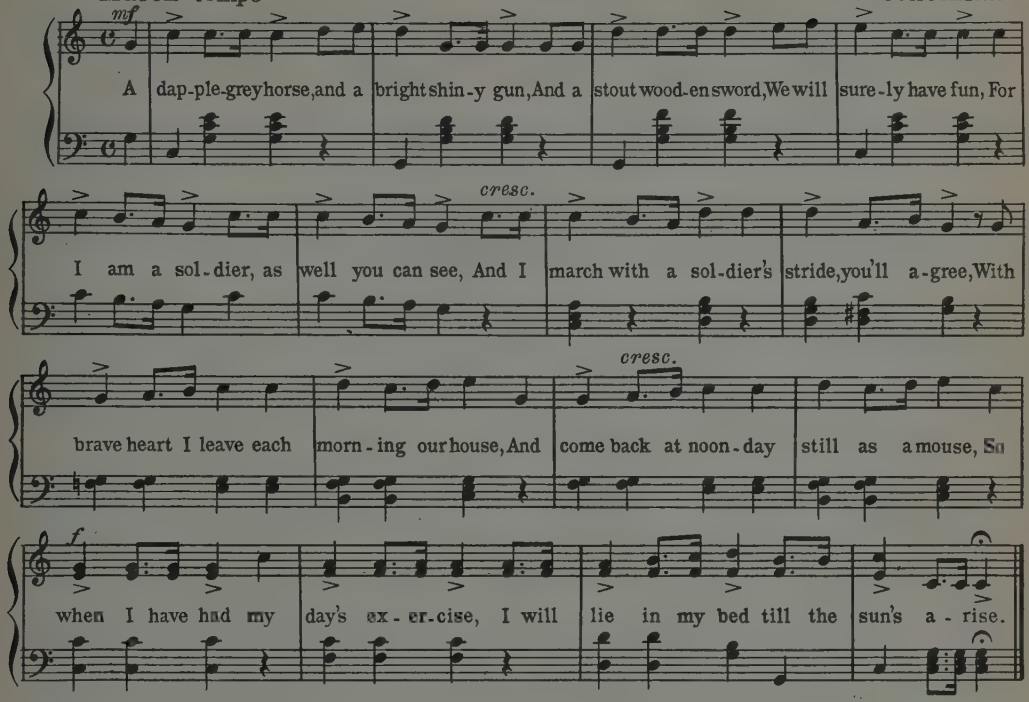
# Scots, Wha Hae Wi' Wallace Bled


Andante maestoso
f
1. Scots wha hae wi' Wal - lace bled, Scots, whom Bruce has aft - en led, Wel - come to your
2. Wha will be a trai - tor knave? Wha can fill a cow - ard's grave? Wha sae base as
go - ry bed, Or to vic - to - ry! Now's the day, and now's the hour!
be a slave? Let him turn and flee! Wha for Scot - land's king and law,
See the front of bat - tle low'r, See ap - proach proud Ed - ward's power, Chains and slav - er - y!
Free - dom's sword will strong - ly draw, Free - man stand, or free - man fa'? Let him fol - low me!

## Soldier Song

March tempo

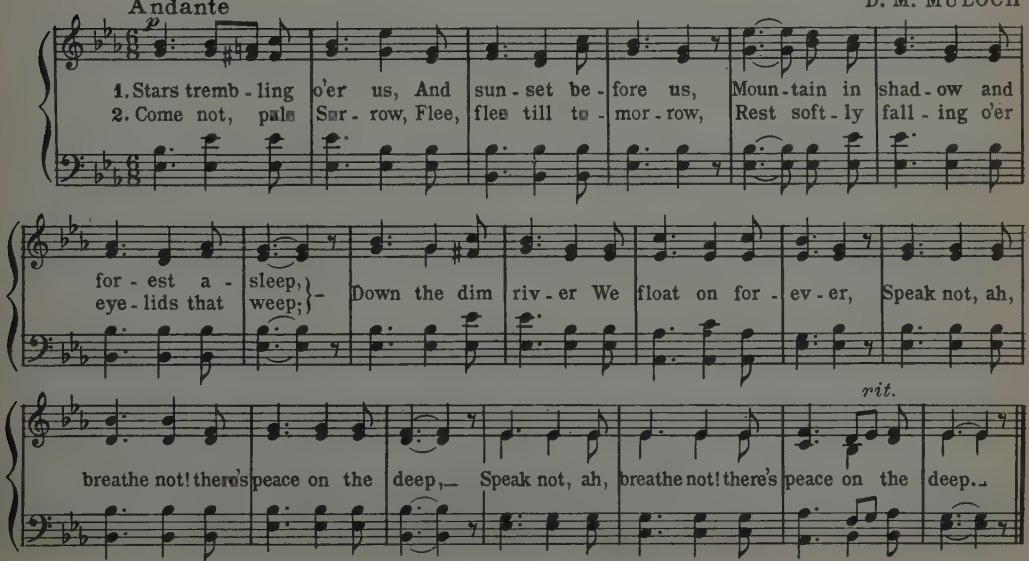
R. SCHUMANN


mf
A dap-ple-grey horse, and a bright shin-y gun, And a stout wood-en sword, We will sure-ly have fun, For
cresc.
I am a sol-dier, as well you can see, And I march with a sol-dier's stride, you'll a-gree, With
cresc.
brave heart I leave each morn-ing our house, And come back at noon-day still as a mouse, So
f
when I have had my day's ex-er-cise, I will lie in my bed till the sun's a-rise.

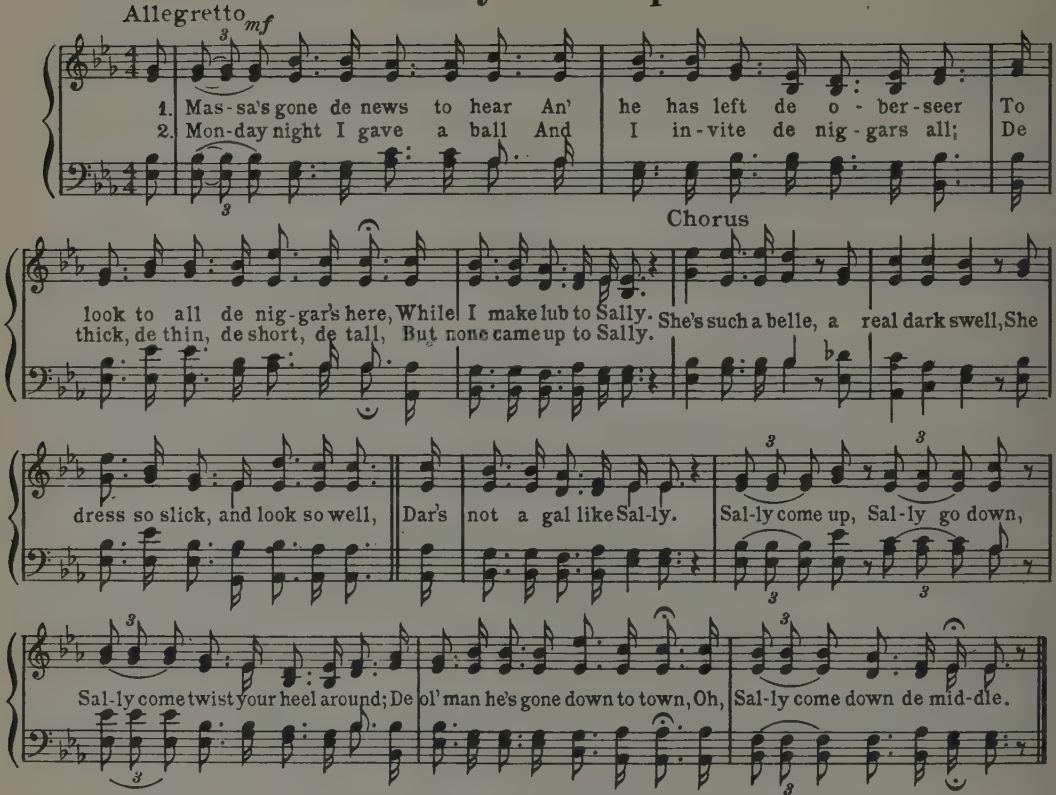
## Stars Trembling O'er Us

Andante

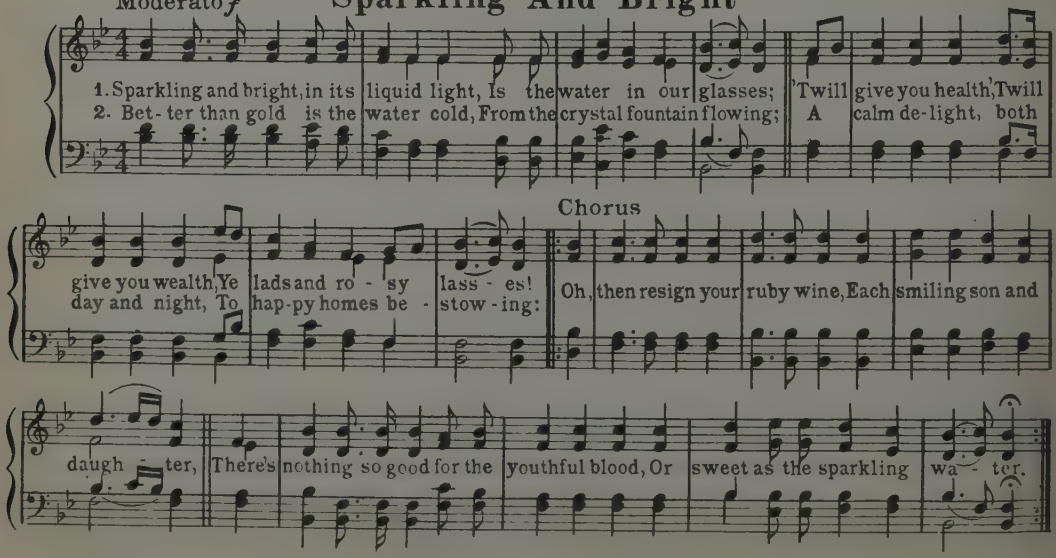
D. M. MULOCH


p
1. Stars tremb-ling o'er us, And sun-set be-fore us, Moun-tain in shad-ow and
2. Come not, pale Sor-row, Flee, flee till to-mor-row, Rest soft-ly fall-ing o'er
for-est a-sleep,
eye-lids that weep,
Down the dim riv-er We float on for-ev-er, Speak not, ah,
rit.
breathe not! there's peace on the deep, Speak not, ah, breathe not! there's peace on the deep.

# Sally Come Up

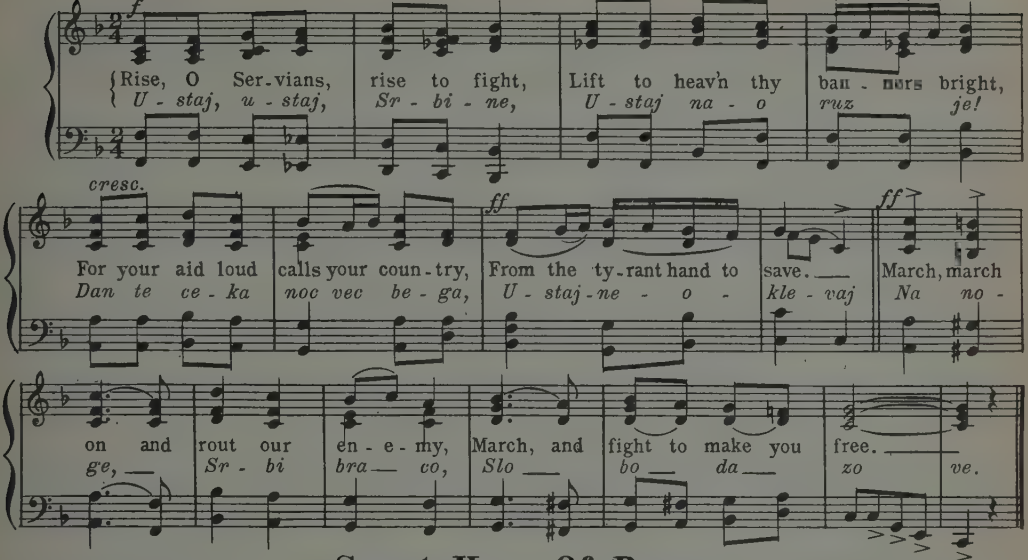

Allegretto mf
1. Mas-sa's gone de news to hear An' he has left de o-ber-seer To
2. Mon-day night I gave a ball And I in-vite de nig-gars all; De
look to all de nig-gar's here, While I make lub to Sally.
thick, de thin, de short, de tall, But none came up to Sally.
Chorus
She's such a belle, a real dark swell, She
dress so slick, and look so well, Dar's not a gal like Sal-ly.
Sal-ly come up, Sal-ly go down,
Sal-ly come twist your heel around; De ol' man he's gone down to town, Oh, Sal-ly come down de mid-dle.

# Sparkling And Bright


Moderato f
1. Sparkling and bright, in its liquid light, Is the water in our glasses;
2. Bet-ter than gold is the water cold, From the crystal fountain flowing;
'Twill give you health, 'Twill
A calm de-light, both
Chorus
give you wealth, Ye lads and ro-sy lass-es!
day and night, To hap-py homes be-stow-ing:
Oh, then resign your ruby wine, Each smiling son and
daugh-ter, There's nothing so good for the youthful blood, Or
sweet as the sparkling wa-ter.

## Servian National Hymn

Marcato

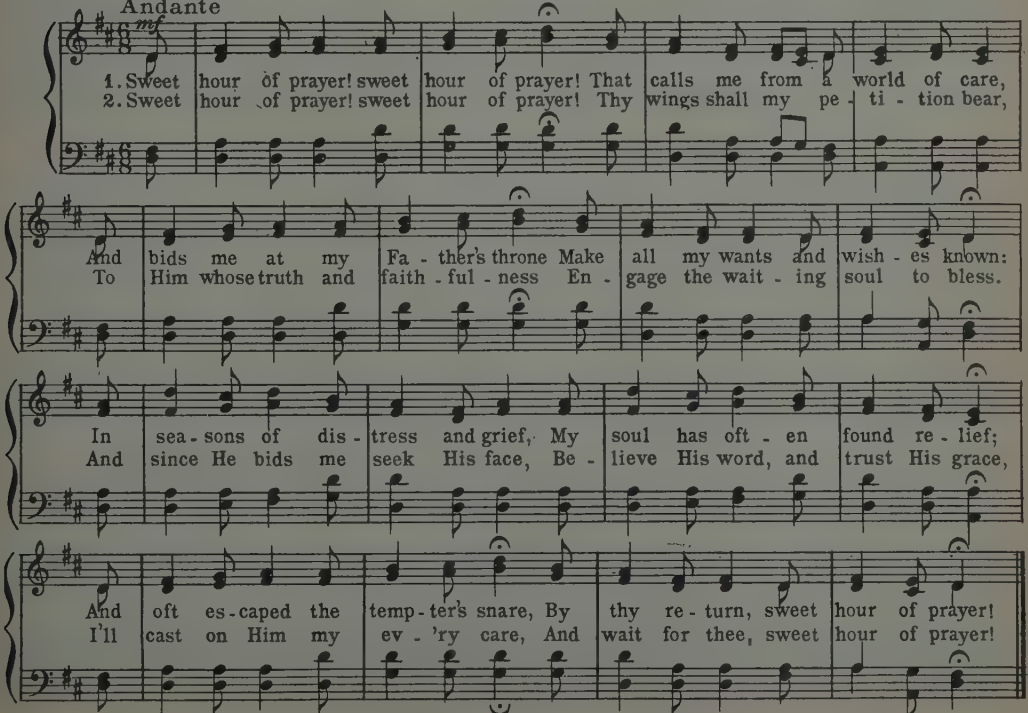

Rise, O Ser-vians, rise to fight, Lift to heav'n thy ban-ners bright,
U-staj, u-staj, Sr-bi-ne, U-staj na-o ruz je!
cresc.
For your aid loud calls your coun-try, From the ty-rant hand to save. March, march
Dan te ce-ka noc vec be-ga, U-staj-ne-o- kle-vaj Na no-
on and rout our en-e-my, March, and fight to make you free.
ge, Sr-bi bra co, Slo bo da zo ve.

Wm. W. WALFORD

## Sweet Hour Of Prayer

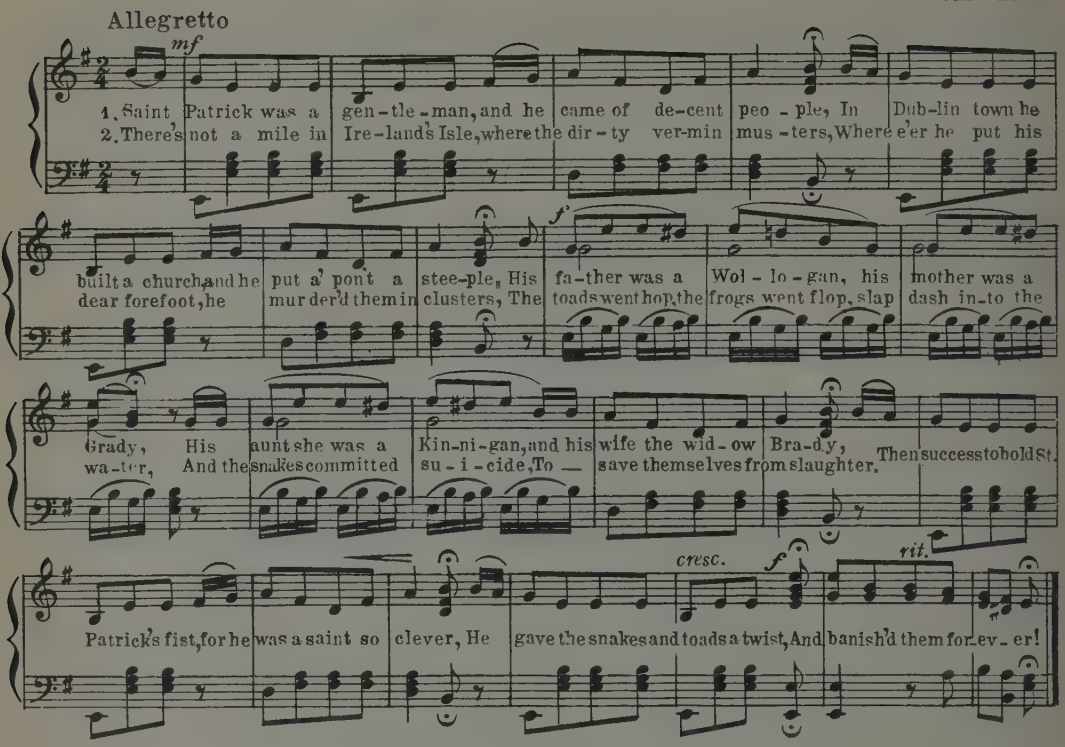
W. B. BRADBURY

Andante


1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe-ti-tion bear,
And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne Make all my wants and wish-es known:
To Him whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless.
In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft-en found re-lief;
And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word, and trust His grace,
And oft es-caped the temp-ter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer!
I'll cast on Him my ev-'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

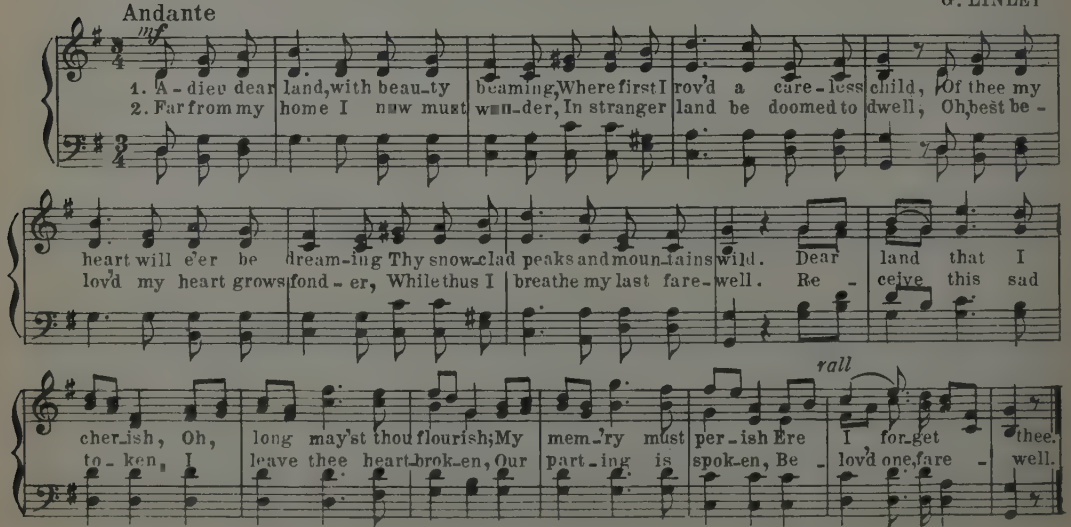
# St. Patrick Was A Gentleman

OLD IRISH


Allegretto
mf
1. Saint Patrick was a gen-tle-man, and he came of de-cent peo-ple, In Dub-lin town he
2. There's not a mile in Ire-land's Isle, where the dir-ty ver-min mus-ters, Where e'er he put his
built a church and he put a' pont a stee-ple, His fa-ther was a Wol-lo-gan, his mother was a
dear fore foot, he mur der'd them in clusters, The toads went hop, the frogs went flop, slap dash in-to the
Grady, His aunt she was a Kin-ni-gan, and his wife the wid-ow Bra-dy, Then success to hold St.
wa-ter, And the snakes committed su-i-cide, To — save themselves from slaughter.
Patrick's fist, for he was a saint so clever, He gave the snakes and toads a twist, And banish'd them for-ev-er!
cresc.
f
rit.

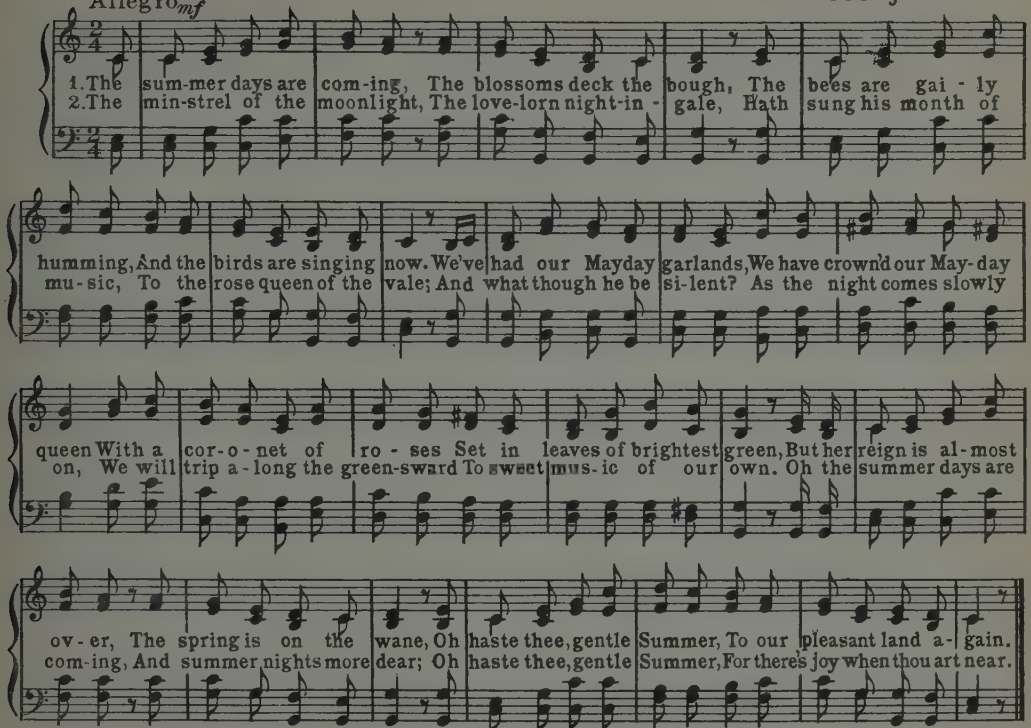
# The Switzer's Farewell

G. LINLEY

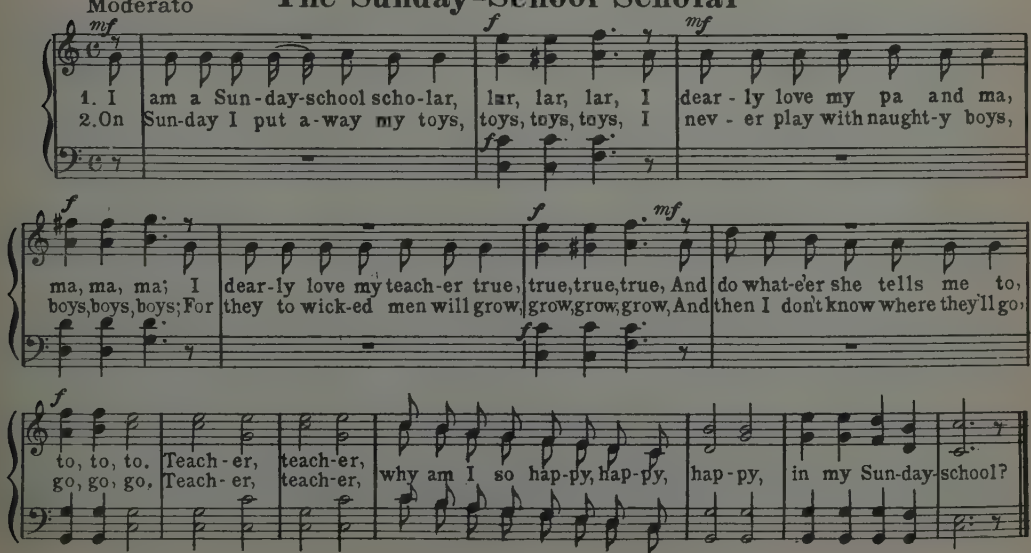

Andante
mf
1. A-dieu dear land, with beau-ty beaming, Where first I rov'd a care-less child, Of thee my
2. Far from my home I now must wan-der, In stranger land be doomed to dwell, Oh, best be-
heart will e'er be dream-ing Thy snow-clad peaks and moun-tains wild. Dear land that I
lov'd my heart grows fond-er, While thus I breathe my last fare-well. Re-ceive this sad
cher-ish, Oh, long may'st thou flourish; My mem-'ry must per-ish Ere I for-get thee.
to-ken, I leave thee heart-brok-en, Our part-ing is spok-en, Be-lov'd one, fare-well.
rall

## Summer Days Are Coming

CHARLES JEFFREYS


Allegro mf
1. The summ-mer days are com-ing, The blossoms deck the bough, The bees are gai - ly
2. The min-strel of the moonlight, The love-lorn night-in - gale, Hath sung his month of
humming, And the birds are singing now. We've had our Mayday garlands, We have crown'd our May-day
mu-sic, To the rose queen of the vale; And what though he be si-lent? As the night comes slowly
queen With a cor-o-net of ro - ses Set in leaves of brightest green, But her reign is al-most
on, We will trip a-long the green-sward To sweet mus-ic of our own. Oh the summer days are
ov-er, The spring is on the wane, Oh haste thee, gentle Summer, To our pleasant land a-gain.
com-ing, And summer nights more dear; Oh haste thee, gentle Summer, For there's joy when thou art near.

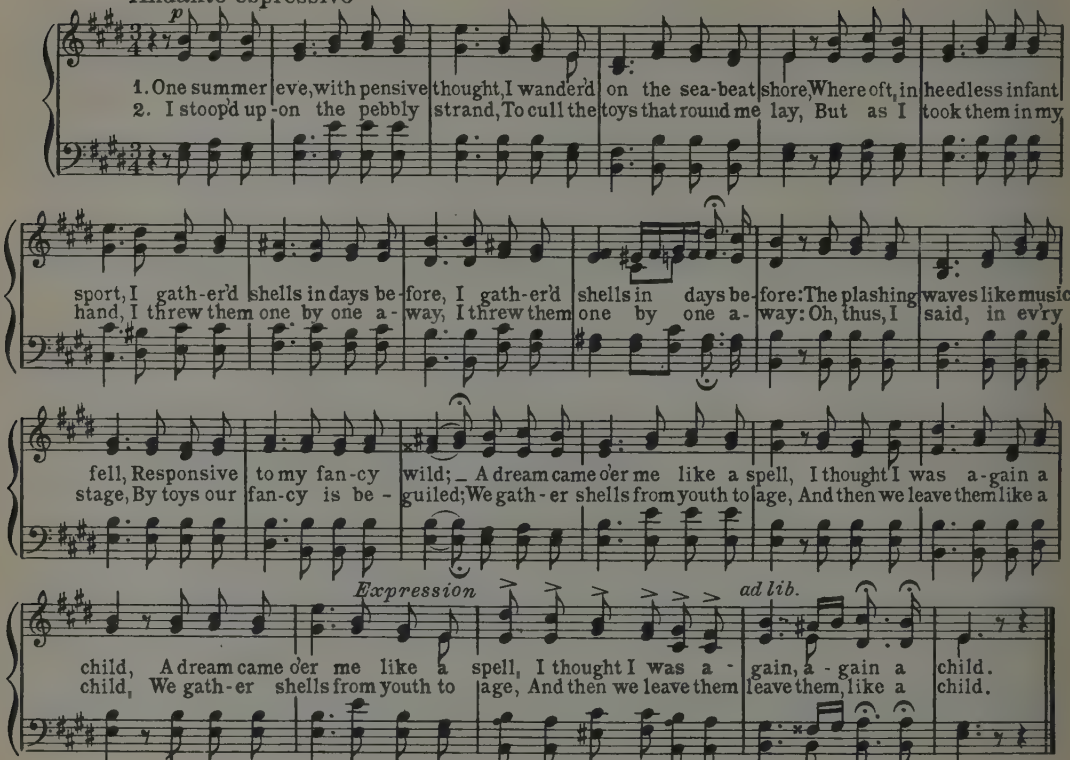
## The Sunday-School Scholar


Moderato
mf
1. I am a Sun-day-school scho-lar, lar, lar, lar, I dear - ly love my pa and ma,
2. On Sun-day I put a-way my toys, toys, toys, toys, I nev - er play with naught-y boys,
f
mf
ma, ma, ma; I dear-ly love my teach-er true, true, true, true, And do what-e'er she tells me to,
boys, boys, boys; For they to wick-ed men will grow, grow, grow, grow, And then I don't know where they'll go,
to, to, to. Teach - er, teach-er, why am I so hap-py, hap-py, hap - py, in my Sun-day-school?
go, go, go. Teach - er, teach-er,

# Shells Of Ocean

Andante espressivo

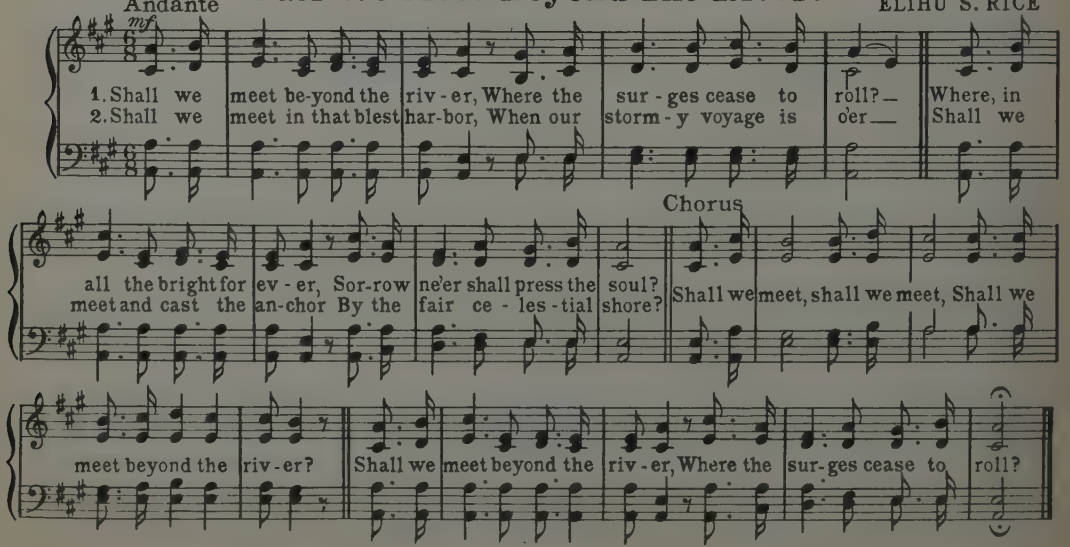
J. W. CHERRY.


p
1. One summer eve, with pensive thought, I wander'd on the sea-beat shore, Where oft, in heedless infant
2. I stoop'd up-on the pebbly strand, To cull the toys that round me lay, But as I took them in my
sport, I gath-er'd shells in days be-fore, I gath-er'd shells in days be-fore: The plashing waves like music
hand, I threw them one by one a-way, I threw them one by one a-way: Oh, thus, I said, in ev'ry
fell, Responsive to my fan-cy wild; A dream came o'er me like a spell, I thought I was a-gain a
stage, By toys our fan-cy is be-guiled; We gath-er shells from youth to age, And then we leave them like a
Expression
ad lib.
child, A dream came o'er me like a spell, I thought I was a-gain, a-gain a child.
child, We gath-er shells from youth to age, And then we leave them leave them, like a child.

# Shall We Meet Beyond The River?

Andante

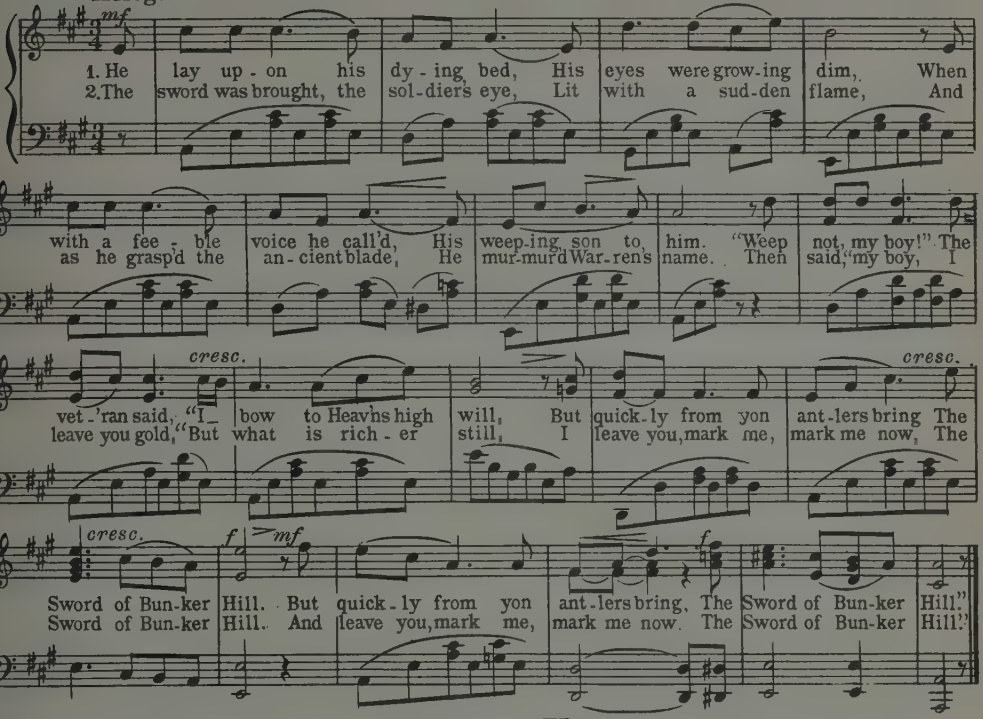
ELIHU S. RICE


mf
1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll? Where, in
2. Shall we meet in that blest har-bor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er Shall we
Chorus
all the bright for ev-er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
meet and cast the an-chor By the fair ce-les-tial shore?
Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we
meet beyond the riv-er?
Shall we meet beyond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll?

# The Sword Of Bunker Hill

B. COVERT

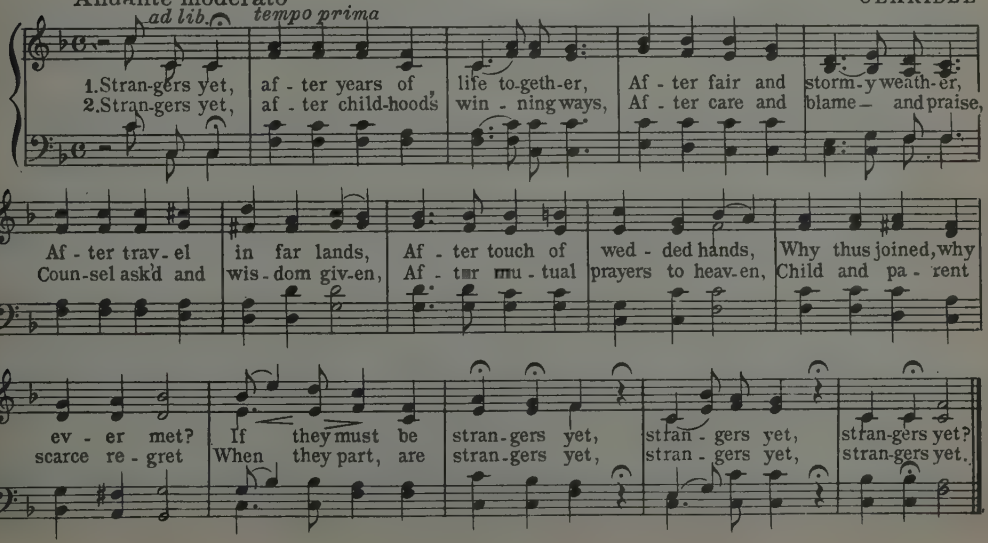
Allegretto


mf
1. He lay up - on his dy - ing bed, His eyes were grow-ing dim, When
2. The sword was brought, the sol-dier's eye, Lit with a sud-den flame, And
with a fee - ble voice he call'd, His weep-ing son to him. "Weep not, my boy!" The
as he grasp'd the an - cient blade, He mur-mur'd War-ren's name. Then said, "my boy, I
cresc.
vet - 'ran said, "I bow to Heav'ns high will, But quick-ly from yon ant-lers bring The
leave you gold, "But what is rich - er still, I leave you, mark me, mark me now, The
cresc.
cresc.
f
mf
Sword of Bun-ker Hill. But quick-ly from yon ant-lers bring, The Sword of Bun-ker Hill."
Sword of Bun-ker Hill. And leave you, mark me, mark me now. The Sword of Bun-ker Hill."

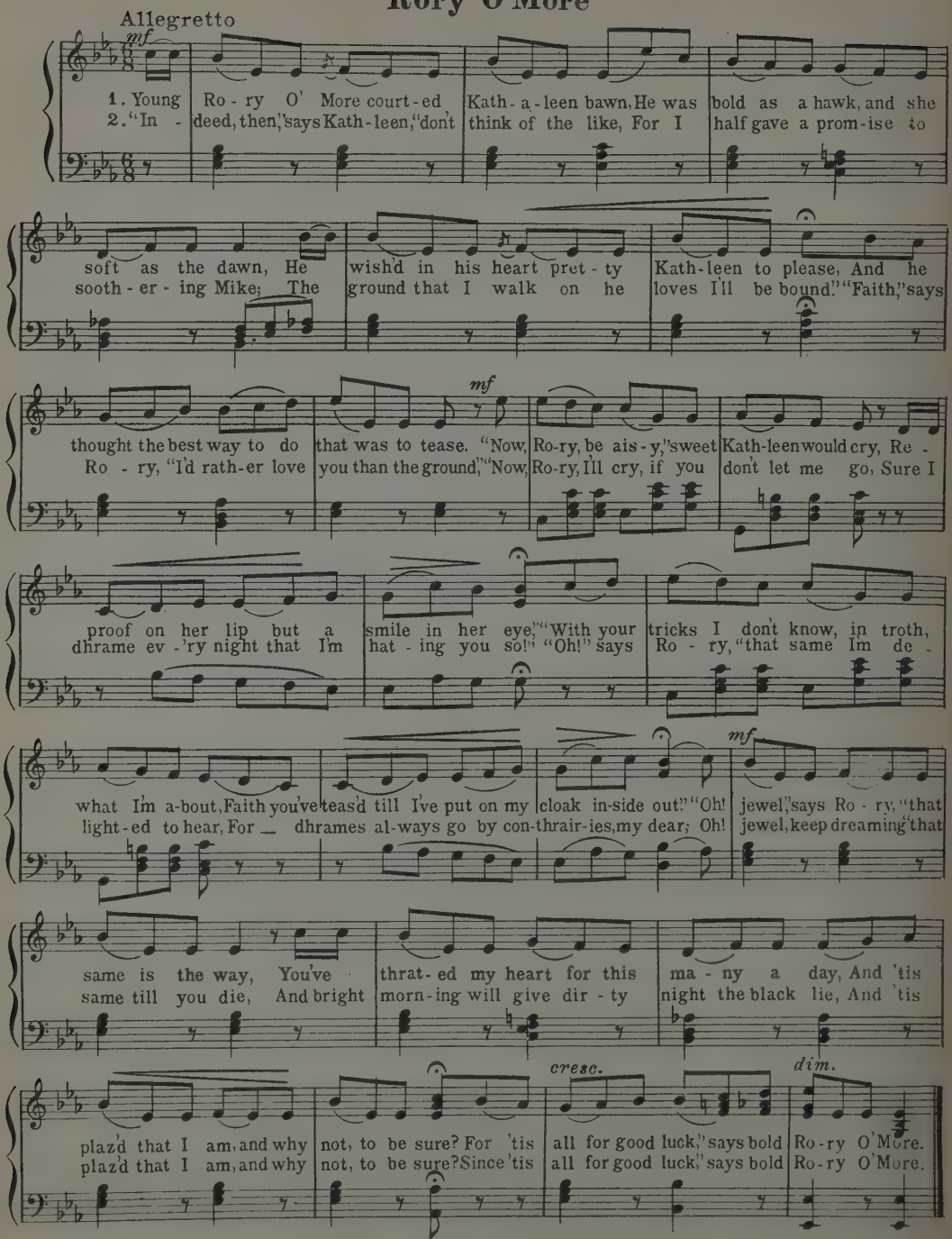
# Strangers Yet

CLARIBEL

Andante moderato

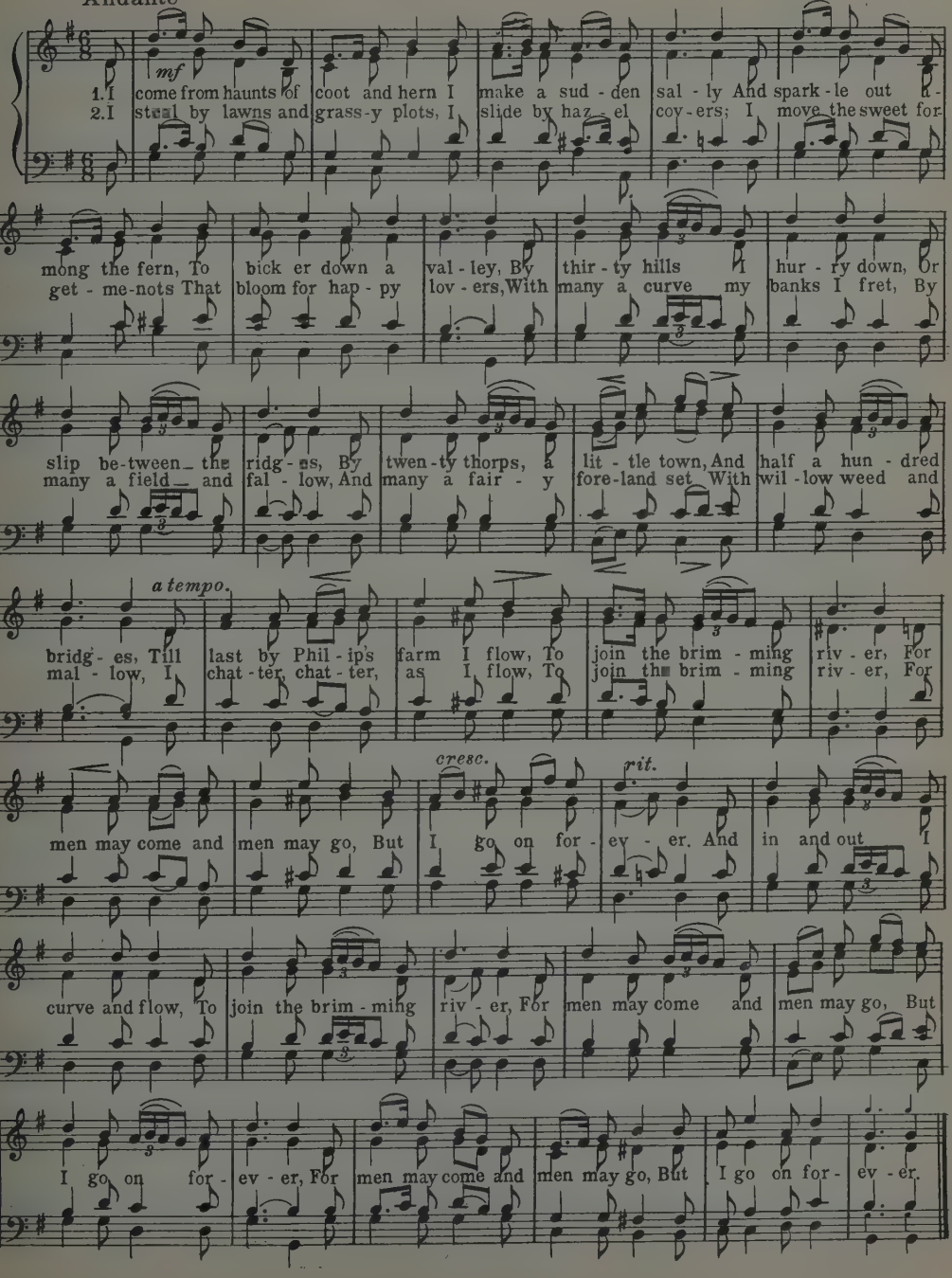

ad lib.
tempo prima
1. Stran-gers yet, af - ter years of life to-geth-er, Af - ter fair and storm-y weath-er,
2. Stran-gers yet, af - ter child-hoods win - ning ways, Af - ter care and blame — and praise,
Af - ter trav - el in far lands, Af - ter touch of wed - ded hands, Why thus joined, why
Coun-sel ask'd and wis - dom giv-en, Af - ter mu - tual prayers to heav-en, Child and pa - rent
ev - er met? If they must be stran-gers yet, stran - gers yet, stran-gers yet?
scarce re - gret When they part, are stran-gers yet, stran - gers yet, stran-gers yet.

# Rory O'More


Allegretto
mf
1. Young Ro - ry O' More court - ed Kath - a - leen bawn, He was bold as a hawk, and she
2. "In - deed, then," says Kath - leen, "don't think of the like, For I half gave a prom - ise to
soft as the dawn, He wish'd in his heart pret - ty Kath - leen to please, And he
sooth - er - ing Mike; The ground that I walk on he loves I'll be bound." "Faith," says
mf
thought the best way to do that was to tease. "Now, Ro-ry, be ais - y," sweet Kath-leen would cry, Re -
Ro - ry, "I'd rath - er love you than the ground," "Now, Ro-ry, I'll cry, if you don't let me go, Sure I
proof on her lip but a smile in her eye," "With your tricks I don't know, in troth,
dhrame ev - 'ry night that I'm hat - ing you so!" "Oh!" says Ro - ry, "that same Im de -
mf
what I'm a-bout, Faith you've teas'd till I've put on my cloak in-side out." "Oh! jewel," says Ro - ry, "that
light - ed to hear, For — dhrames al-ways go by con-thrair-ies, my dear; Oh! jewel, keep dreaming that
same is the way, You've thrat - ed my heart for this ma - ny a day, And 'tis
same till you die, And bright morn - ing will give dir - ty night the black lie, And 'tis
cresc.
dim.
plaz'd that I am, and why not, to be sure? For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Ro - ry O'More.
plaz'd that I am, and why not, to be sure? Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Ro - ry O'More.

# Song Of The Brook

G. D. WILSON


Andante
mf
1. I come from haunts of coot and hern I make a sud - den sal - ly And spark - le out a -
2. I steal by lawns and grass - y plots, I slide by haz - el cov - ers; I move the sweet for
mong the fern, To bick er down a val - ley, By thir - ty hills I hur - ry down, Or
get - me - nots That bloom for hap - py lov - ers, With many a curve my banks I fret, By
slip be - tween the ridg - es, By twen - ty thorps, a lit - tle town, And half a hun - dred
many a field and fal - low, And many a fair - y fore - land set With wil - low weed and
a tempo.
bridg - es, Till last by Phil - ip's farm I flow, To join the brim - ming riv - er, For
mal - low, I chat - ter, chat - ter, as I flow, To join the brim - ming riv - er, For
cresc.
rit.
men may come and men may go, But I go on for - ev - er. And in and out I
curve and flow, To join the brim - ming riv - er, For men may come and men may go, But
I go on for - ev - er, For men may come and men may go, But I go on for - ev - er.

# Sweet And Low

J. BARNBY

Larghetto

*p*

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; — Low, low, —
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; — Rest, rest on

*cresc.* *dim.* *mf*

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; — O - ver the roll - ing
moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; — Fa - ther will come to his

*pp* *p*

wa - ters go Come from the dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver

*dim.* *dim. e rit.* *pp*

me, — While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.
moon, — Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep my pret - ty one sleep.

# So Early In The Morning

Maestoso

*mf*

1. South Ca - ro - li - na's a sul - try clime, Where we used to work in the sum - mer time,
2. When I was young I — used to wait, On — mas - sa's ta - ble — lay de plate,

Mas - sa 'neath de shade would lay, While we poor nig - gers toil'd all day.
Pass de bot - tle when him dry, — Brush a - way de blue tail'd fly. } So — ear - ly in de

*rall.* *a tempo.*

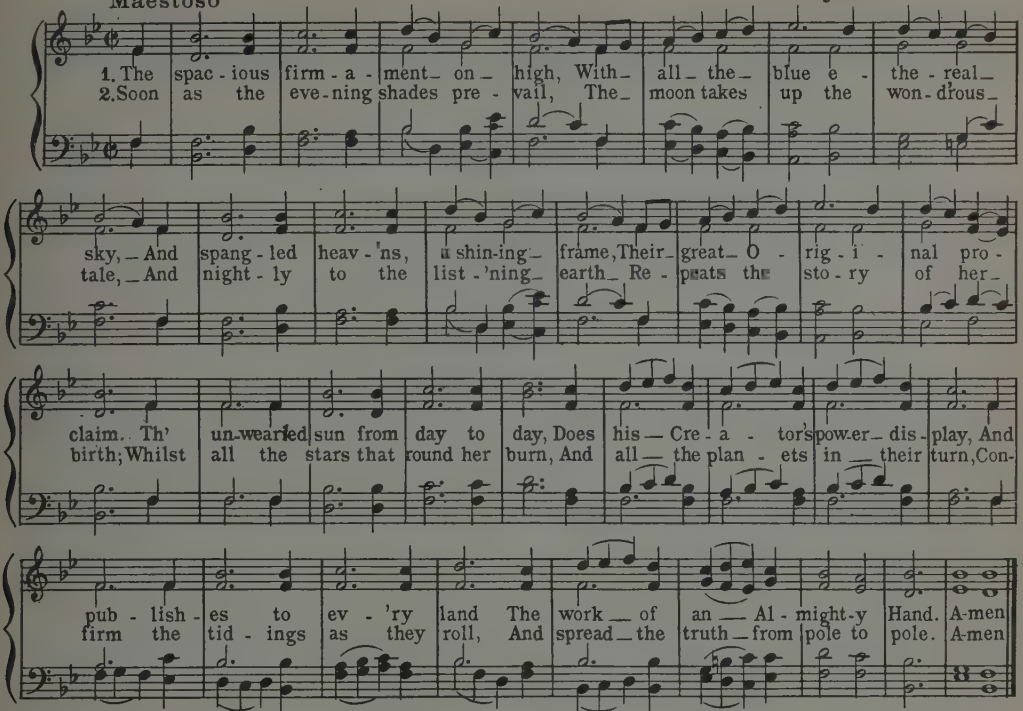
morn - ing, So — ear - ly in de morn - ing, So — ear - ly in de morn - ing, Be - fore de break of day.

## The Spacious Firmament On High

"CREATION"

JOSEPH HAYDN

Maestoso


1. The spac - ious firm - a - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real
2. Soon as the eve - ning shades pre - vail, The moon takes up the won - drous
sky, And spang - led heav - 'ns, a shin - ing frame, Their great O - rig - i - nal pro -
tale, And night - ly to the list - 'ning earth Re - peats the sto - ry of her
claim. Th' un - wearied sun from day to day, Does his Cre - a - tor's pow - er dis - play, And
birth; Whilst all the stars that round her burn, And all the plan - ets in their turn, Con -
pub - lish - es to ev - 'ry land The work of an Al - might - y Hand. A - men
firm the tid - ings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole. A - men

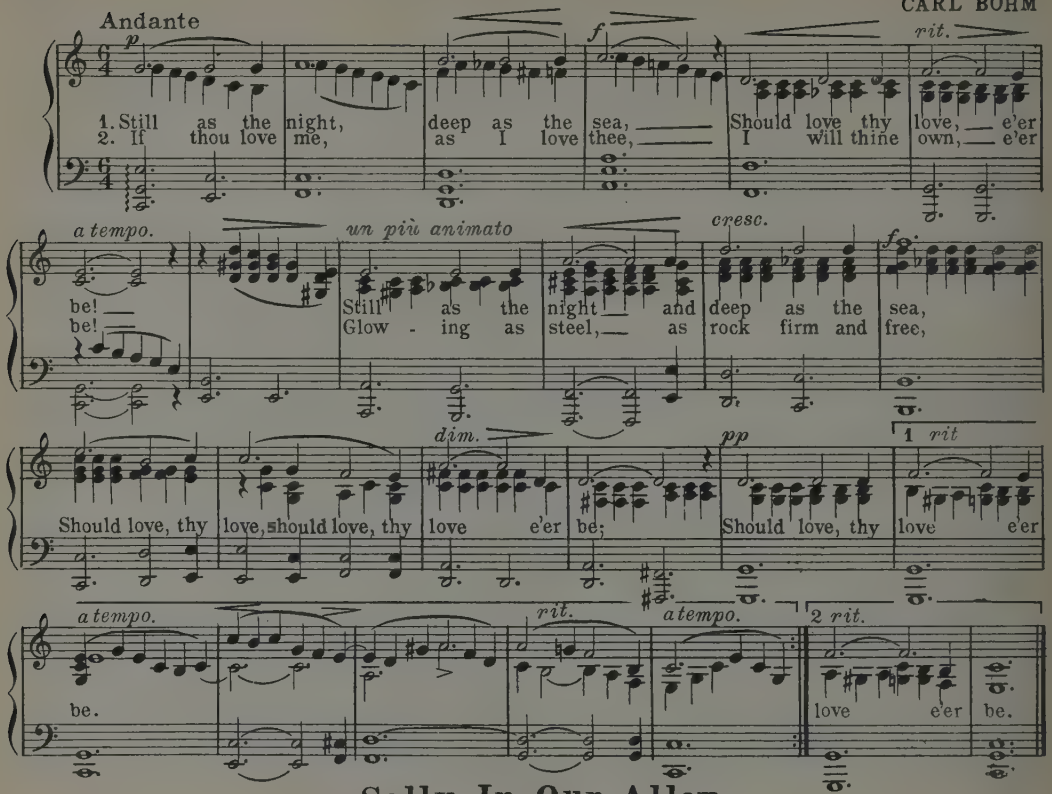
## Sleep, Baby Dear

Andante

p
1. All is still and rest - ful now,
2. Soft - ly close each az - ure eye,
mf
So my darl - ing slum - ber thou!
Like twin May - buds let them lie,
p dolce.
On - ly sighs the wind a - near
And when morn - ing shines a - new,
p
Lul - la - by, sleep,
They, like flowers, shall
ba - by dear.
o - pen too.
p
On - ly sighs the wind a - near
And when morn - ing shines a - new,
Lul - la - by, sleep,
They, like flowers, shall
ba - by dear.
o - pen too.

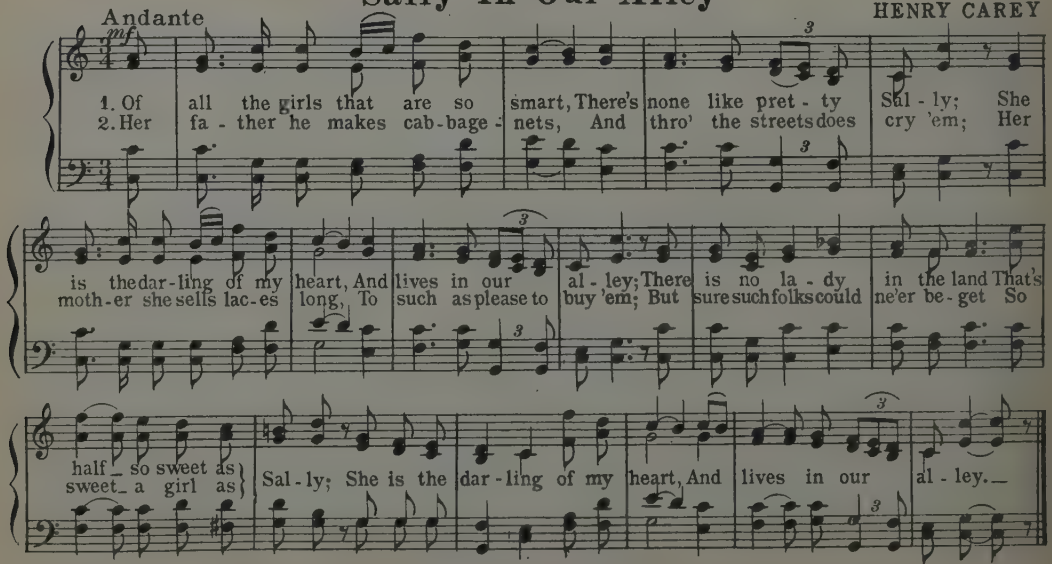
# Still As The Night

CARL BOHM


Andante
p
f
rit.
1. Still as the night, deep as the sea, Should love thy love, e'er
2. If thou love me, as I love thee, I will thine own, e'er
a tempo.
un più animato
cresc.
ff
be! Still as the night and deep as the sea,
be! Glow - ing as steel, as rock firm and free,
dim.
pp
1 rit
Should love, thy love, should love, thy love e'er be; Should love, thy love e'er
a tempo.
rit.
a tempo.
2 rit.
be.
love e'er be.

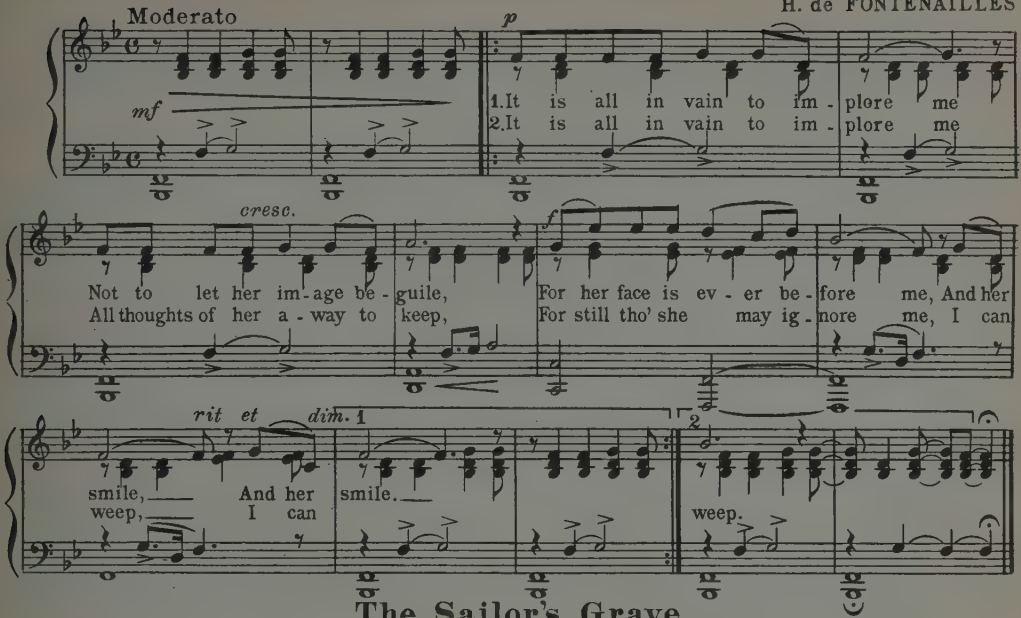
# Sally In Our Alley

HENRY CAREY

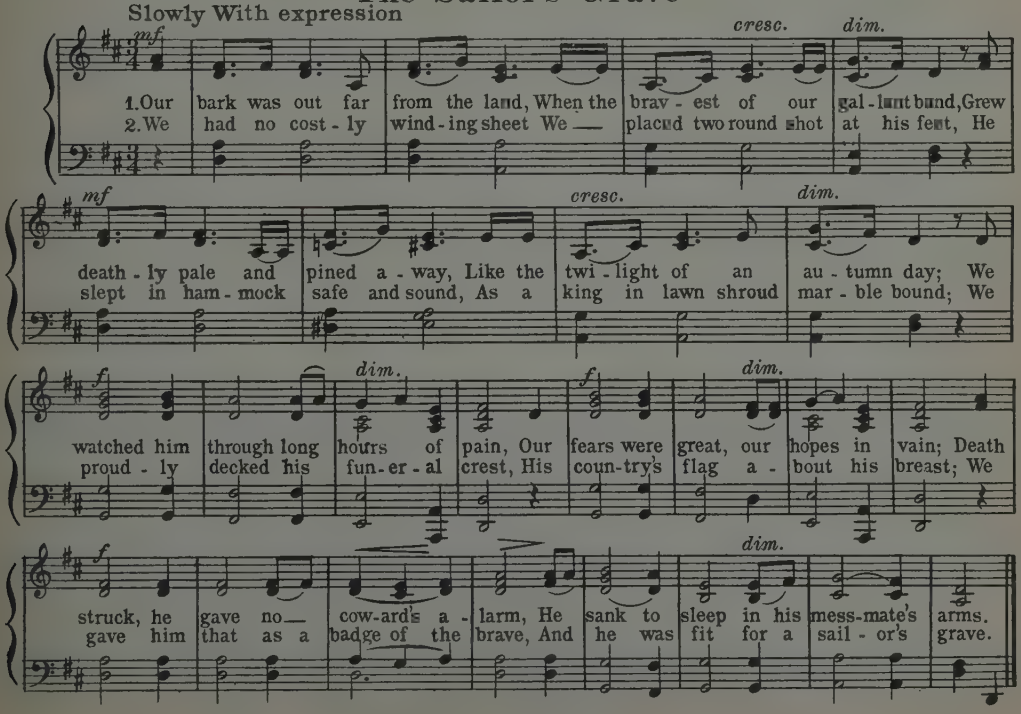

Andante
mf
1. Of all the girls that are so smart, There's none like pret - ty Sal - ly; She
2. Her fa - ther he makes cab-bage - nets, And thro' the streets does cry 'em; Her
is the dar-ling of my heart, And lives in our al - ley; There is no la - dy in the land That's
moth-er she sells lac-es long, To such as please to buy 'em; But sure such folks could ne'er be - get So
half so sweet as
sweet a girl as
Sal - ly; She is the dar - ling of my heart, And lives in our al - ley.

# Steadfast Love

H. de FONTENAILLES


Moderato
mf
p
1.It is all in vain to im - plore me
2.It is all in vain to im - plore me
cresc.
f
Not to let her im - age be - guile,
All thoughts of her a - way to keep,
For her face is ev - er be - fore me, And her
For still tho' she may ig - nore me, I can
rit et dim.
1
2
smile, And her
weep, I can
smile.
weep.

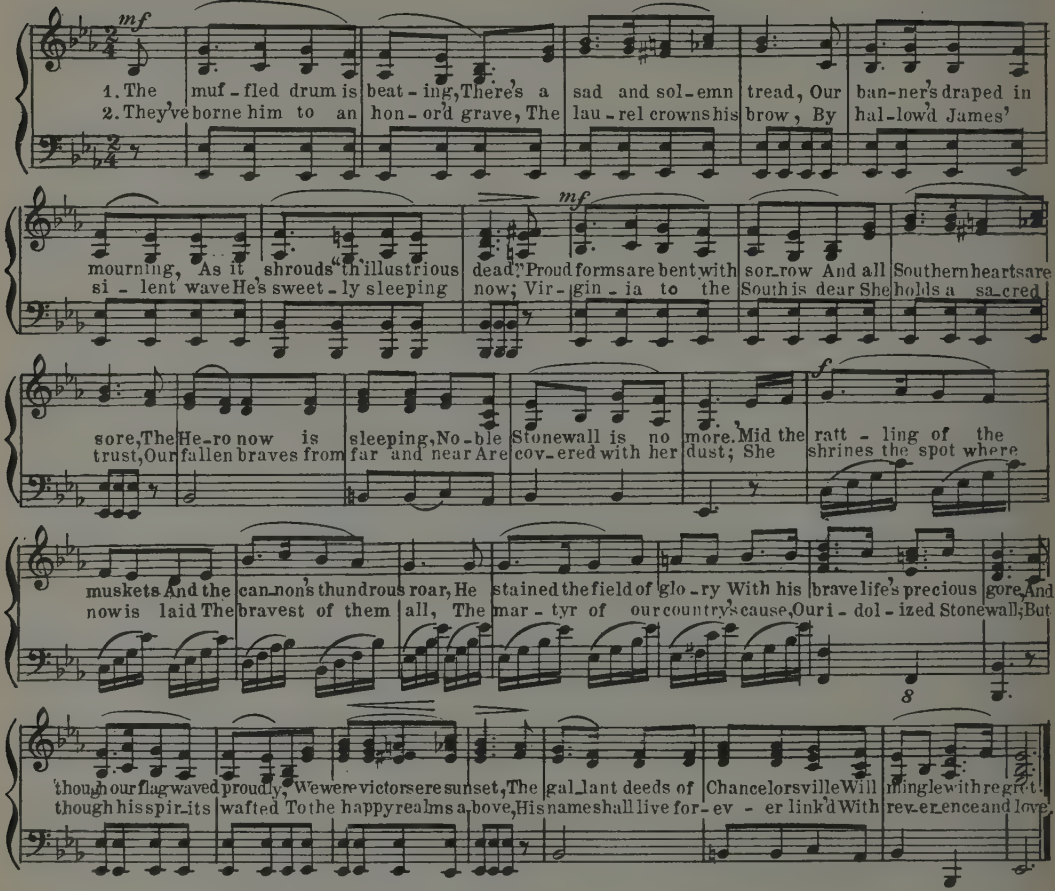
# The Sailor's Grave


Slowly With expression
mf
cresc.
dim.
1.Our bark was out far from the land, When the brav - est of our gal - lant band, Grew
2.We had no cost - ly wind - ing sheet We — placed two round shot at his feet, He
mf
cresc.
dim.
death - ly pale and pined a - way, Like the twi - light of an au - tumn day; We
slept in ham - mock safe and sound, As a king in lawn shroud mar - ble bound; We
f
dim.
f
dim.
watched him through long hours of pain, Our fears were great, our hopes in vain; Death
proud - ly decked his fun - er - al crest, His coun - try's flag a - bout his breast; We
f
dim.
struck, he gave no — cow - ard's a - larm, He sank to sleep in his mess - mate's arms.
gave him that as a badge of the brave, And he was fit for a sail - or's grave.

# Stonewall Jackson's Requiem

Andante

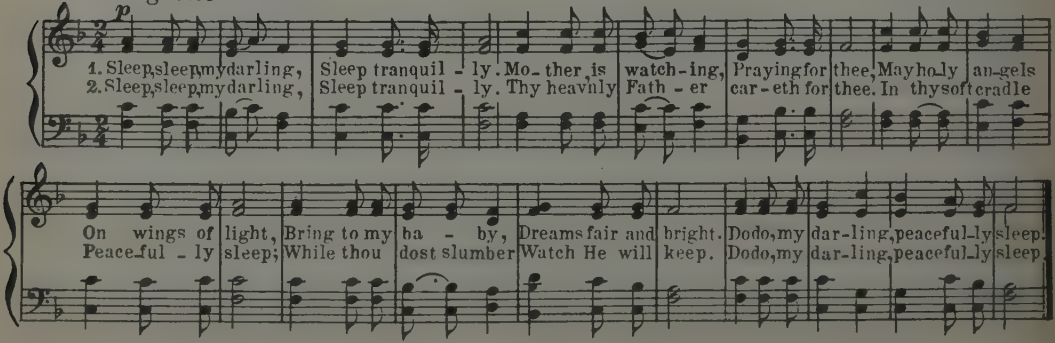
M. DEEVES


mf
1. The muf - fled drum is beat - ing, There's a sad and sol - emn tread, Our ban - ner's draped in
2. They've borne him to an hon - or'd grave, The lau - rel crowns his brow, By hal - low'd James'
mourning, As it shrouds th' illustrious dead; Proud forms are bent with sor - row And all Southern hearts are
si - lent wave He's sweet - ly sleeping now; Vir - gin - ia to the South is dear She holds a sa - cred
mf
sore, The He - ro now is sleeping, No - ble Stonewall is no more. Mid the ratt - ling of the
trust, Our fallen braves from far and near Are cov - ered with her dust; She shrines the spot where
f
muskets And the can - non's thundrous roar, He stained the field of glo - ry With his brave life's precious gore, And
now is laid The bravest of them all, The mar - tyr of our country's cause, Our i - dol - ized Stonewall, But
though our flag waved proudly, We were victors ere sunset, The gal - lant deeds of Chancelorsville Will mingle with regret,
though his spir - its wafted To the happy realms a - bove, His name shall live for - ev - er link'd With rev - er - ence and love.

# Slumber Song

Allegretto

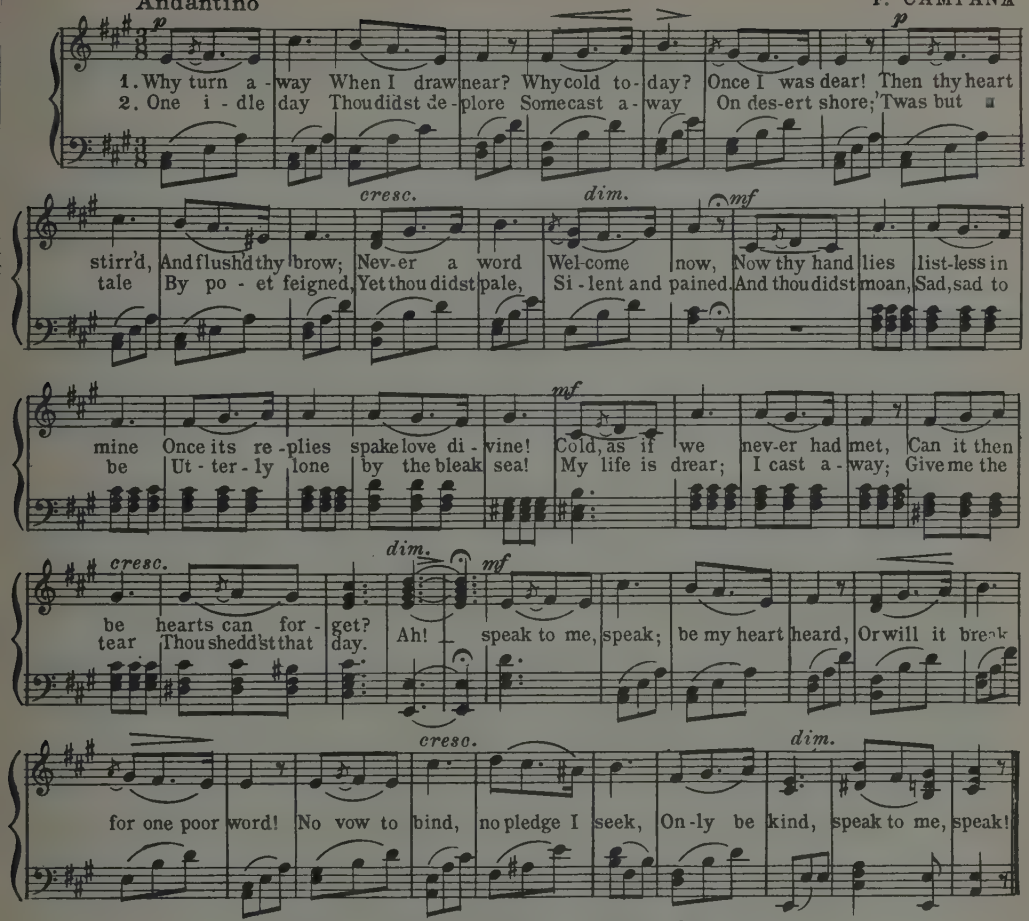
FRENCH LULLABY


p
1. Sleep, sleep, my darling, Sleep tranquil - ly. Mo - ther is watch - ing, Praying for thee, May ho - ly an - gels
2. Sleep, sleep, my darling, Sleep tranquil - ly. Thy heavnly Fath - er car - eth for thee. In thy soft cradle
On wings of light, Bring to my ba - by, Dreams fair and bright. Dodo, my dar - ling, peaceful - ly sleep:
Peace - ful - ly sleep; While thou dost slumber Watch He will keep. Dodo, my dar - ling, peaceful - ly sleep.

# Speak To Me

Andantino

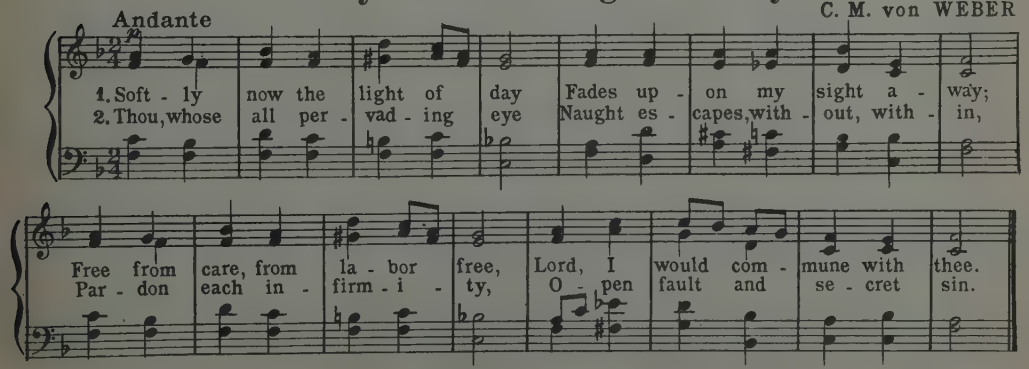
F. CAMPANA


p
1. Why turn a - way When I draw near? Why cold to - day? Once I was dear! Then thy heart
2. One i - dle day Thou didst de - plore Some cast a - way On des-ert shore; 'Twas but
p
cresc.
dim.
mf
stirr'd, And flush'd thy brow; Nev-er a word Wel-come now, Now thy hand lies list-less in
tale By po - et feigned, Yet thou didst pale, Si - lent and pained. And thou didst moan, Sad, sad to
mf
mine Once its re - plies spake love di - vine! Cold, as if we nev-er had met, Can it then
be Ut - ter - ly lone by the bleak sea! My life is drear; I cast a - way; Give me the
cresc.
dim.
mf
be hearts can for - get?
tear Thou shedd'st that day.
Ah! speak to me, speak; be my heart heard, Or will it break
cresc.
dim.
for one poor word! No vow to bind, no pledge I seek, On - ly be kind, speak to me, speak!

# Softly Now The Light Of Day

Andante

C. M. von WEBER


p
1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
2. Thou, whose all per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,
Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with thee.
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin.

## See-Saw

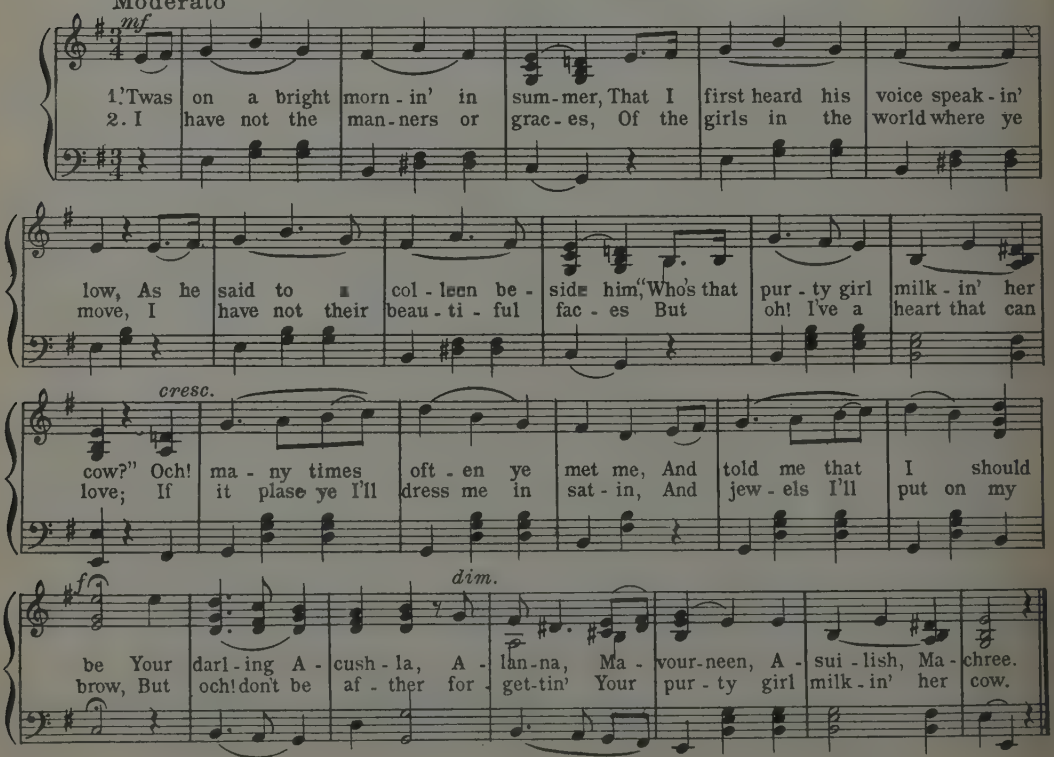
Tempo di Valse

CH. COOTE

mf
See - saw, See - saw, now we're up or down, See - saw, See -
saw, now we're off to Lon - don Town, See - saw, See - saw, Boys and girls come
cresc.
dim.
out and play, See - saw, See - saw, On this our half hol - i - day.

## The Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow

Moderato


mf
1. 'Twas on a bright morn - in' in sum - mer, That I first heard his voice speak - in'
2. I have not the man - ners or grac - es, Of the girls in the world where ye
low, As he said to col - leen be - side him, "Who's that pur - ty girl milk - in' her
move, I have not their beau - ti - ful fac - es But oh! I've a heart that can
cresc.
cow?" Och! ma - ny times oft - en ye met me, And told me that I should
love; If it plase ye I'll dress me in sat - in, And jew - els I'll put on my
f
dim.
be Your darl - ing A - cush - la, A - lan - na, Ma - vour - neen, A - sui - lish, Ma - chree.
brow, But och! don't be af - ther for - get - tin' Your pur - ty girl milk - in' her cow.

# Sing, Smile, Slumber

Andante

CHARLES GOUNOD

1. When at twi - light so soft - ly thy voice breaks in - to song, Can'st thou tell
2. When the smile on thy lip chas-es doubt far from my breast, All my gloom

— the sweet mem-'ries of old that round me throng, All the dear hap - py
— is dis-pelled and for - ev - er light I rest, In thy sweet smile con-

days then re - turn to me, hal-lowed by thee. Ah! then sing, ah! sing for-
fid - ing, 'tis in - no - cence on - ly I see. Ah! then smile, ah! smile for-

ev - - er, then sing, ah! sing to me, Then sing, ah! sing for - ev - er, sing still to
ev - - er, then smile, ah! smile on me, Then smile, ah! smile for - ev - er, smile still on

me. Ah! sing for - ev - er, still sing to me.
me. Ah! smile for - ev - er, still smile on me.

# Charles John, Our Brave King

Marcato

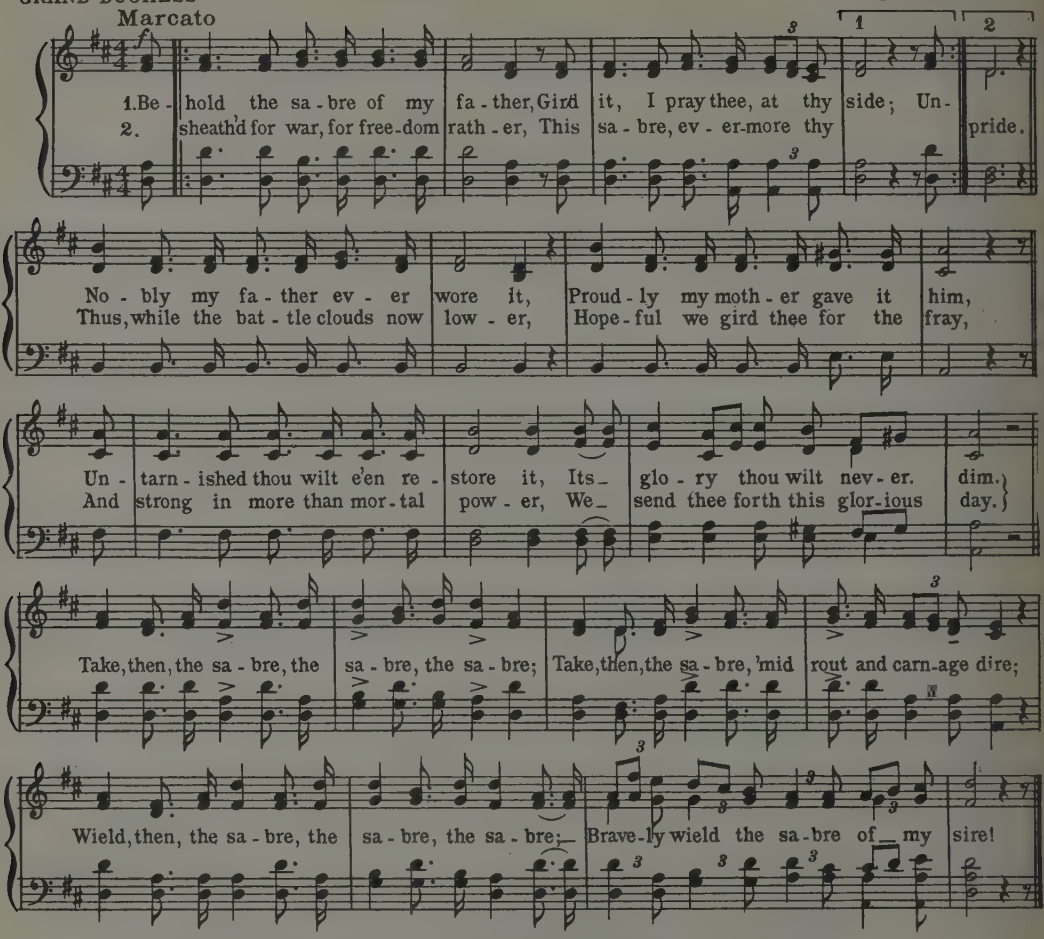
1. Charles John, our brave King, Is home-ward re - turn-ing; Each heart's for him yearn-ing, Bells
*1. Carl Jo - han, var Kung, Han kom som fran höj-den, O sjun-gom i fröj-den Bad*

joy - ous - ly ring. The throne thou sus-tain-est, With firm hand thou reign-est, Charles John, our brave King!
*gam-mal och ung! Han tryg-ga-de Thro-nen, Up - lyf - te Na - tio - nen, Det gjor-de var Kung!*

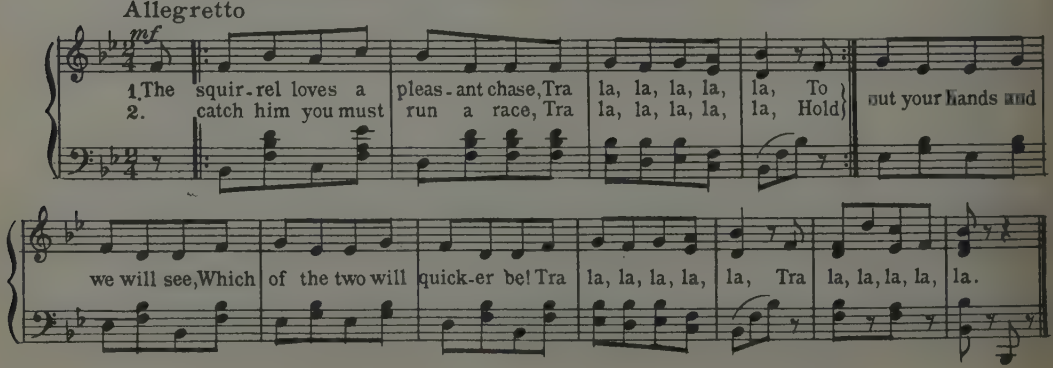
"GRAND DUCHESS"

# Song Of The Sabre

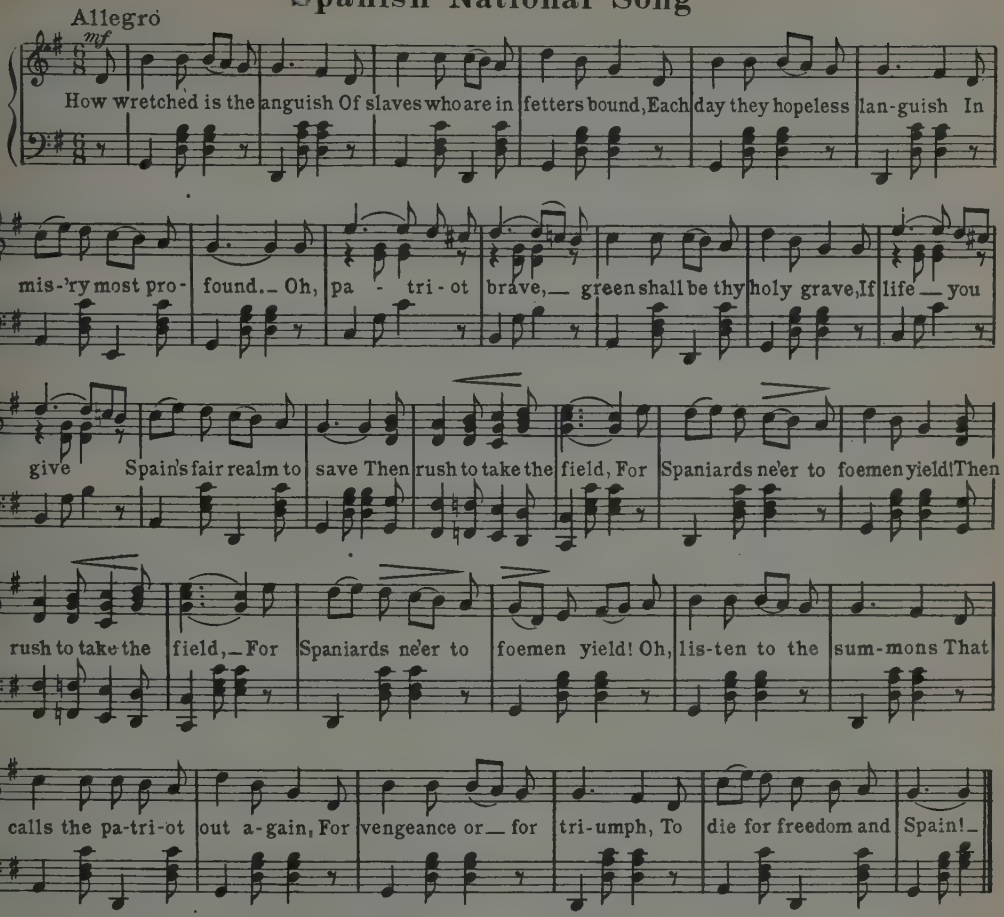
J. OFFENBACH


Marcato
1. Be - hold the sa - bre of my fa - ther, Gird it, I pray thee, at thy side; Un -
2. sheath'd for war, for free - dom rath - er, This sa - bre, ev - er-more thy pride.
No - bly my fa - ther ev - er wore it, Proud - ly my moth - er gave it him,
Thus, while the bat - tle clouds now low - er, Hope - ful we gird thee for the fray,
Un - tarn - ished thou wilt e'en re - store it, Its glo - ry thou wilt nev - er. dim.
And strong in more than mor - tal pow - er, We send thee forth this glor - ious day.
Take, then, the sa - bre, the sa - bre, the sa - bre; Take, then, the sa - bre, 'mid rout and carn - age dire;
Wield, then, the sa - bre, the sa - bre, the sa - bre; Brave - ly wield the sa - bre of my sire!

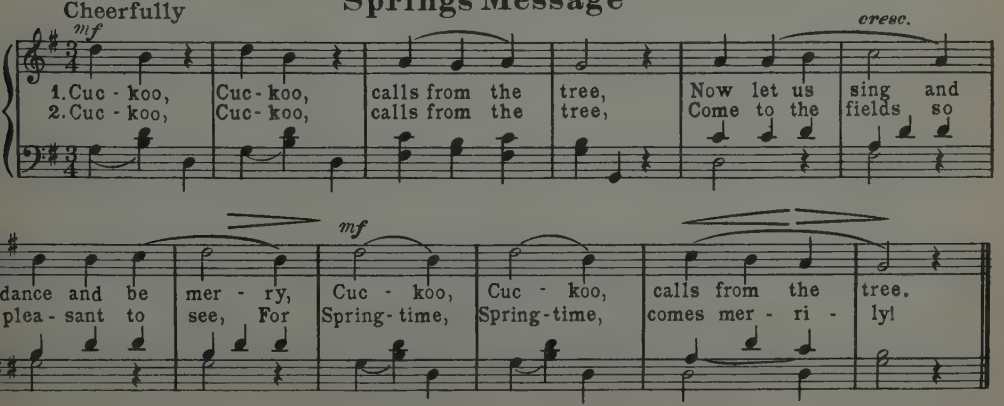
# The Squirrel Loves A Pleasant Chase


Allegretto
mf
1. The squir - rel loves a pleas - ant chase, Tra la, la, la, la, la, To
2. catch him you must run a race, Tra la, la, la, la, la, Hold out your hands and
we will see, Which of the two will quick - er be! Tra la, la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la, la.

## Spanish National Song

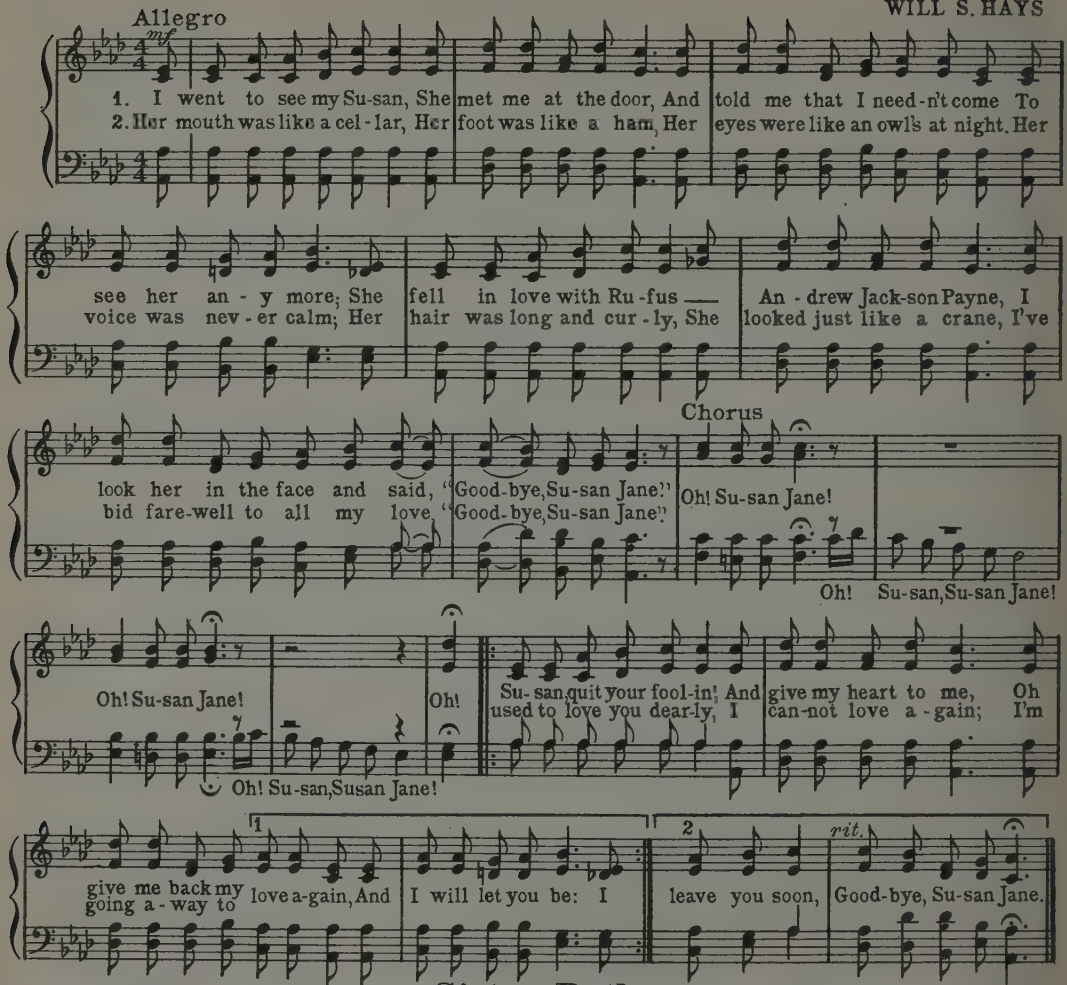

Allegro
mf
How wretched is the anguish Of slaves who are in fetters bound, Each day they hopeless lan-guish In
mis-'ry most pro- found. Oh, pa - tri - ot brave, green shall be thy holy grave, If life you
give Spain's fair realm to save Then rush to take the field, For Spaniards ne'er to foemen yield! Then
rush to take the field, For Spaniards ne'er to foemen yield! Oh, lis-ten to the sum-mons That
calls the pa-tri-ot out a-gain, For vengeance or for tri-umph, To die for freedom and Spain!

## Spring's Message


Cheerfully
mf
cresc.
1. Cuc - koo, Cuc - koo, calls from the tree, Now let us sing and
2. Cuc - koo, Cuc - koo, calls from the tree, Come to the fields so
mf
dance and be mer - ry, Cuc - koo, Cuc - koo, calls from the tree.
plea - sant to see, For Spring - time, Spring - time, comes mer - ri - ly!

# Susan Jane

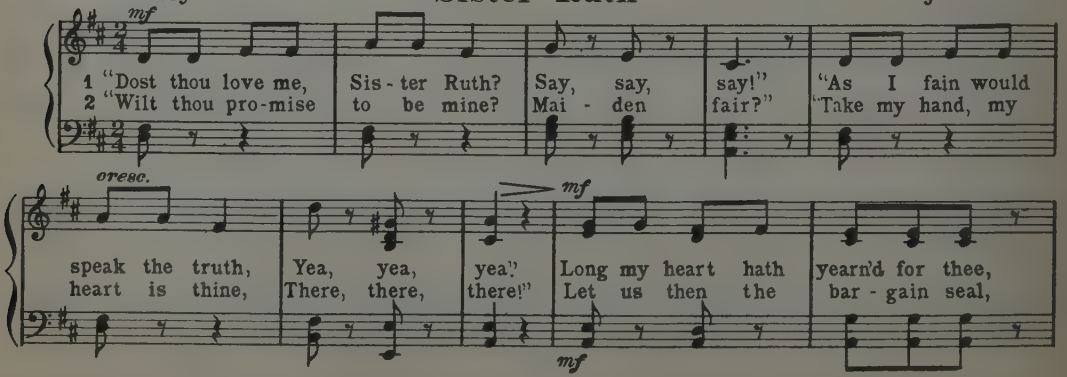
WILL S. HAYS

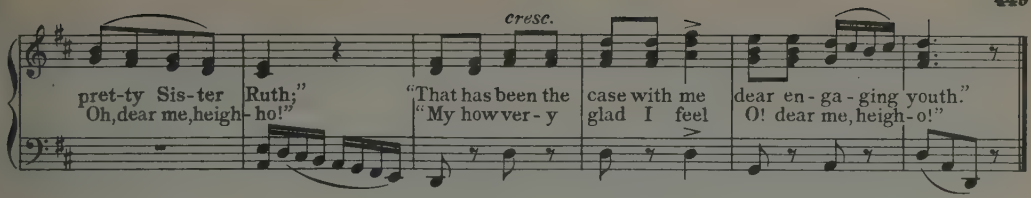

Allegro
mf
1. I went to see my Su-san, She met me at the door, And told me that I need-n't come To see her an - y more; She fell in love with Ru-fus — An - drew Jack-son Payne, I look her in the face and said, "Good-bye, Su-san Jane!"
2. Her mouth was like a cel-lar, Her foot was like a ham, Her eyes were like an owl's at night. Her voice was nev - er calm; Her hair was long and cur - ly, She looked just like a crane, I've bid fare-well to all my love. "Good-bye, Su-san Jane!"
Chorus
Oh! Su-san Jane!
Oh! Su-san, Su-san Jane!
Oh! Su-san Jane!
Oh!
Oh! Su-san, Susan Jane!
Su-san, quit your fool-in'! And give my heart to me, Oh used to love you dear-ly, I can-not love a - gain; I'm
1
give me back my going a - way to love a-gain, And
I will let you be: I
2
leave you soon,
rit.
Good-bye, Su-san Jane.

# Sister Ruth

Slowly

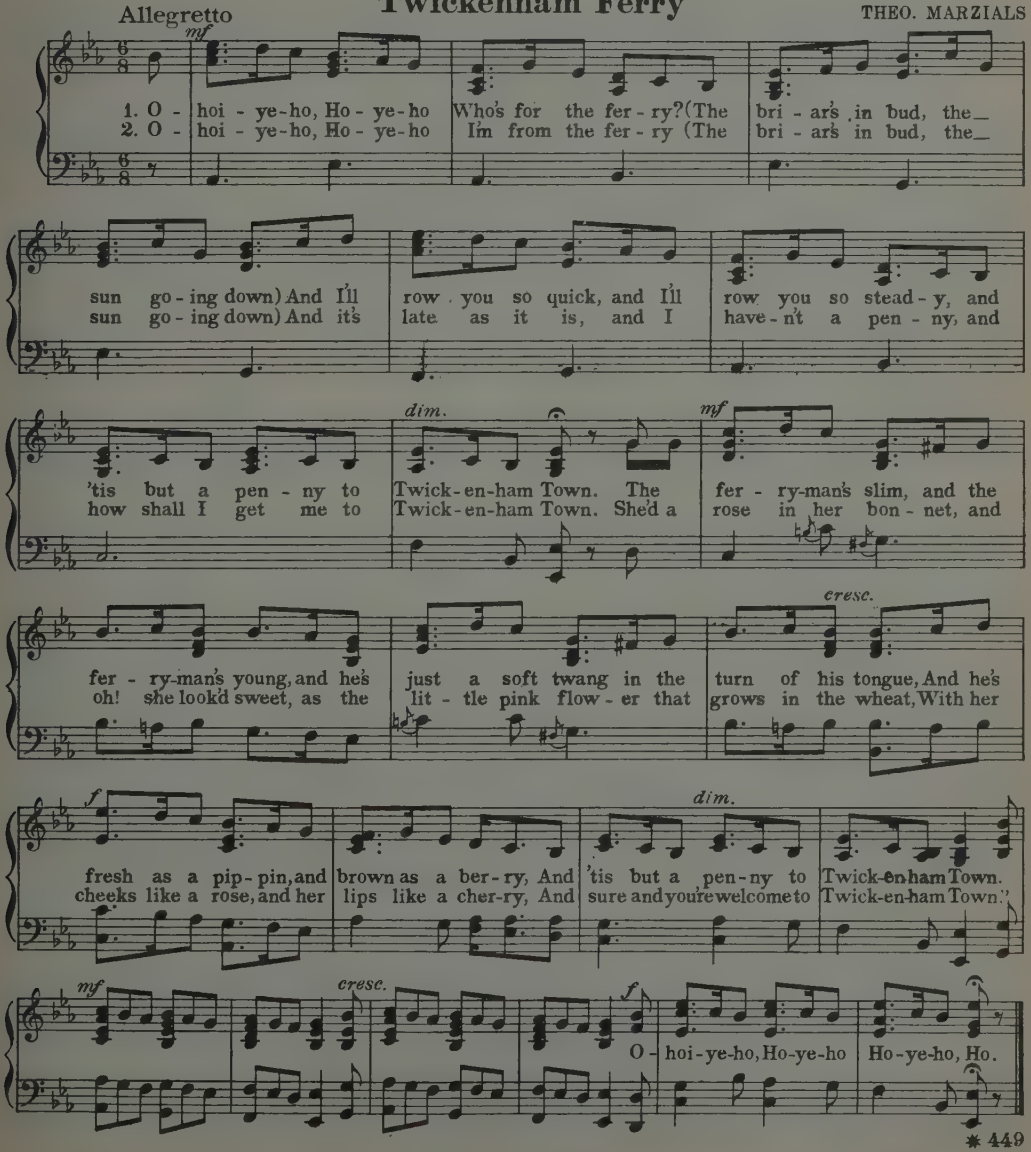
JOS. HADYN


mf
1 "Dost thou love me, Sis - ter Ruth? Say, say, say!" "As I fain would
2 "Wilt thou pro-mise to be mine? Mai - den fair?" "Take my hand, my
oresc.
mf
speak the truth, Yea, yea, yea!" Long my heart hath yearn'd for thee,
heart is thine, There, there, there!" Let us then the bar - gain seal,
mf




## Twickenham Ferry

THEO. MARZIALS


Allegretto
mf
1. O - hoi - ye-ho, Ho - ye-ho
2. O - hoi - ye-ho, Ho - ye-ho
Who's for the fer-ry? (The
I'm from the fer-ry (The
bri-ar's in bud, the
bri-ar's in bud, the
sun go-ing down) And I'll
sun go-ing down) And it's
row you so quick, and I'll
late as it is, and I
row you so stead-y, and
have-n't a pen-ny, and
'tis but a pen-ny to
how shall I get me to
dim.
Twick-en-ham Town. The
Twick-en-ham Town. She'd a
mf
fer-ry-man's slim, and the
rose in her bon-net, and
fer-ry-man's young, and he's
oh! she look'd sweet, as the
just a soft twang in the
lit-tle pink flow-er that
cresc.
turn of his tongue, And he's
grows in the wheat, With her
f
fresh as a pip-pin, and
cheeks like a rose, and her
brown as a ber-ry, And
lips like a cher-ry, And
dim.
'tis but a pen-ny to
sure and you're welcome to
Twick-en-ham Town.
Twick-en-ham Town."
mf
cresc.
f
O - hoi-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho
Ho-ye-ho, Ho.

## The Slumber Song

Andante

1. All is still in sweet-est rest, Be thy sleep se - rene-ly blest! Winds are moan-ing
2. Close each lit - tle, lov - ing eye, Let them like two rose-lets lie; And when pur-pling

o'er the wild, Lul - la - by, sleep on my child; Lul - la - by, sleep on my child, La,
morn shall glow, Still as rose-lets fresh - ly blow, Still as rose-lets fresh - ly blow; La,

lul - la - by, sleep on, my child; May an - gels gleams Per - vade thy dreams!

## Shining Shore

Andante

G. F. ROOT

1. My days are glid-ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil - grim stran-ger, Would not de-tain them
2. Should com - ing days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing - ing; That per-fect rest naught

as they fly, – Those hours of toil and dan - ger.
can mo-lest Where gold - en harps are ring - ing.

CHORUS

For now we stand on Jor-dan's strand, Our

friends are pass-ing o - ver; And just be-fore the shin-ing shore We may al-most dis - cov - er.

## Sleep, Beloved, Sleep

Andantino con moto

W. TAUBERT

1. Sleep, be-lov - ed, sleep; Round thee watch we keep; List — how the rain doth fall,
2. Close thy wea - ry eye; Wind doth rus - tle by; Hare doth lift a list - 'ning ear,

How the neigh-bor's dog doth call: He hath bit - ten some one stray-ing, That's the cause of
As the hun - ter's foot draws near; Coat of green is hun - ter wear - ing But the hare is

all this bay - ing, Round thee care - ful watch we keep. Sleep be - lov - ed sleep.
lit - tle car - ing; Hun - ter can - not come him nigh. Close thy wea - ry eye.

rit. dim.

## Song of a Thousand Years

Maestoso H. C. WORK

*f* *sempre f*

1. Lift up your eyes, desponding freemen! Fling to the winds your needless fears! He who un - furl'd your beauteous
2. What if the clouds, one lit - tle moment, Hide the blue sky when morn ap-pears; When the bright sun that tints them

CHORUS

ban-ner, Says it shall wave a thousand years! "A thousand years!" my own Co - lum-bi - a! 'Tis the glad
crim-son, Ri-ses to shine a thousand years!

day so long fore - told! 'Tis the glad morn whose ear-ly twi-light Wash-ing-ton saw in times of old.

## See-Saw, Margery Daw

Allegretto

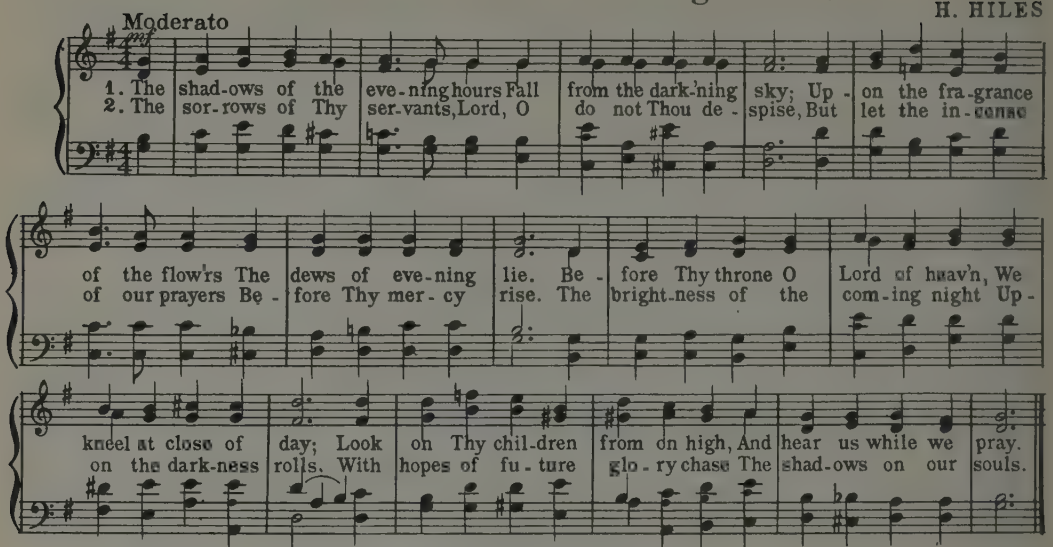
*mf*

See - saw, Mar - ge - ry Daw, Jack shall have a new mas - ter,

He shall have but a pen - ny a day, Be - cause he won't work a - ny fast - er.

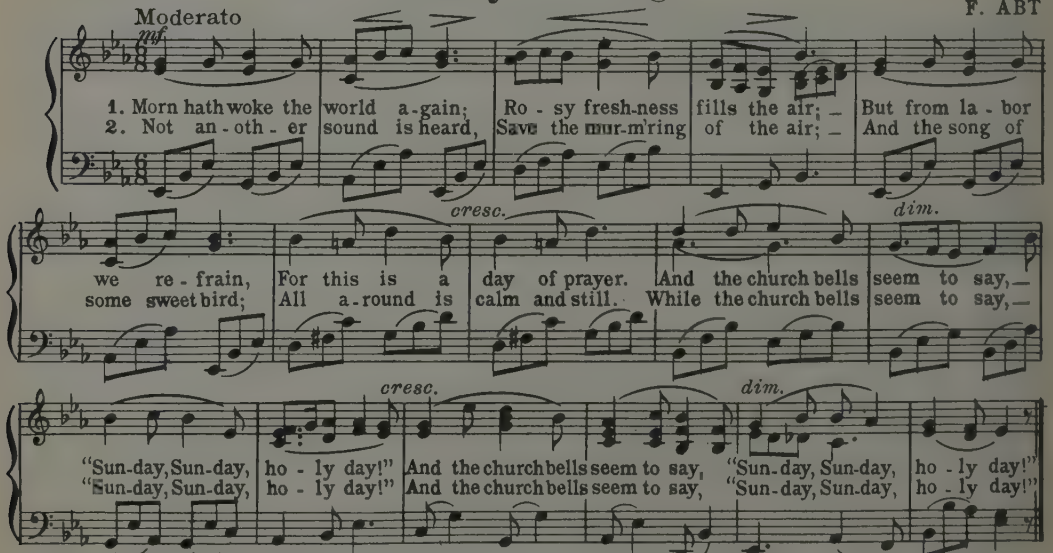
# The Shadows Of The Evening Hours

H. HILES


Moderato
mf
1. The shad-ows of the eve-ning hours Fall from the dark'ning sky; Up-on the fra-grance
2. The sor-rows of Thy ser-vants, Lord, O do not Thou de-spise, But let the in-cense
of the flow'rs The dews of eve-ning lie. Be-fore Thy throne O Lord of heav'n, We
of our prayers Be-fore Thy mer-cy rise. The bright-ness of the com-ing night Up-
kneel at close of day; Look on Thy chil-dren from on high, And hear us while we pray.
on the dark-ness rolls. With hopes of fu-ture glo-ry chase The shad-ows on our souls.

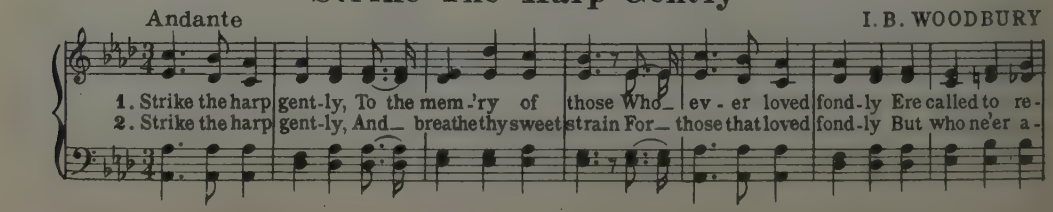
# Sunday Morning

F. ABT


Moderato
mf
1. Morn hath woke the world a-gain; Ro-sy fresh-ness fills the air; But from la-bor
2. Not an-oth-er sound is heard, Save the mur-m'ring of the air; And the song of
cresc.
dim.
we re-frain, For this is a day of prayer. And the church bells seem to say,
some sweet bird; All a-round is calm and still. While the church bells seem to say,
cresc.
dim.
"Sun-day, Sun-day, ho-ly day!" And the church bells seem to say, "Sun-day, Sun-day, ho-ly day!"
"Sun-day, Sun-day, ho-ly day!" And the church bells seem to say, "Sun-day, Sun-day, ho-ly day!"

# Strike The Harp Gently

I. B. WOODBURY


Andante
1. Strike the harp gent-ly, To the mem-'ry of those Who ev-er loved fond-ly Ere called to re-
2. Strike the harp gent-ly, And breathe thy sweet strain For those that loved fond-ly But who ne'er a-

pose Be - neath the green turf, Where the wild flow-ers bloom, Scent-ing the earth And em-
gain Can meet to ca - ress thee In all this lone world, The dear ones are hap - py With

broid-ring the tomb;
ser-aphs un-told; Oh! strike the harp gently To the mem-'ry of those Who ev-er loved fondly Ere called to re-pose.

"MAGIC FLUTE"

## Song Of The Fowler

W. A. MOZART

Allegretto

*mf*

1. A fowl-er bold in me you see, A man of mirth and min-strel-sy; My name is ev-er in de-mand, With
2. I am a fowl-er bold and free, A man of mirth and min-strel-sy; My name is ev-er in de-mand, With

old and young thro'-out the land. I set my traps, the birds flock round, I whis-tle and they
old and young thro'-out the land. A - far from men who delve with spades, Ho! mine's the rar-est

know the sound, For wealth my lot I'd not re-sign, For ev-'ry bird that flies is mine.
of all trades! For e'en the sweep of moun-tain blast But brings my birds all fly-ing fast.

## Swiss National Hymn

Andante Vigoroso

*f*

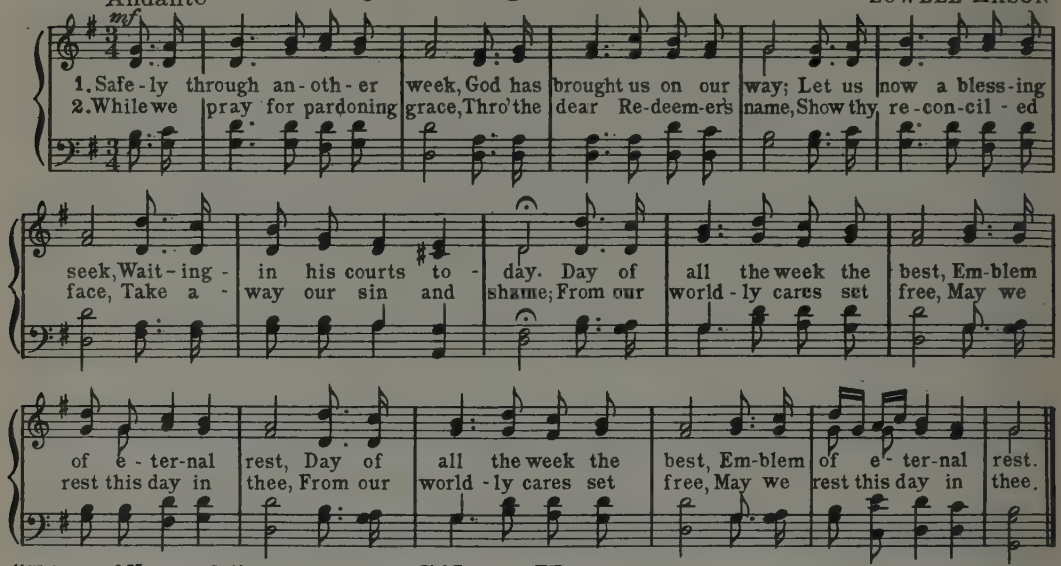
1. Call'st thou, my Fa-ther-land? See us with heart and hand, Fight-ing for Thee! Hail Thee, Hel-
2. *Rufst du, mein Va-ter-land? Siehst uns mit Herz und Hand, All dir ge weiht! Heil dir, Hel-*

ve-ti-a! Still hast thou sons of yore, Such as Saint Ja-cob saw, Joy-ful for the strife!
*ve-ti-a! Hast noch der Söh-ne ja, Wie sie Sankt Ja-cob sah' Frend voll zum Streit!*

## Safely Through Another Week

Andante

LOWELL MASON

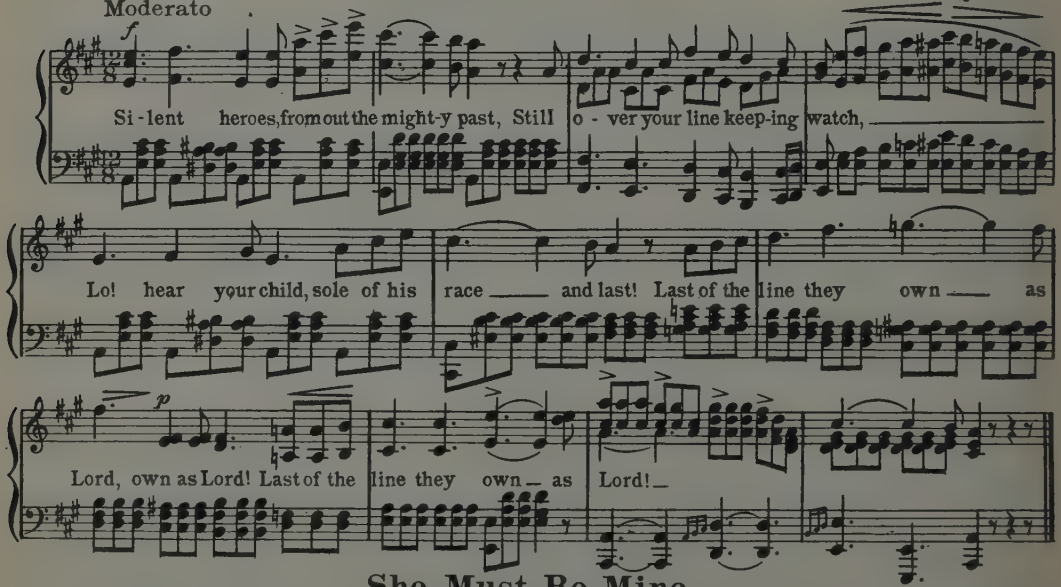

mf
1. Safe-ly through an-oth-er week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a bless-ing
2. While we pray for pardoning grace, Thro' the dear Re-deem-er's name, Show thy re-con-cil-ed
seek, Wait-ing- in his courts to- day. Day of all the week the best, Em-blem
face, Take a- way our sin and shame; From our world-ly cares set free, May we
of e-ter-nal rest this day in rest, Day of thee, From our all the week the world-ly cares set best, Em-blem free, May we of e-ter-nal rest this day in rest. thee.

"Chimes of Normandy"

## Silent Heroes

R. PLANQUETTE.

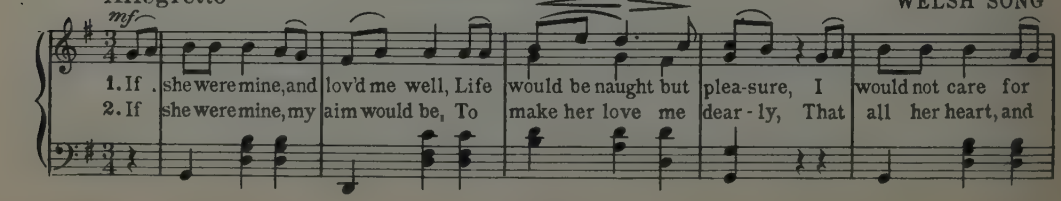
Moderato

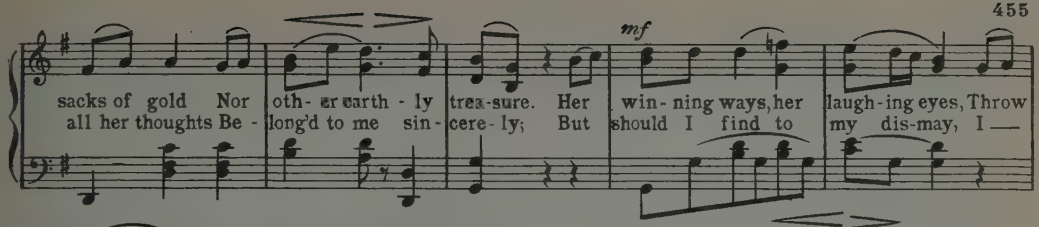

f
Si-lent heroes, from out the might-y past, Still o-ver your line keep-ing watch,
Lo! hear your child, sole of his race and last! Last of the line they own as
p
Lord, own as Lord! Last of the line they own as Lord!

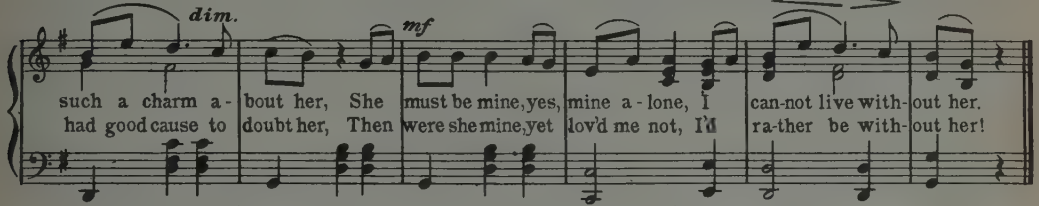
## She Must Be Mine

Allegretto

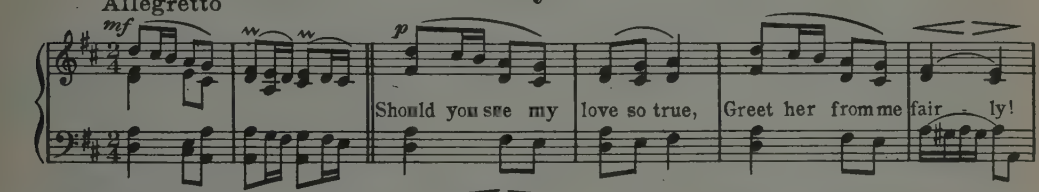
WELSH SONG

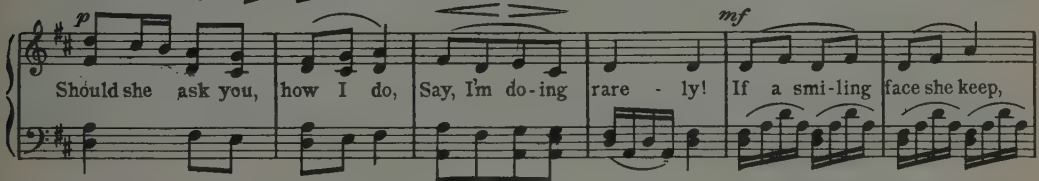

mf
1. If she were mine, and lov'd me well, Life would be naught but plea-sure, I would not care for
2. If she were mine, my aim would be, To make her love me dear-ly, That all her heart, and

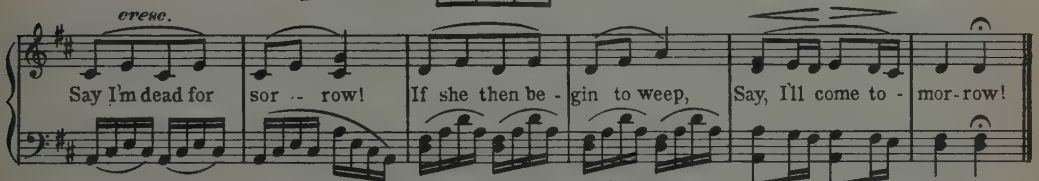

mf
sacks of gold Nor oth- er earth - ly trea-sure. Her win- ning ways, her laugh-ing eyes, Throw
all her thoughts Be - long'd to me sin - cere - ly; But should I find to my dis-may, I —


dim.
mf
such a charm a - bout her, She must be mine, yes, mine a - lone, I can-not live with- out her.
had good cause to doubt her, Then were she mine, yet lov'd me not, I'd ra-ther be with- out her!

## Should You See My Love So True

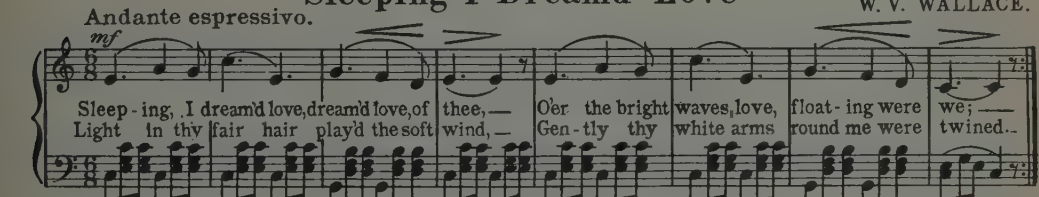


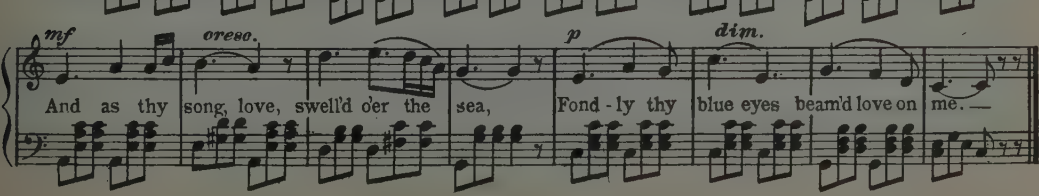




## Sleeping I Dream'd Love

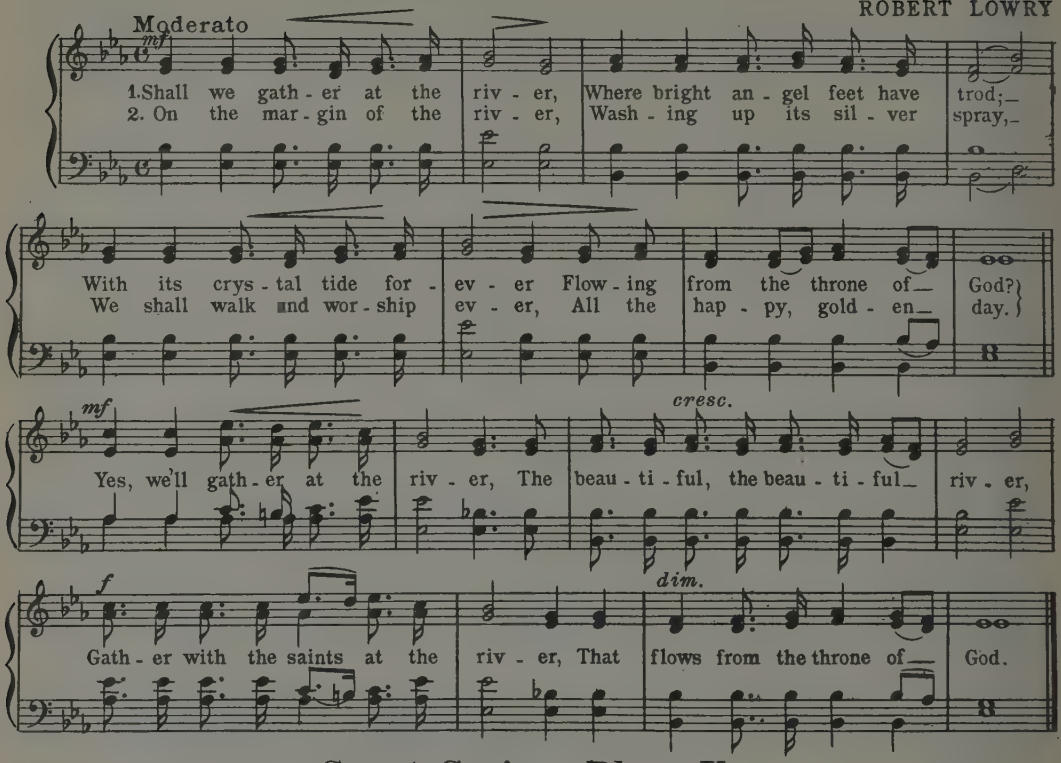
W. V. WALLACE.


Andante espressivo.
mf
Sleep - ing, I dream'd love, dream'd love, of thee, — O'er the bright waves, love, float - ing were we; —
Light in thy fair hair play'd the soft wind, — Gen - tly thy white arms round me were twined.



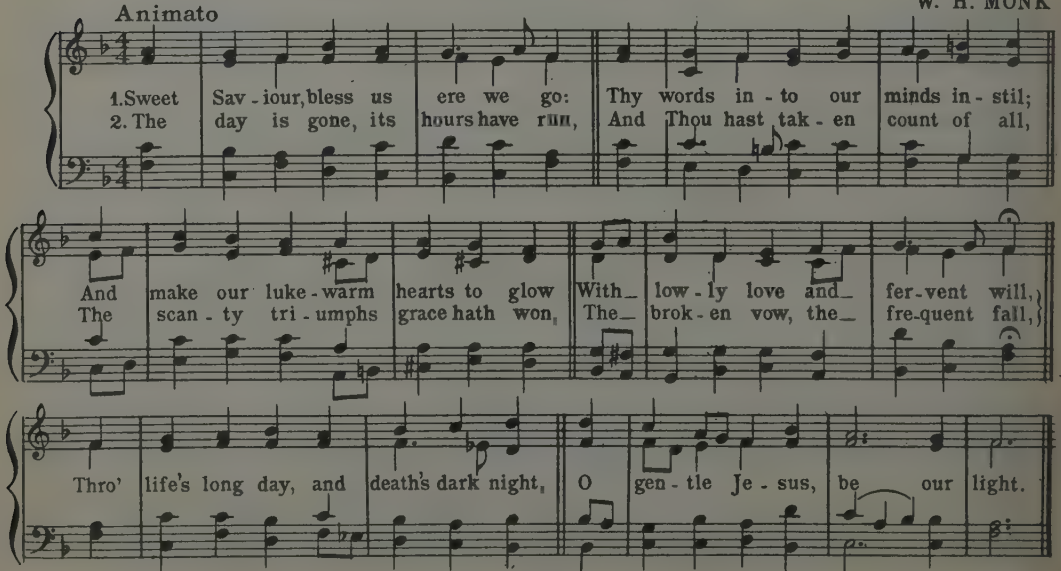
# Shall We Gather At The River?

ROBERT LOWRY


Moderato
mf
1.Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an - gel feet have trod;—
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,—
With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow - ing from the throne of— God?
We shall walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en— day.
mf
Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful— riv - er,
cresc.
f
Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er, That flows from the throne of— God.
dim.

# Sweet Saviour, Bless Us

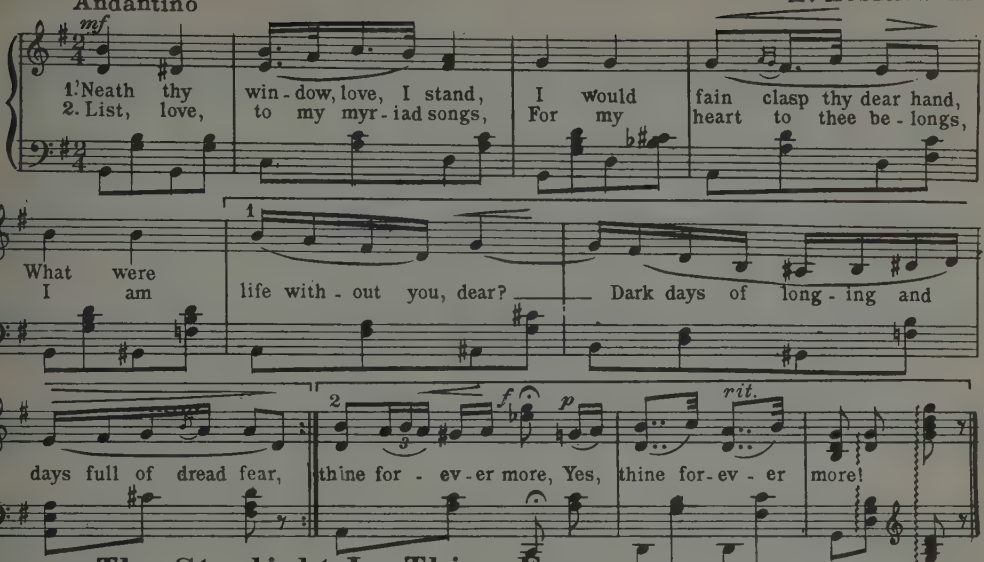
W. H. MONK


Animato
1.Sweet Sav - iour, bless us ere we go: Thy words in - to our minds in - stil;
2. The day is gone, its hours have run, And Thou hast tak - en count of all,
And make our luke - warm hearts to glow With— low - ly love and— fer - vent will,
The scan - ty tri - umphs grace hath won, The— brok - en vow, the— fre - quent fall,
Thro' life's long day, and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our light.

## Serenade

M. MOSZKOWSKI

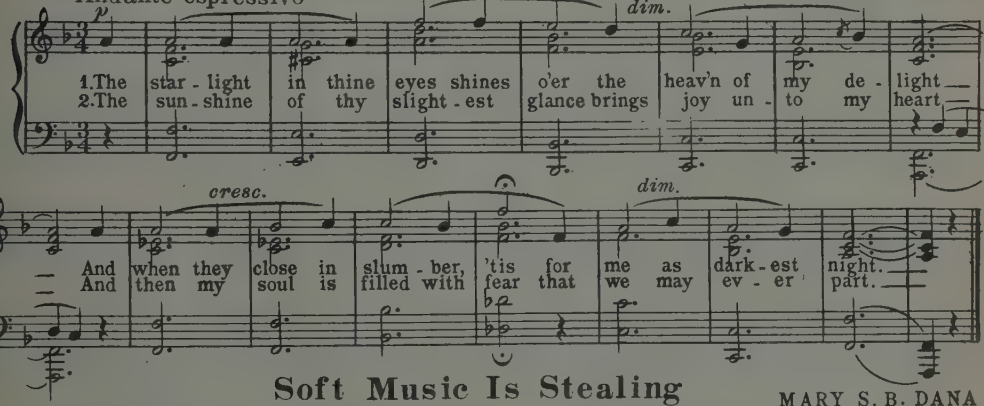
Andantino


mf
1. Neath thy win - dow, love, I stand, I would fain clasp thy dear hand,
2. List, love, to my myr - iad songs, For my heart to thee be - longs,
What were I am life with - out you, dear? Dark days of long - ing and
1
2
f
p
rit.
days full of dread fear, thine for - ev - er more, Yes, thine for - ev - er more!

## The Starlight In Thine Eyes

GEOFFREY HUNT

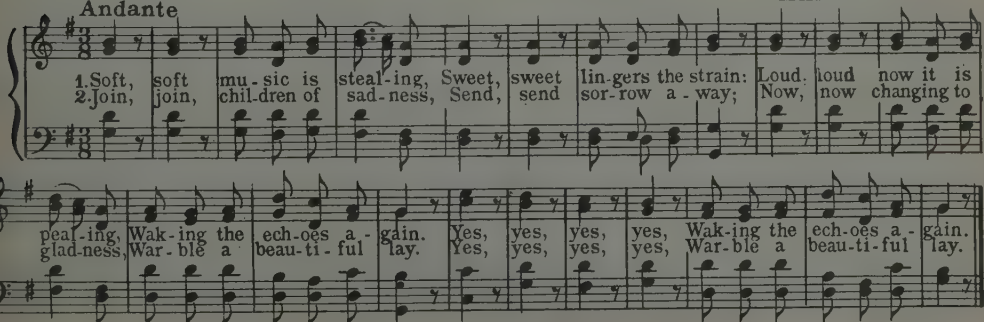
Andante espressivo


p
dim.
1. The star - light in thine eyes shines o'er the heav'n of my de - light
2. The sun - shine of thy slight - est glance brings joy un - to my heart
cresc.
dim.
And when they close in slum - ber, 'tis for me as dark - est night.
And then my soul is filled with fear that we may ev - er part.

## Soft Music Is Stealing

MARY S. B. DANA

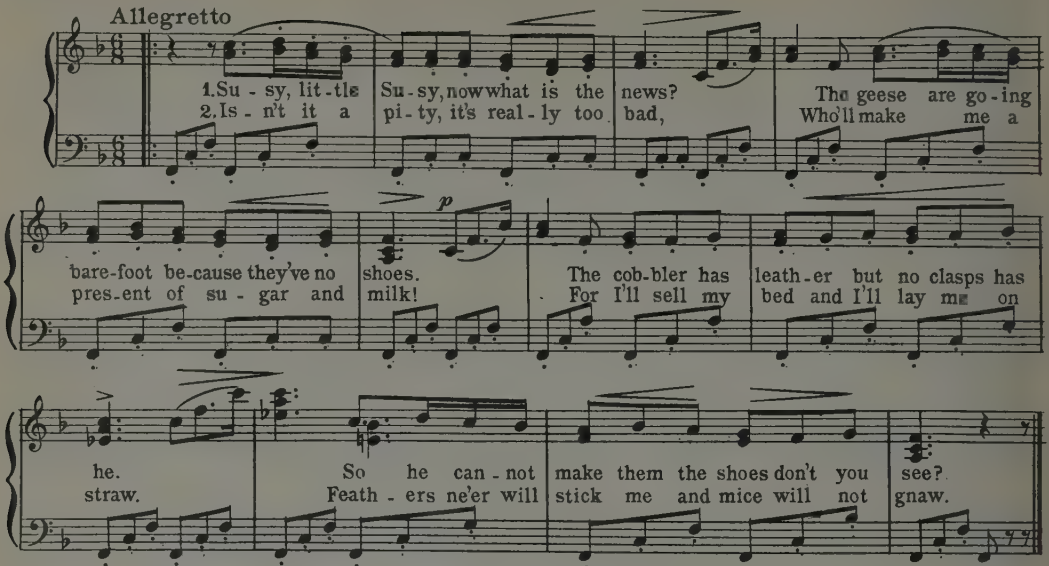
Andante


1. Soft, soft mu - sic is steal - ing, Sweet, sweet lin - gers the strain: Loud, loud now it is
2. Join, join, chil - dren of sad - ness, Send, send sor - row a - way; Now, now changing to
peal - ing, Wak - ing the ech - oes a - gain. Yes, yes, yes, yes, Wak - ing the ech - oes a - gain.
glad - ness, War - ble a beau - ti - ful lay. Yes, yes, yes, yes, War - ble a beau - ti - ful lay.

## Susy, Little Susy

E. HUMPERDINCK

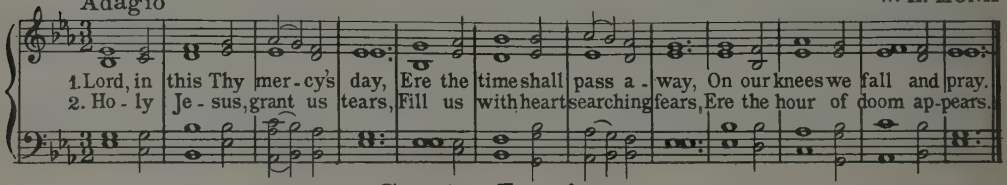
Allegretto


1.Su - sy, lit - tle Su - sy, now what is the news? The geese are go - ing
2.Is - n't it a pi - ty, it's real - ly too bad, Who'll make me a
p
bare-foot be-cause they've no shoes. The cob-bler has leath-er but no clasps has
pres-ent of su - gar and milk! For I'll sell my bed and I'll lay me on
he. So he can - not make them the shoes don't you see?
straw. Feath - ers ne'er will stick me and mice will not gnaw.

## Song Of Mercy

W. H. MONK

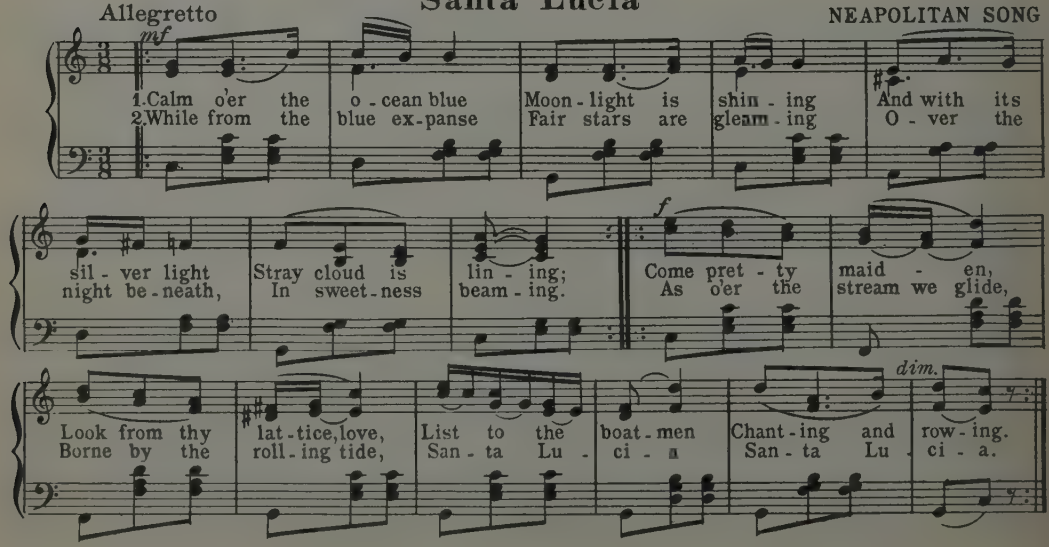
Adagio


1.Lord, in this Thy mer - cy's day, Ere the time shall pass a - way, On our knees we fall and pray.
2. Ho - ly Je - sus, grant us tears, Fill us with heart searching fears, Ere the hour of doom ap-pears.

## Santa Lucia

NEAPOLITAN SONG

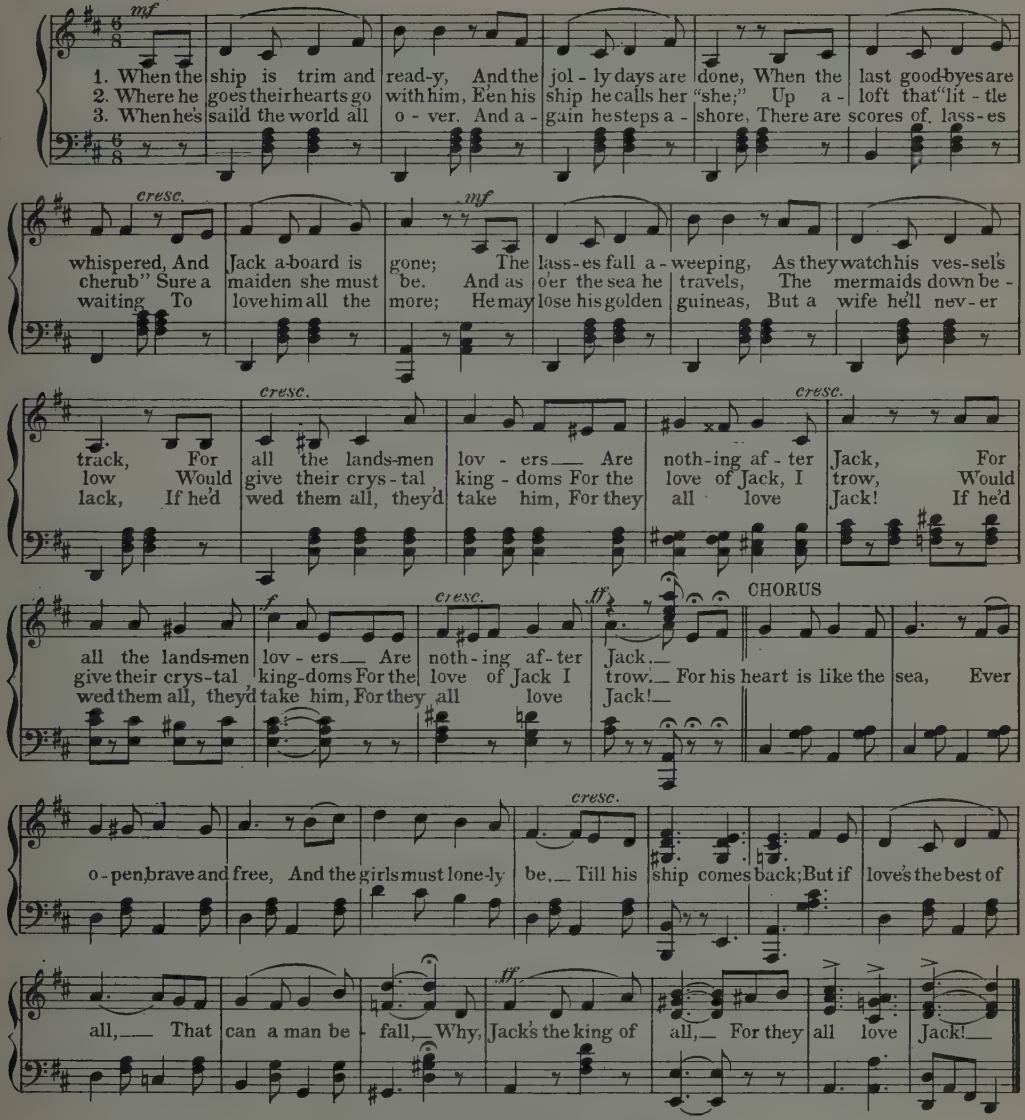
Allegretto


mf
1.Calm o'er the o - cean blue Moon - light is shin - ing And with its
2.While from the blue ex-panse Fair stars are gleam - ing O - ver the
sil - ver light Stray cloud is lin - ing;
night be - neath, In sweet - ness beam - ing.
f
Come pret - ty maid - en,
As o'er the stream we glide,
dim.
Look from thy lat - tice, love,
Borne by the roll - ing tide,
List to the boat - men
San - ta Lu - ci - a
Chant - ing and row - ing.
San - ta Lu - ci - a.

Allegro

## They All Love Jack

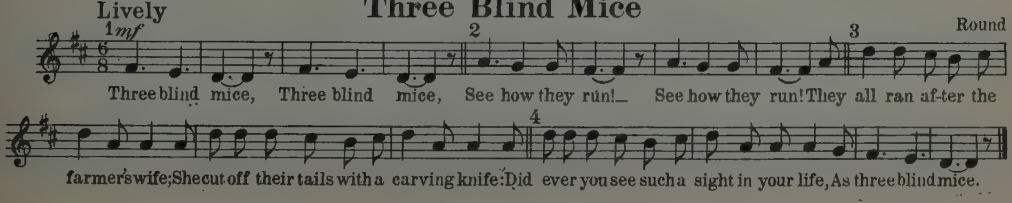
STEPHEN ADAMS


mf
1. When the ship is trim and read-y, And the jol - ly days are done, When the last good-byes are
2. Where he goes their hearts go with him, E'en his ship he calls her "she;" Up a - loft that "lit - tle
3. When he's said the world all o - ver. And a - gain he steps a - shore, There are scores of lass-es
cresc.
whispered, And Jack a-board is gone; The lass-es fall a - weeping, As they watch his ves-sel's
cherub" Sure a maiden she must be. And as o'er the sea he travels, The mermaids down be -
waiting To love him all the more; He may lose his golden guineas, But a wife he'll nev - er
cresc.
track, For all the lands-men lov - ers Are noth-ing af - ter Jack, For
low Would give their crys - tal king - doms For the love of Jack, I trow, Would
lack, If he'd wed them all, they'd take him, For they all love Jack! If he'd
f
cresc.
ff
CHORUS
all the lands-men lov - ers Are noth - ing af - ter Jack.
give their crys-tal king-doms For the love of Jack I trow. For his heart is like the sea, Ever
wed them all, they'd take him, For they all love Jack!
cresc.
o - pen, brave and free, And the girls must lone-ly be. Till his ship comes back; But if love's the best of
ff
all, That can a man be - fall, Why, Jack's the king of all, For they all love Jack!

Lively

## Three Blind Mice

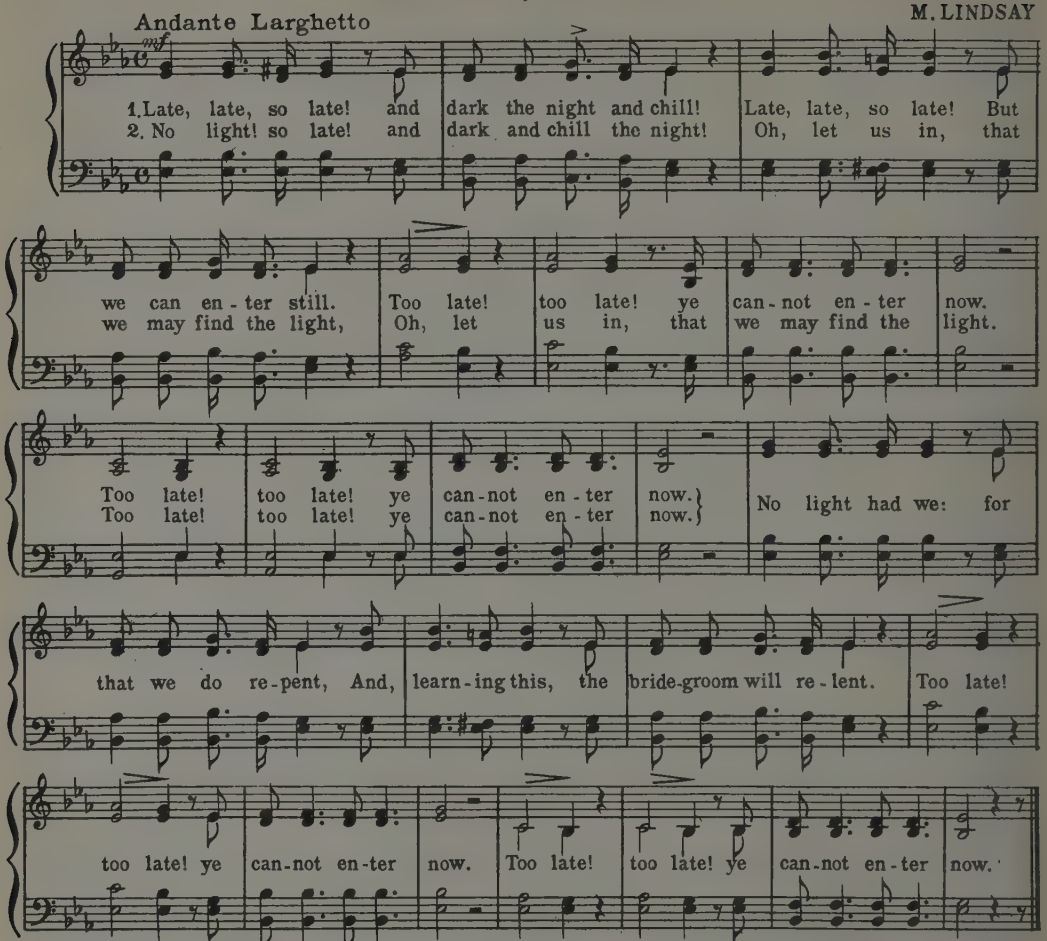
Round


1 mf
2
3
4
Three blind mice, Three blind mice, See how they run! See how they run! They all ran af-ter the
farmer's wife; She cut off their tails with a carving knife: Did ever you see such a sight in your life, As three blind mice.

# Too Late, Too Late!

Andante Larghetto

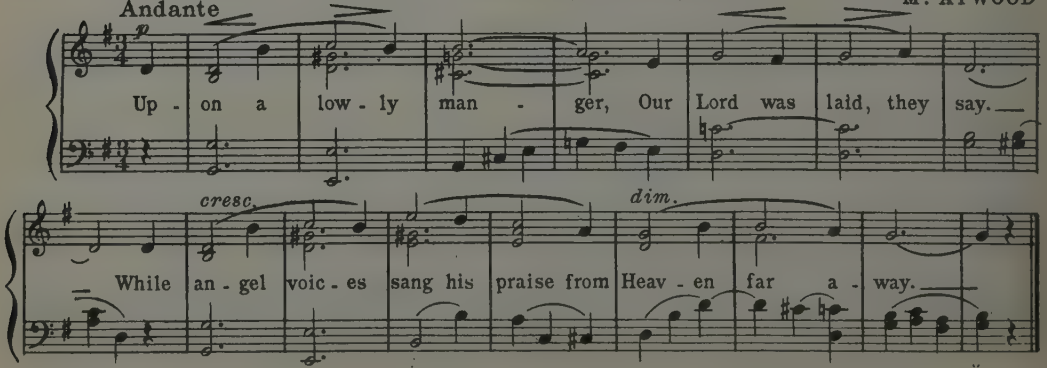
M. LINDSAY


mf
1. Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill! Late, late, so late! But
2. No light! so late! and dark and chill the night! Oh, let us in, that
we can en - ter still. Too late! too late! ye can - not en - ter now.
we may find the light, Oh, let us in, that we may find the light.
Too late! too late! ye can - not en - ter now.
Too late! too late! ye can - not en - ter now.
No light had we: for
that we do re - pent, And, learn - ing this, the bride-groom will re - lent. Too late!
too late! ye can - not en - ter now. Too late! too late! ye can - not en - ter now.

# Upon A Lowly Manger

Andante

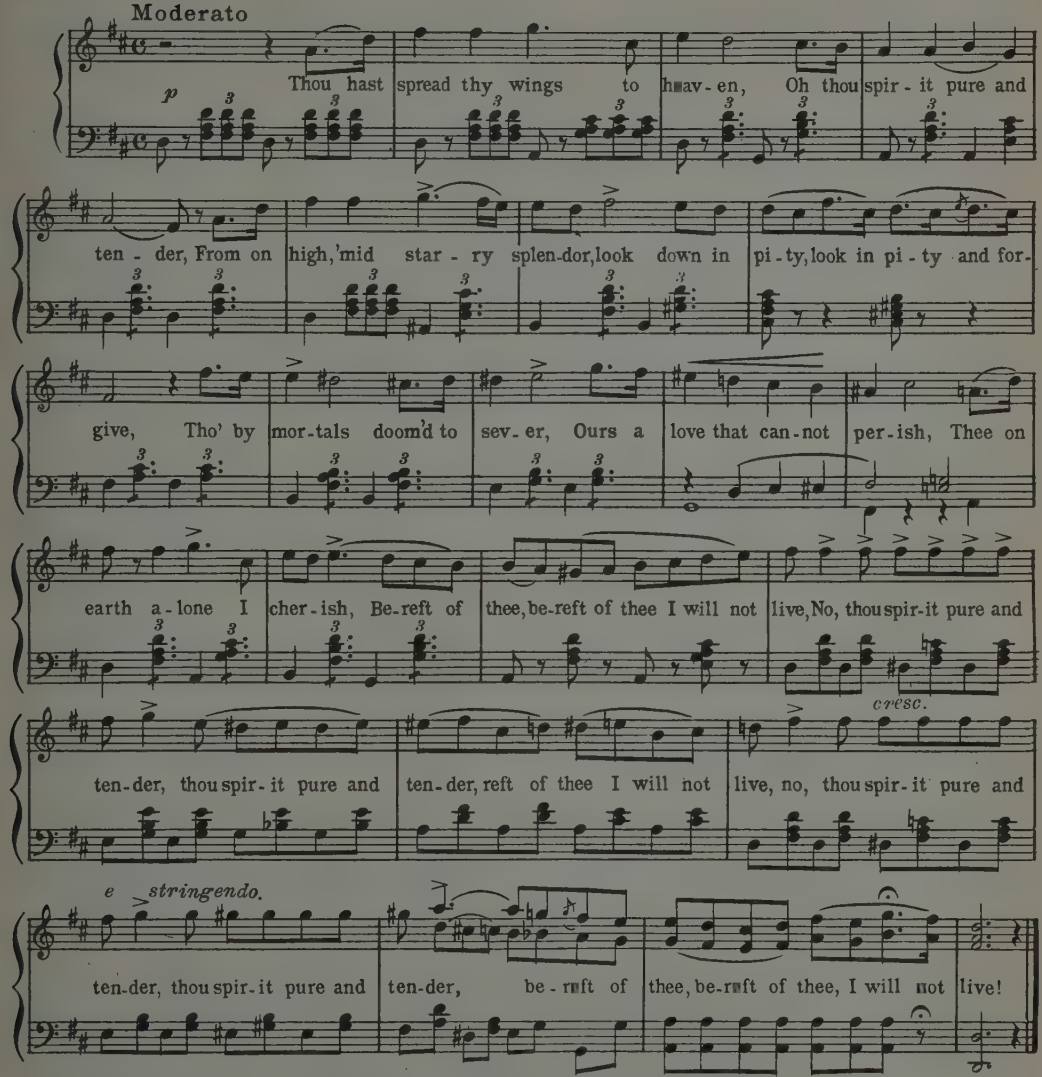
M. ATWOOD



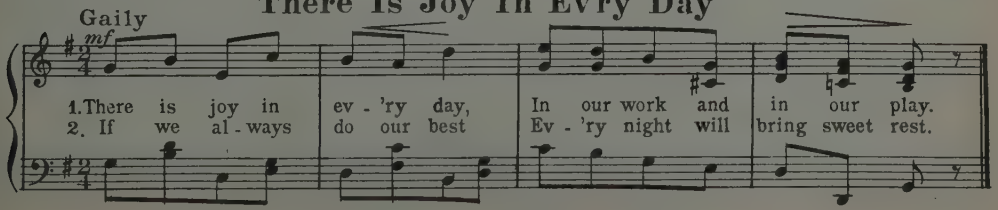
# Thou Hast Spread Thy Wings To Heaven

"LUCIA"

G.DONIZETTI


Moderato
p
Thou hast spread thy wings to hav-en, Oh thou spir-it pure and
ten-der, From on high, 'mid star-ry splen-dor, look down in pi-ty, look in pi-ty and for-
give, Tho' by mor-tals doom'd to sev-er, Ours a love that can-not per-ish, Thee on
earth a-lone I cher-ish, Be-reft of thee, be-reft of thee I will not live, No, thou spir-it pure and
cresc.
ten-der, thou spir-it pure and ten-der, reft of thee I will not live, no, thou spir-it pure and
e stringendo.
ten-der, thou spir-it pure and ten-der, be-reft of thee, be-reft of thee, I will not live!

## There Is Joy In Ev'ry Day



# The Torpedo And The Whale

Allegretto

E. AUDRAN

1. In the North sea liv'd a whale, In the North sea liv'd a whale, In the North sea
2. All went well un - til one day, All went well un - til one day, All went well un -
3. "Just you make tracks" cried the whale, "Just you make tracks" cried the whale, "Just you make tracks"
liv'd a whale, Big in bone and large in tail, Big in bone and large in tail,
til one day, Came a strange fish in the bay, Came a strange fish in the bay,
cried the whale, Then he lashed out with his tail, Then he lashed out with his tail,
Humming
Oh! Oh! Oh!
This whale used un-
This fish was in-
The fish be - ing
du - ly, To swag-ger and bul - ly, And oh! and oh! The la - dies lov'd him
deed, oh! A Wool-wich tor - pe - do But oh! but oh! The big whale did not
load - ed, Then and there ex - plo - ded And oh! and oh! That whale was seen no
so! This whale used un - du - ly, To swag-ger and bul - ly, And oh! and oh! The
know. This fish was in - deed, oh! A Wool-wich tor - pe - do; But oh! but oh! The
more. The fish be - ing load - ed, Then and there ex - plo - ded, And oh! and oh! That
1-2
3
la - dies lov'd him so!
big whale did not know.
whale was seen no more!

# Thy Name Was Once The Magic Spell

Moderato

A.COWELL

*mf*

1. Thy name was once the ma - gic spell By which my heart was bound, And burn-ing dreams of
2. Long years, long years have passed a - way And al - tered is thy brow, And we who met so

light and love, Were wa-kened by that sound, My heart beat quick, when stran-ger tongues With
fond - ly once, Must meet as stran-gers now; The friends of yore come round me still, But

i - dle praise or blame A - woke its deep-est thrill of life, To trem - ble at thy name.
talk no more of thee; 'Tis i - dle e'en to wish it now For what art thou to me!

# Turkey In The Straw

Allegro

*f*

I went down to San - dy Hook de od-er ar-ter-noon, I went down to San - dy Hook de

od-er ar-ter-noon, I went down to Sandy Hook de od-er ar-ter-noon, And de fust man I met dere was

*Fine*

ole Zip Coon, Old Zip Coon is a ver-y learned scholar Old Zip Coon is a ver-y learned scholar,

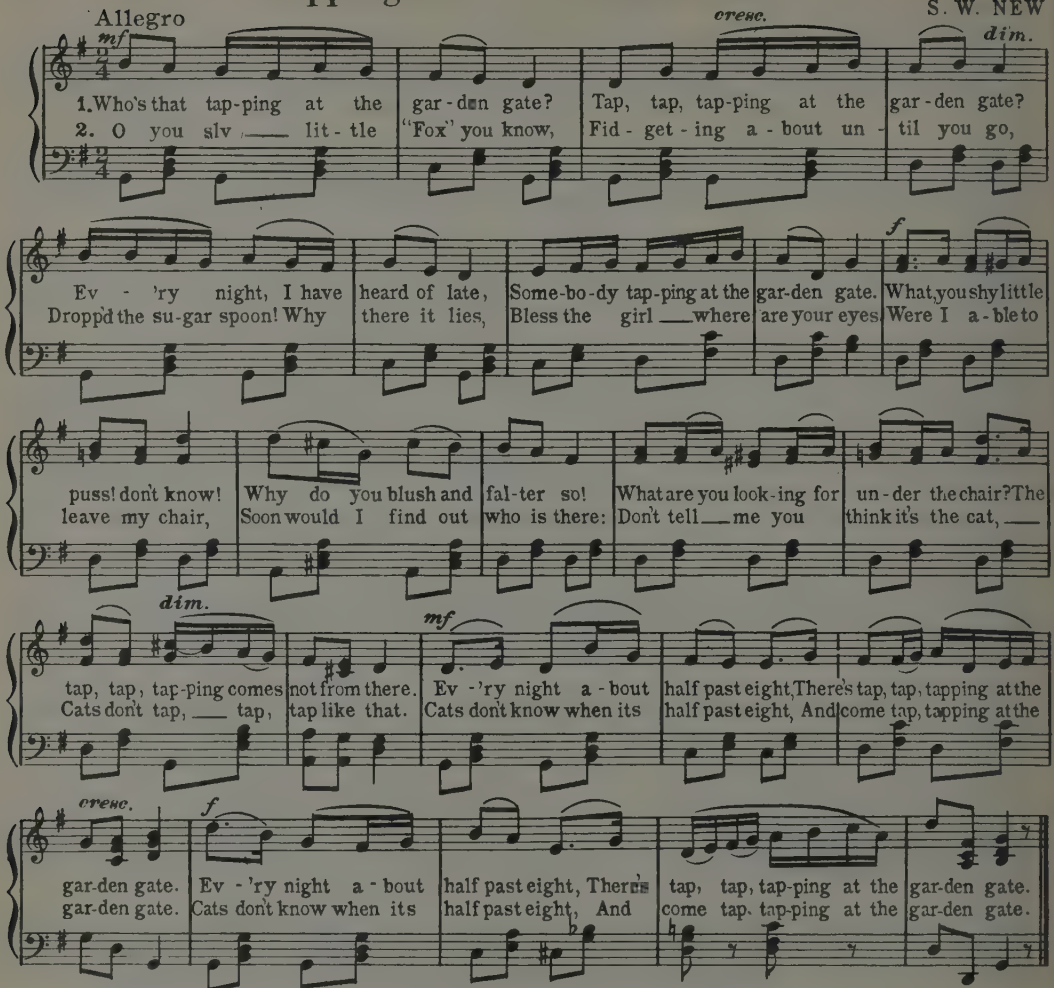
*D.C.*

Old Zip Coon is a ver-y learned scholar, And he plays up-on de ban-jo "Coon-ey in de hol-ler."

# Tapping At The Garden Gate

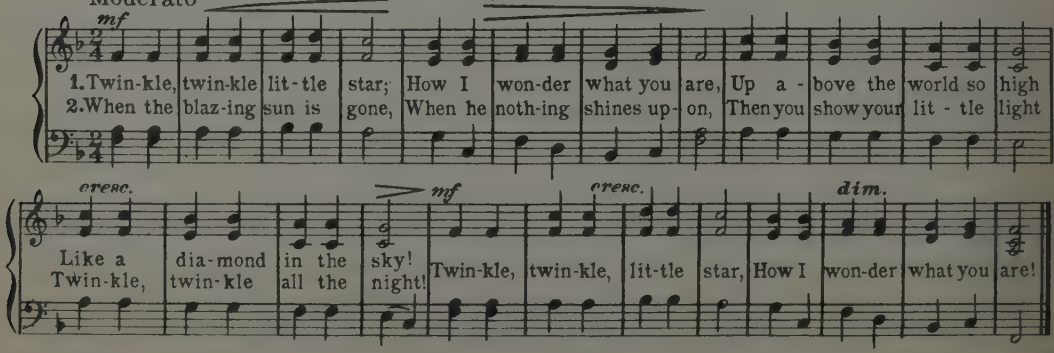
Allegro

S. W. NEW


mf
cresc.
dim.
1. Who's that tap-ping at the gar-den gate? Tap, tap, tap-ping at the gar-den gate?
2. O you sly ___ lit-tle "Fox" you know, Fid-get-ing a-bout un-til you go,
Ev-'ry night, I have heard of late, Some-bo-dy tap-ping at the gar-den gate. What, you shy little
Dropp'd the su-gar spoon! Why there it lies, Bless the girl ___ where are your eyes. Were I a-ble to
f
puss! don't know! Why do you blush and fal-ter so! What are you look-ing for un-der the chair? The
leave my chair, Soon would I find out who is there: Don't tell ___ me you think it's the cat, ___
dim.
mf
tap, tap, tap-ping comes not from there. Ev-'ry night a-bout half past eight, There's tap, tap, tapping at the
Cats don't tap, ___ tap, tap like that. Cats don't know when its half past eight, And come tap, tapping at the
cresc.
f
gar-den gate. Ev-'ry night a-bout half past eight, There's tap, tap, tap-ping at the gar-den gate.
gar-den gate. Cats don't know when its half past eight, And come tap, tap-ping at the gar-den gate.

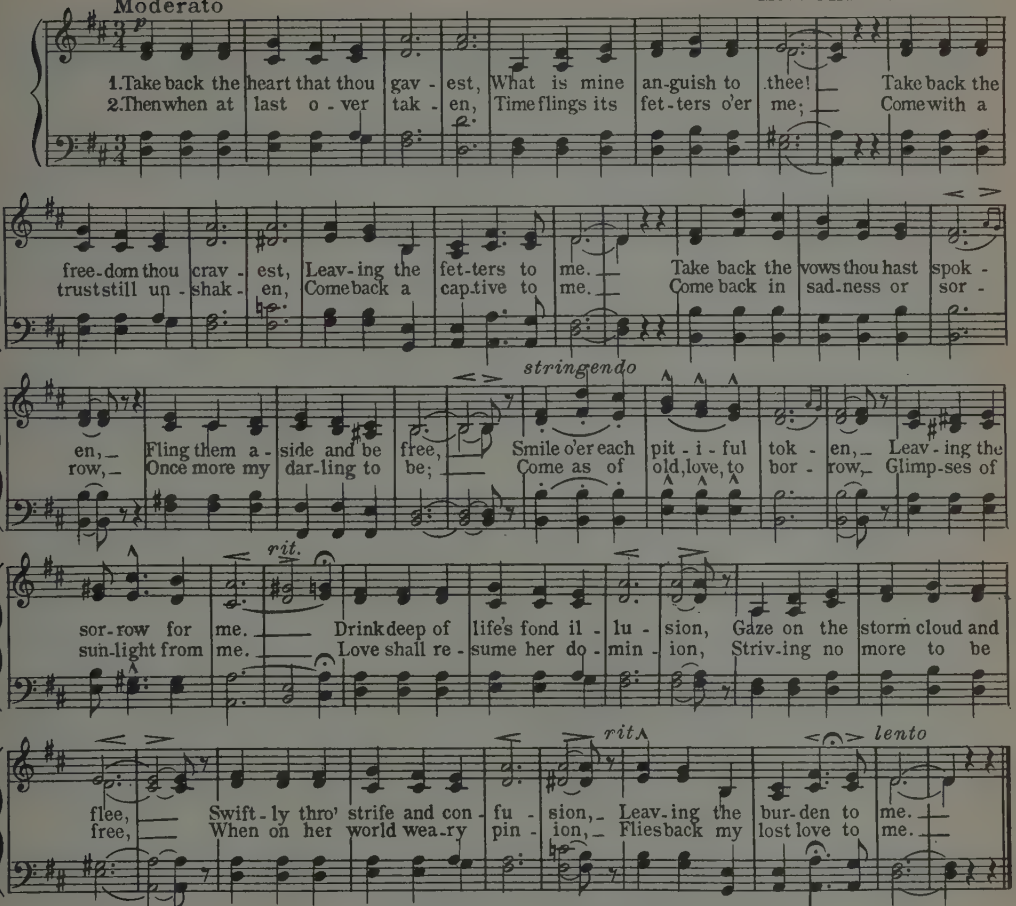
# Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star

Moderato

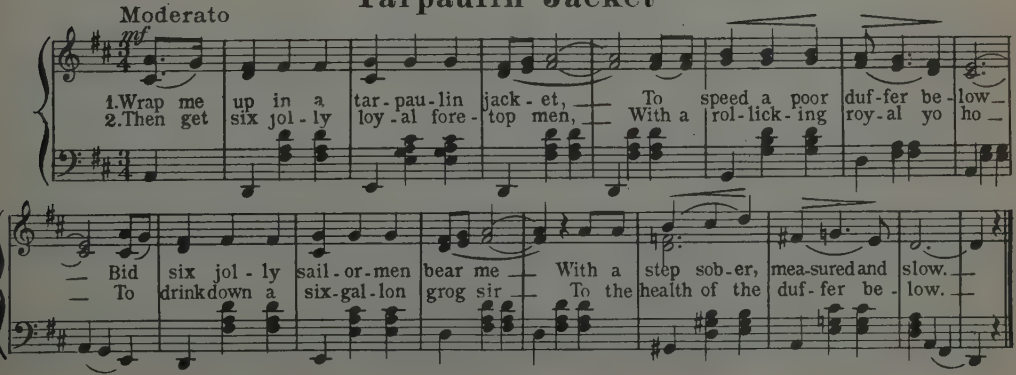

mf
1. Twin-kle, twin-kle lit-tle star; How I won-der what you are, Up a-bove the world so high
2. When the blaz-ing sun is gone, When he noth-ing shines up-on, Then you show your lit-tle light
cresc.
mf
cresc.
dim.
Like a dia-mond in the sky! Twin-kle, twin-kle, lit-tle star, How I won-der what you are!
Twin-kle, twin-kle all the night!

# Take Back The Heart

Mrs. CHAS. BARNARD


Moderato
1.Take back the heart that thou gav - est, What is mine an-guish to thee! Take back the
2.Then when at last o - ver tak - en, Time flings its fet-ters o'er me; Come with a
free-dom thou crav - est, Leav-ing the fet-ters to me. Take back the vows thou hast spok -
trust still un - shak - en, Come back a cap-tive to me. Come back in sad-ness or sor -
stringendo
en, Fling them a - side and be free, Smile o'er each pit - i - ful tok - en, Leav-ing the
row, Once more my dar-ling to be; Come as of old, love, to bor - row, Glimp-ses of
rit.
sor-row for me. Drink deep of life's fond il - lu - sion, Gaze on the storm cloud and
sun-light from me. Love shall re - sume her do - min - ion, Striv-ing no more to be
rit
lento
flee, Swift - ly thro' strife and con - fu - sion, Leav-ing the bur-den to me.
free, When on her world wea-ry pin - ion, Flies back my lost love to me.

# Tarpaulin Jacket


Moderato
mf
1.Wrap me up in a tar-pau-lin jack - et, To speed a poor duf-fer be - low
2.Then get six jol - ly loy - al fore - top men, With a rol-lick-ing roy-al yo ho
Bid six jol - ly sail - or-men bear me With a step sob-er, mea-sured and slow.
To drink down a six-gal-lon grog sir To the health of the duf-fer be - low.

# Twenty Years Ago

A. L. GATTY

Allegretto

*mf*

1. Those bon - ny glades of Gir - van woods, full twen - ty years a - go, When stars came out to
2. We walk'd to - geth - er thou and I, we part - ed, ah! too soon, But e'er we left our

look at us who wan - der'd to and fro, There oft we lin - ger'd, *cresc.* hand in hand, and
lips had met be - neath the sum - mer moon; Yes, oft I dream of Gir - van woods, but

what kind words were said, With ten-der light shed o - ver us thru' branches o - ver head. With
of - ten - er of thee, For Gir-van woods are all laid low, but thou still lov - est me. For

*a tempo* ten-der light shed o - ver us thru' *rit.e cresc.* branches o-ver head. Ah!
Gir-van woods are all laid low, but thou still lovest me.

Andante *mf espressivo*

oft I dream of Gir - van woods, the

*cresc.* woods we loved so well, And *f* those dear alleys Where the shade of *rit.e dim.* white boll'd beach trees fell.

# The Two Roses

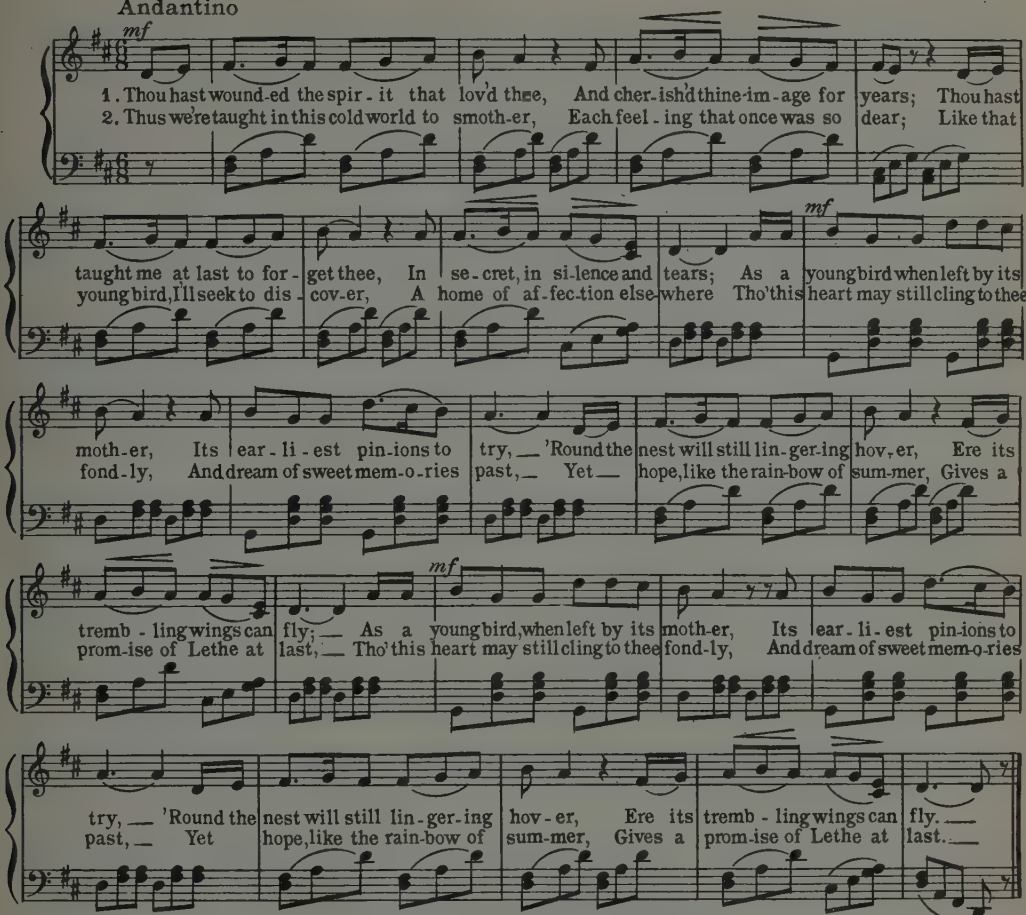
Andante

*mf*

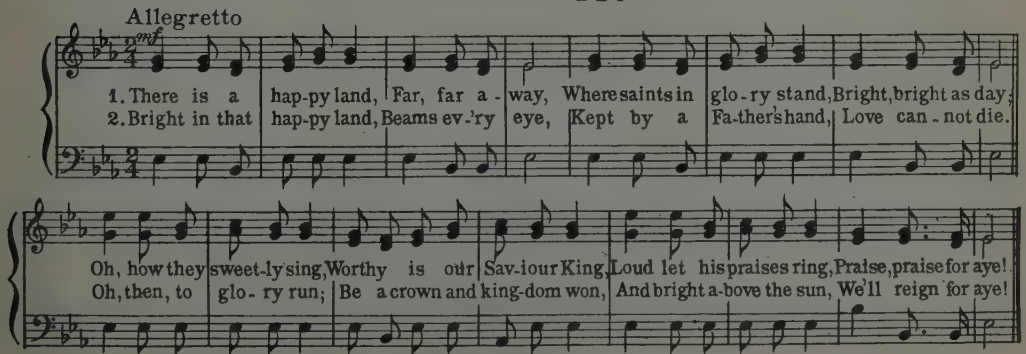
1. On a bank two ros - es fair, *cresc.* Wet with morn - ing show - ers, *p* Fill'd with dew, in fra - grance grew,
2. This in leaves of white ar - ray'd, Not a speck to dim them. So I find the spot - less mind

As I, pen - sive, full of care, *mf* Gather'd two sweet flowers. *cresc.* Tell me roses, truly tell, *p* If my fair one loves me well.
Which a - dorns my spot - less maid, In - no - cen - ce's emblem.

# Thou Hast Wounded The Spirit


Andantino
mf
1. Thou hast wound-ed the spir-it that lov'd thee, And cher-ish'd thine im-age for years; Thou hast
2. Thus we're taught in this cold world to smoth-er, Each feel-ing that once was so dear; Like that
taught me at last to for-get thee, In se-cret, in si-lence and tears; As a young bird when left by its
young bird, I'll seek to dis-cov-er, A home of af-fec-tion else-where Tho' this heart may still cling to thee
moth-er, Its ear-li-est pin-ions to try, 'Round the nest will still lin-ger-ing hov-er, Ere its
fond-ly, And dream of sweet mem-o-ries past, Yet hope, like the rain-bow of sum-mer, Gives a
tremb-ling wings can fly; As a young bird, when left by its moth-er, Its ear-li-est pin-ions to
prom-ise of Lethe at last, Tho' this heart may still cling to thee fond-ly, And dream of sweet mem-o-ries
try, 'Round the nest will still lin-ger-ing hov-er, Ere its tremb-ling wings can fly.
past, Yet hope, like the rain-bow of sum-mer, Gives a prom-ise of Lethe at last.

# There Is A Happy Land


Allegretto
mf
1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way, Where saints in glo-ry stand, Bright, bright as day;
2. Bright in that hap-py land, Beams ev-'ry eye, Kept by a Fa-ther's hand, Love can-not die.
Oh, how they sweet-ly sing, Worthy is our Sav-iour King, Loud let his praises ring, Praise, praise for aye!
Oh, then, to glo-ry run; Be a crown and king-dom won, And bright a-bove the sun, We'll reign for aye!

# Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

GEORGE F. ROOT

Marcato

1. In the pris - on cell I sit, Think - ing, Moth - er dear, of you, And our
2. In the bat - tle front we stood When their fierc - est charge they made, And they

bright and hap-py home so far a - way; And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of all that I can do, Tho' I
swept us off a hun-dred men or more; But be - fore we reached their lines They were beaten back, dismayed, And we

Chorus

try to cheer my comrades and be gay.
heard the cry of vic - try o'er and o'er.

Tramp, tramp, tramp! the boys are march-ing, Cheer up, com-rades, they will

come, And be-neath the star-ry flag We shall breathe the air a-gain Of the free land in our own beloved home.

# True Love Can Ne'er Forget

Andante

*mf*

1. "True love can ne'er for - get, Fond - ly as when we met, Dear - est I
   Thus sung a min - strel gray, His sweet, im - pass - ioned lay, Down by the
2. "Long years are past and o'er, Since from this fa - tal shore, Cold hearts and
   Scarce - ly the min - strel spoke, When forth, with flash - ing stroke, Light oars the

*Fine*

love thee yet, My darl - ing one!"
o - cean's spray, At set of sun.
cold winds bore, My love from me!"
si - lence broke, O' - ver the sea.

With - ered was the min-strel's sight, Morn to him was
Soon up - on her na - tive strand Doth a love - ly

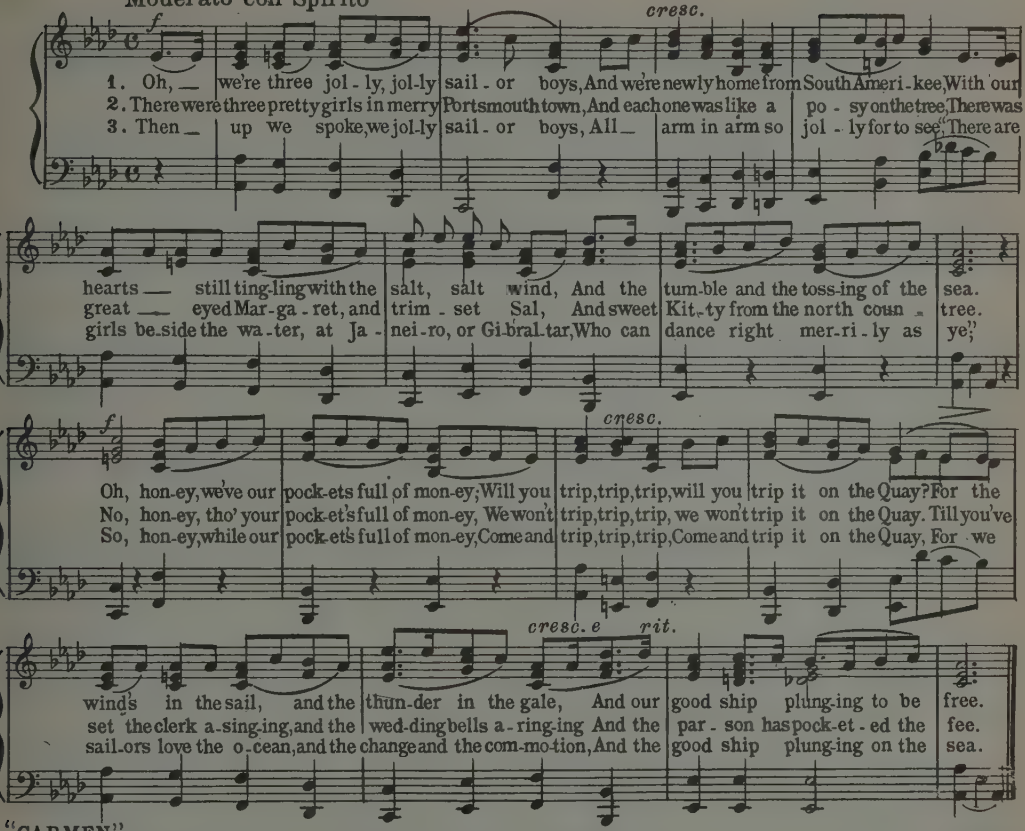
*D.C.*

dark as night; Yet his heart was full of light, As he this lay be - gun;
la - dy land, While the min - strel's love-taught hand Did o'er his wild harp run;

# The Three Sailor Boys

THEO. MARZIALS

Moderato con Spirito

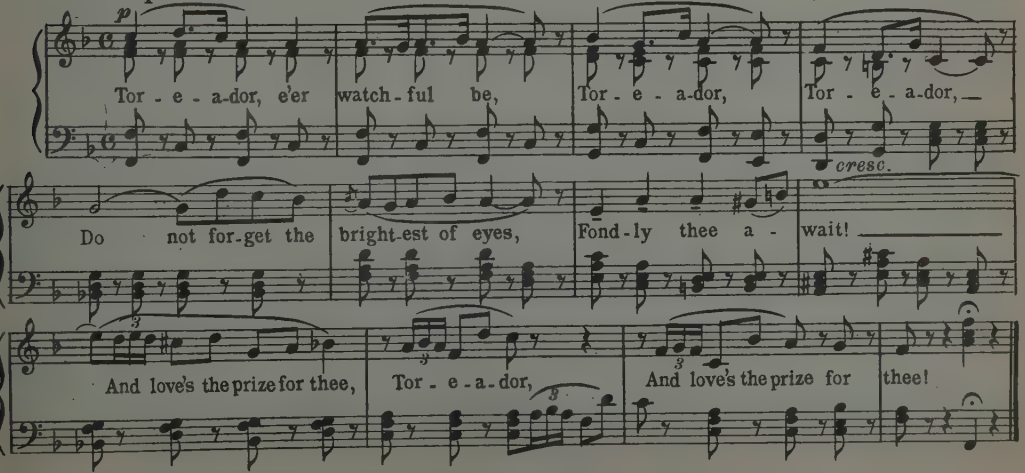

cresc.
1. Oh, we're three jol - ly, jol-ly sail - or boys, And we're newly home from South Ameri - kee, With our
2. There were three pretty girls in merry Portsmouth town, And each one was like a po - sy on the tree, There was
3. Then up we spoke, we jol-ly sail - or boys, All arm in arm so jol - ly for to see, There are
hearts still ting-ling with the salt, salt wind, And the tum-ble and the toss-ing of the sea.
great eyed Mar-ga - ret, and trim - set Sal, And sweet Kit-ty from the north coun - tree.
girls be-side the wa - ter, at Ja - nei - ro, or Gi-bral-tar, Who can dance right mer-ri - ly as ye,"
cresc.
Oh, hon-ey, we've our pock-ets full of mon-ey; Will you trip, trip, trip, will you trip it on the Quay? For the
No, hon-ey, tho' your pock-et's full of mon-ey, We won't trip, trip, trip, we won't trip it on the Quay. Till you've
So, hon-ey, while our pock-et's full of mon-ey, Come and trip, trip, trip, Come and trip it on the Quay, For we
cresc. e rit.
winds in the sail, and the thun-der in the gale, And our good ship plung-ing to be free.
set the clerk a-sing-ing, and the wed-ding bells a - ring-ing And the par - son has pock-et - ed the fee.
sail-ors love the o-cean, and the change and the com-mo-tion, And the good ship plung-ing on the sea.

"CARMEN"

## Toreador Song

G. BIZET

Tempo di Marcia


Tor - e - a-dor, e'er watch - ful be, Tor - e - a-dor, Tor - e - a-dor,
cresc.
Do not for-get the bright-est of eyes, Fond - ly thee a - wait!
And love's the prize for thee, Tor - e - a-dor, And love's the prize for thee!

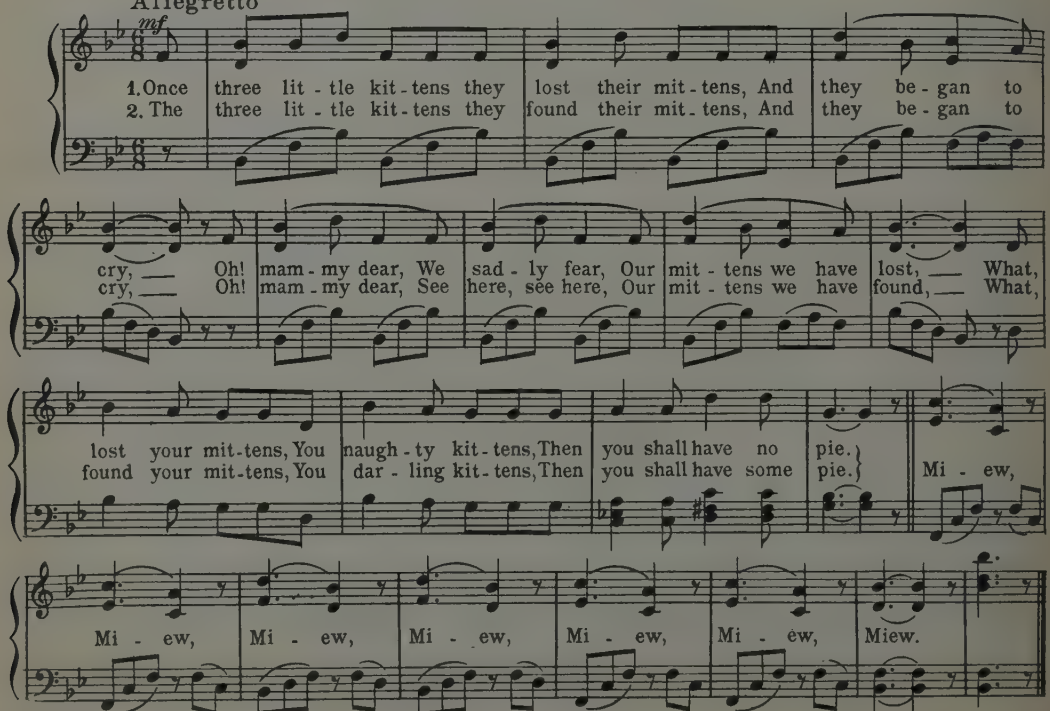
TOM HOOD

# 'Tis All That I Can Say

HOPE TEMPLE

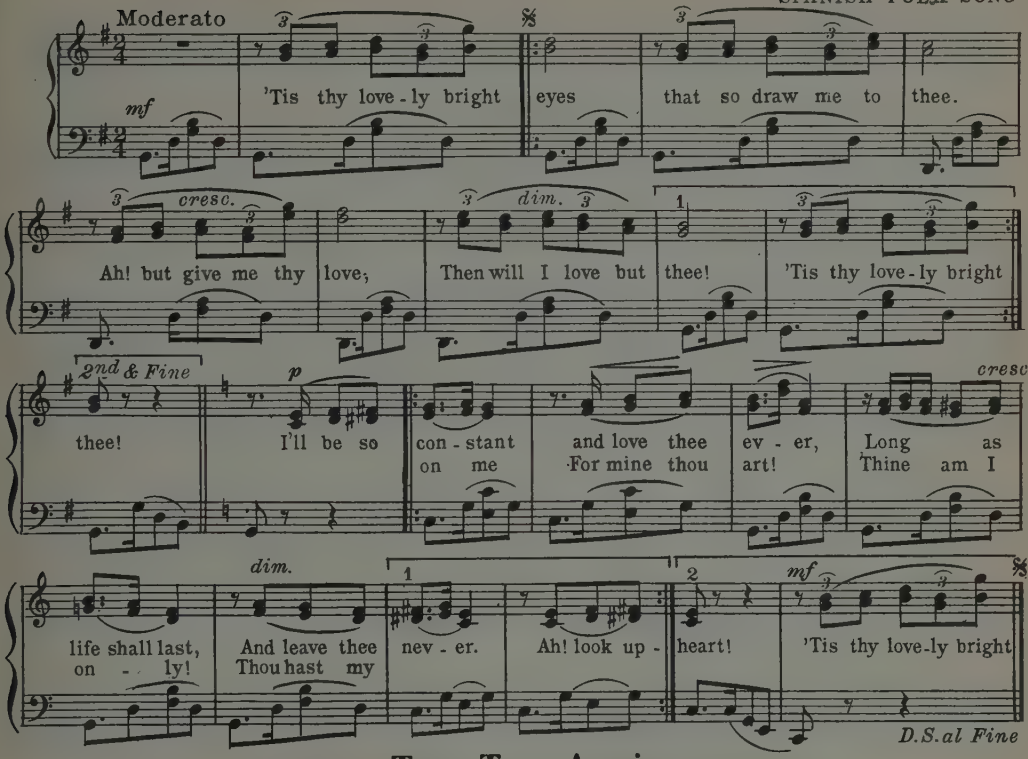
Moderato
mf
1. I love thee, I love thee, 'tis all that I can say, It is my vis-ion
2. I love thee, I love thee, is ev-er on my tongue, In all my proud-est
cresc.
in the night, My dream-ing in the day; The ver-y ech-o of my heart The
po-e-sy That cho-rus still is sung, It is the ver-dict of my eyes A-
cresc
f
dim.
bless-ing when I pray, I love thee, I love thee, 'tis all that I can say.
midst the gay and young, I love thee,

# Three Little Kittens

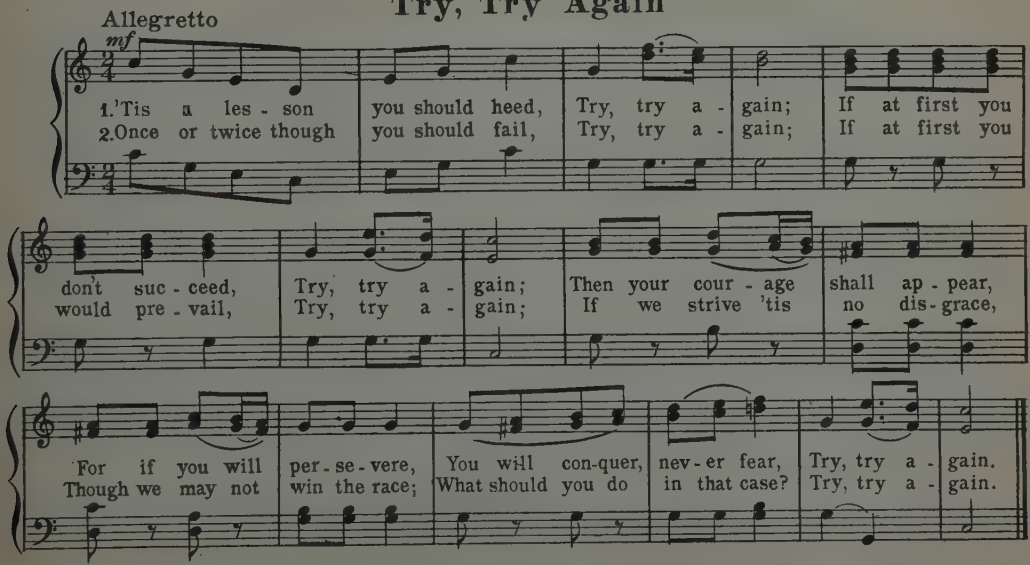

Allegretto
mf
1. Once three lit-tle kit-tens they lost their mit-tens, And they be-gan to
2. The three lit-tle kit-tens they found their mit-tens, And they be-gan to
cry, Oh! mam-my dear, We sad-ly fear, Our mit-tens we have lost, What,
cry, Oh! mam-my dear, See here, see here, Our mit-tens we have found, What,
lost your mit-tens, You naugh-ty kit-tens, Then you shall have no pie.
found your mit-tens, You dar-ling kit-tens, Then you shall have some pie.
Mi-ew,
Mi-ew, Mi-ew, Mi-ew, Mi-ew, Mi-ew, Miew.

# Thy Lovely Bright Eyes

SPANISH FOLK SONG

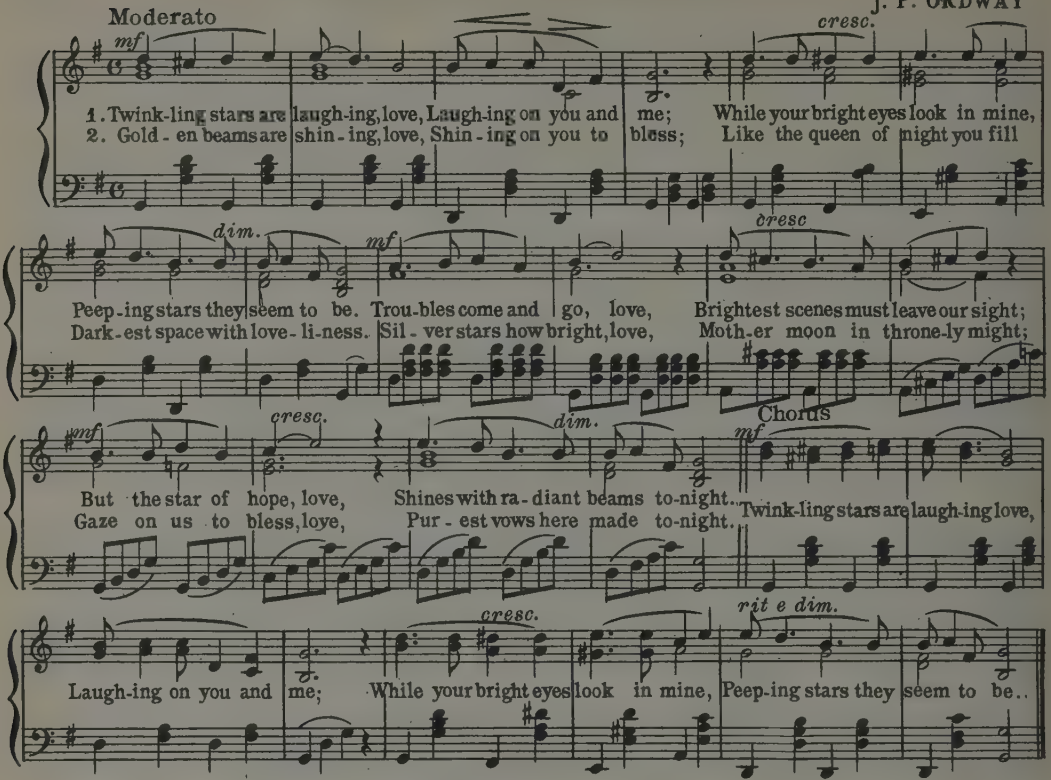

Moderato
mf
'Tis thy love-ly bright eyes that so draw me to thee.
cresc.
dim.
Ah! but give me thy love; Then will I love but thee!
'Tis thy love-ly bright
2nd & Fine
p
thee! I'll be so con-stant on me and love thee For mine thou
ev-er, art! Long as Thine am I
cresc.
dim.
life shall last, on-ly! And leave thee Thou hast my
nev-er. Ah! look up-
heart! 'Tis thy love-ly bright
D.S. al Fine

# Try, Try Again


Allegretto
mf
1.'Tis a les-son you should heed, Try, try a-gain; If at first you
2.Once or twice though you should fail, Try, try a-gain; If at first you
don't suc-ceed, Try, try a-gain; Then your cour-age shall ap-pear,
would pre-vail, Try, try a-gain; If we strive 'tis no dis-grace,
For if you will per-se-vere, You will con-quer, nev-er fear, Try, try a-gain.
Though we may not win the race; What should you do in that case? Try, try a-gain.

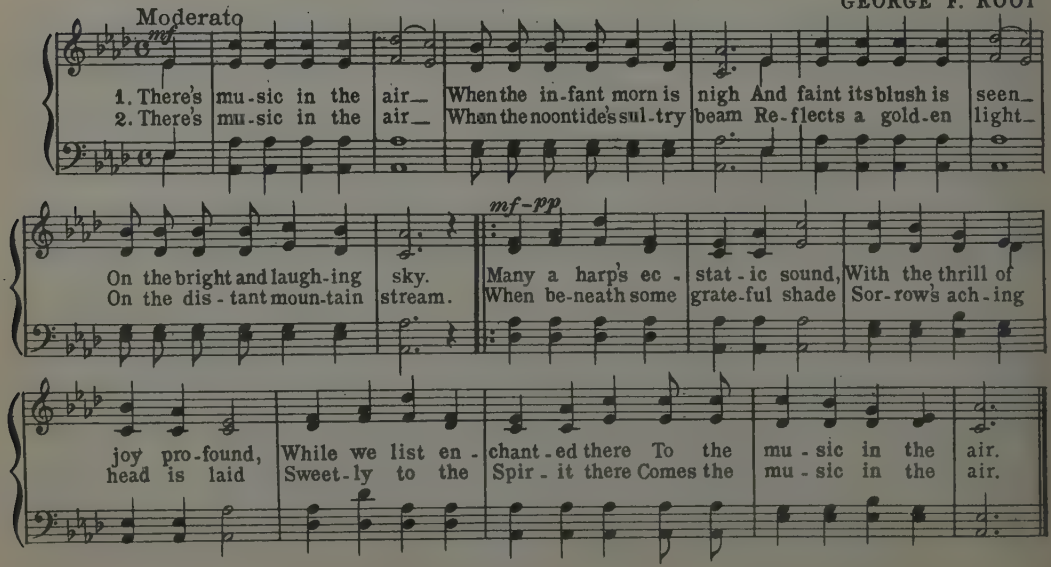
# Twinkling Stars Are Laughing, Love

J. P. ORDWAY


Moderato
mf
cresc.
1. Twink-ling stars are laugh-ing, love, Laugh-ing on you and me; While your bright eyes look in mine,
2. Gold-en beams are shin-ing, love, Shin-ing on you to bless; Like the queen of night you fill
dim.
mf
cresc
Peep-ing stars they seem to be. Trou-bles come and go, love, Brightest scenes must leave our sight;
Dark-est space with love-li-ness. Sil-ver stars how bright, love, Moth-er moon in throne-ly might;
mf
cresc.
dim.
Chorus
mf
But the star of hope, love, Shines with ra-diant beams to-night.
Gaze on us to bless, love, Pur-est vows here made to-night.
Twink-ling stars are laugh-ing love,
cresc.
rit e dim.
Laugh-ing on you and me; While your bright eyes look in mine, Peep-ing stars they seem to be..

# There's Music In The Air

GEORGE F. ROOT


Moderato
mf
1. There's mu-sic in the air— When the in-fant morn is nigh And faint its blush is seen—
2. There's mu-sic in the air— When the noontide's sul-try beam Re-flects a gold-en light—
mf-pp
On the bright and laugh-ing sky. Many a harp's ec-stat-ic sound, With the thrill of
On the dis-tant moun-tain stream. When be-neath some grate-ful shade Sor-row's ach-ing
joy pro-found, While we list en-chant-ed there To the mu-sic in the air.
head is laid Sweet-ly to the Spir-it there Comes the mu-sic in the air.

# Thy Face Is Always Near To Me

C. R. MARRIOTT

Moderato

*mf*

1.Thy face is al-ways near to me, Tho' thou art far a-way; It is a bea-con
2.The vis-ion bring-eth me fond hopes Of bet-ter days in store; It whis-pers of a

bright and fair, To cheer me on my way; It is a star to guide me thro' This bus-y world of
time to come, When we shall part no more; Then rest with me, O vis-ion bright, My on-ly hope thou

*rall.* *a tempo.*

pain. A bea-con bright, to rest with me, Un-til we meet a-gain. Thy face is al-ways
art, My on-ly joy; my on-ly grief, Is when we are a-part.

near to me, Tho' thou art far a-way, It is a bea-con, bright and fair, To cheer me on my way.

# There Is Rest For The Weary

SAMUEL YOUNG HARMER

WILLIAM Mc DONALD

Moderato

*mf*

1.In the Chris-tian's home in glo-ry There re-mains a land of rest; There my
2.He is fit-ting up my man-sion, Which e-ter-nal-ly shall stand; For my

Chorus

Sav-iour's gone be-fore me, To ful-fil my soul's re-quest.
stay shall not be tran-sient, In that ho-ly, hap-py land.

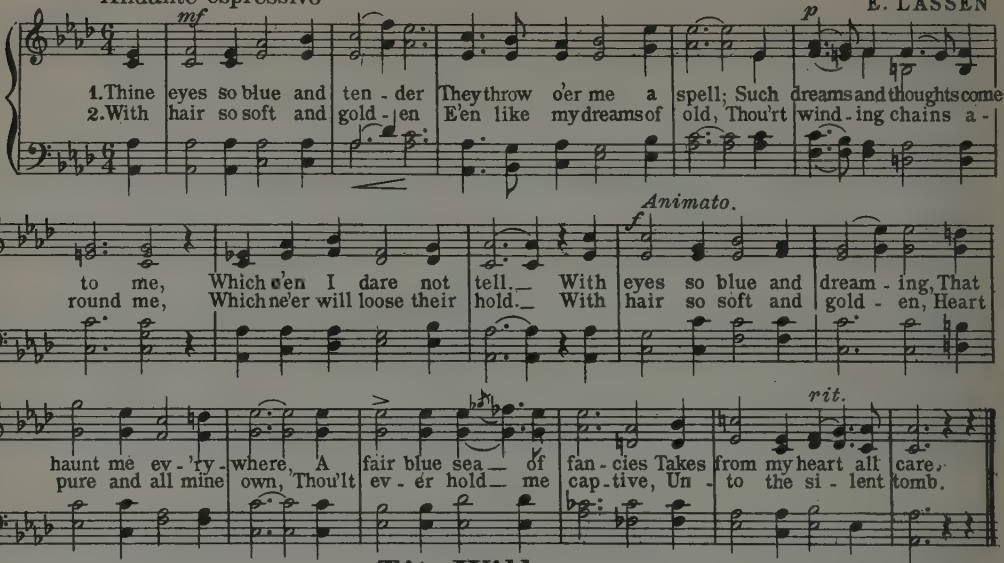
There is rest for the

wea-ry, There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for you.

# Thine Eyes So Blue And Tender

Andante espressivo

E. LASSEN

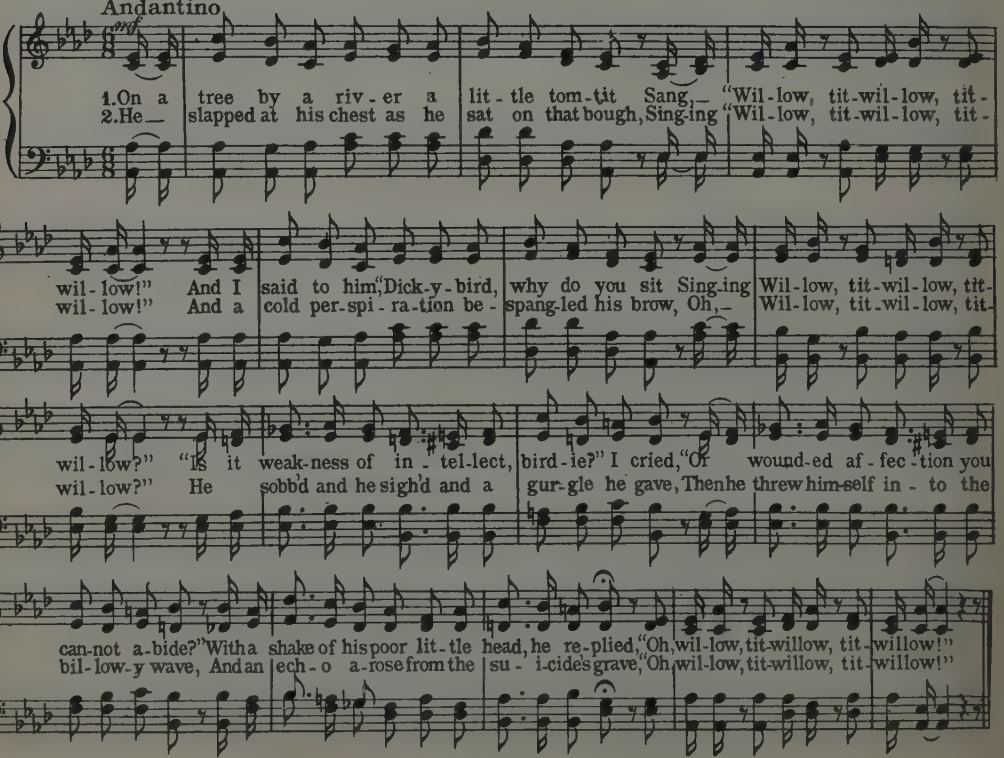

mf
p
1. Thine eyes so blue and ten - der They throw o'er me a spell; Such dreams and thoughts come
2. With hair so soft and gold - en E'en like my dreams of old, Thou'rt wind - ing chains a -
Animato.
f
to me, Which o'en I dare not tell. With eyes so blue and dream - ing, That
round me, Which ne'er will loose their hold. With hair so soft and gold - en, Heart
rit.
haunt me ev - 'ry - where, A fair blue sea of fan - cies Takes from my heart all care,
pure and all mine own, Thou'lt ev - er hold me cap - tive, Un - to the si - lent tomb.

"MIKADO"

# Tit-Willow

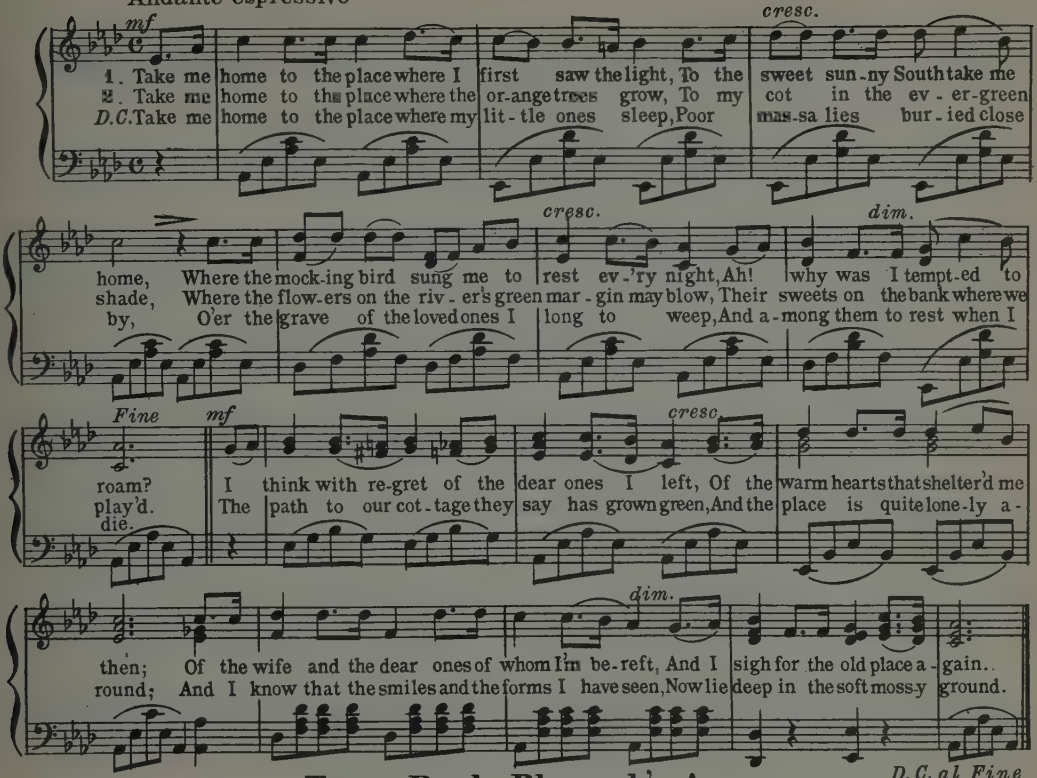
ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Andantino


mf
1. On a tree by a riv - er a lit - tle tom-tit Sang, "Wil - low, tit-wil - low, tit -
2. He slapped at his chest as he sat on that bough, Sing-ing "Wil - low, tit-wil - low, tit -
wil - low!" And I said to him, "Dick-y-bird, why do you sit Sing-ing Wil - low, tit-wil - low, tit -
wil - low!" And a cold per-spi - ra-tion be - spang-led his brow, Oh, Wil - low, tit-wil - low, tit -
wil - low?" "Is it weak-ness of in - tel-lect, bird-ie?" I cried, "Or wound-ed af - fec - tion you
wil - low?" He sobb'd and he sigh'd and a gur-gle he gave, Then he threw him-self in - to the
can-not a-bide?" With a shake of his poor lit - tle head, he re-plied, "Oh, wil-low, tit-willow, tit - willow!"
bil - low-y wave, And an ech - o a-rose from the su - i-cide's grave, "Oh, wil-low, tit-willow, tit - willow!"

# Take Me Home

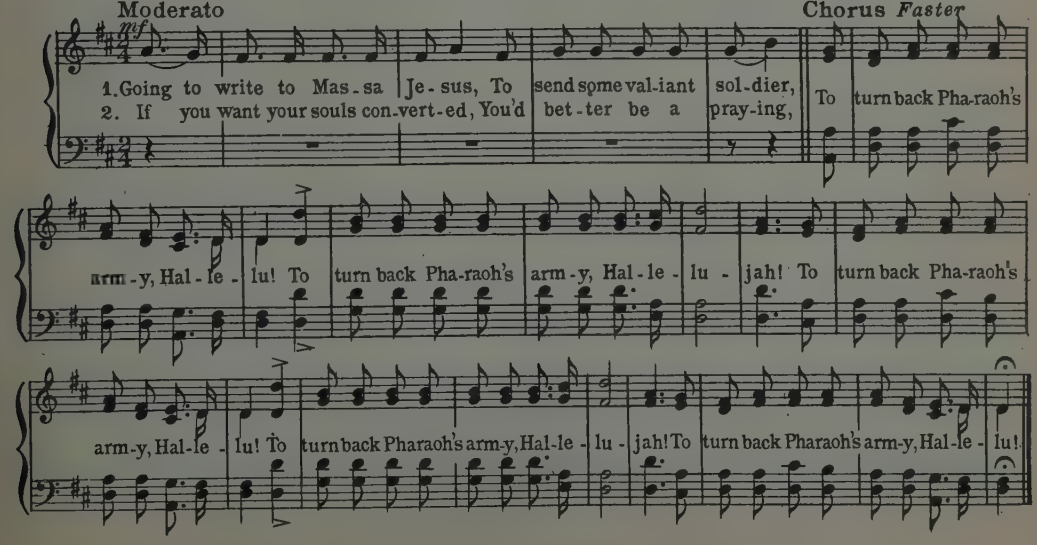
Andante espressivo


mf
cresc.
1. Take me home to the place where I first saw the light, To the sweet sun-ny South take me
2. Take me home to the place where the or-ange trees grow, To my cot in the ev-er-green
D.C. Take me home to the place where my lit-tle ones sleep, Poor mas-sa lies bur-ied close
cresc.
dim.
home, Where the mock-ing bird sung me to rest ev-'ry night, Ah! why was I tempt-ed to
shade, Where the flow-ers on the riv-er's green mar-gin may blow, Their sweets on the bank where we
by, O'er the grave of the loved ones I long to weep, And a-mong them to rest when I
Fine
mf
cresc.
roam? I think with re-gret of the dear ones I left, Of the warm hearts that shelter'd me
play'd. The path to our cot-tage they say has grown green, And the place is quite lone-ly a-
die.
dim.
then; Of the wife and the dear ones of whom I'm be-reft, And I sigh for the old place a-gain.
round; And I know that the smiles and the forms I have seen, Now lie deep in the soft mossy ground.
D.C. al Fine

# Turn Back Pharaoh's Army

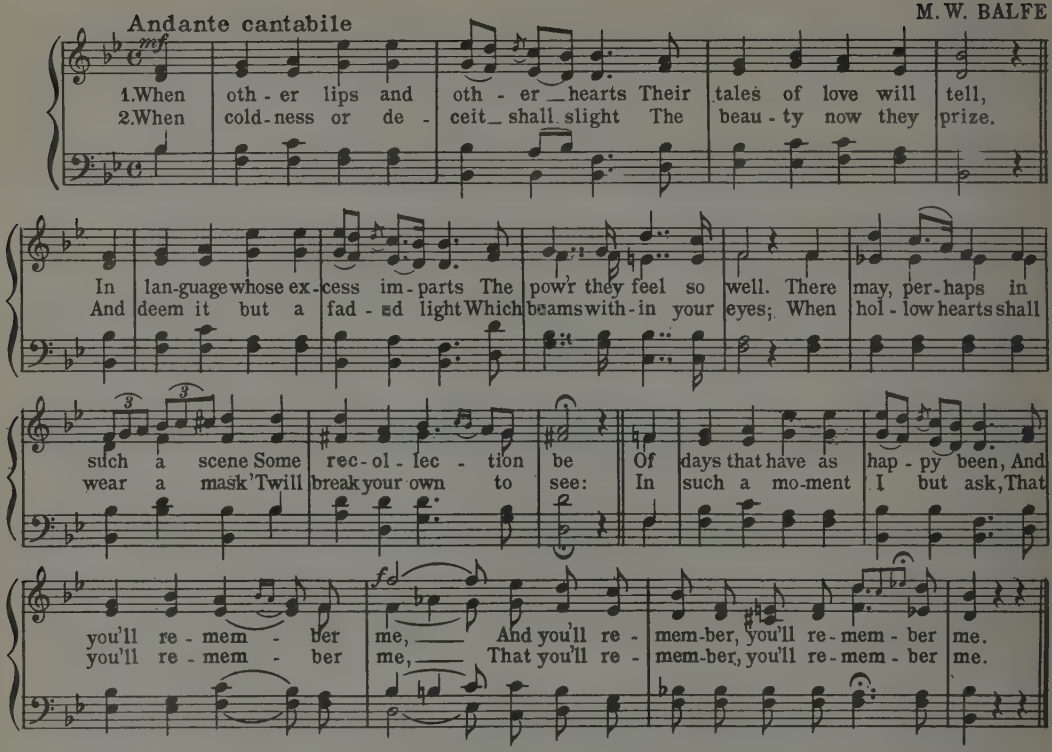
Moderato

Chorus *Faster*

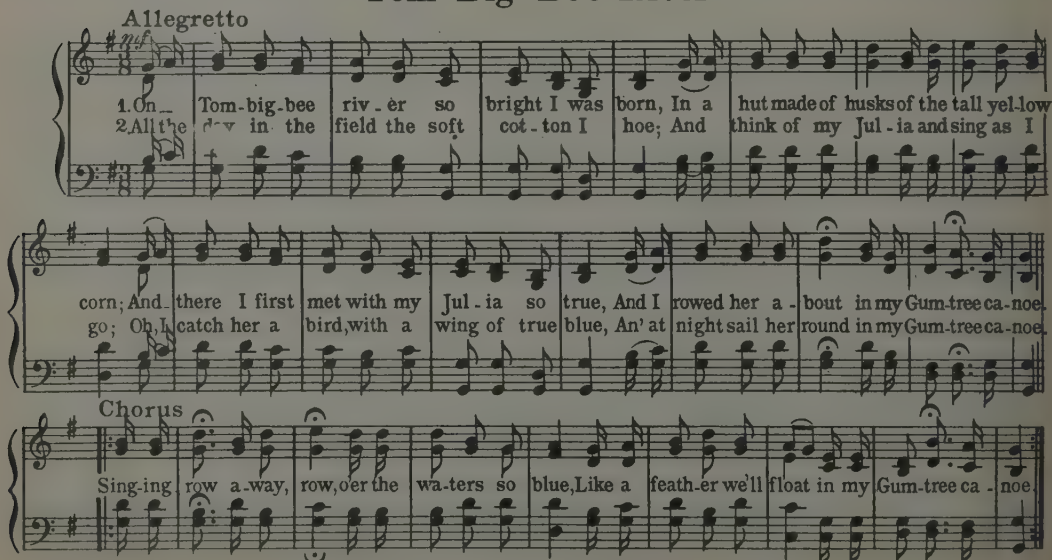

mf
1. Going to write to Mas-sa Je-sus, To send some val-iant sol-dier,
2. If you want your souls con-vert-ed, You'd bet-ter be a pray-ing,
To turn back Pha-raoh's
arm-y, Hal-le-lu! To turn back Pha-raoh's arm-y, Hal-le-lu-jah! To turn back Pha-raoh's
arm-y, Hal-le-lu! To turn back Pharaoh's arm-y, Hal-le-lu-jah! To turn back Pharaoh's arm-y, Hal-le-lu!

# Then You'll Remember Me

M. W. BALFE

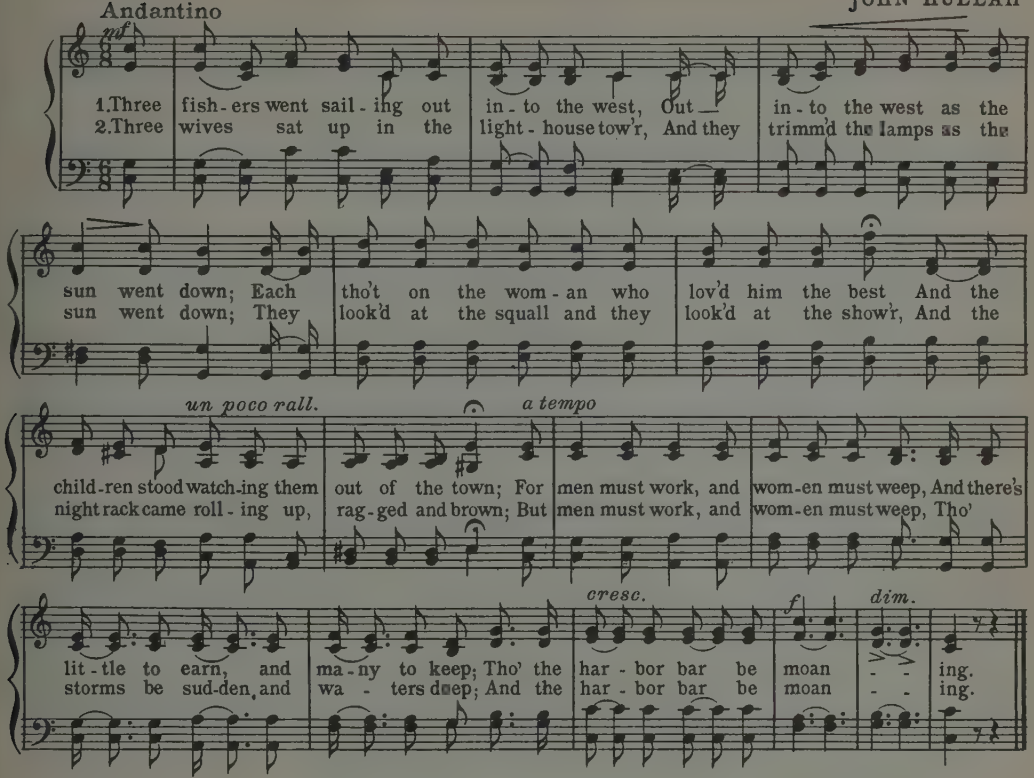

Andante cantabile
mf
1.When oth - er lips and oth - er hearts Their tales of love will tell,
2.When cold - ness or de - ceit shall slight The beau - ty now they prize.
In lan-guage whose ex-cess im-parts The pow'r they feel so well. There may, per-haps in
And deem it but a fad - ed light Which beams with - in your eyes; When hol - low hearts shall
such a scene Some rec-ol-lec - tion be Of days that have as hap - py been, And
wear a mask 'Twill break your own to see: In such a mo-ment I but ask, That
you'll re - mem - ber me, And you'll re - mem-ber, you'll re-mem - ber me.
you'll re - mem - ber me, That you'll re - mem-ber, you'll re-mem - ber me.

# Tom Big-Bee River

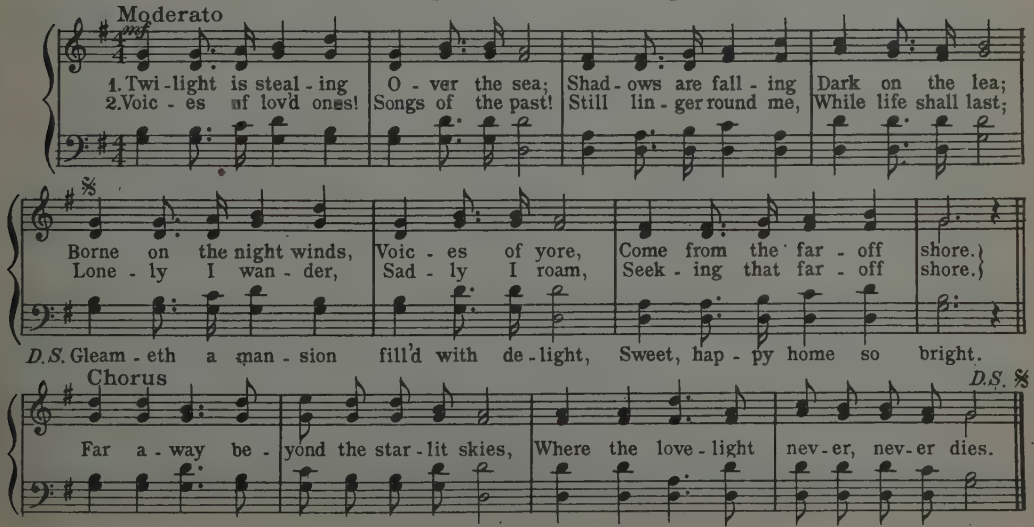

Allegretto
mf
1.On Tom-big-bee riv - er so bright I was born, In a hut made of husks of the tall yel-low
2.All the day in the field the soft cot - ton I hoe; And think of my Jul - ia and sing as I
corn; And there I first met with my Jul - ia so true, And I rowed her a - bout in my Gum-tree ca - noe.
go; Oh, I catch her a bird, with a wing of true blue, An' at night sail her round in my Gum-tree ca - noe.
Chorus
Sing-ing row a-way, row, o'er the wa-ters so blue, Like a feath-er we'll float in my Gum-tree ca - noe.

# Three Fishers

JOHN HULLAH


Andantino
mf
1. Three fish-ers went sail-ing out in-to the west, Out in-to the west as the
2. Three wives sat up in the light-house tow'r, And they trimm'd the lamps as the
sun went down; Each tho't on the wom-an who lov'd him the best And the
sun went down; They look'd at the squall and they look'd at the show'r, And the
un poco rall.
a tempo
child-ren stood watch-ing them out of the town; For men must work, and wom-en must weep, And there's
night rack came roll-ing up, rag-ged and brown; But men must work, and wom-en must weep, Tho'
cresc.
f
dim.
lit-tle to earn, and ma-ny to keep; Tho' the har-bor bar be moan - - ing.
storms be sud-den, and wa-ters deep; And the har-bor bar be moan - - ing.

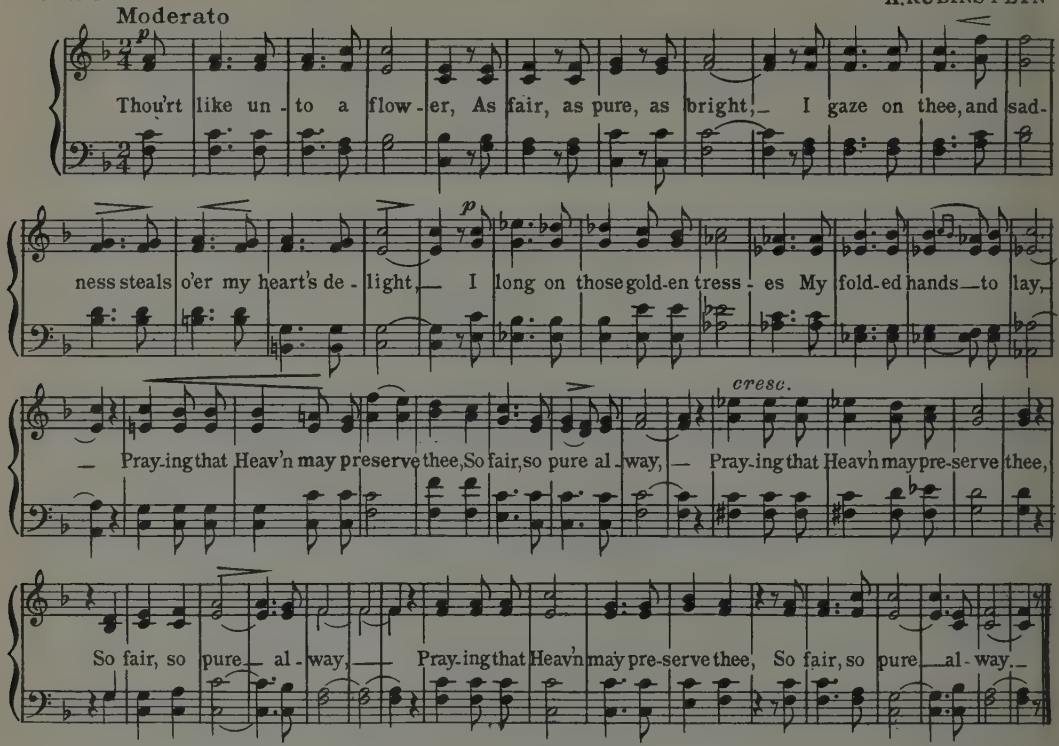
# Twilight Is Falling


Moderato
mf
1. Twi-light is steal-ing O-ver the sea; Shad-ows are fall-ing Dark on the lea;
2. Voic-es of lov'd ones! Songs of the past! Still lin-ger round me, While life shall last;
Borne on the night winds, Voic-es of yore, Come from the far-off shore.
Lone-ly I wan-der, Sad-ly I roam, Seek-ing that far-off shore.
D.S. Gleam-eth a man-sion fill'd with de-light, Sweet, hap-py home so bright.
Chorus
D.S.
Far a-way be-yond the star-lit skies, Where the love-light nev-er, nev-er dies.

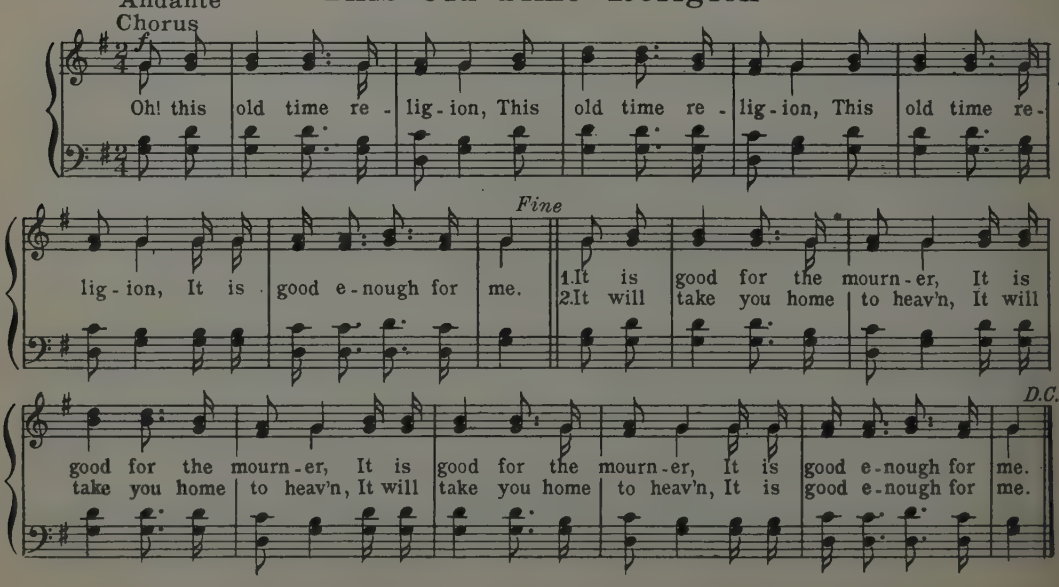
# Thou'rt Like Unto A Flower

H. HEINE

A. RUBINSTEIN

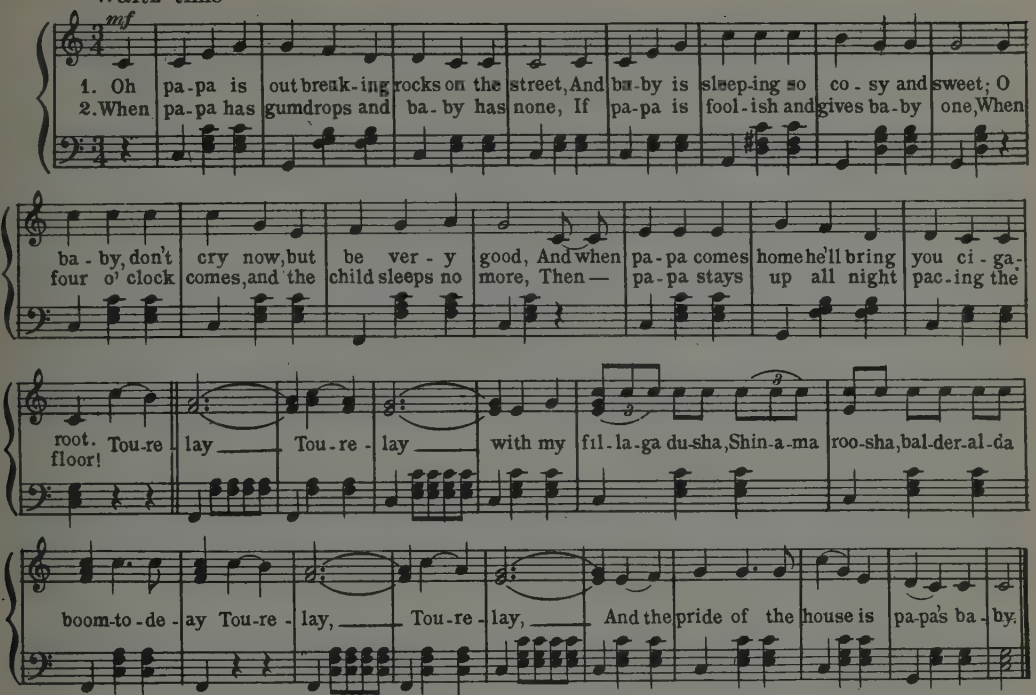

Moderato
Thou'rt like un - to a flow - er, As fair, as pure, as bright; I gaze on thee, and sad-
ness steals o'er my heart's de - light, I long on those gold-en tress - es My fold-ed hands to lay,
Pray-ing that Heav'n may preserve thee, So fair, so pure al - way, Pray-ing that Heav'n may pre-serve thee,
cresc.
So fair, so pure al - way, Pray-ing that Heav'n may pre-serve thee, So fair, so pure al - way.

# This Old Time Religion


Andante
Chorus
Oh! this old time re - lig - ion, This old time re - lig - ion, This old time re -
lig - ion, It is good e - nough for me.
Fine
1. It is good for the mourn - er, It is
2. It will take you home to heav'n, It will
D.C.
good for the mourn - er, It is good for the mourn - er, It is good e - nough for me.
take you home to heav'n, It will take you home to heav'n, It is good e - nough for me.

# Tourelay

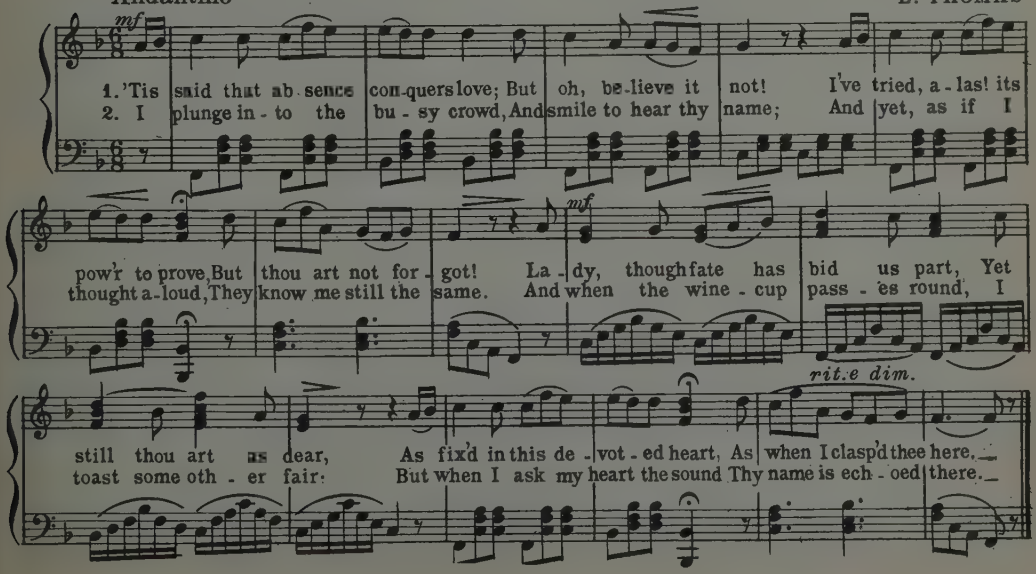
Waltz time


mf
1. Oh pa-pa is out break-ing rocks on the street, And ba-by is sleep-ing so co-sy and sweet; O
2. When pa-pa has gumdrops and ba-by has none, If pa-pa is fool-ish and gives ba-by one, When
ba-by, don't cry now, but be ver-y good, And when pa-pa comes home he'll bring you ci-ga-
four o' clock comes, and the child sleeps no more, Then — pa-pa stays up all night pac-ing the
root. Tou-re-lay — Tou-re-lay — with my fil-la-ga du-sha, Shin-a-ma roo-sha, bal-der-al-da
floor!
boom-to-de-ay Tou-re-lay, — Tou-re-lay, — And the pride of the house is pa-pa's ba-by.

# 'Tis Said That Absence Conquers Love

Andantino

E. THOMAS


mf
1. 'Tis said that ab-sence con-quers love; But oh, be-lieve it not! I've tried, a-las! its
2. I plunge in-to the bu-sy crowd, And smile to hear thy name; And yet, as if I
pow'r to prove, But thou art not for-got! La-dy, though fate has bid us part, Yet
thought a-loud, They know me still the same. And when the wine-cup pass-es round, I
mf
rit.e dim.
still thou art as dear, As fix'd in this de-vot-ed heart, As when I clasp'd thee here.
toast some oth-er fair: But when I ask my heart the sound Thy name is ech-oed there.

# A Thousand Leagues Away

Allegro con spirito

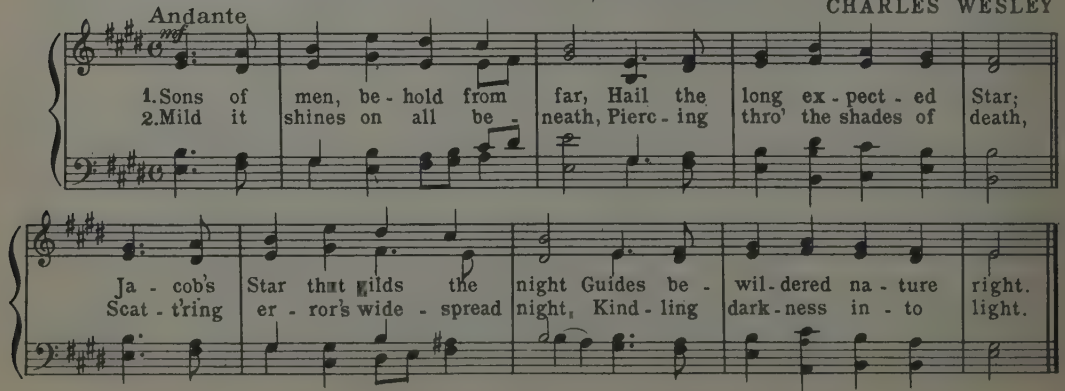
J. BARNBY

1.The wind is blow-ing fresh, Kate, The boat rocks there for me; One
2.I half could be a lands-man, While those dear eyes I see, To
rall.
a tempo
kiss and I'm a-way, Kate, For two long years to sea. For two long years to
hear the gale rave by with-out, While you sat snug with me. But I must hear the
think of you, Dream of you night and day, To long for you a-cross the sea, A
storm howl by; The salt breeze whist-ling play Its weird sea tune a-mongst the shrouds, A
dim. p
mezza voce.
cresc.
thou-sand leagues a-way, A thou-sand leagues a-way, dear Kate, A thou-sand leagues a-
thou-sand leagues a-way, A thou-sand leagues a-way, dear Kate, A thou-sand leagues a-
way, While round the Pole we toss and roll, A thou-sand leagues a-way.
way, While south we go, blow high, blow low, A thou-sand leagues a-way.

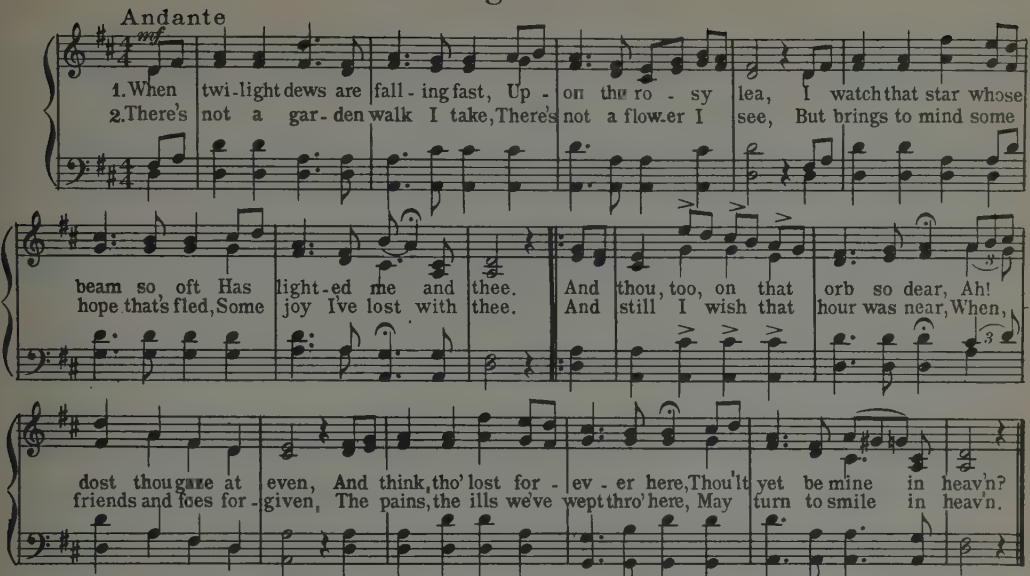
# Sons Of Men, Behold

Andante

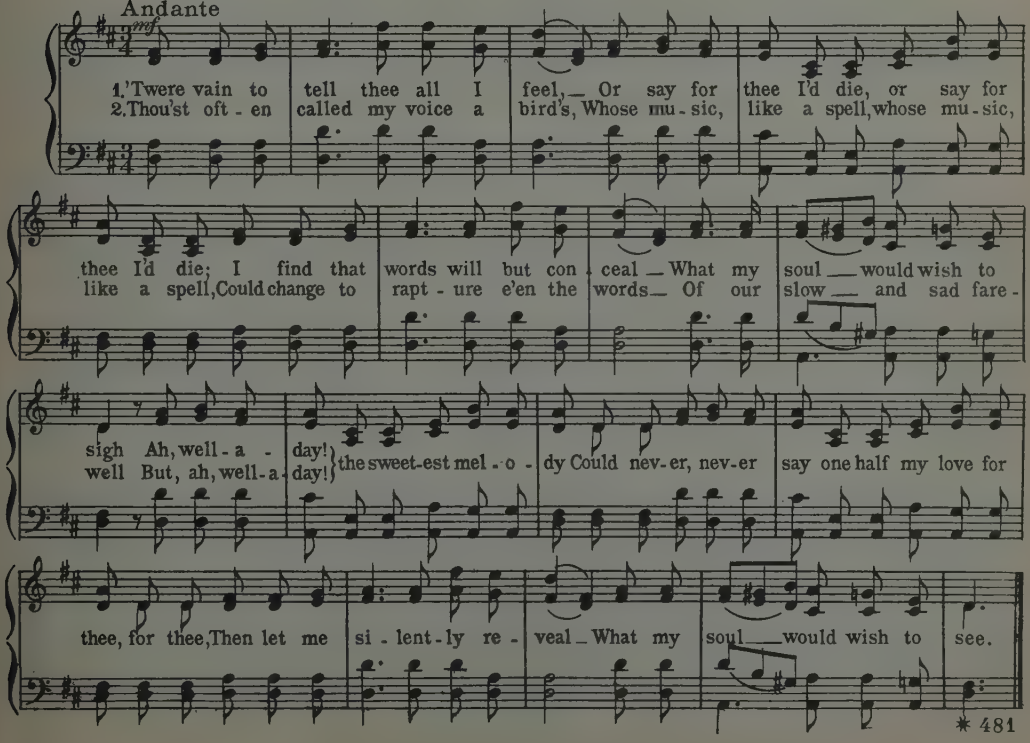
CHARLES WESLEY


1.Sons of men, be-hold from far, Hail the long ex-pect-ed Star;
2.Mild it shines on all be-neath, Pierc-ing thro' the shades of death,
Ja-cob's Star that gilds the night Guides be-wil-dered na-ture right.
Scat-t'ring er-ror's wide-spread night, Kind-ling dark-ness in-to light.

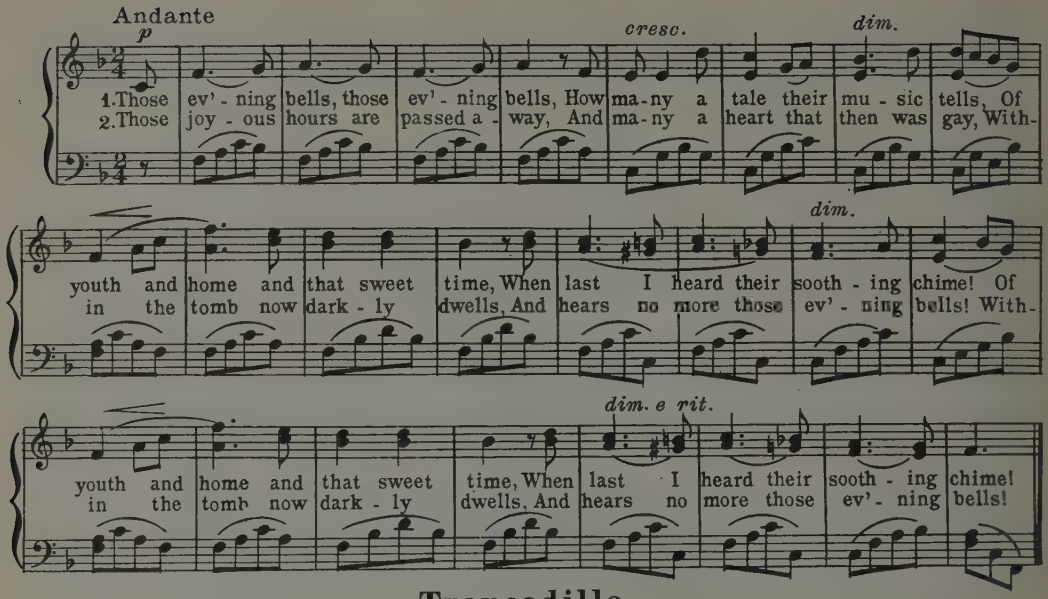
# Twilight Dews


Andante
mf
1. When twi-light dews are fall-ing fast, Up-on the ro-sy lea, I watch that star whose
2. There's not a gar-den walk I take, There's not a flow-er I see, But brings to mind some
beam so oft Has light-ed me and thee. And thou, too, on that orb so dear, Ah!
hope that's fled, Some joy I've lost with thee. And still I wish that hour was near, When,
dost thou gaze at even, And think, tho' lost for-ev-er here, Thou'lt yet be mine in heav'n?
friends and foes for-given, The pains, the ills we've wept thro' here, May turn to smile in heav'n.

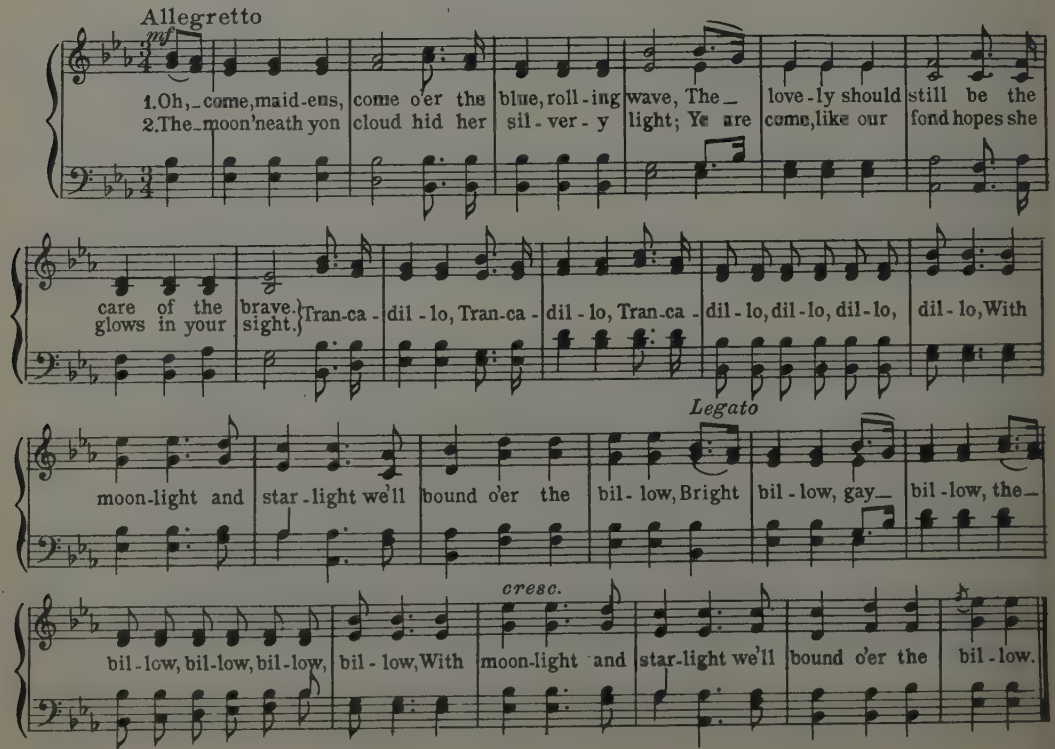
# 'Twere Vain To Tell Thee All I Feel


Andante
mf
1. 'Twere vain to tell thee all I feel, Or say for thee I'd die, or say for
2. Thou'st oft-en called my voice a bird's, Whose mu-sic, like a spell, whose mu-sic,
thee I'd die; I find that words will but con-ceal What my soul would wish to
like a spell, Could change to rapt-ure e'en the words Of our slow and sad fare-
sigh Ah, well-a-day!
well But, ah, well-a-day!
the sweet-est mel-o-dy Could nev-er, nev-er say one half my love for
thee, for thee, Then let me si-lent-ly re-veal What my soul would wish to see.

# Those Evening Bells


Andante
p
cresc.
dim.
1.Those ev'-ning bells, those ev'-ning bells, How ma-ny a tale their mu-sic tells, Of
2.Those joy-ous hours are passed a-way, And ma-ny a heart that then was gay, With-
youth and home and that sweet time, When last I heard their sooth-ing chime! Of
in the tomb now dark-ly dwells, And hears no more those ev'-ning bells! With-
dim. e rit.
youth and home and that sweet time, When last I heard their sooth-ing chime!
in the tomb now dark-ly dwells, And hears no more those ev'-ning bells!

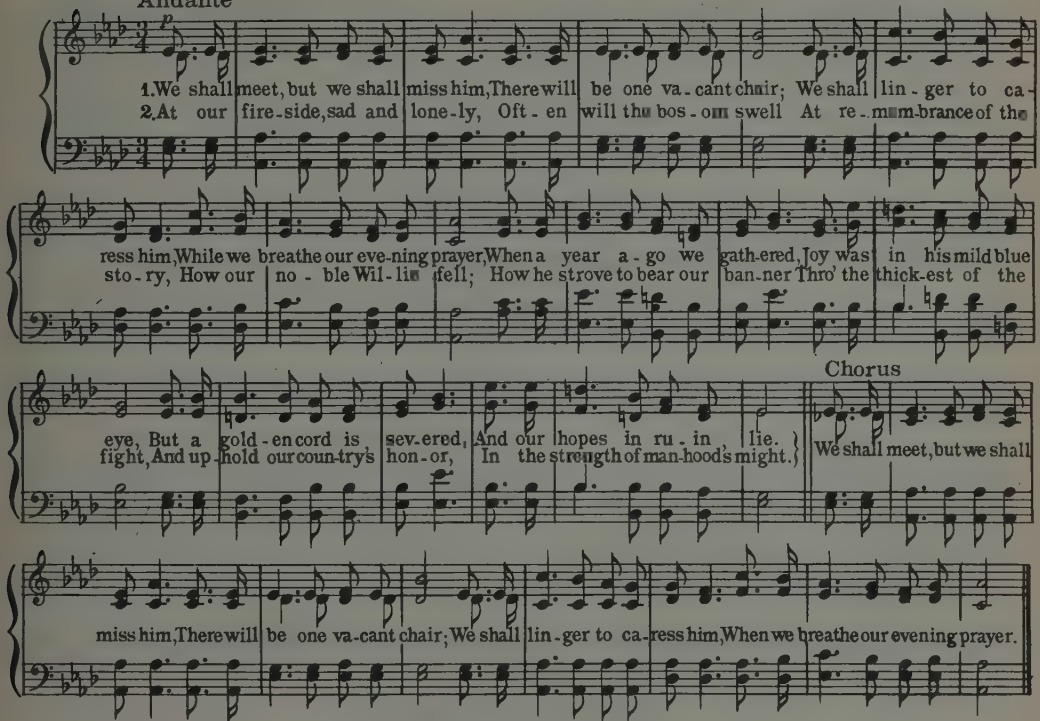
## Trancadillo


Allegretto
mf
1.Oh, come, maid-ens, come o'er the blue, roll-ing wave, The love-ly should still be the
2.The moon 'neath yon cloud hid her sil-ver-y light; Ye are come, like our fond hopes she
care of the brave. Tran-ca-dil-lo, Tran-ca-dil-lo, Tran-ca-dil-lo, dil-lo, dil-lo, dil-lo, dil-lo, With
glows in your sight.
Legato
moon-light and star-light we'll bound o'er the bil-low, Bright bil-low, gay bil-low, the
cresc.
bil-low, bil-low, bil-low, bil-low, With moon-light and star-light we'll bound o'er the bil-low.

# The Vacant Chair

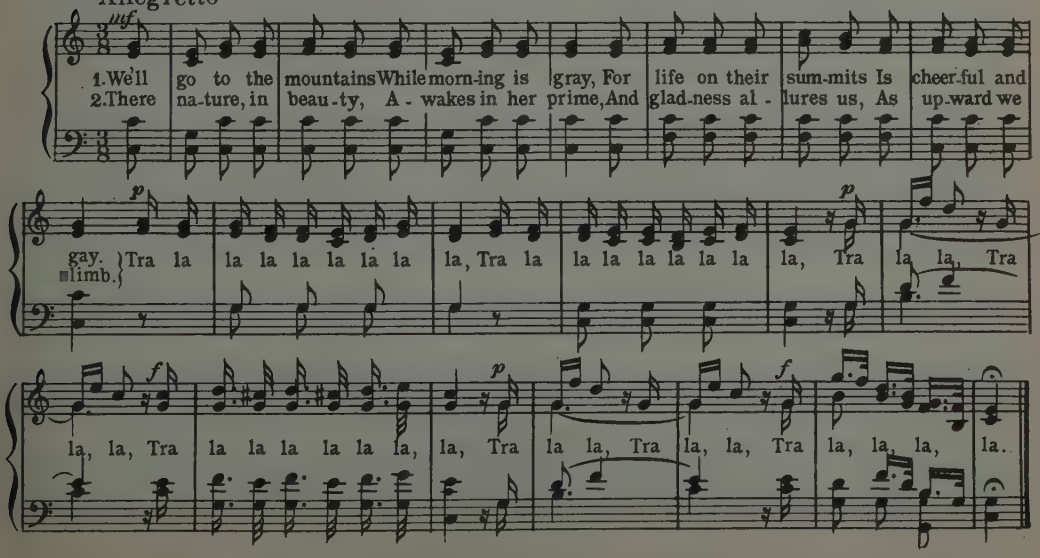
GEO. F. ROOT

Andante

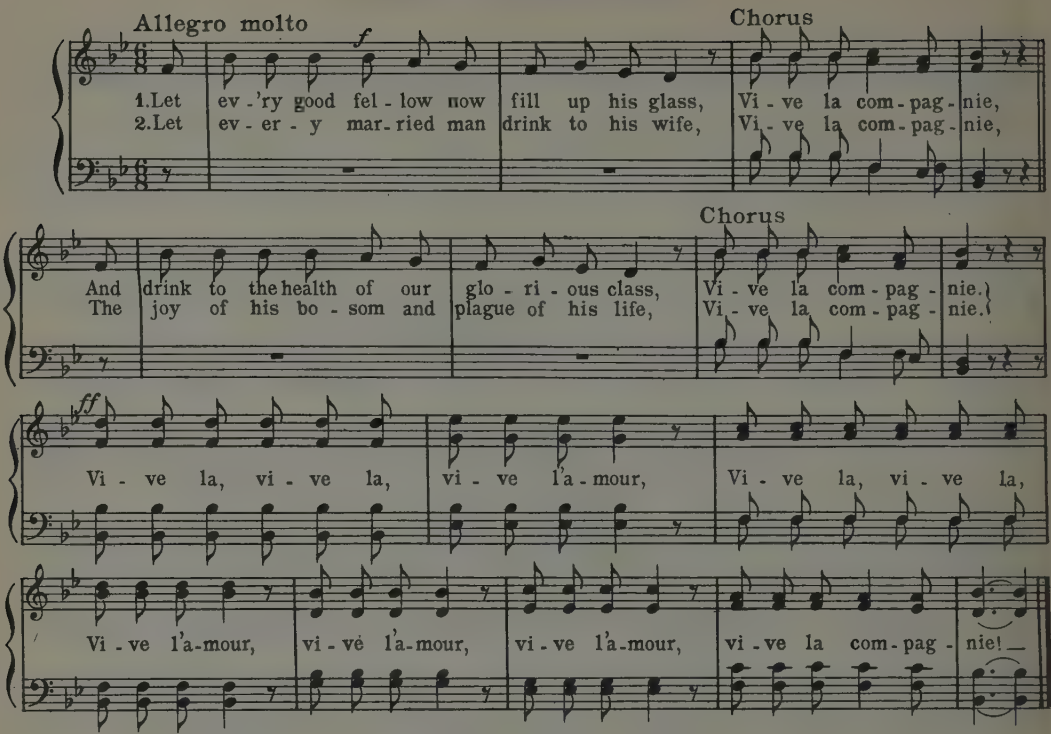

1.We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va-cant chair; We shall lin-ger to ca-
2.At our fire-side, sad and lone-ly, Oft-en will the bos-om swell At re-mem-brance of the
ress him, While we breathe our eve-ning prayer, When a year a-go we gath-ered, Joy was in his mild blue
sto-ry, How our no-ble Wil-lie fell; How he strove to bear our ban-ner Thro' the thick-est of the
eye, But a gold-en cord is sev-ered, And our hopes in ru-in lie.
fight, And up-hold our coun-try's hon-or, In the strength of man-hood's might.
Chorus
We shall meet, but we shall
miss him, There will be one va-cant chair; We shall lin-ger to ca-ress him, When we breathe our evening prayer.

# Tyrolese Mountain Song

Allegretto

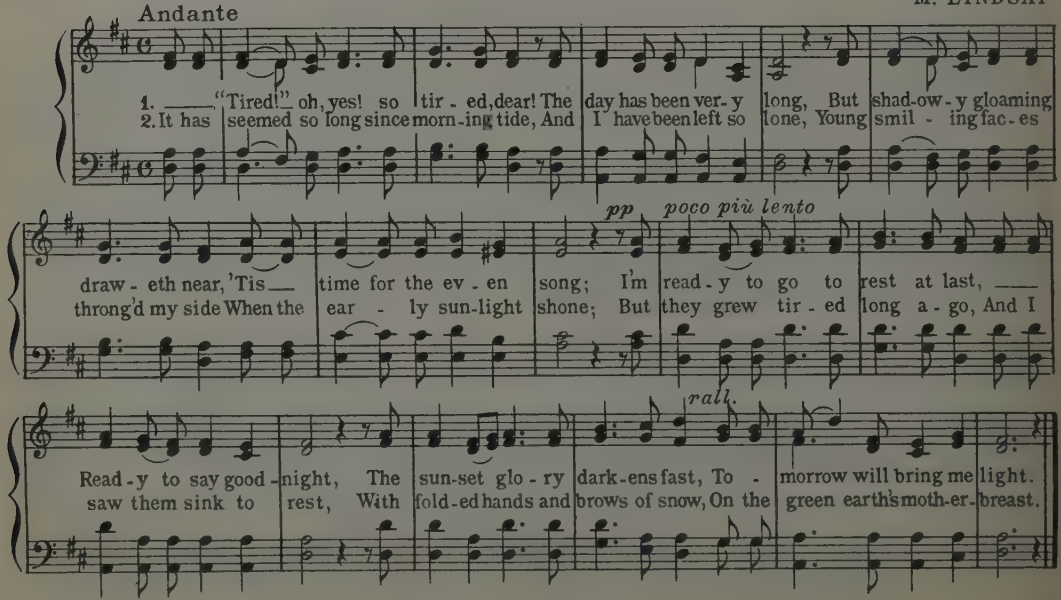

1.We'll go to the mountains While morn-ing is gray, For life on their sum-mits Is cheer-ful and
2.There na-ture, in beau-ty, A-wakes in her prime, And glad-ness al-lures us, As up-ward we
gay. Tra la la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la, Tra la la, Tra
limb.
la, la, Tra la la la la la la, la, Tra la la, Tra la, la, Tra la, la, la, la.

# Vive L'Amour


Allegro molto
Chorus
1.Let ev-'ry good fel-low now fill up his glass, Vi-ve la com-pag-nie,
2.Let ev-er-y mar-ried man drink to his wife, Vi-ve la com-pag-nie,
Chorus
And drink to the health of our glo-ri-ous class, Vi-ve la com-pag-nie.
The joy of his bo-som and plague of his life, Vi-ve la com-pag-nie.
Vi-ve la, vi-ve la, vi-ve l'a-mour, Vi-ve la, vi-ve la,
Vi-ve l'a-mour, vi-ve l'a-mour, vi-ve l'a-mour, vi-ve la com-pag-nie!

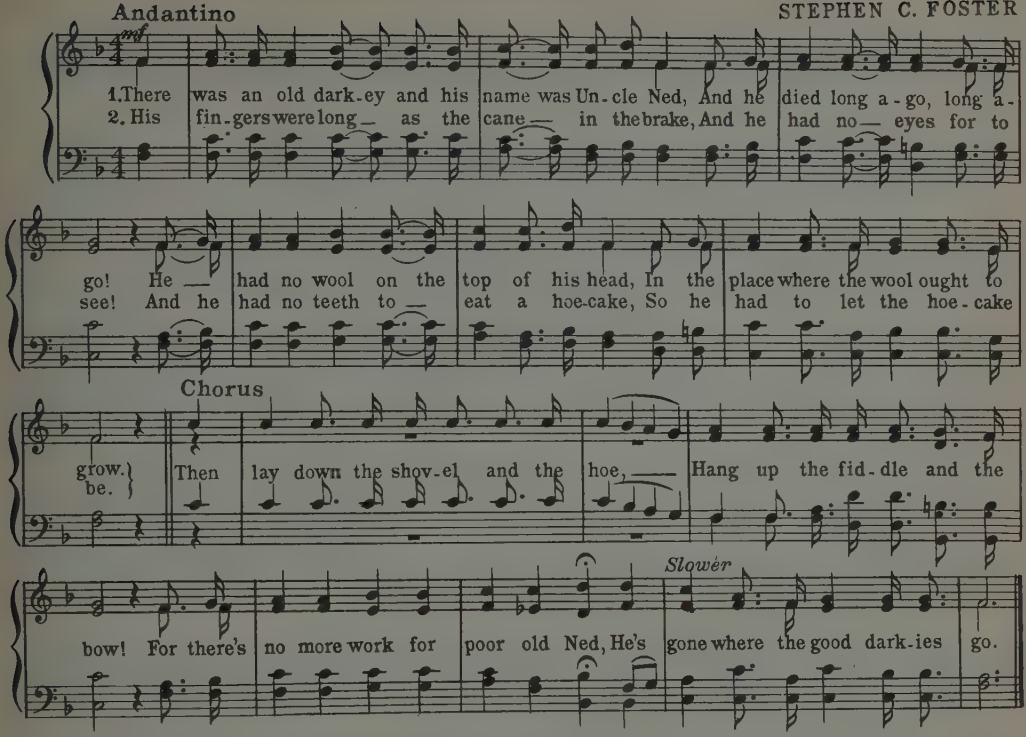
# Tired, So Tired

M. LINDSAY

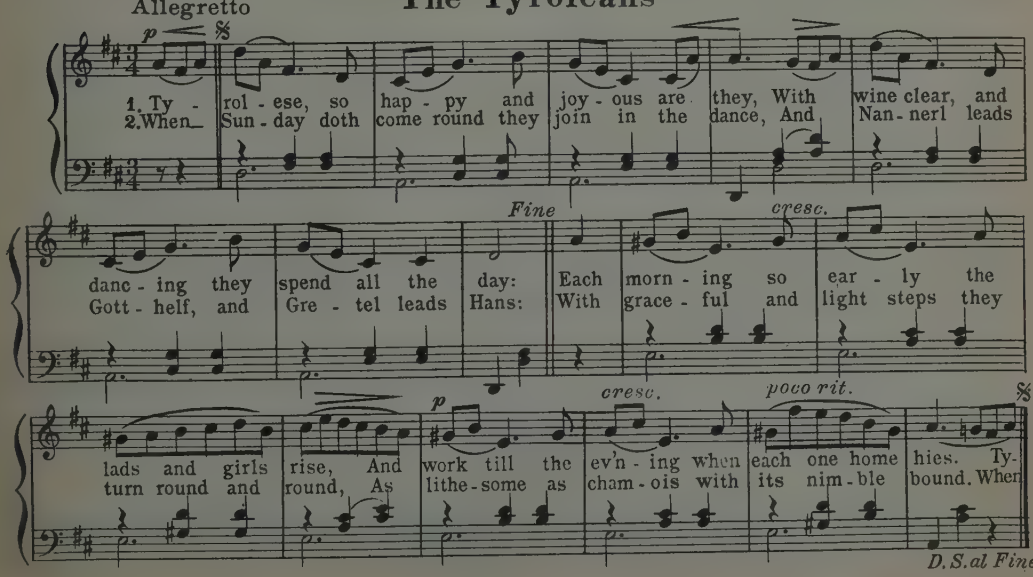

Andante
1. "Tired!" oh, yes! so tir-ed, dear! The day has been ver-y long, But shad-ow-y gloaming
2. It has seemed so long since morn-ing tide, And I have been left so lone, Young smil-ing fac-es
pp poco più lento
draw-eth near, 'Tis time for the ev-en song; I'm read-y to go to rest at last,
throng'd my side When the ear-ly sun-light shone; But they grew tir-ed long a-go, And I
rall.
Read-y to say good-night, The sun-set glo-ry dark-ens fast, To-morrow will bring me light.
saw them sink to rest, With fold-ed hands and brows of snow, On the green earth's moth-er-breast.

# Uncle Ned

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

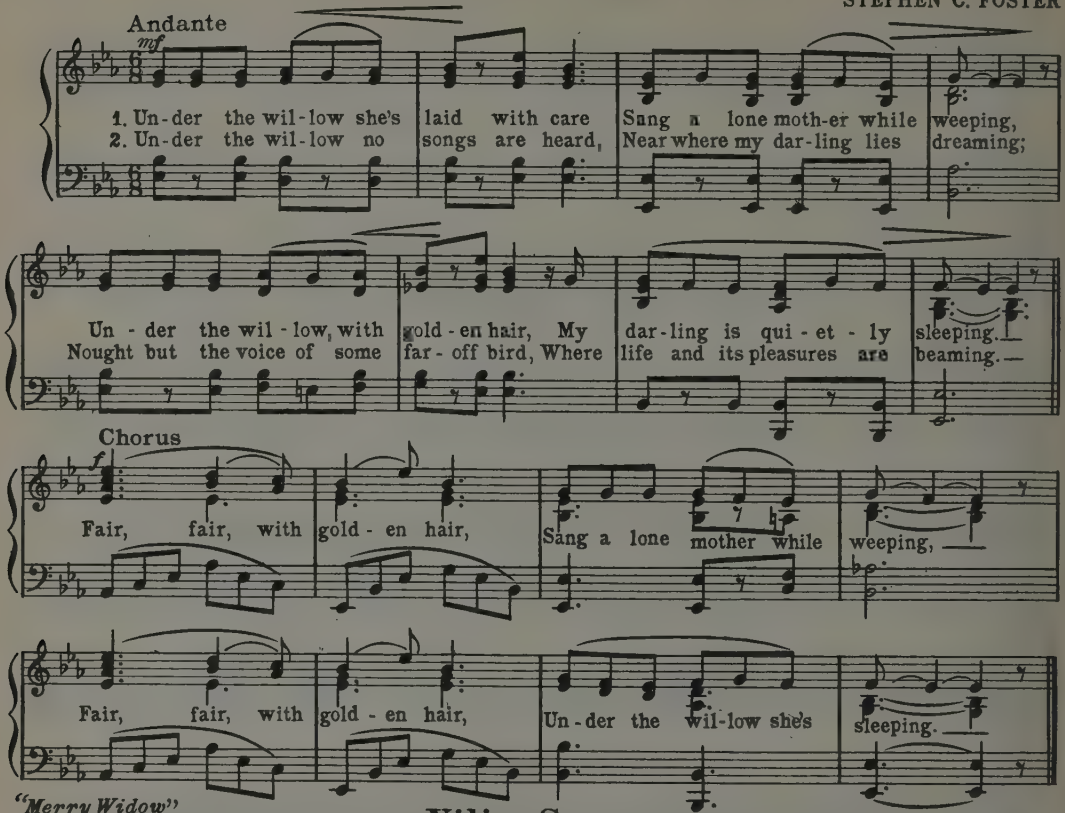

Andantino
mf
1. There was an old dark-ey and his name was Un-cle Ned, And he died long a-go, long a-
2. His fin-gers were long as the cane in the brake, And he had no eyes for to
go! He had no wool on the top of his head, In the place where the wool ought to
see! And he had no teeth to eat a hoe-cake, So he had to let the hoe-cake
Chorus
grow. be.
Then lay down the shov-el and the hoe, Hang up the fid-dle and the
Slower
bow! For there's no more work for poor old Ned, He's gone where the good dark-ies go.

# The Tyroleans


Allegretto
p
1. Ty-
2. When
rol-ese, so hap-py and joy-ous are they, With wine clear, and
Sun-day doth come round they join in the dance, And Nan-nerl leads
Fine
cresc.
danc-ing they spend all the day:
Gott-helf, and Gre-tel leads Hans:
Each morn-ing so ear-ly the
With grace-ful and light steps they
p
cresc.
poco rit.
lads and girls rise, And work till the ev'n-ing when each one home
turn round and round, As lithe-some as cham-ois with its nim-ble
hies. Ty-
bound. When
D.S.al Fine

# Under The Willow She's Sleeping

STEPHEN C. FOSTER


Andante
mf
1. Un-der the wil-low she's laid with care Sang a lone moth-er while weeping,
2. Un-der the wil-low no songs are heard, Near where my dar-ling lies dreaming;
Un - der the wil - low, with gold - en hair, My dar-ling is qui - et - ly sleeping.
Nought but the voice of some far - off bird, Where life and its pleasures are beaming.
Chorus
f
Fair, fair, with gold - en hair, Sang a lone mother while weeping,
Fair, fair, with gold - en hair, Un - der the wil-low she's sleeping.

"Merry Widow"

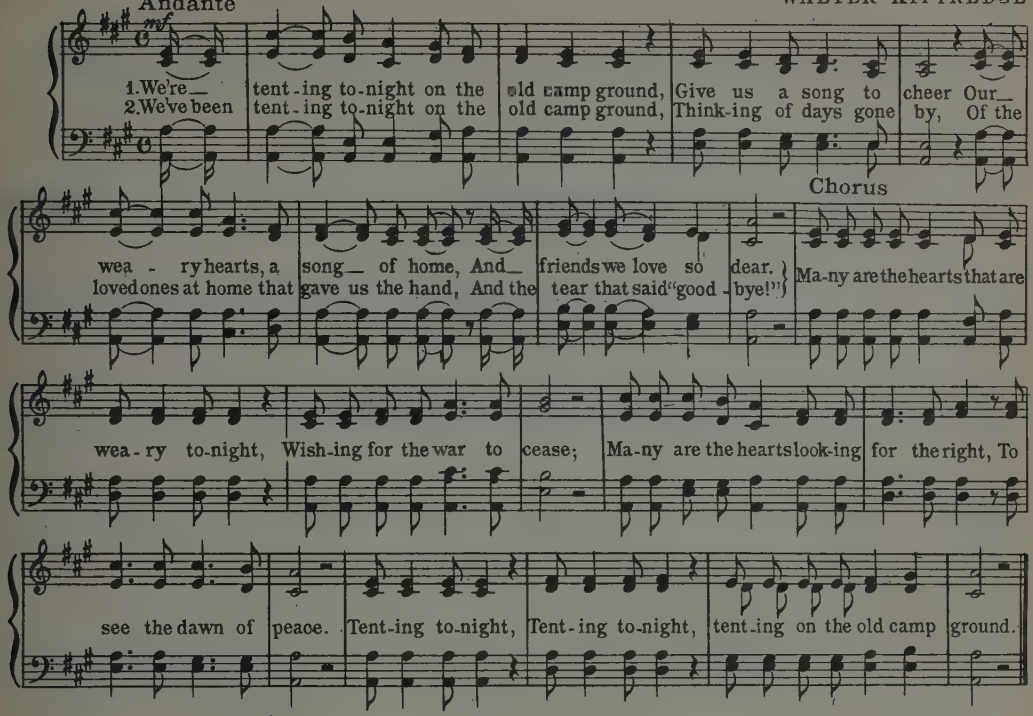
# Vilia Song

F. LEHAR

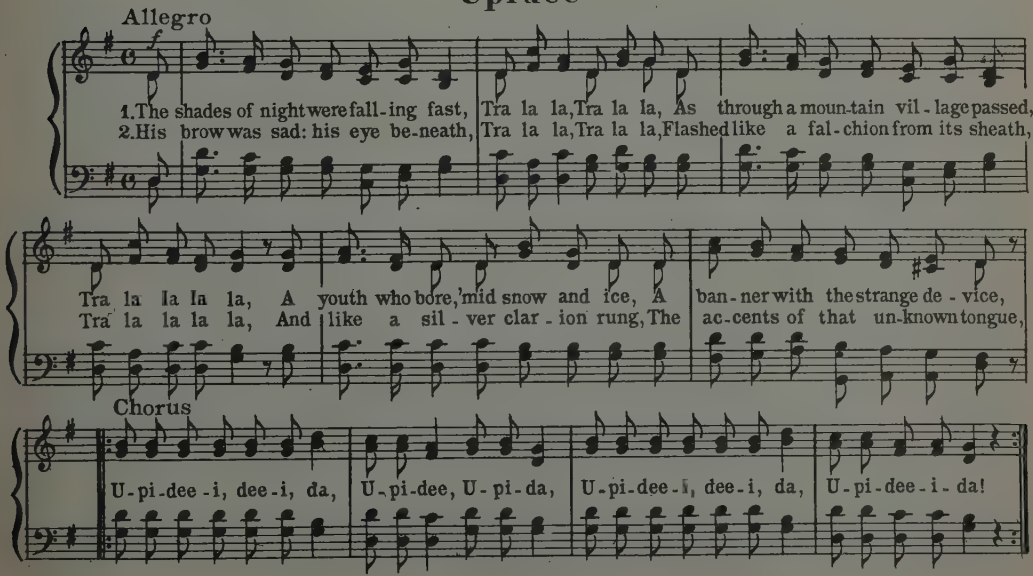
Andante
p
Vil - ia, dear Vil - ia, my whole heart is thine, Let my fond love make thee mine, on - ly
mine; O'er me there steals from thine eyes a sweet spell, Love me, and all will be well,
1 p
2 rit.
mf
morendo
Love me, and all will be well, All will be well, will be well.

# We're Tenting To-Night

WALTER KITTREDGE

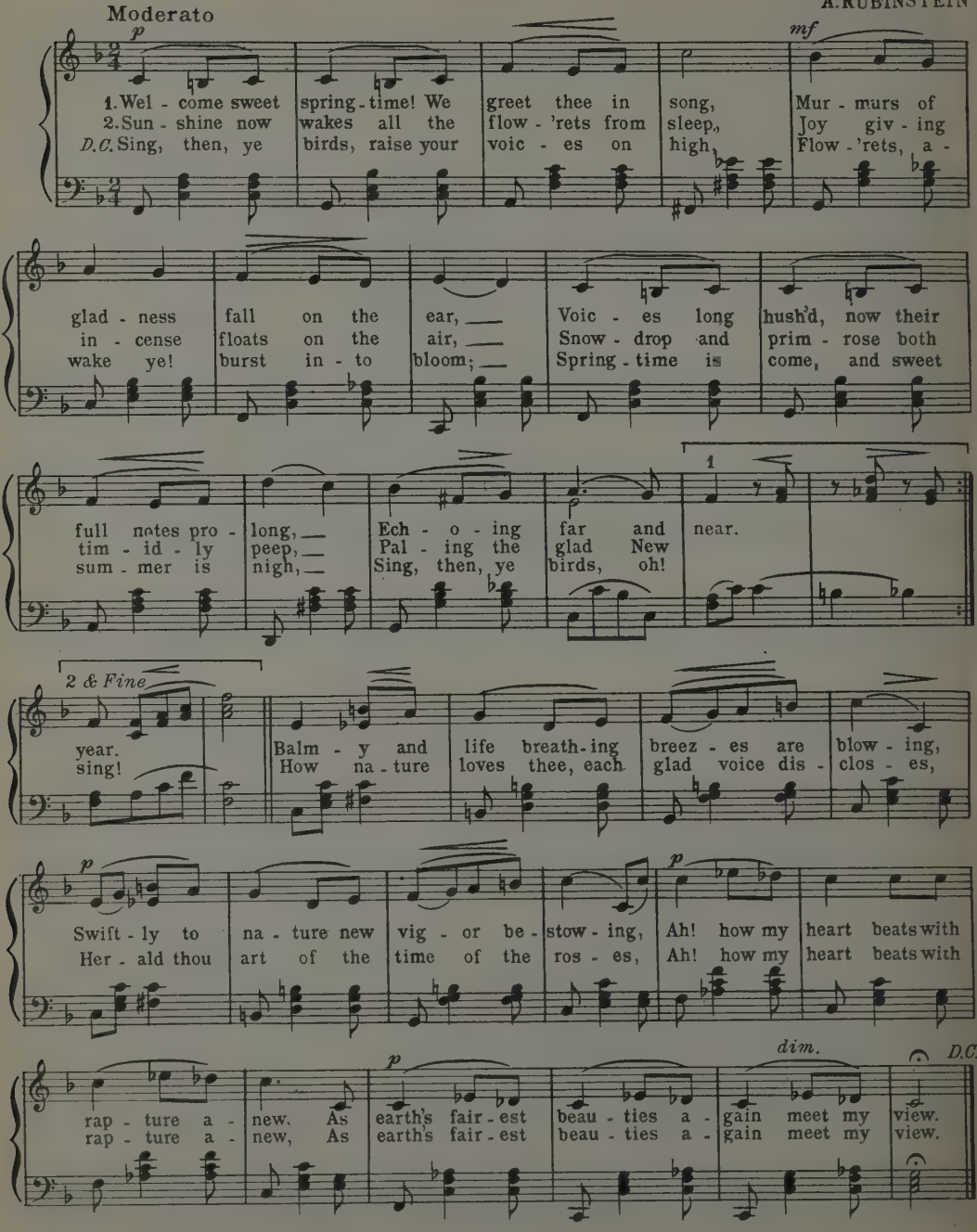

Andante
mf
1.We're tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to cheer Our
2.We've been tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Think-ing of days gone by, Of the
Chorus
wea-ry hearts, a song of home, And friends we love so dear.
loved ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear that said "good-bye!"
Ma-ny are the hearts that are
wea-ry to-night, Wish-ing for the war to cease; Ma-ny are the hearts look-ing for the right, To
see the dawn of peace. Tent-ing to-night, Tent-ing to-night, tent-ing on the old camp ground.

# Upidee


Allegro
f
1.The shades of night were fall-ing fast, Tra la la, Tra la la, As through a moun-tain vil-lage passed,
2.His brow was sad: his eye be-neath, Tra la la, Tra la la, Flashed like a fal-chion from its sheath,
Tra la la la la, A youth who bore, 'mid snow and ice, A ban-ner with the strange de-vice,
Tra la la la la, And like a sil-ver clar-ion rung, The ac-cents of that un-known tongue,
Chorus
U-pi-dee-i, dee-i, da, U-pi-dee, U-pi-da, U-pi-dee-i, dee-i, da, U-pi-dee-i-da!

# Voices Of The Woods

A. RUBINSTEIN


Moderato
p
mf
1. Wel - come sweet spring - time! We greet thee in song, Mur - murs of
2. Sun - shine now wakes all the flow - 'rets from sleep, Joy giv - ing
D.C. Sing, then, ye birds, raise your voic - es on high Flow - 'rets, a -
glad - ness fall on the ear, Voic - es long hush'd, now their
in - cense floats on the air, Snow - drop and prim - rose both
wake ye! burst in - to bloom; Spring - time is come, and sweet
full notes pro - long, Ech - o - ing far and near.
tim - id - ly peep, Pal - ing the glad New
sum - mer is nigh, Sing, then, ye birds, oh!
1
2 & Fine
year.
sing!
Balm - y and life breath - ing breez - es are blow - ing,
How na - ture loves thee, each glad voice dis - clos - es,
p
p
Swift - ly to na - ture new vig - or be - stow - ing, Ah! how my heart beats with
Her - ald thou art of the time of the ros - es, Ah! how my heart beats with
dim.
D.C.
rap - ture a - new. As earth's fair - est beau - ties a - gain meet my view.
rap - ture a - new, As earth's fair - est beau - ties a - gain meet my view.

# We Are Coming, Father Abra'am

L. O. EMERSON

Tempo di Marcia

*f*

1. We are com-ing, Fa-ther A-bra'am, three hun-dred thousand more, From Mis-sis-sip-pi's
2. If you look a-cross the hill-tops that meet the northern sky, Long mov-ing lines of

wind-ing stream and from New England's shore; We leave our plows and work-shops, our
ris-ing dust your vis-ion may des-cry; And now the wind, and in-stant, tears the

wives and chil-dren dear, With hearts too full for ut-ter-ance, with but a sil-ent
cloud-y veil a-side, And floats a-loft our span-gled flag in glo-ry and in

tear; We dare not look be-hind us, but stead-fast-ly be-fore. We are
pride; And bayonets in the sun-light gleam, and bands brave mu-sic pour, We are

Chorus

com-ing, Fa-ther A-bra'am, three hun-dred thou-sand more. We are com-ing, we are

com-ing, Our Un-ion to re-store, We are com-ing, Fa-ther A-bra'am, with three

*cresc.*

hun-dred thousand more, We are com-ing, Fa-ther A-bra'am, with three hun-dred thou-sand more.

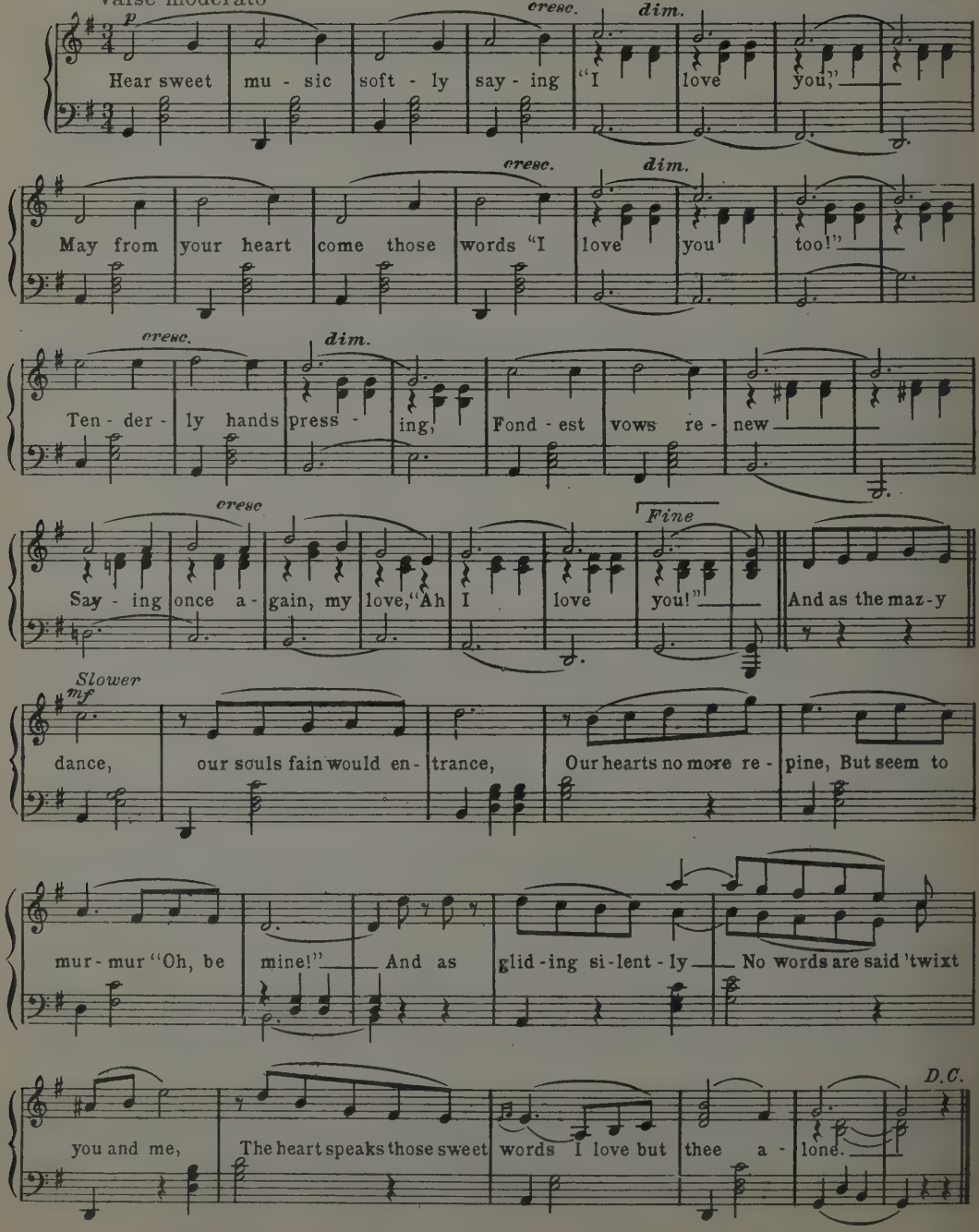
*cresc.*

*ff*

*ff*

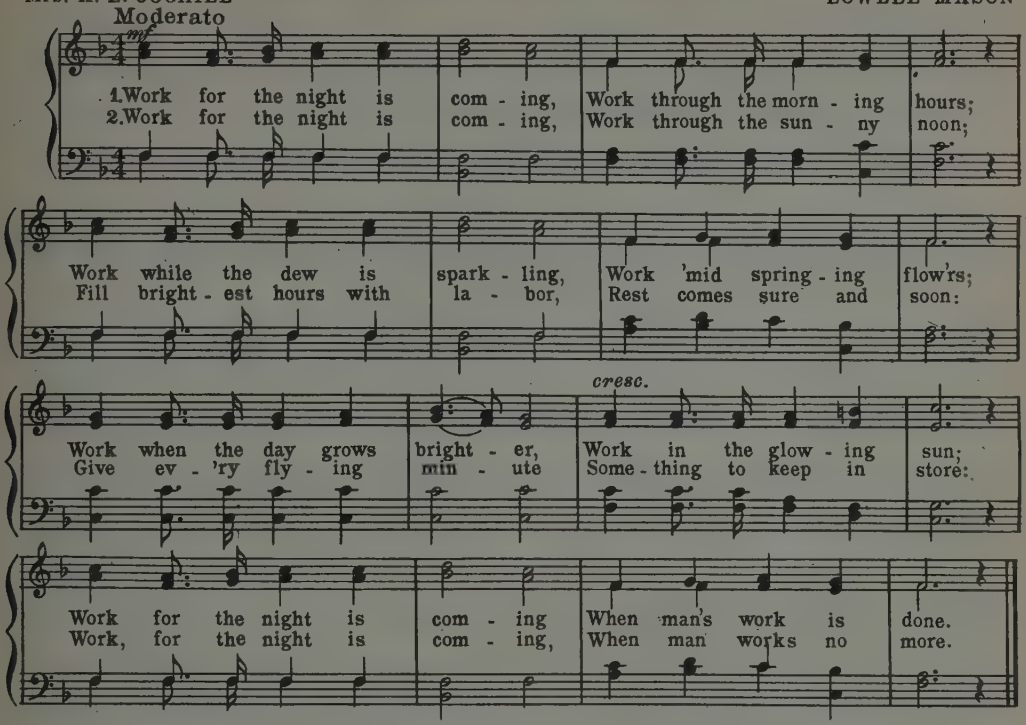
# Waltz Song

F. LEHAR


Valse moderato
p
cresc.
dim.
Hear sweet mu - sic soft - ly say - ing "I love you,"
May from your heart come those words "I love you too!"
Ten - der - ly hands press - ing, Fond - est vows re - new
Say - ing once a - gain, my love, "Ah I love you!"
Fine
And as the maz - y
Slower
mf
dance, our souls fain would en - trance, Our hearts no more re - pine, But seem to
mur - mur "Oh, be mine!" And as glid - ing si - lent - ly No words are said 'twixt
you and me, The heart speaks those sweet words I love but thee a - lone.
D.C.

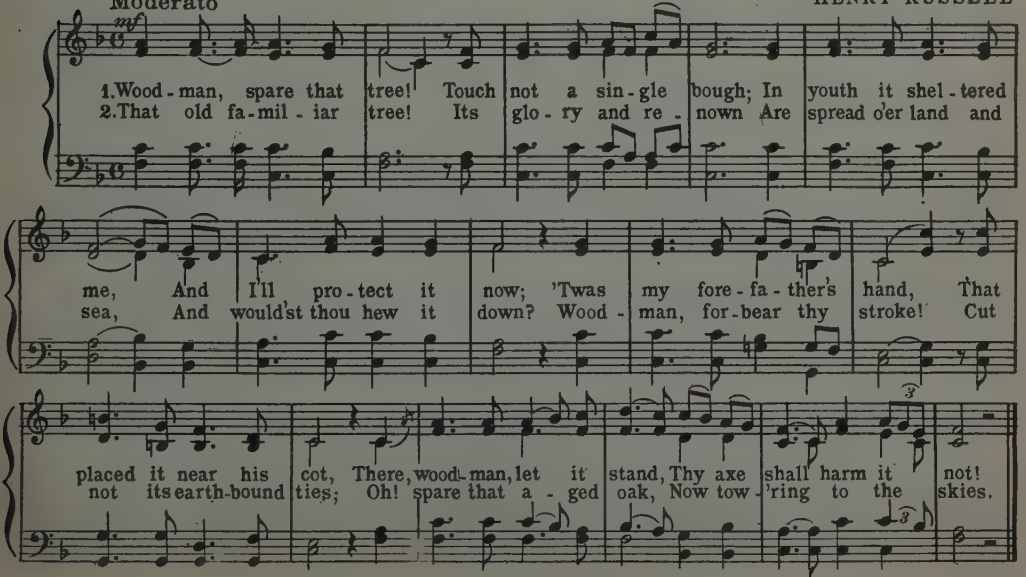
## Work, For The Night Is Coming

Mrs. A. L. COGHILL — LOWELL MASON


Moderato
mf
1.Work for the night is coming, Work through the morning hours;
2.Work for the night is coming, Work through the sunny noon;
Work while the dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs;
Fill bright-est hours with labor, Rest comes sure and soon:
cresc.
Work when the day grows bright-er, Work in the glowing sun;
Give ev-'ry fly-ing minute Some-thing to keep in store:
Work for the night is coming When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.

## Woodman, Spare That Tree

Moderato — HENRY RUSSELL


mf
1.Wood-man, spare that tree! Touch not a sin-gle bough; In youth it shel-tered
2.That old fa-mil-iar tree! Its glo-ry and re-nown Are spread o'er land and
me, And I'll pro-tect it now; 'Twas my fore-fa-ther's hand, That
sea, And would'st thou hew it down? Wood-man, for-bear thy stroke! Cut
placed it near his cot, There, wood-man, let it stand, Thy axe shall harm it not!
not its earth-bound ties; Oh! spare that a-ged oak, Now tow-'ring to the skies.

# The Wearing Of The Green

Moderato

*mf*

1. O— Pad - dy, dear, and did you hear the news that's go - ing round, The Sham-rock is for-
2. Then since the col - or we must wear is Eng-land's cru - el red, Sure Ire - land's sons will

bid by law to grow on I - rish ground; Saint— Pat-rick's day no more we'll keep, His
ne'er for - get the blood that they have shed. You may take the sham-rock from your hat, and

col - or can't be seen For there's a blood - y law a - gin' the wear - in' o' the green.
cast it on the sod, But 'twill take root and flour-ish still, tho' un - der foot 'tis trod.

I— met with Nap - per Tan - dy and he tuk me by the hand, And he said, "How's poor ould
When the law can stop the blades of grass from grow-ing as they grow, And— when the leaves in

Ire - land, and how— does she stand?" She's the most dis - tress - ful coun - try— that
sum-mer time their ver-dure dare not show, Then— I will change the col - or— I

ev - er you have seen; They're hang-ing men and wom-en there for wear-ing of the green.
wear in my cau - been, But, till that day, I'll stick for aye to wear-ing of the green.

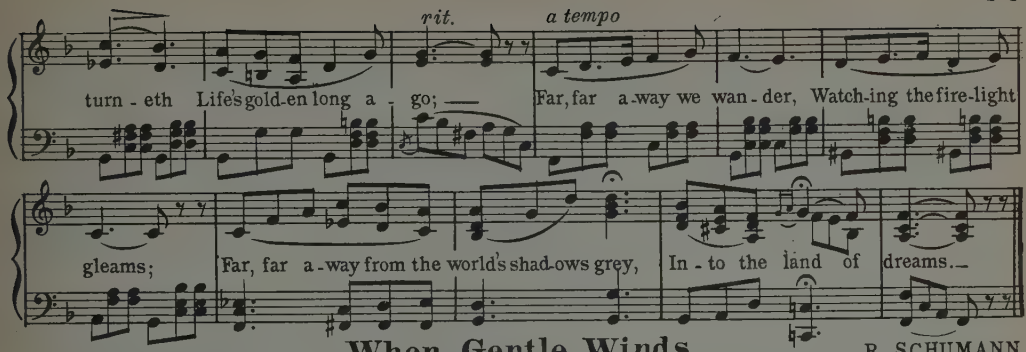
# When The Lights Are Low

GERALD LANE

Allegretto

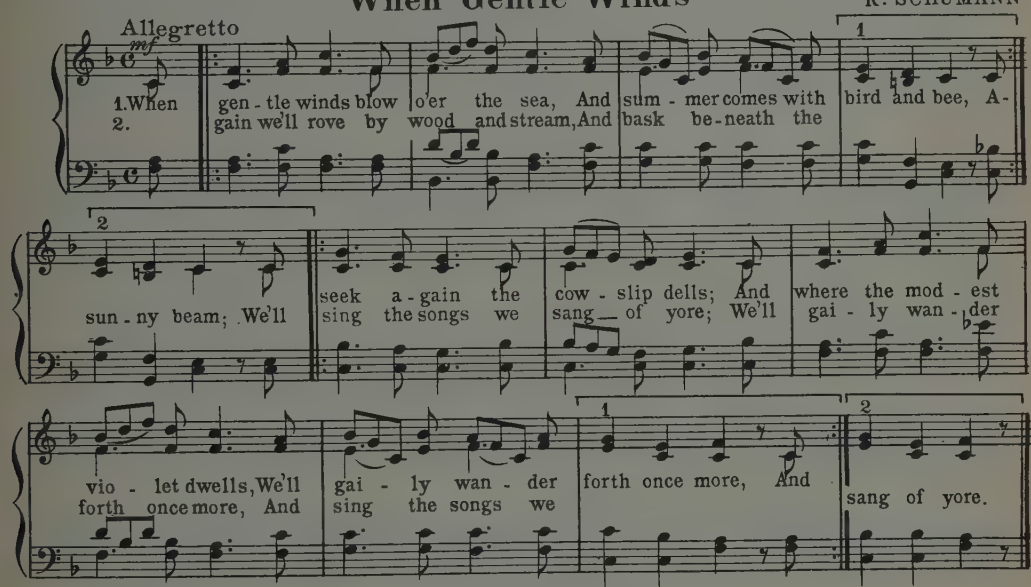
*mf*

Just when the day is o - ver, Just when the lights are low, Back to the heart re-

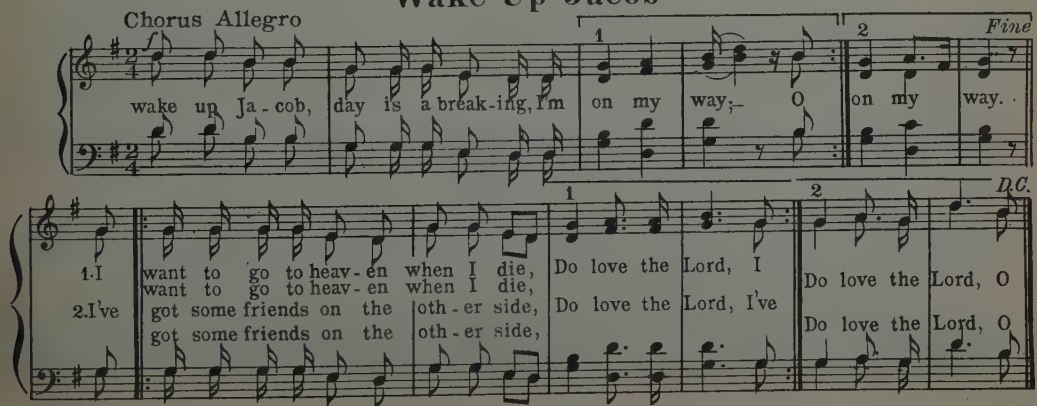

rit.
a tempo
turn - eth Life's gold-en long a - go;
Far, far a-way we wan - der, Watch-ing the fire-light
gleams;
Far, far a-way from the world's shad-ows grey,
In - to the land of dreams.

## When Gentle Winds

R. SCHUMANN


Allegretto
mf
1.When gen - tle winds blow o'er the sea, And sum - mer comes with bird and bee, A-
2. gain we'll rove by wood and stream, And bask be-neath the
sun - ny beam; We'll seek a - gain the cow - slip dells; And where the mod - est
sing the songs we sang of yore; We'll gai - ly wan - der
vio - let dwells, We'll gai - ly wan - der forth once more, And
forth once more, And sing the songs we sang of yore.

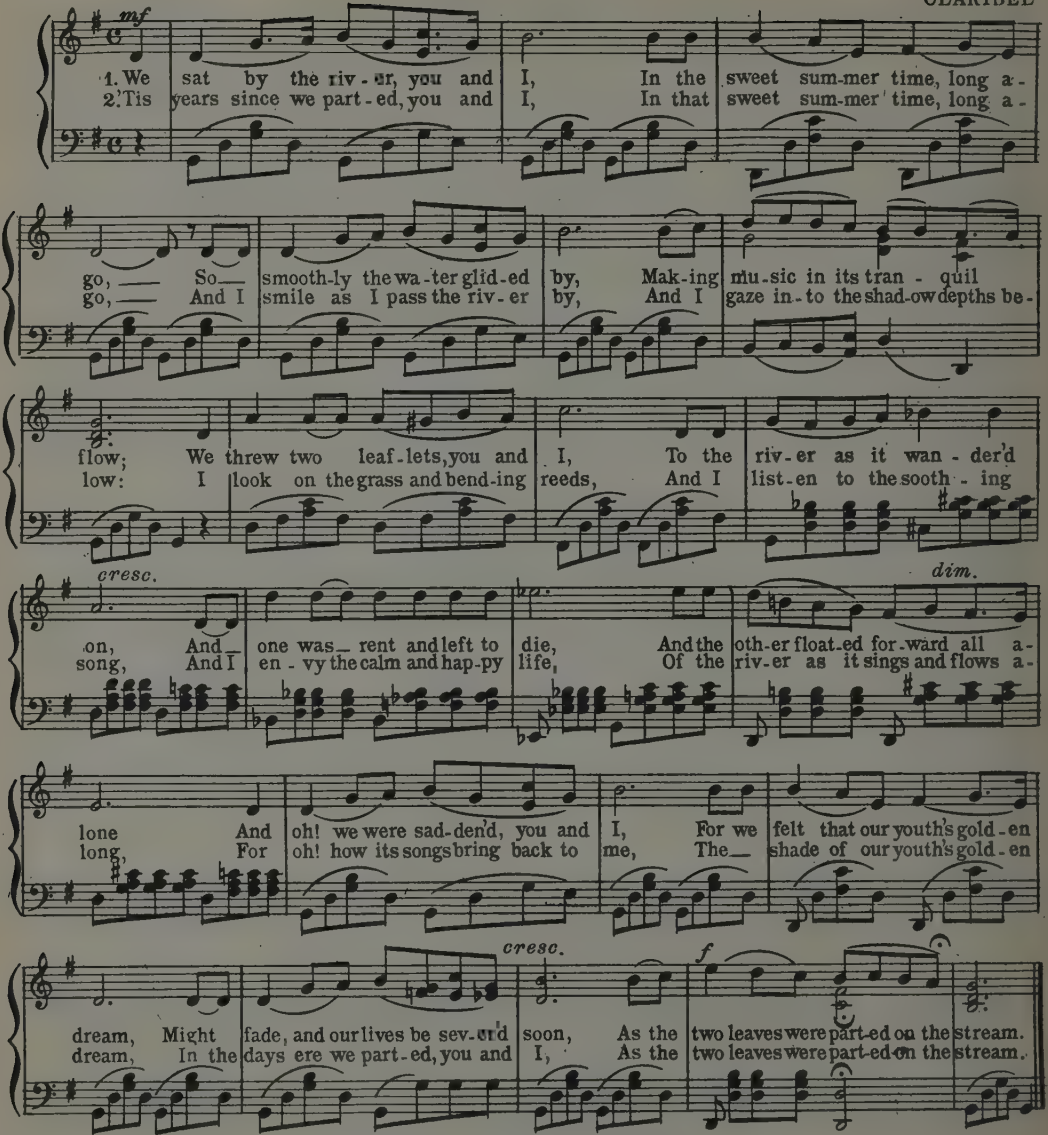
## Wake Up Jacob


Chorus Allegro
f
wake up Ja - cob, day is a break-ing, I'm on my way; O on my way.
Fine
D.C.
1.I want to go to heav - en when I die, Do love the Lord, I
want to go to heav - en when I die,
2.I've got some friends on the oth - er side, Do love the Lord, I've
got some friends on the oth - er side,
Do love the Lord, O
Do love the Lord, O

# You And I

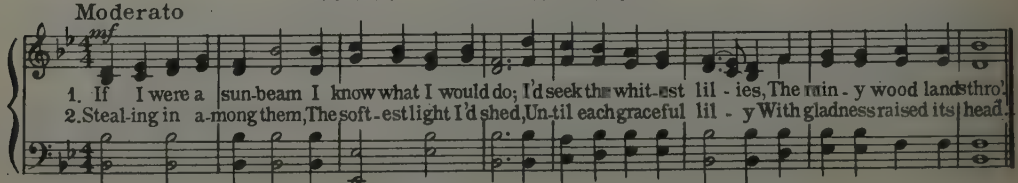
Moderato

CLARIBEL


mf
1. We sat by the riv - er, you and I, In the sweet sum-mer time, long a -
2. 'Tis years since we part - ed, you and I, In that sweet sum-mer time, long a -
go, — So— smooth-ly the wa - ter glid - ed by, Mak - ing mu - sic in its tran - quil
go, — And I smile as I pass the riv - er by, And I gaze in - to the shad - ow depths be -
flow; We threw two leaf - lets, you and I, To the riv - er as it wan - der'd
low: I look on the grass and bend - ing reeds, And I list - en to the sooth - ing
cresc.
dim.
on, And— one was— rent and left to die, And the oth - er float - ed for - ward all a -
song, And I en - vy the calm and hap - py life, Of the riv - er as it sings and flows a -
lone And oh! we were sad - den'd, you and I, For we felt that our youth's gold - en
long, For oh! how its songs bring back to me, The— shade of our youth's gold - en
cresc.
f
dream, Might fade, and our lives be sev - er'd soon, As the two leaves were part - ed on the stream.
dream, In the days ere we part - ed, you and I, As the two leaves were part - ed on the stream.

# Were I A Sunbeam

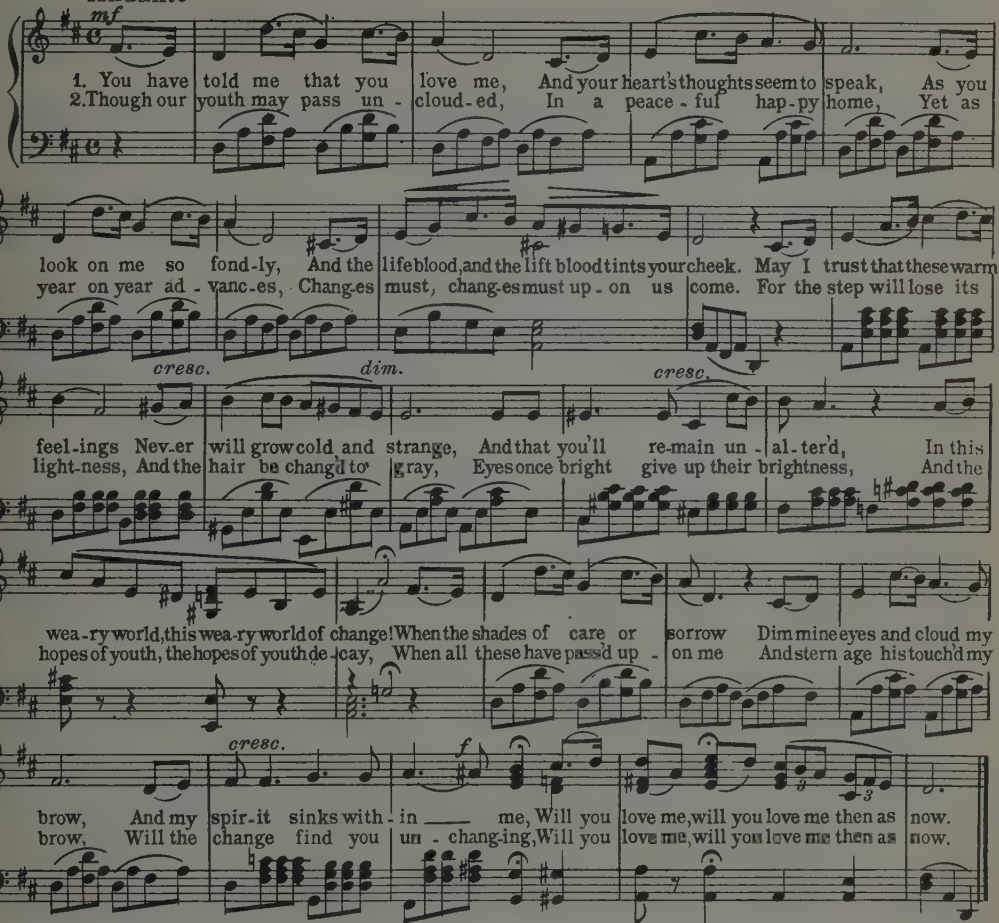
Moderato


mf
1. If I were a sun-beam I know what I would do; I'd seek the whit - est lil - ies, The rain - y wood lands thro'
2. Steal - ing in a - mong them, The soft - est light I'd shed, Un - til each graceful lil - y With gladness raised its head.

# Will You Love Me Then As Now?

Andante

F. WEILAND

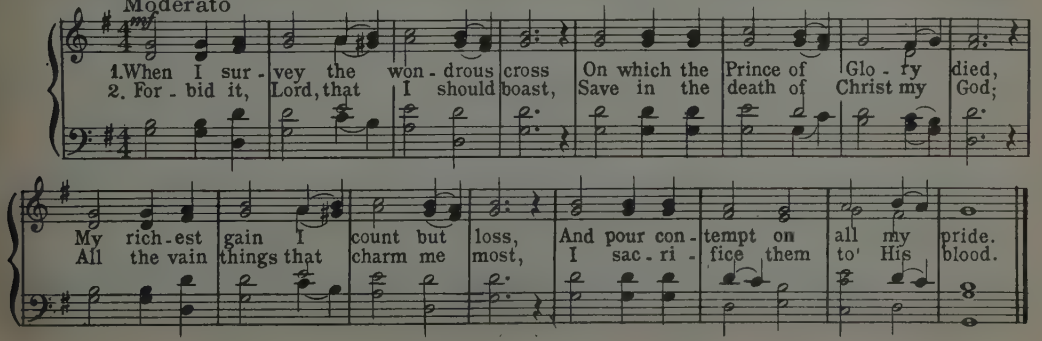

mf
1. You have told me that you love me, And your heart's thoughts seem to speak, As you
2. Though our youth may pass un - cloud - ed, In a peace - ful hap - py home, Yet as
look on me so fond - ly, And the life blood, and the lift blood tints your cheek. May I trust that these warm
year on year ad - vanc - es, Chang - es must, chang - es must up - on us come. For the step will lose its
cresc.
dim.
cresc.
feel - ings Nev - er will grow cold and strange, And that you'll re - main un - al - ter'd, In this
light - ness, And the hair be chang'd to gray, Eyes once bright give up their brightness, And the
wea - ry world, this wea - ry world of change! When the shades of care or sorrow Dim mine eyes and cloud my
hopes of youth, the hopes of youth de - cay, When all these have pass'd up - on me And stern age his touch'd my
cresc.
f
brow, And my spir - it sinks with - in me, Will you love me, will you love me then as now.
brow, Will the change find you un - chang - ing, Will you love me, will you love me then as now.

ISAAC WATTS

## When I Survey The Wondrous Cross

LOWELL MASON

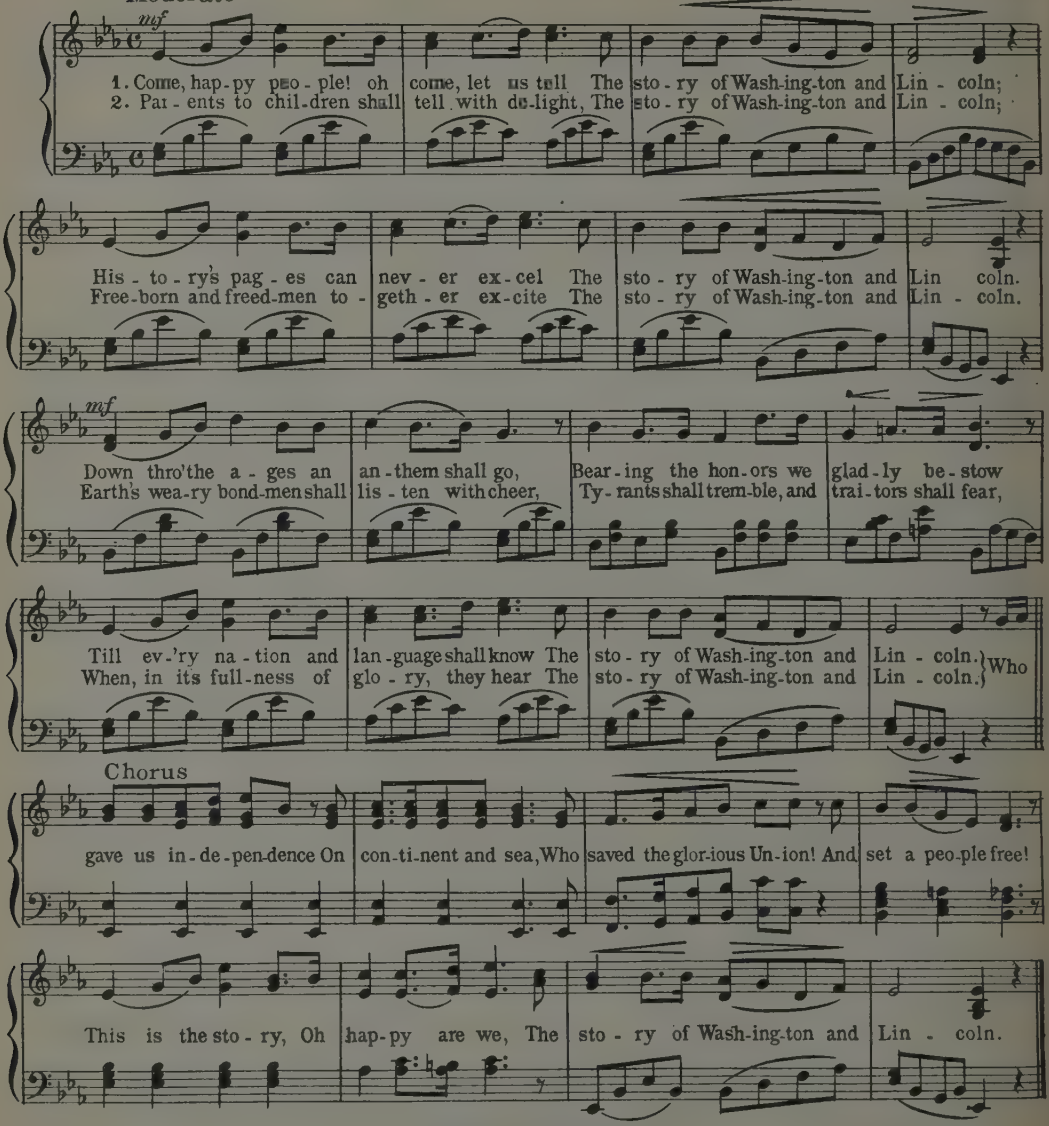
Moderato


mf
1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the Prince of Glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my God;
My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to' His blood.

# Washington and Lincoln

Moderato

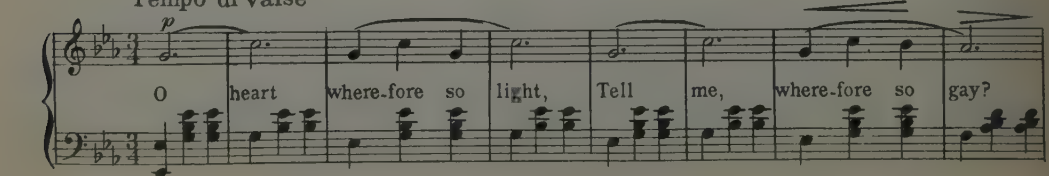
H. C. WORK

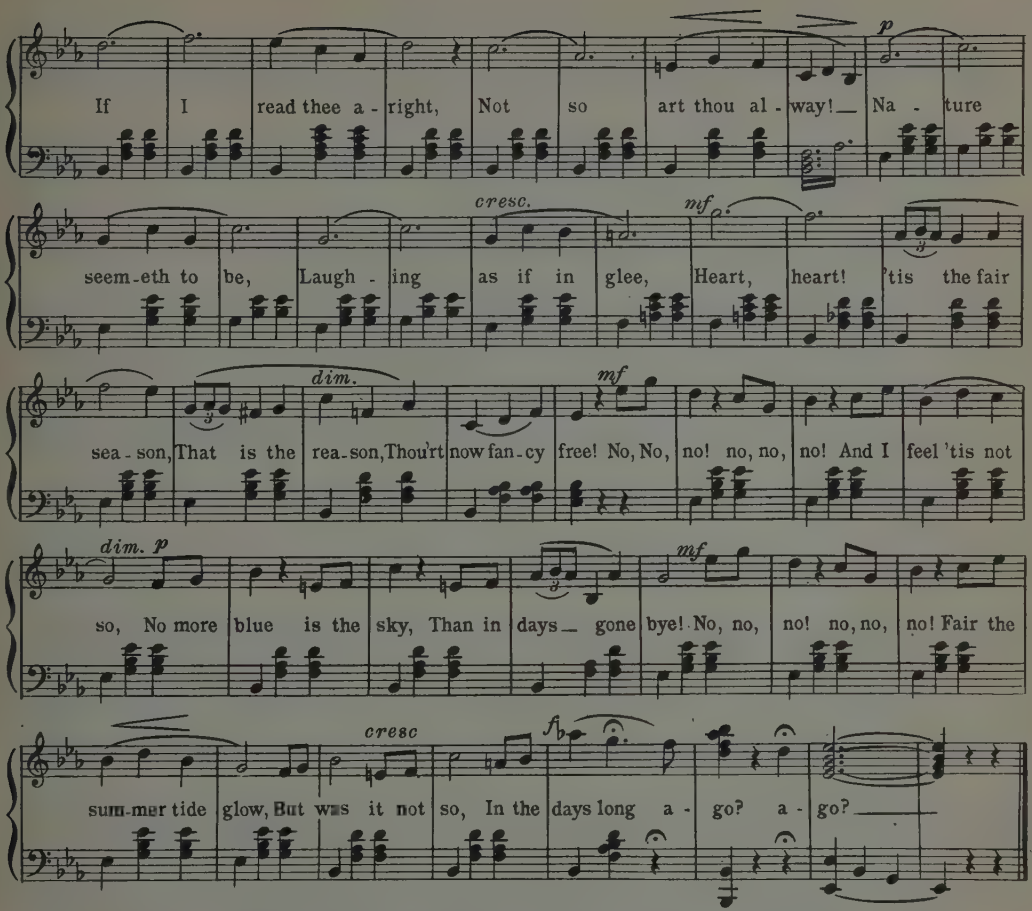

mf
1. Come, hap-py peo-ple! oh come, let us tell The sto-ry of Wash-ing-ton and Lin-coln;
2. Par-ents to chil-dren shall tell with de-light, The sto-ry of Wash-ing-ton and Lin-coln;
His-to-ry's pag-es can nev-er ex-cel The sto-ry of Wash-ing-ton and Lin coln.
Free-born and freed-men to-geth-er ex-cite The sto-ry of Wash-ing-ton and Lin-coln.
mf
Down thro' the a-ges an an-them shall go, Bear-ing the hon-ors we glad-ly be-stow
Earth's wea-ry bond-men shall lis-ten with cheer, Ty-rants shall trem-ble, and trai-tors shall fear,
Till ev-'ry na-tion and lan-guage shall know The sto-ry of Wash-ing-ton and Lin-coln.
When, in its full-ness of glo-ry, they hear The sto-ry of Wash-ing-ton and Lin-coln.
Who
Chorus
gave us in-de-pen-dence On con-ti-nent and sea, Who saved the glor-ious Un-ion! And set a peo-ple free!
This is the sto-ry, Oh hap-py are we, The sto-ry of Wash-ing-ton and Lin-coln.

# Waltz Song

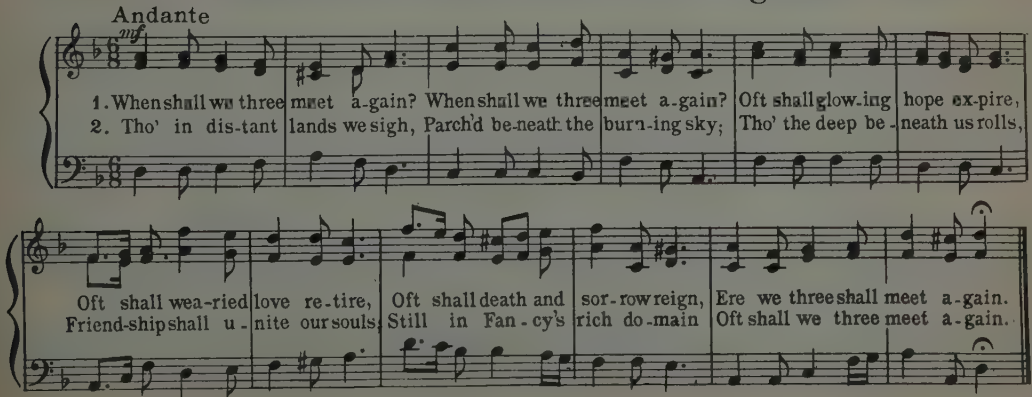
Tempo di Valse

E. AUDRAN




If I read thee a - right, Not so art thou al - way! Na - ture
p
seem - eth to be, Laugh - ing as if in glee, Heart, heart! 'tis the fair
cresc.
mf
sea - son, That is the rea - son, Thou'rt now fan - cy free! No, No, no! no, no, no! And I feel 'tis not
dim.
mf
so, No more blue is the sky, Than in days gone bye! No, no, no! no, no, no! Fair the
dim. p
mf
sum - mer tide glow, But was it not so, In the days long a - go? a - go?
cresc
fp

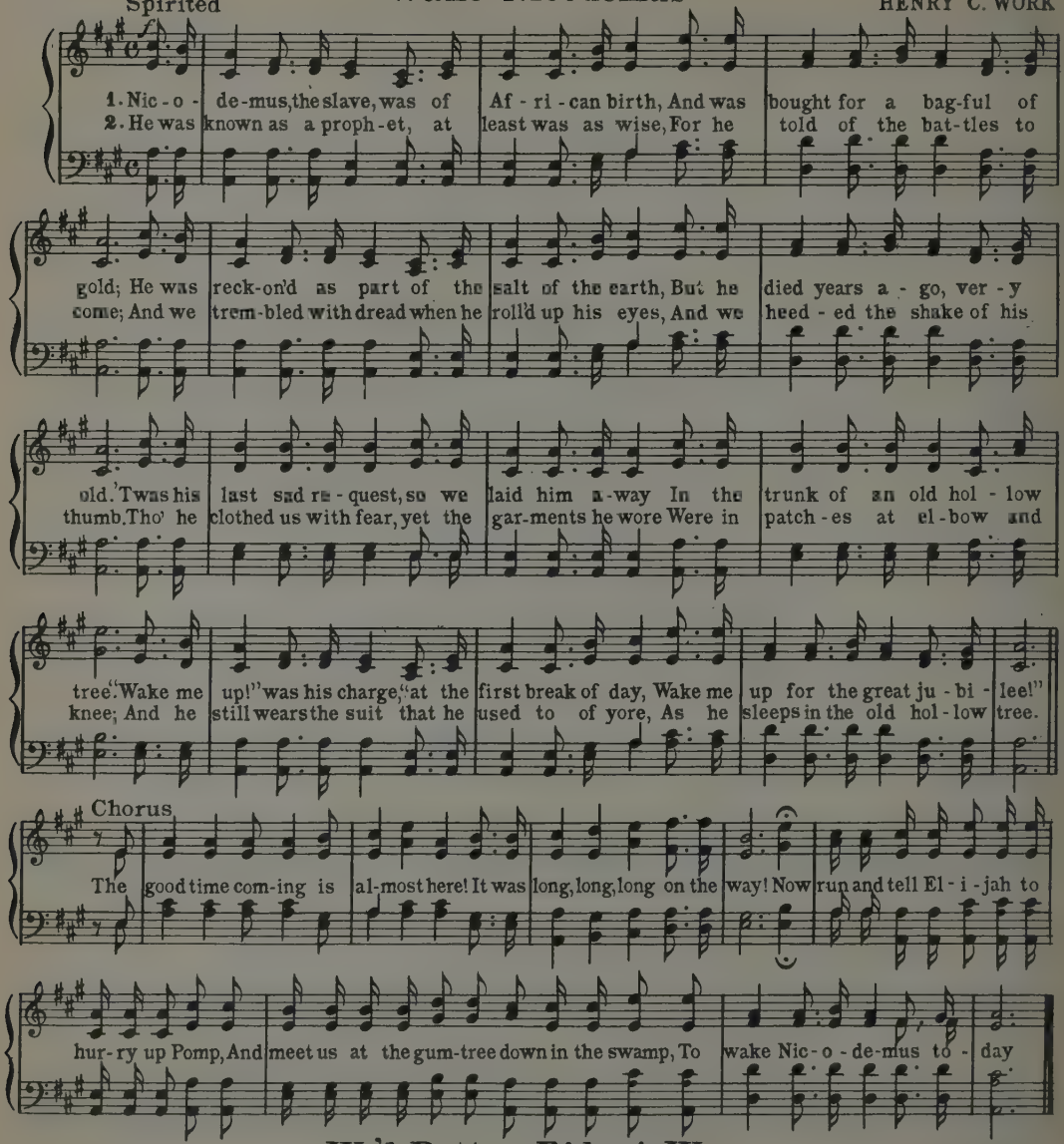
## When Shall We Three Meet Again?


Andante
mf
1. When shall we three meet a - gain? When shall we three meet a - gain? Oft shall glow - ing hope ex - pire,
2. Tho' in dis - tant lands we sigh, Parch'd be - neath the burn - ing sky; Tho' the deep be - neath us rolls,
Oft shall wea - ried love re - tire, Oft shall death and sor - row reign, Ere we three shall meet a - gain.
Friend - ship shall u - nite our souls; Still in Fan - cy's rich do - main Oft shall we three meet a - gain.

## Wake Nicodemus

Spirited

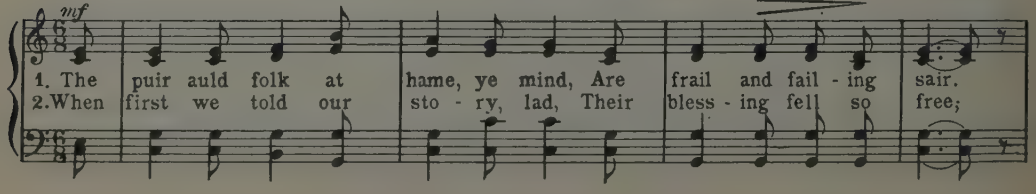
HENRY C. WORK

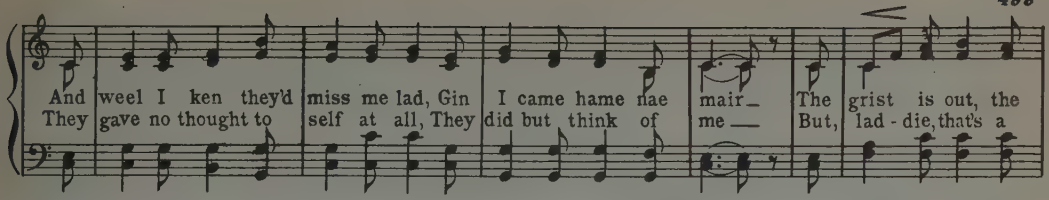

1. Nic - o - de - mus, the slave, was of Af - ri - can birth, And was bought for a bag-ful of
2. He was known as a proph - et, at least was as wise, For he told of the bat-tles to
gold; He was reck-on'd as part of the salt of the earth, But he died years a - go, ver - y
come; And we trem-bled with dread when he roll'd up his eyes, And we heed - ed the shake of his
old. 'Twas his last sad re - quest, so we laid him a-way In the trunk of an old hol - low
thumb. Tho' he clothed us with fear, yet the gar-ments he wore Were in patch - es at el-bow and
tree. "Wake me up!" was his charge, "at the first break of day, Wake me up for the great ju - bi - lee!"
knee; And he still wears the suit that he used to of yore, As he sleeps in the old hol - low tree.
Chorus
The good time com-ing is al-most here! It was long, long, long on the way! Now run and tell El - i - jah to
hur-ry up Pomp, And meet us at the gum-tree down in the swamp, To wake Nic - o - de-mus to - day

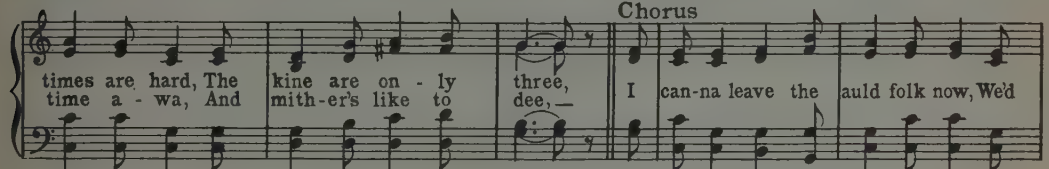
## We'd Better Bide A Wee

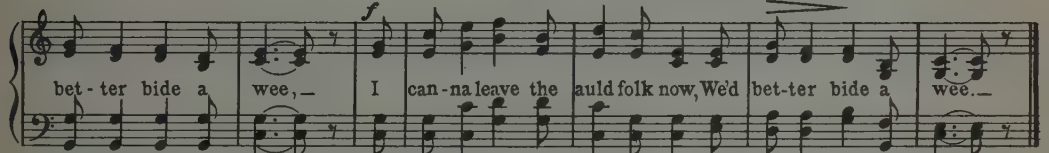
Andantino

CLARIBEL


mf
1. The puir auld folk at hame, ye mind, Are frail and fail - ing sair.
2. When first we told our sto - ry, lad, Their bless - ing fell so free;

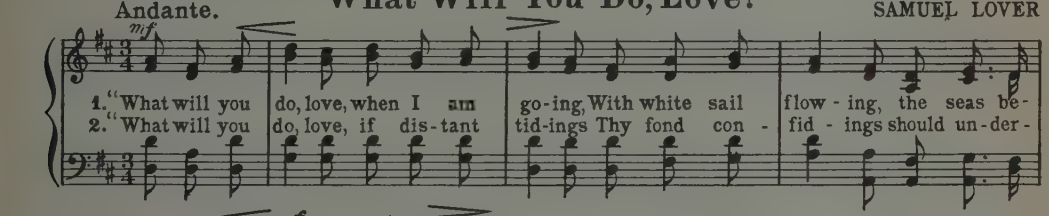

And weel I ken they'd miss me lad, Gin I came hame nae mair_ The grist is out, the
They gave no thought to self at all, They did but think of me — But, lad - die, that's a

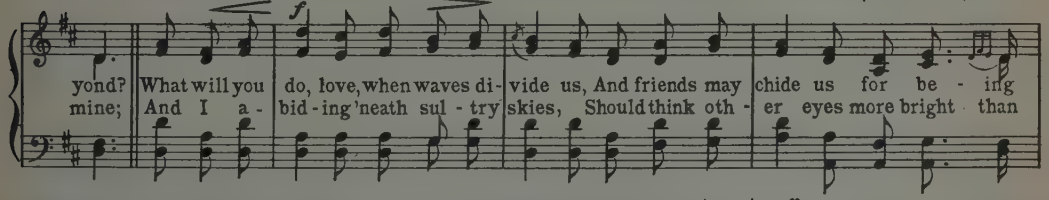


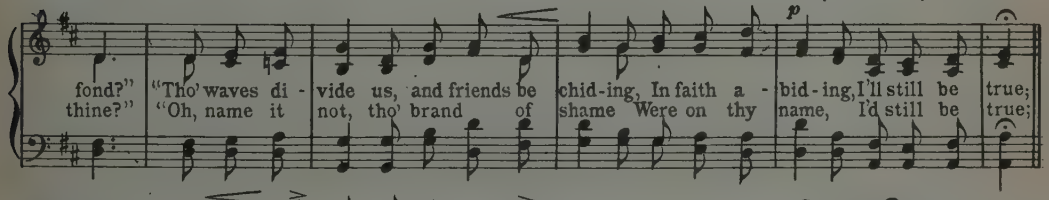



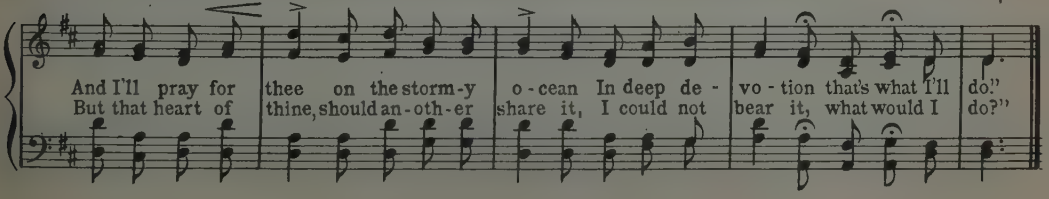

## What Will You Do, Love?

Andante. SAMUEL LOVER


1. "What will you do, love, when I am go-ing, With white sail flow - ing, the seas be-
2. "What will you do, love, if dis-tant tid-ings Thy fond con - fid - ings should un-der-


yond? What will you do, love, when waves di-vide us, And friends may chide us for be - ing
mine; And I a - bid-ing 'neath sul - try skies, Should think oth - er eyes more bright than

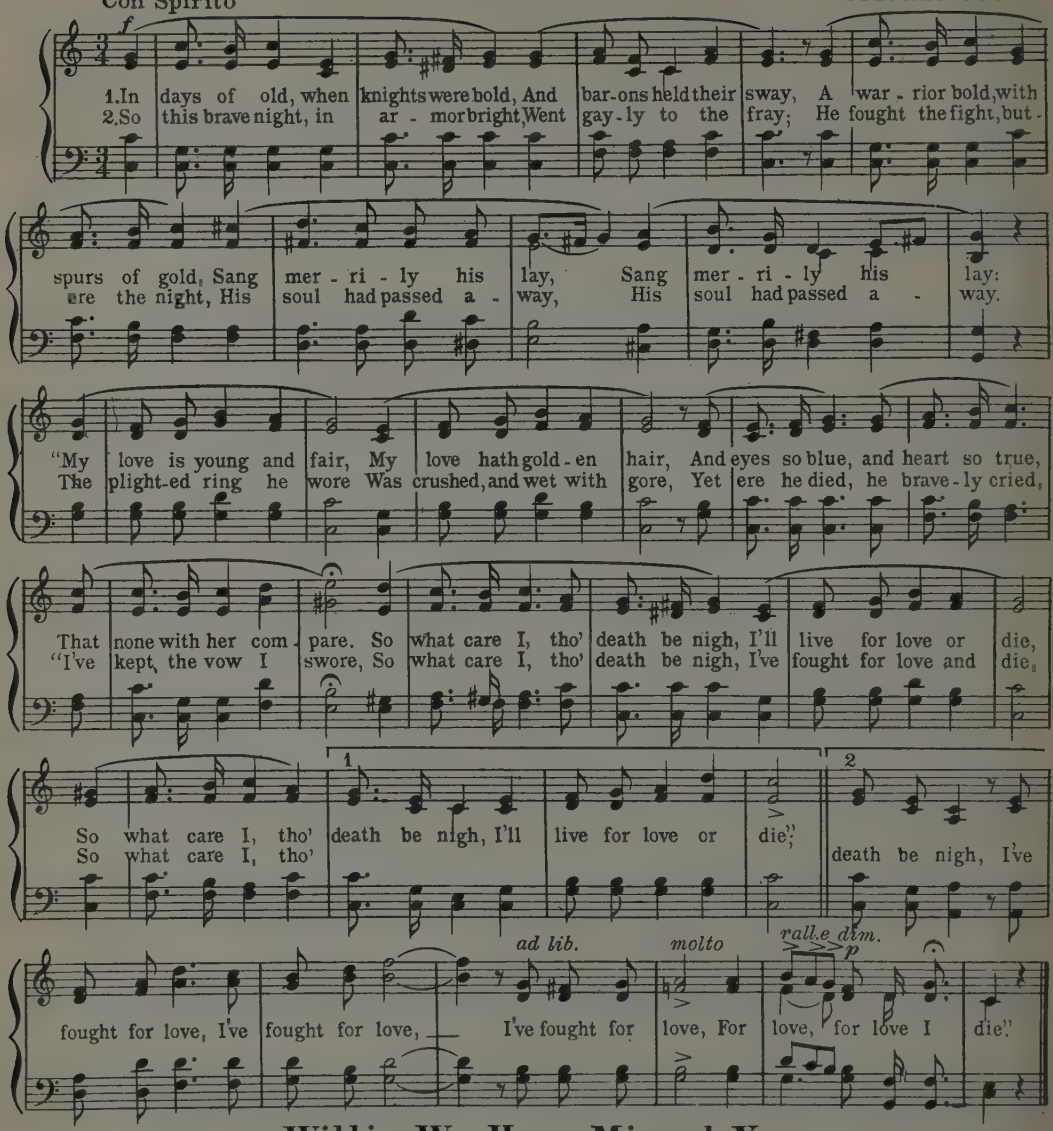

fond?" "Tho' waves di - vide us, and friends be chid-ing, In faith a - bid-ing, I'll still be true;
thine?" "Oh, name it not, tho' brand of shame Were on thy name, I'd still be true;


And I'll pray for thee on the storm-y o-cean In deep de - vo - tion that's what I'll do."
But that heart of thine, should an-oth-er share it, I could not bear it, what would I do?"

# A Warrior Bold

Con Spirito

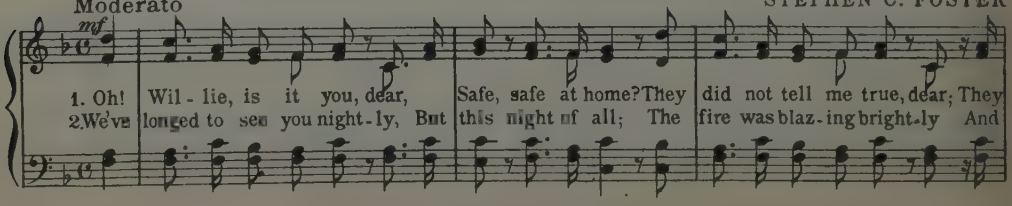
STEPHEN ADAMS


f
1.In days of old, when knights were bold, And bar-ons held their sway, A war - rior bold, with
2.So this brave night, in ar - mor bright, Went gay-ly to the fray; He fought the fight, but -
spurs of gold, Sang mer - ri - ly his lay, Sang mer - ri - ly his lay:
ere the night, His soul had passed a - way, His soul had passed a - way.
"My love is young and fair, My love hath gold - en hair, And eyes so blue, and heart so true,
The plight-ed ring he wore Was crushed, and wet with gore, Yet ere he died, he brave - ly cried,
That none with her com - pare. So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die,
"I've kept the vow I swore, So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I've fought for love and die,
1
So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die;"
2
So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I've
ad lib.
molto
rall.e dim.
p
fought for love, I've fought for love, I've fought for love, For love, for love I die."

# Willie, We Have Missed You

Moderato

STEPHEN C. FOSTER


mf
1. Oh! Wil - lie, is it you, dear, Safe, safe at home? They did not tell me true, dear; They
2.We've longed to see you night - ly, But this night of all; The fire was blaz - ing bright - ly And

said you would not come, I heard you at the gate, And it made my heart re-joice; For I
lights were in the hall. The lit-tle ones were up 'Till 'twas ten o' clock and past, Then their

knew that wel-come foot-step And that dear, fa-mil-iar voice, Mak-ing mu-sic on my ear In the
eyes be-gan to twink-le, And they've gone to sleep at last; But they lis-tened for your voice Till they

lone-ly mid-night gloom: Oh! Wil-lie, we have missed you; Wel-come, wel-come home!
thought you'd nev-er come; Oh! Wil-lie, we have missed you; Wel-come, wel-come home!

## We Have Lived And Loved Together

Andantino

CH. JEFFERYS

*mf*

We have lived and loved to-geth-er, thro' ma-ny chang-ing years, We have shared each oth-er's
Like the leaves that fall a-round us, in Au-tumn's fad-ing hours, And the trai-tor smiles that

glad-ness And wept each oth-er's tears. I have nev-er known a sor-row that was
dark-en When the cloud of sor-row low'rs. And tho' ma-ny such we've known, love, too

*dim.e rit.*

*mf*

long un-soothed by thee That was long un-soothed by thee for thy smile can make a sum-men Where
prove, a-las! to range, Too prove, a-las! to range we both can speak of one, love, Whom

*mf*

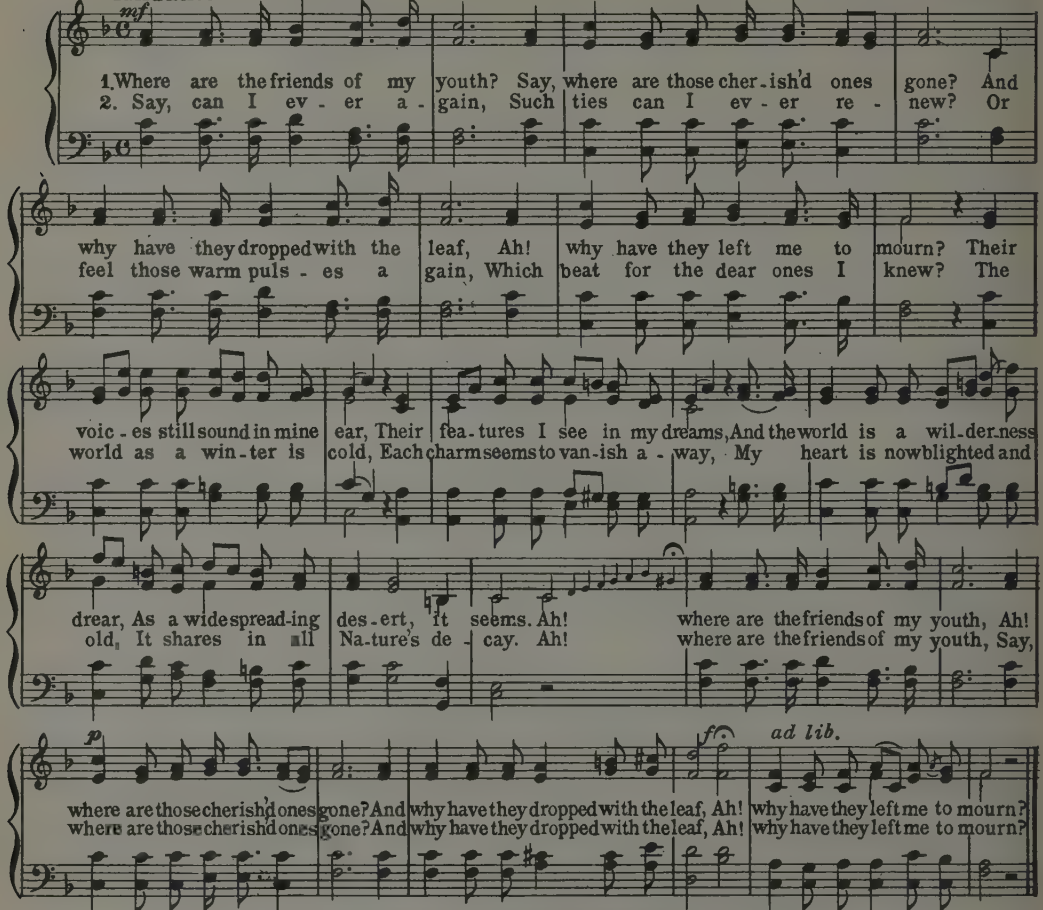
*rit.e dim.*

dark-ness else would be For thy smile can make a sum-men, where dark-ness else would be.
time could nev-er change We both can speak of one, love, whom time could nev-er change.

# Where Are The Friends Of My Youth?

Andante

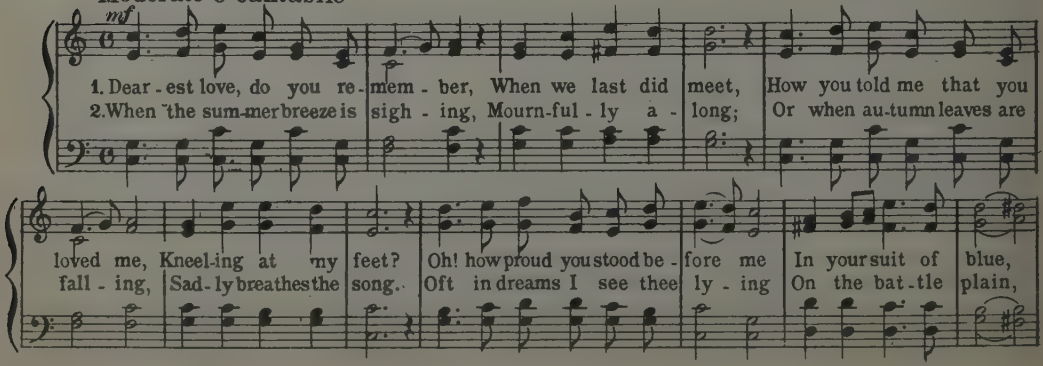
GEORGE BARKER

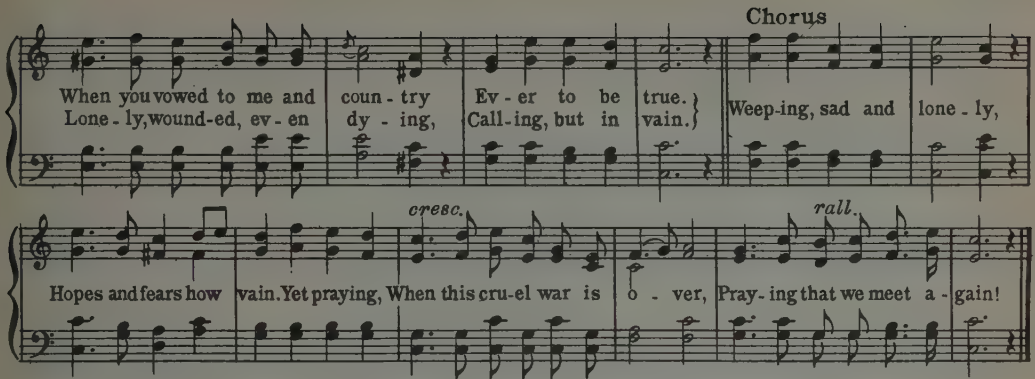

mf
1. Where are the friends of my youth? Say, where are those cher-ish'd ones gone? And
2. Say, can I ev-er a-gain, Such ties can I ev-er re-new? Or
why have they dropped with the leaf, Ah! why have they left me to mourn? Their
feel those warm puls-es a-gain, Which beat for the dear ones I knew? The
voic-es still sound in mine ear, Their fea-tures I see in my dreams, And the world is a wil-der-ness
world as a win-ter is cold, Each charm seems to van-ish a-way, My heart is now blighted and
drear, As a wide spread-ing des-ert, It seems. Ah! where are the friends of my youth, Ah!
old, It shares in all Na-ture's de-cay. Ah! where are the friends of my youth, Say,
p
where are those cher ish'd ones gone? And why have they dropped with the leaf, Ah!
where are those cher ish'd ones gone? And why have they dropped with the leaf, Ah!
ff
ad lib.
why have they left me to mourn?
why have they left me to mourn?

# When This Cruel War Is Over

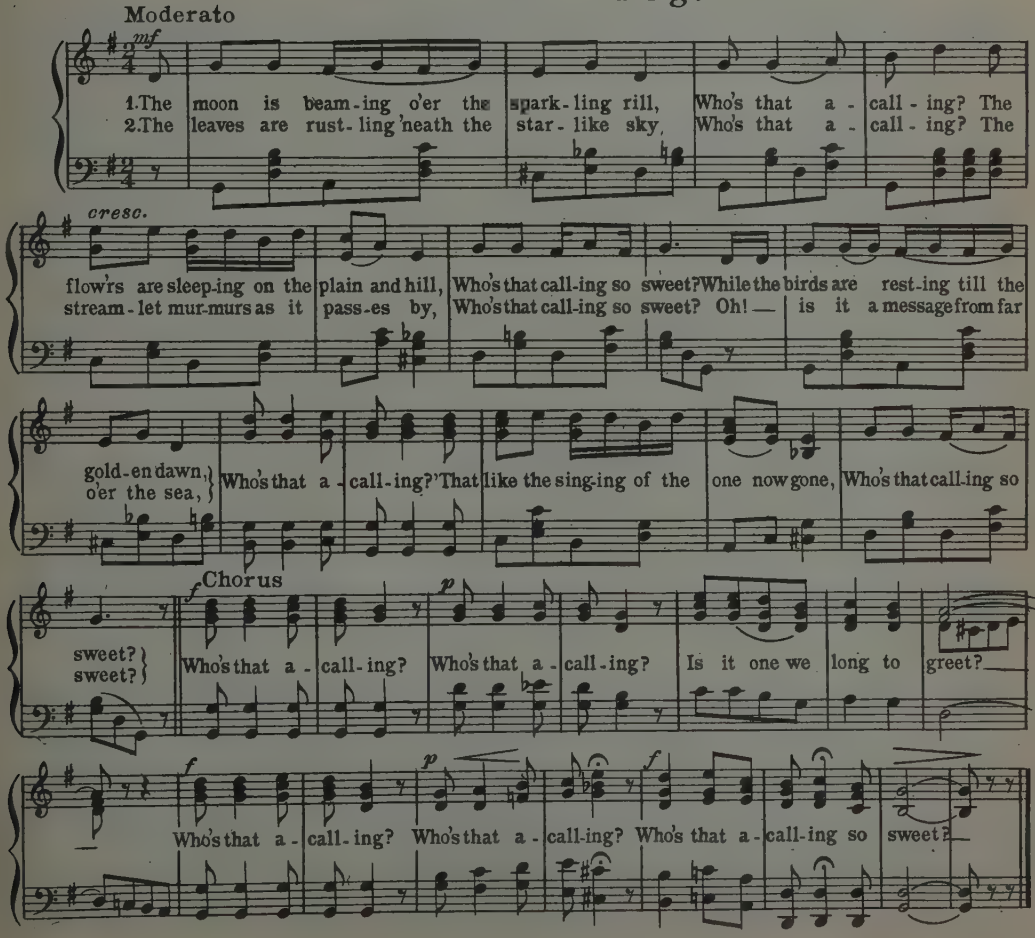
Moderato e cantabile

HENRY TUCKER


mf
1. Dear-est love, do you re-mem-ber, When we last did meet, How you told me that you
2. When the sum-mer breeze is sigh-ing, Mourn-ful-ly a-long; Or when au-tumn leaves are
loved me, Kneel-ing at my feet? Oh! how proud you stood be-fore me In your suit of blue,
fall-ing, Sad-ly breathes the song. Oft in dreams I see thee ly-ing On the bat-tle plain,



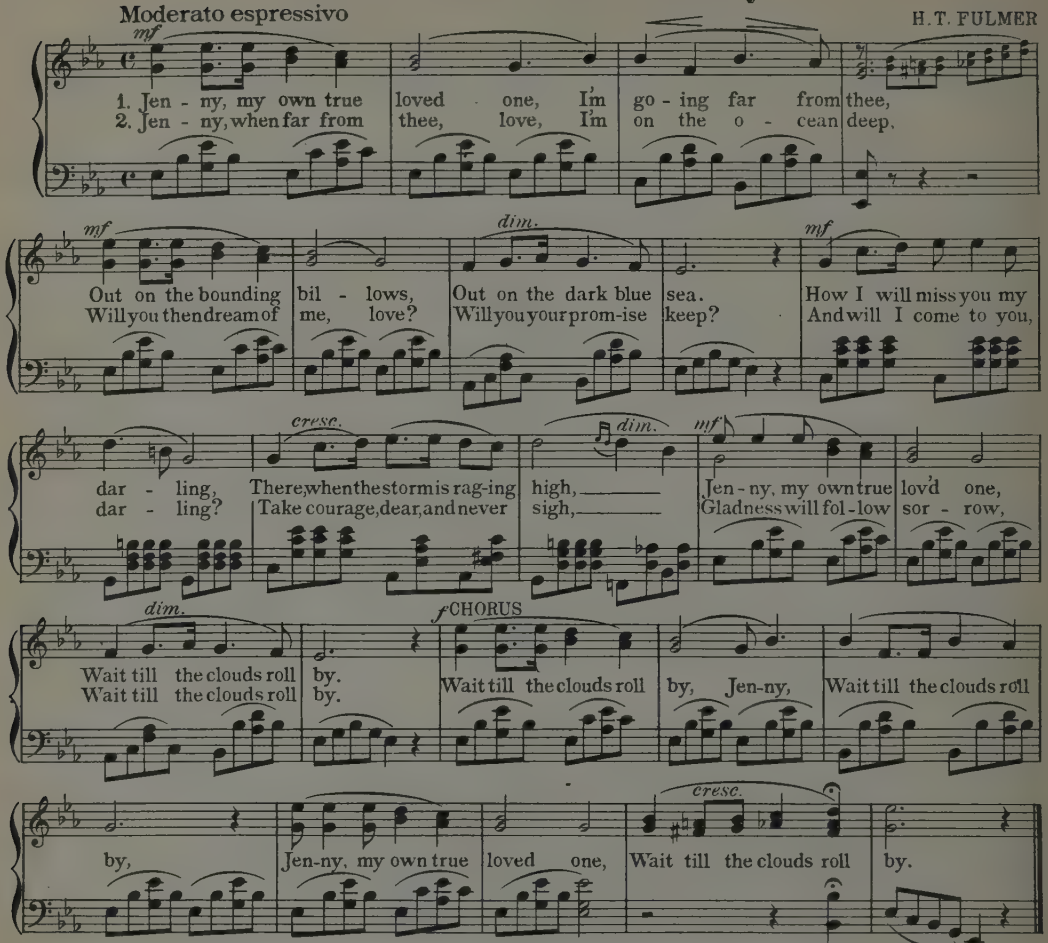

## Who's That Calling?


Moderato
mf
1. The moon is beam - ing o'er the
2. The leaves are rust - ling 'neath the
spark - ling rill,
star - like sky,
Who's that a -
Who's that a -
call - ing? The
call - ing? The
cresc.
flow'rs are sleep-ing on the
stream - let mur-murs as it
plain and hill,
pass - es by,
Who's that call-ing so sweet? While the birds are rest - ing till the
Who's that call-ing so sweet? Oh! — is it a message from far
gold - en dawn,
o'er the sea,
Who's that a - call - ing? That like the sing-ing of the
one now gone,
Who's that call-ing so
Chorus
f
p
sweet?
sweet?
Who's that a - call - ing?
Who's that a - call - ing?
Is it one we long to
greet?
f
p
f
Who's that a - call - ing?
Who's that a - call - ing?
Who's that a - call - ing so
sweet?

# Wait Till The Clouds Roll By

Moderato espressivo

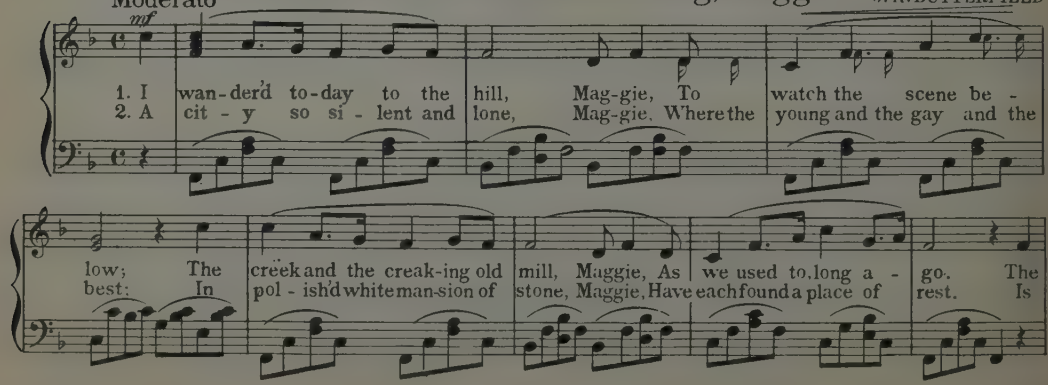
H. T. FULMER

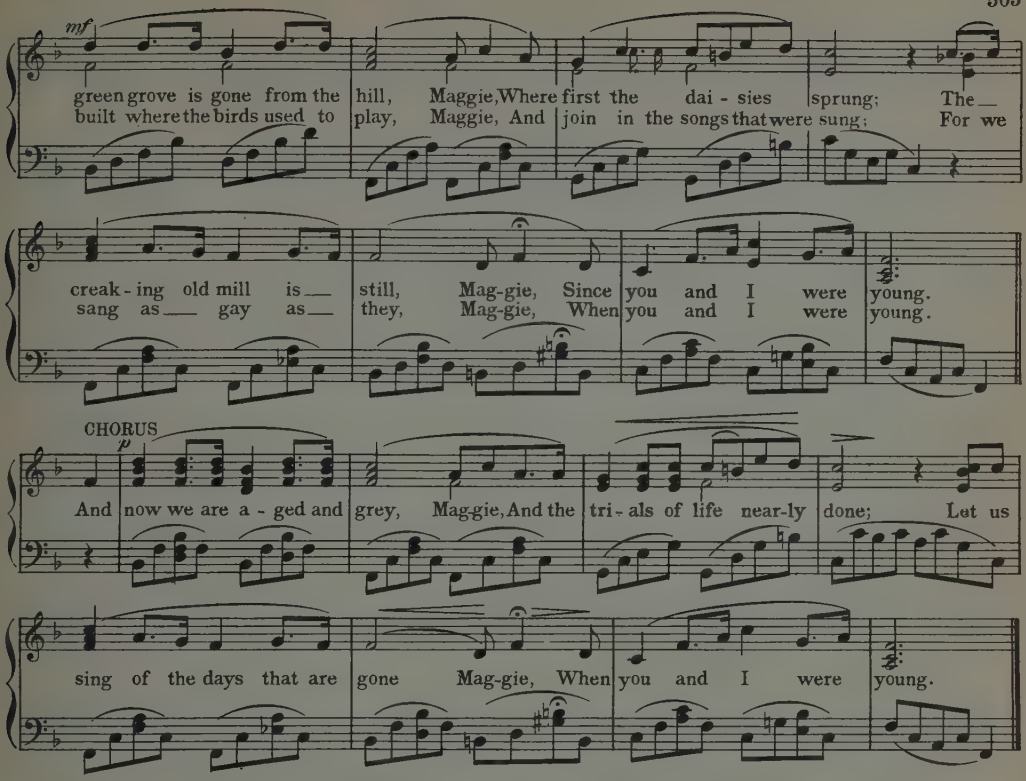

mf
1. Jen - ny, my own true loved one, I'm go - ing far from thee,
2. Jen - ny, when far from thee, love, I'm on the o - cean deep,
Out on the bounding bil - lows, Out on the dark blue sea. How I will miss you my
Will you then dream of me, love? Will you your prom-ise keep? And will I come to you,
dim.
cresc.
dar - ling, There, when the storm is rag-ing high,
dar - ling? Take courage, dear, and never sigh,
Jen - ny, my own true lov'd one,
Gladness will fol - low sor - row,
Wait till the clouds roll by.
Wait till the clouds roll by.
f CHORUS
Wait till the clouds roll by, Jen-ny, Wait till the clouds roll
by, Jen-ny, my own true loved one, Wait till the clouds roll by.

# When You And I Were Young, Maggie

Moderato

J. A. BUTTERFIELD

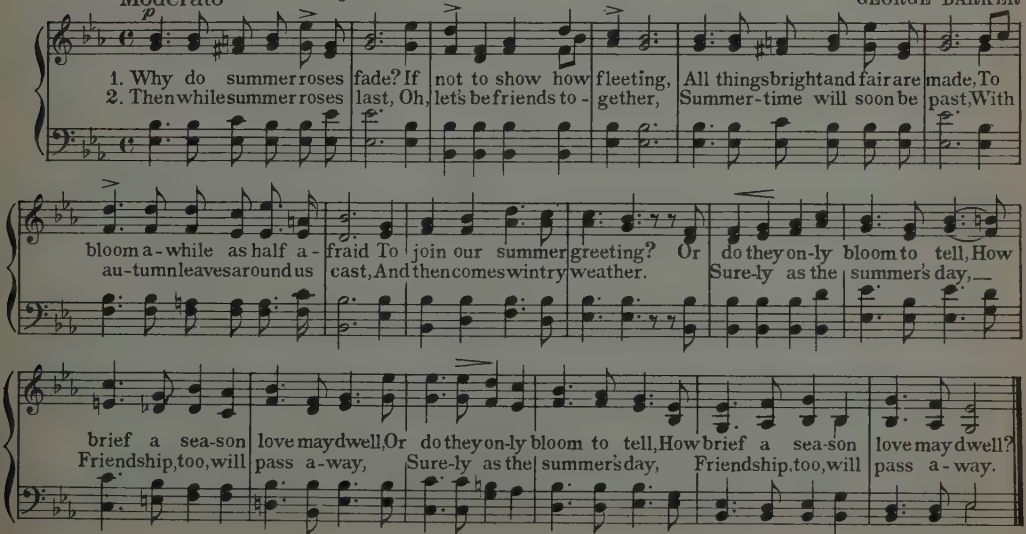

mf
1. I wan-derd to-day to the hill, Mag-gie, To watch the scene be -
2. A cit - y so si - lent and lone, Mag-gie, Where the young and the gay and the
low; The creek and the creak-ing old mill, Maggie, As we used to, long a - go. The
best; In pol - ish'd white man-sion of stone, Maggie, Have each found a place of rest. Is


mf
green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie, Where first the dai - sies sprung; The
built where the birds used to play, Maggie, And join in the songs that were sung; For we
creak - ing old mill is still, Mag-gie, Since you and I were young.
sang as gay as they, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.
CHORUS
p
And now we are a - ged and grey, Mag-gie, And the tri - als of life near-ly done; Let us
sing of the days that are gone Mag-gie, When you and I were young.

## Why Do Summer Roses Fade?

Moderato

GEORGE BARKER


p
1. Why do summer roses fade? If not to show how fleeting, All things bright and fair are made, To
2. Then while summer roses last, Oh, let's be friends to - gether, Summer-time will soon be past, With
bloom a - while as half a - fraid To join our summer greeting? Or do they on-ly bloom to tell, How
au-tumn leaves around us cast, And then comes wintry weather. Sure-ly as the summer's day,
brief a sea-son love may dwell, Or do they on-ly bloom to tell, How brief a sea-son love may dwell?
Friendship, too, will pass a - way, Sure-ly as the summer's day, Friendship, too, will pass a - way.

# Waltz Song

R. PLANQUETTE

Legato

*p*

That night I'll ne'er for - get In the late sun ray glow - ing; In

*cresc.* *dim.*

fan - cy hear I yet The long bil - low ebb - ing, flow - ing! Whom should I

*f*

see sink - ing un - der the tide, But a fair, and in - no - cent maid - en,

*f* *dim.*

'Twas but a mo - ment, I was by her side, and for shore I made, beau - ty lad -

*p*

en! Ah! she, as still she lay, On my arm, as on a pil - low, More

*rit.e dim.*

love - ly seem'd than fay, Or sea nymph gleam - ing be - neath the bil - low.

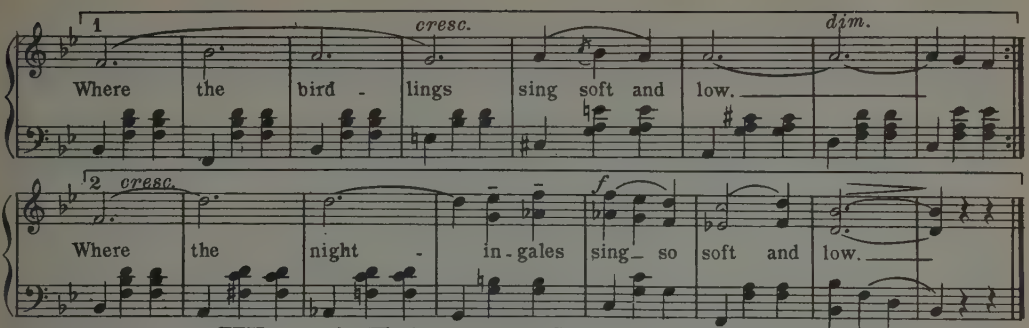
# The Wild Rose

Waltz time

JOHANN STRAUSS

*mf*

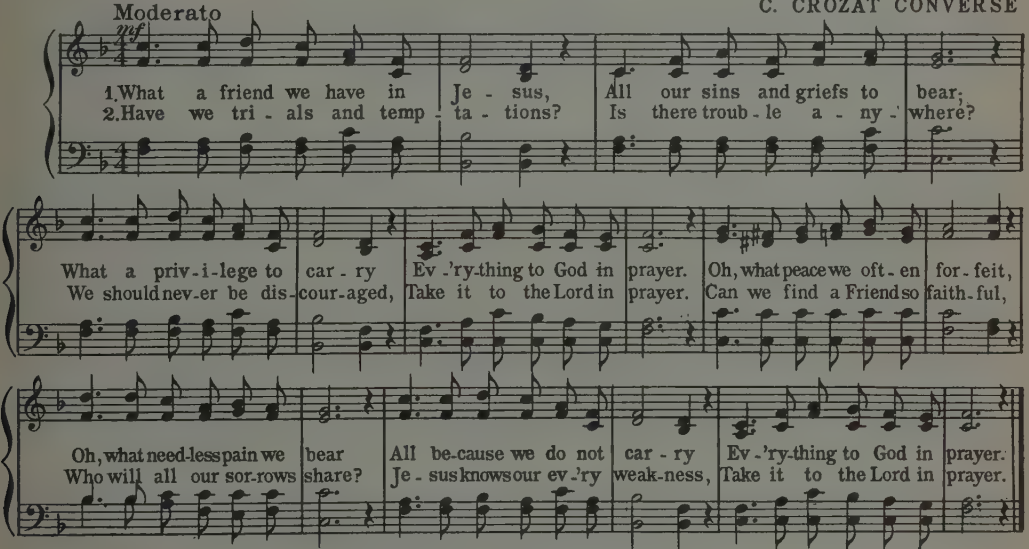
Where the wild rose sweet - ly doth blow, There must I go,




## What A Friend We Have In Jesus

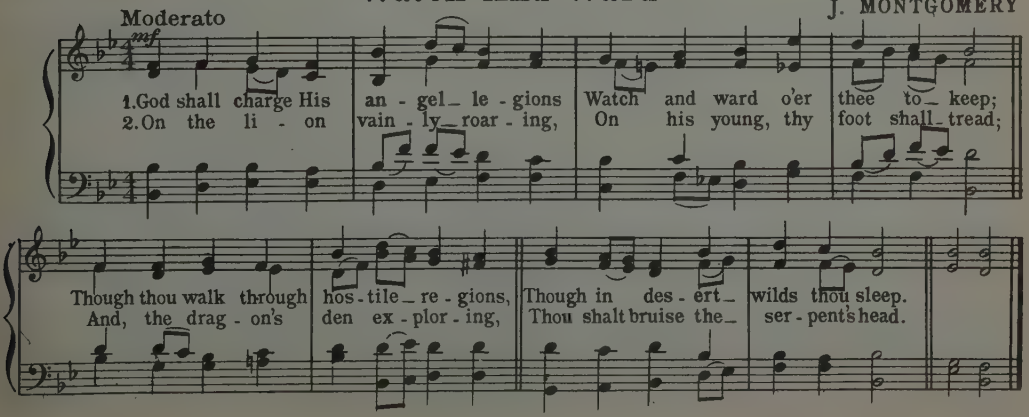
JOSEPH SCRIVEN

C. CROZAT CONVERSE


Moderato
mf
1.What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2.Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there troub - le a - ny where?
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer. Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit,
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer. Can we find a Friend so faith - ful,
Oh, what need - less pain we bear All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer.
Who will all our sor - rows share? Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.

## Watch And Ward

J. MONTGOMERY


Moderato
mf
1.God shall charge His an - gel - le - gions Watch and ward o'er thee to - keep;
2.On the li - on vain - ly - roar - ing, On his young, thy foot shall - tread;
Though thou walk through hos - tile - re - gions, Though in des - ert - wilds thou sleep.
And, the drag - on's den ex - plor - ing, Thou shalt bruise the - ser - pent's head.

# Waltz Song

J. OFFENBACH

Tempo di Valse

*mf*

See, she is danc - ing, Steps quite en - tranc - ing, Air - y and light of foot is she,

*cresc.* *dim.*

Out of her way, now, as she pass - es, Cleav - ing the air, like fall - ing star,

*cresc.*

See, she is danc - ing, steps so en - tranc - ing, Air - y and light of foot is she,

*cresc.* *cresc.* *ff*

Out of her way, now, as she pass-es and cleaves the air like fall - ing star.

# Widow Machree

SAMUEL LOVER

Allegretto

*mf* *cresc.*

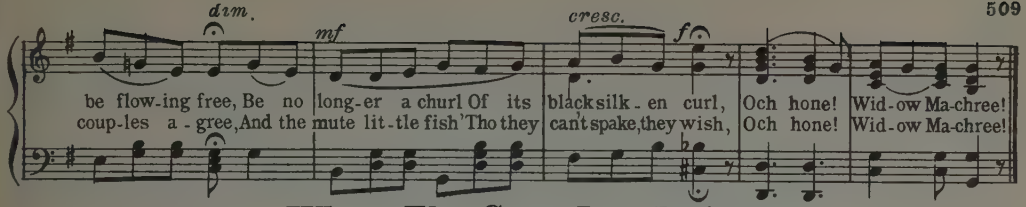
1. Wid - ow Ma - chree, 'tis no won - der you frown, Och hone! Wid - ow Ma-chree, Faith it
2. Wid - ow Ma - chree, now the sum - mer is come, Och hone! Wid - ow Ma-chree, When

*f* *dim.*

ru - ins your looks, that same dir - ty black gown; Och hone! Wid - ow Ma-chree! How
ev - 'ry - thing smiles should a beau - ty look glum? Och hone! Wid - ow Ma-chree! See the

*mf* *cresc.*

al - ter'd your air, With that close cap you wear, 'Tis de - stroy - ing your hair That should
birds go in pairs, And the rab - bits and hares Why — e - ven the bears Now in


dim.
mf
cresc.
f
be flow-ing free, Be no long-er a churl Of its black silk-en curl, Och hone! Wid-ow Ma-chree!
coup-les a-gree, And the mute lit-tle fish Tho they can't spake, they wish, Och hone! Wid-ow Ma-chree!

## When The Corn Is Waving

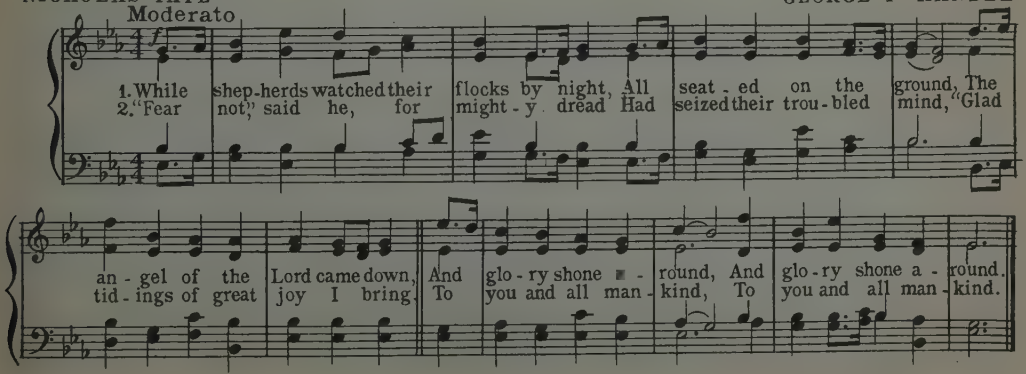
C. BLAMPHIN

Moderato
mf
1. When the corn is wav-ing, An-nie dear, Oh meet me by the stile, To
2. When the corn is wav-ing, An-nie dear, Our tales of love we'll tell, Be-
hear thy gen-tle voice a-gain, And greet thy win-ning smile;
side the gen-tle flow-ing stream, That both our hearts know well;
Fine.
mf
cresc.
The moon will be at full, love, The stars will bright-ly gleam, Oh,
Where wild flow'rs in their beau-ty, Will scent the ev'-ning breeze, Oh,
dim.
come, my Queen of night, love, And grace the beau-teous scene. When the
haste, the stars are peep-ing, And the moon's be-hind the trees. When the
D. S. al Fine.

## While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks

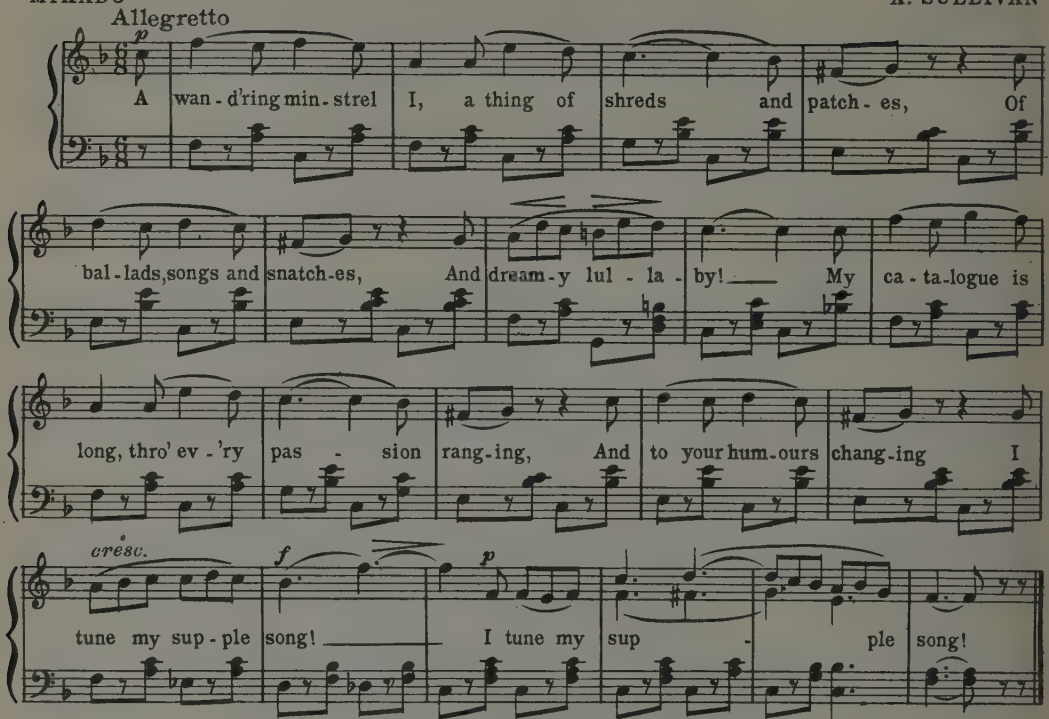
NICHOLAS TATE

GEORGE F. HANDEL

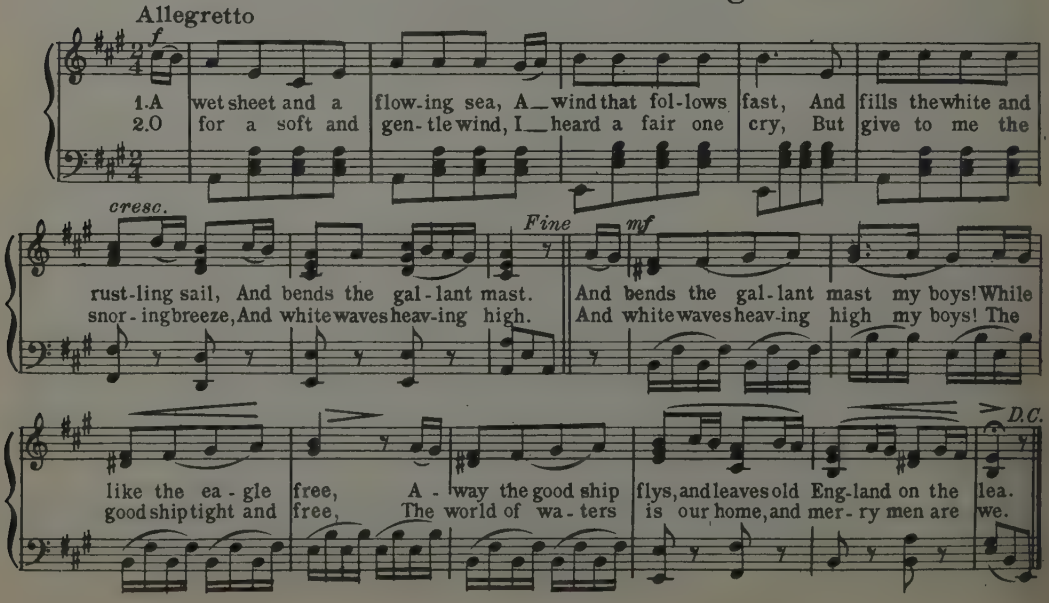

Moderato
f
1. While shep-herds watched their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground, The
2. "Fear not," said he, for might-y dread Had seized their trou-bled mind, "Glad
an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a-round,
tid-ings of great joy I bring, To you and all man-kind, To you and all man-kind.

## A Wandering Minstrel

A. SULLIVAN


Allegretto
p
A wan-d'ring min-strel I, a thing of shreds and patch-es, Of
bal-lads, songs and snatch-es, And dream-y lul-la-by! My ca-ta-logue is
long, thro' ev-'ry pas-sion rang-ing, And to your hum-ours chang-ing I
cresc.
f
p
tune my sup-ple song! I tune my sup-ple song!

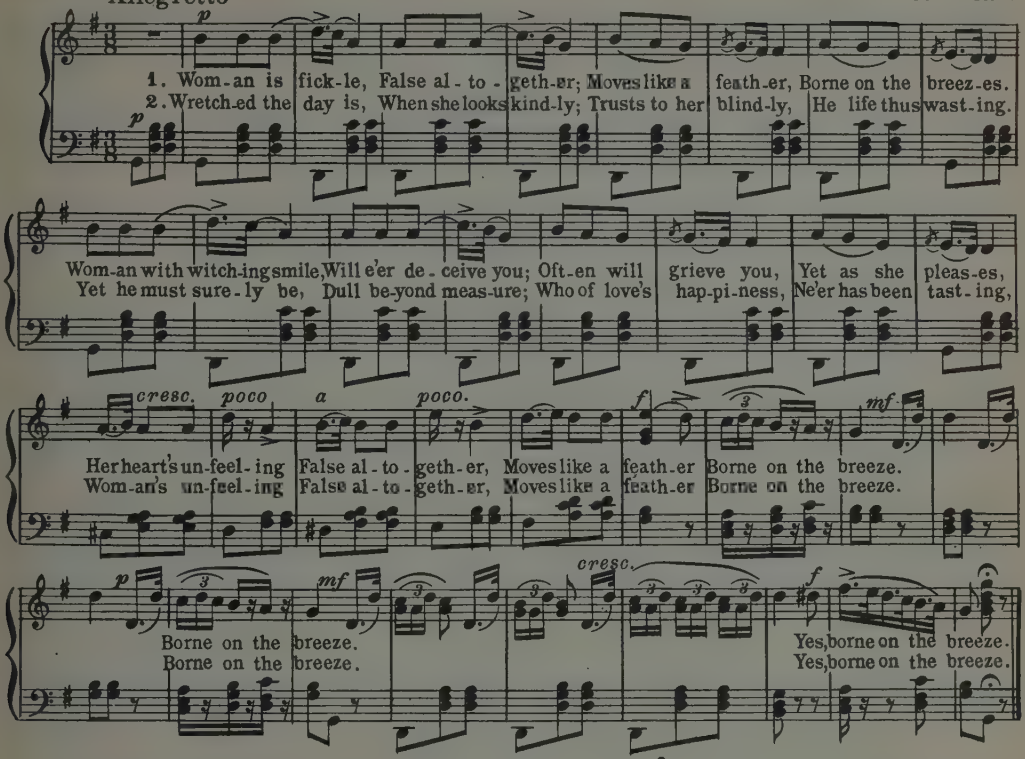
## A Wet Sheet And A Flowing Sea


Allegretto
f
1. A wet sheet and a flow-ing sea, A wind that fol-lows fast, And fills the white and
2. O for a soft and gen-tle wind, I heard a fair one cry, But give to me the
cresc.
rust-ling sail, And bends the gal-lant mast.
snor-ing breeze, And white waves heav-ing high.
Fine
mf
And bends the gal-lant mast my boys! While
And white waves heav-ing high my boys! The
like the ea-gle free, A-way the good ship flys, and leaves old Eng-land on the lea.
good ship tight and free, The world of wa-ters is our home, and mer-ry men are we.
D.C.

# Woman Is Fickle

Allegretto

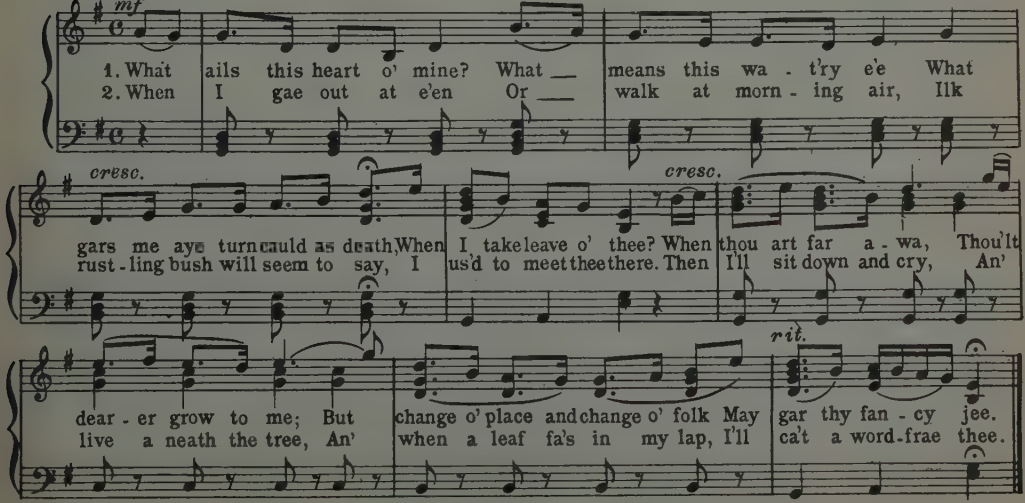
G. VERDI


1. Wom-an is fick-le, False al-to-geth-er; Moves like a feath-er, Borne on the breez-es.
2. Wretch-ed the day is, When she looks kind-ly; Trusts to her blind-ly, He life thus wast-ing.
Wom-an with witch-ing smile, Will e'er de-ceive you; Oft-en will grieve you, Yet as she pleas-es,
Yet he must sure-ly be, Dull be-yond meas-ure; Who of love's hap-pi-ness, Ne'er has been tast-ing,
cresc. poco a poco. f mf
Her heart's un-feel-ing False al-to-geth-er, Moves like a feath-er Borne on the breeze.
Wom-an's un-feel-ing False al-to-geth-er, Moves like a feath-er Borne on the breeze.
p mf cresc. f
Borne on the breeze. Yes, borne on the breeze.
Borne on the breeze. Yes, borne on the breeze.

# What Ails This Heart O' Mine?

Andante

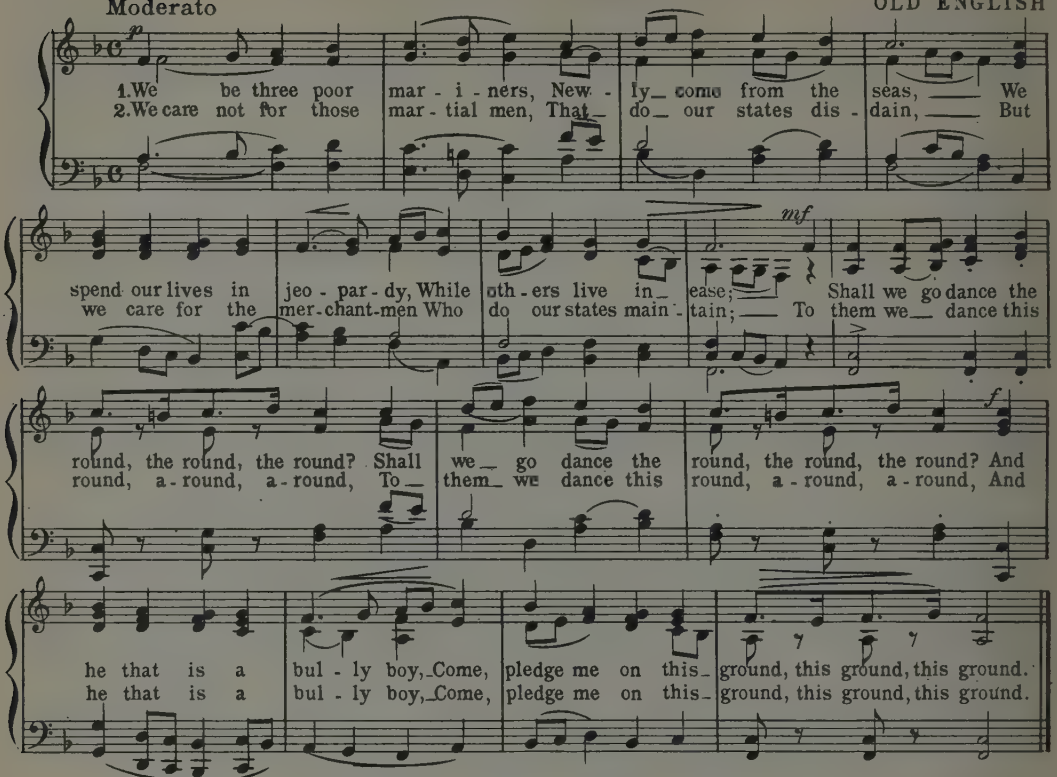
SCOTCH SONG


mf
1. What ails this heart o' mine? What means this wa-t'ry e'e What
2. When I gae out at e'en Or walk at morn-ing air, Ilk
cresc. cresc.
gars me aye turn cauld as death, When I take leave o' thee? When thou art far a-wa, Thou'lt
rust-ling bush will seem to say, I us'd to meet thee there. Then I'll sit down and cry, An'
rit.
dear-er grow to me; But change o' place and change o' folk May gar thy fan-cy jee.
live a neath the tree, An' when a leaf fa's in my lap, I'll ca't a word frae thee.

# We Be Three Poor Mariners

Moderato

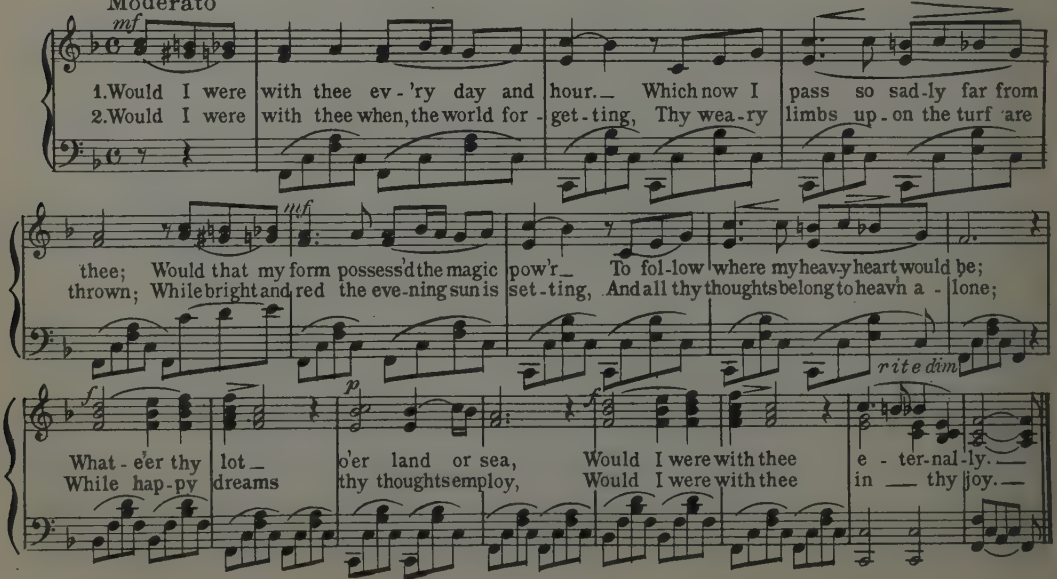
OLD ENGLISH


1.We be three poor mar - i - ners, New - ly come from the seas, We
2.We care not for those mar - tial men, That do our states dis - dain, But
spend our lives in jeo - par - dy, While oth - ers live in ease; Shall we go dance the
we care for the mer - chant-men Who do our states main - tain; To them we dance this
round, the round, the round? Shall we go dance the round, the round, the round? And
round, a - round, a - round, To them we dance this round, a - round, a - round, And
he that is a bul - ly boy, Come, pledge me on this ground, this ground, this ground.
he that is a bul - ly boy, Come, pledge me on this ground, this ground, this ground.

# Would I Were With Thee

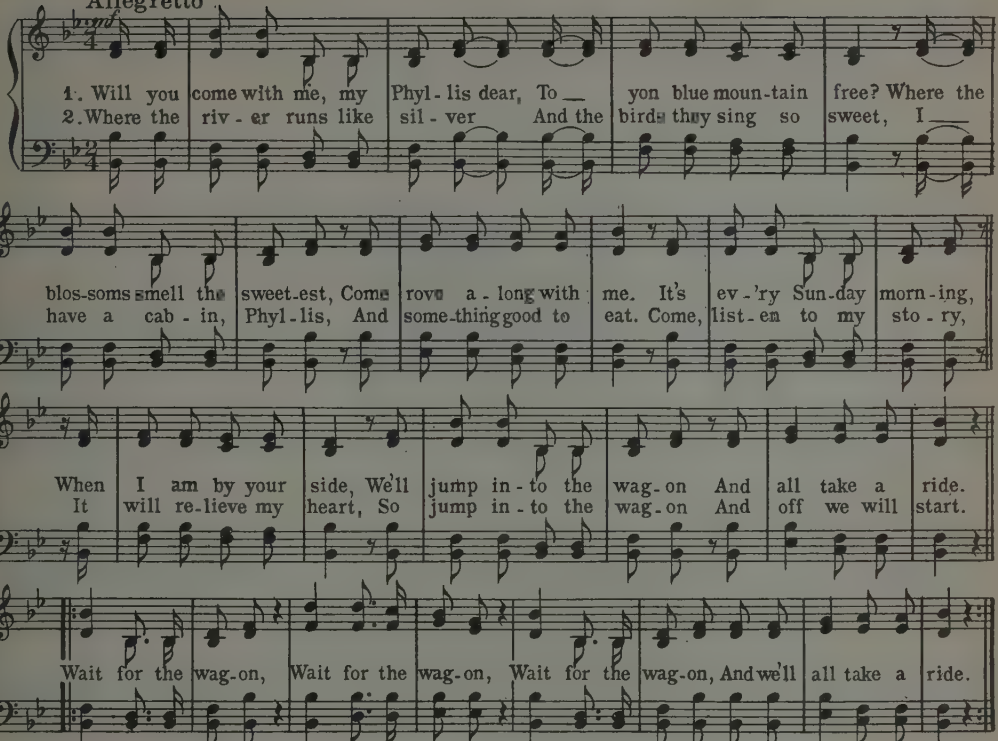
Moderato

CARLO BOSSETTI


1.Would I were with thee ev - 'ry day and hour. Which now I pass so sad - ly far from
2.Would I were with thee when, the world for - get - ting, Thy wea - ry limbs up - on the turf are
thee; Would that my form possess'd the magic pow'r To fol - low where my heav - y heart would be;
thrown; While bright and red the eve - ning sun is set - ting, And all thy thoughts belong to heav'n a - lone;
rit e dim
What - e'er thy lot o'er land or sea, Would I were with thee e - ter - nal - ly.
While hap - py dreams thy thoughts employ, Would I were with thee in thy joy.

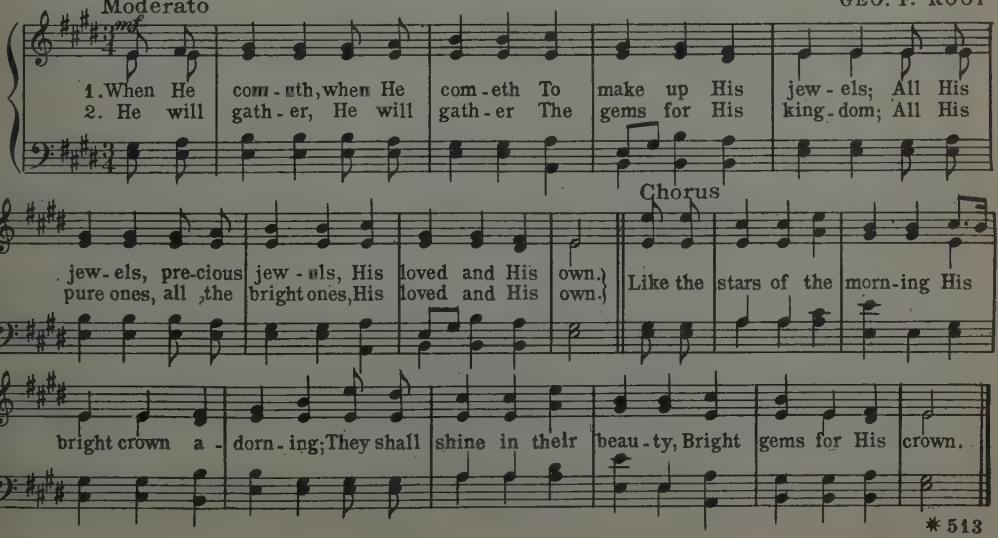
# Wait For The Wagon

R. B. BUCKLEY


Allegretto
1. Will you come with me, my Phyl-lis dear, To yon blue moun-tain free? Where the
2. Where the riv-er runs like sil-ver And the birds they sing so sweet, I
blos-soms smell the sweet-est, Come rove a-long with me. It's ev-'ry Sun-day morn-ing,
have a cab-in, Phyl-lis, And some-thing good to eat. Come, list-en to my sto-ry,
When I am by your side, We'll jump in-to the wag-on And all take a ride.
It will re-lieve my heart, So jump in-to the wag-on And off we will start.
Wait for the wag-on, Wait for the wag-on, Wait for the wag-on, And we'll all take a ride.

# When He Cometh

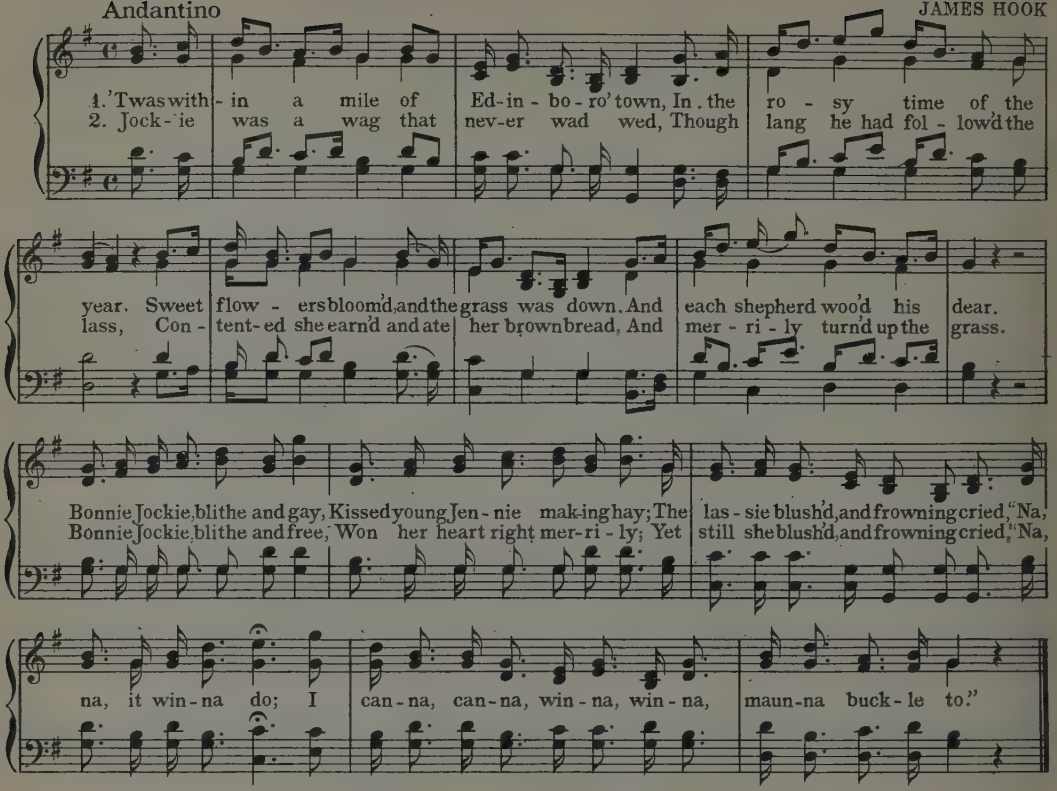
GEO. F. ROOT


Moderato
1. When He com-eth, when He com-eth To make up His jew-els; All His
2. He will gath-er, He will gath-er The gems for His king-dom; All His
Chorus
jew-els, pre-cious jew-els, His loved and His own.
pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own.
Like the stars of the morn-ing His
bright crown a-dorn-ing; They shall shine in their beau-ty, Bright gems for His crown.

## Within A Mile Of Edinboro'

Andantino

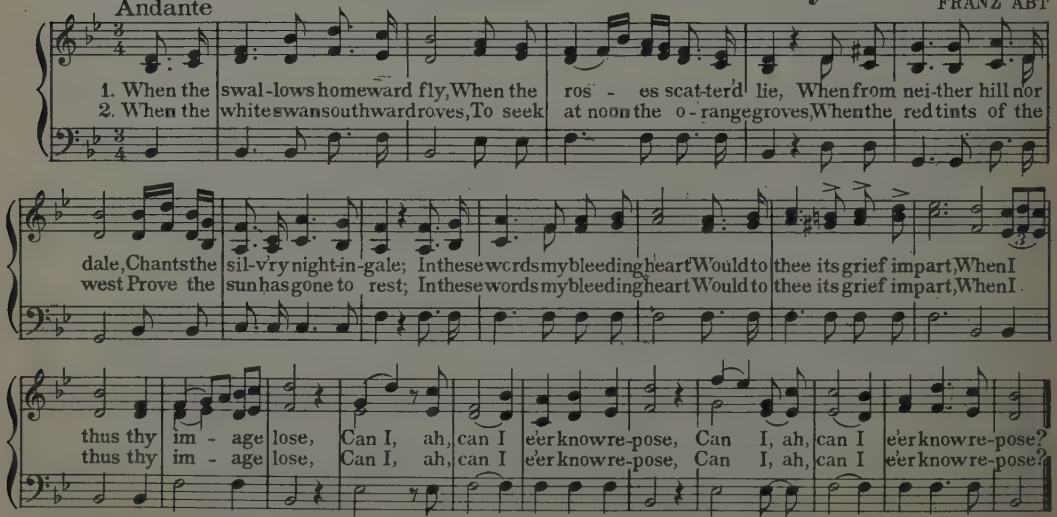
JAMES HOOK


1. 'Twas with - in a mile of Ed-in - bo - ro' town, In the ro - sy time of the year. Sweet flow - ers bloom'd, and the grass was down. And each shepherd woo'd his dear.
2. Jock - ie was a wag that nev-er wad wed, Though lang he had fol - low'd the lass, Con - tent-ed she earn'd and ate her brown bread, And mer - ri - ly turn'd up the grass.
Bonnie Jockie, blithe and gay, Kissed young Jen - nie mak-ing hay; The las - sie blush'd, and frowning cried, "Na,
Bonnie Jockie, blithe and free, Won her heart right mer-ri - ly; Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cried, "Na,
na, it win - na do; I can - na, can - na, win - na, win - na, maun - na buck - le to."

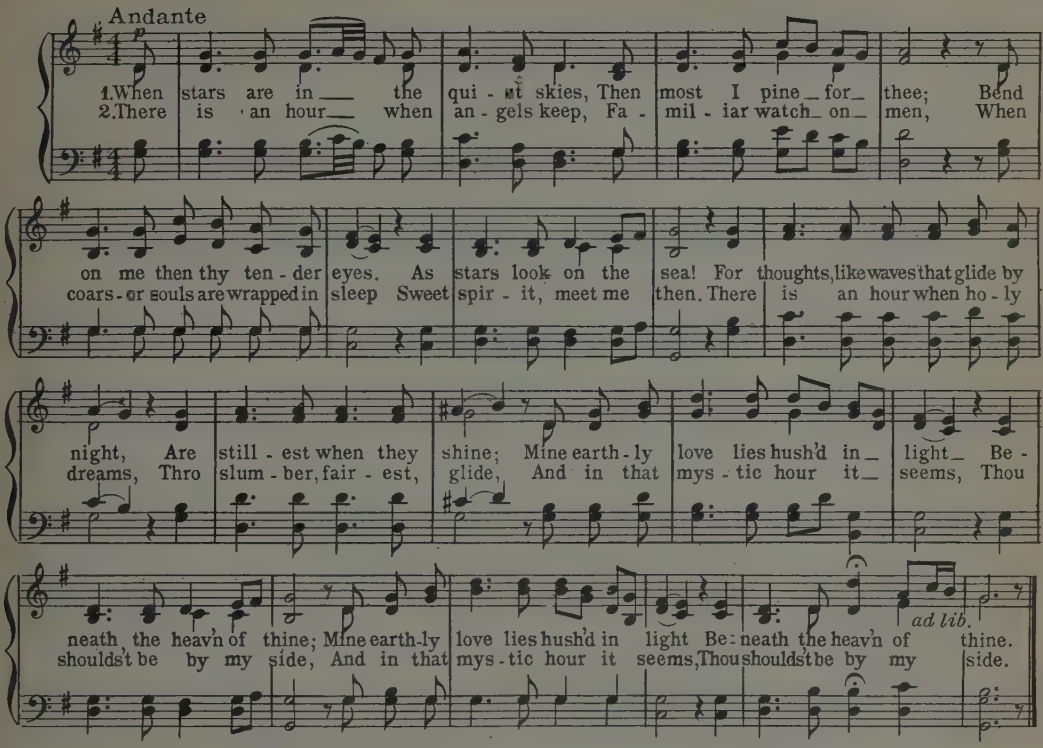
## When The Swallows Homeward Fly

Andante

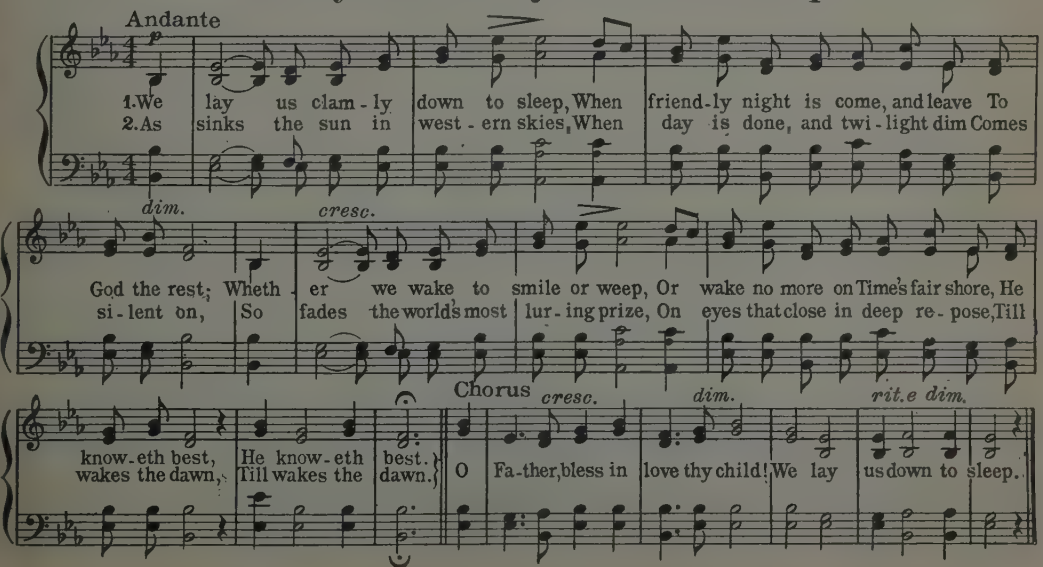
FRANZ ABT


1. When the swal-lows homeward fly, When the ros - es scat-ter'd lie, When from nei-ther hill nor dale, Chants the sil-v'ry night-in-gale; In these words my bleeding heart Would to thee its grief impart, When I thus thy im - age lose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re-pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re-pose?
2. When the white swan southward roves, To seek at noon the o - range groves, When the red tints of the west Prove the sun has gone to rest; In these words my bleeding heart Would to thee its grief impart, When I thus thy im - age lose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re-pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re-pose?

## When Stars Are In The Quiet Skies


Andante
1.When stars are in the qui - et skies, Then most I pine for thee; Bend
2.There is an hour when an - gels keep, Fa - mil - iar watch on men, When
on me then thy ten - der eyes. As stars look on the sea! For thoughts, like waves that glide by
coars - er souls are wrapped in sleep Sweet spir - it, meet me then. There is an hour when ho - ly
night, Are still - est when they shine; Mine earth - ly love lies hush'd in light Be -
dreams, Thro slum - ber, fair - est, glide, And in that mys - tic hour it seems, Thou
neath the heav'n of thine; Mine earth-ly love lies hush'd in light Be - neath the heav'n of thine.
shouldst be by my side, And in that mys - tic hour it seems, Thou shouldst be by my side.
ad lib.

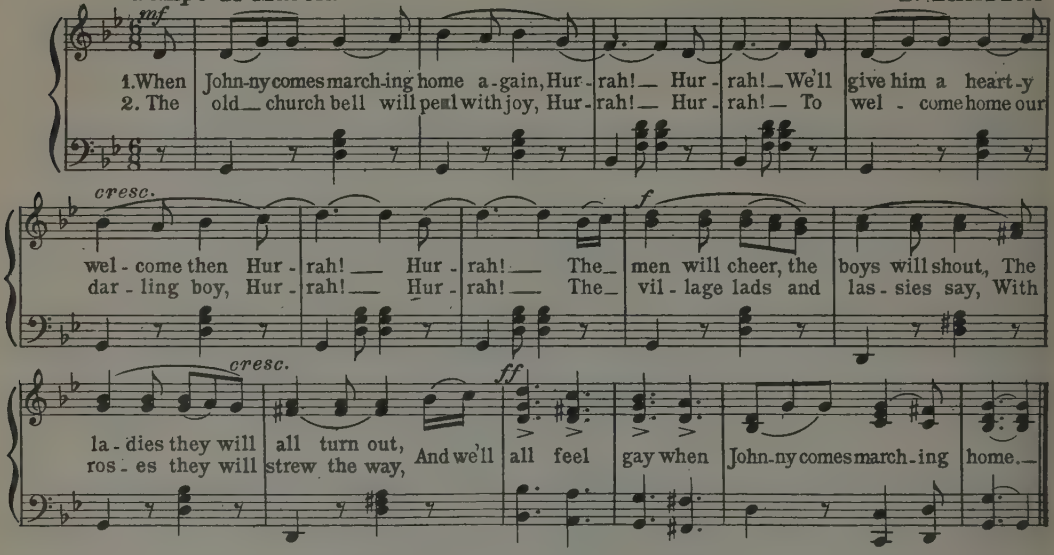
## We Lay Us Calmly Down To Sleep


Andante
1.We lay us clam - ly down to sleep, When friend - ly night is come, and leave To
2.As sinks the sun in west - ern skies, When day is done, and twi - light dim Comes
dim.
cresc.
God the rest; Wheth - er we wake to smile or weep, Or wake no more on Time's fair shore, He
si - lent on, So fades the world's most lur - ing prize, On eyes that close in deep re - pose, Till
Chorus
cresc.
dim.
rit.e dim.
know - eth best, He know - eth best.
wakes the dawn, Till wakes the dawn.
O Fa - ther, bless in love thy child! We lay us down to sleep.

# When Johnny Comes Marching Home

Tempo di Marcia

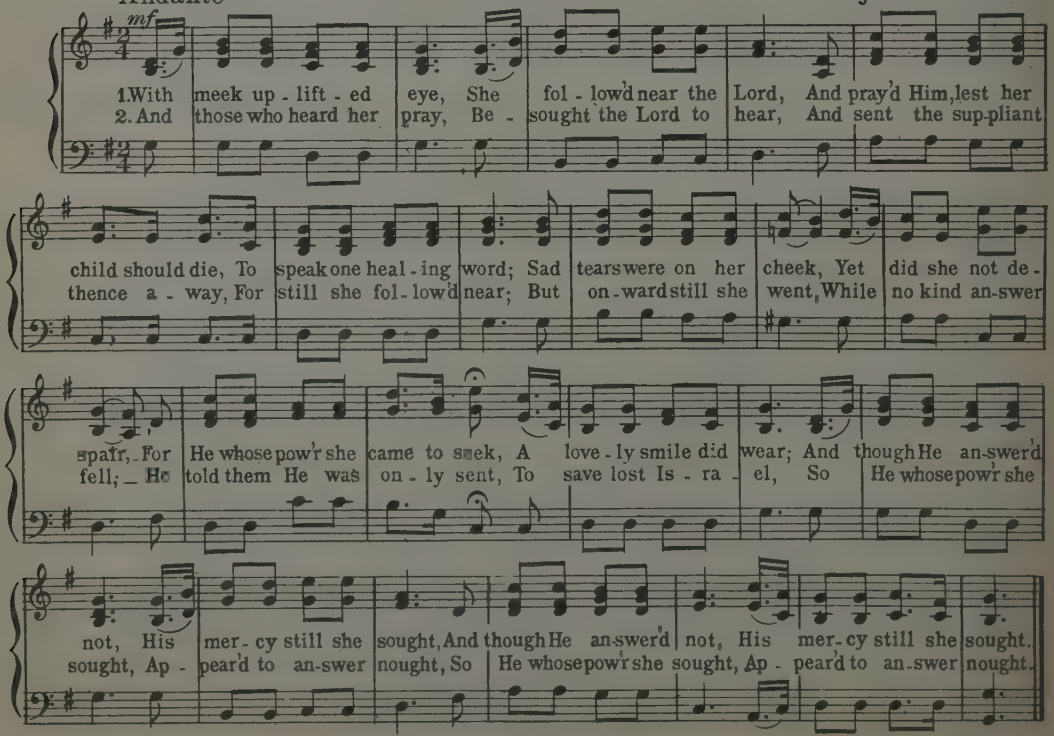
L. LAMBERT


mf
1. When John-ny comes march-ing home a-gain, Hur-rah! Hur-rah! We'll give him a heart-y
2. The old church bell will peal with joy, Hur-rah! Hur-rah! To wel-come home our
cresc.
wel-come then Hur-rah! Hur-rah! The men will cheer, the boys will shout, The
dar-ling boy, Hur-rah! Hur-rah! The vil-lage lads and las-sies say, With
cresc.
ff
la-dies they will all turn out, And we'll all feel gay when John-ny comes march-ing home.
ros-es they will strew the way,

# The Woman Of Canaan

Andante

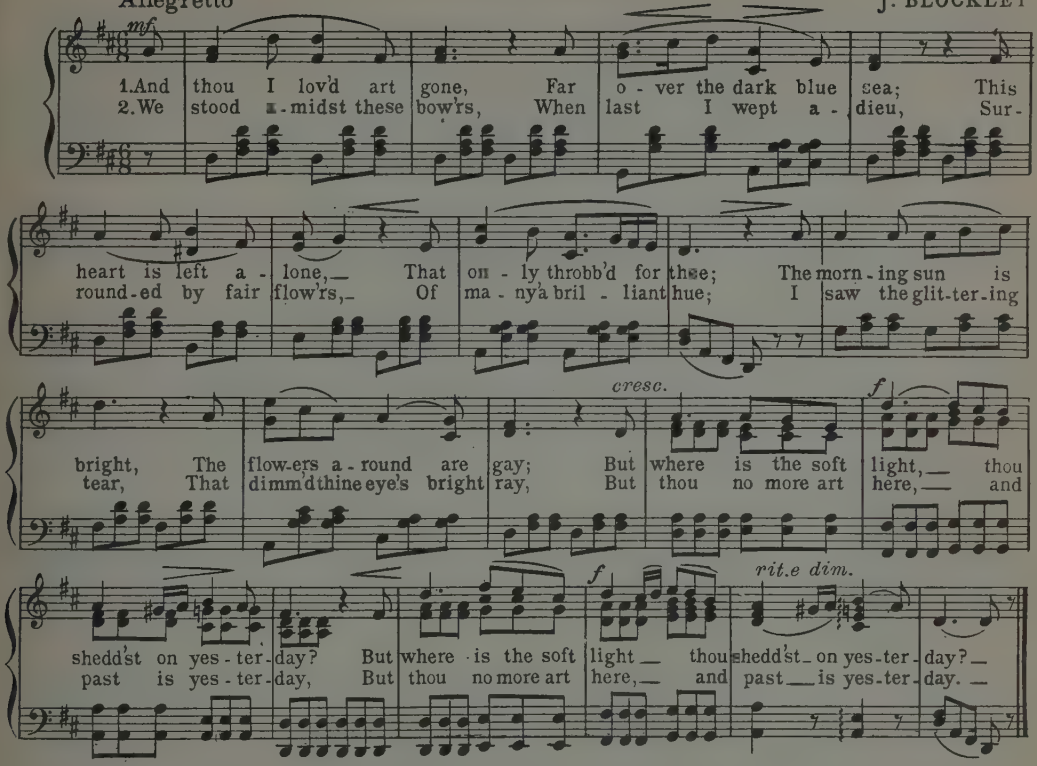
JOSEPH HAYDN


mf
1. With meek up-lift-ed eye, She fol-low'd near the Lord, And pray'd Him, lest her
2. And those who heard her pray, Be-sought the Lord to hear, And sent the sup-pliant
child should die, To speak one heal-ing word; Sad tears were on her cheek, Yet did she not de-
thence a-way, For still she fol-low'd near; But on-ward still she went, While no kind an-swer
spair, For He whose pow'r she came to seek, A love-ly smile did wear; And though He an-swer'd
fell; He told them He was on-ly sent, To save lost Is-ra-el, So He whose pow'r she
not, His mer-cy still she sought, And though He an-swer'd not, His mer-cy still she sought.
sought, Ap-pear'd to an-swer nought, So He whose pow'r she sought, Ap-pear'd to an-swer nought.

# Yesterday

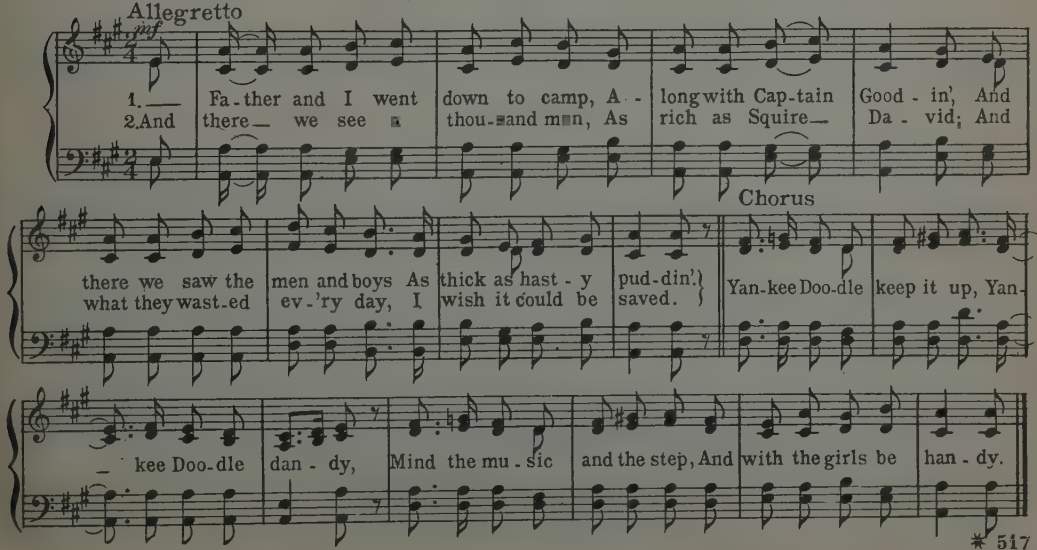
Allegretto

J. BLOCKLEY


mf
1.And thou I lov'd art gone, Far o - ver the dark blue sea; This
2.We stood a - midst these bow'rs, When last I wept a - dieu, Sur -
heart is left a - lone, That on - ly throbb'd for thee; The morn - ing sun is
round - ed by fair flow'rs, Of ma - ny a bril - liant hue; I saw the glit - ter - ing
cresc.
f
bright, The flow - ers a - round are gay; But where is the soft light, thou
tear, That dimm'd thine eye's bright ray, But thou no more art here, and
f
rit.e dim.
shedd'st on yes - ter - day? But where is the soft light thou shedd'st on yes - ter - day?
past is yes - ter - day, But thou no more art here, and past is yes - ter - day.

# Yankee Doodle

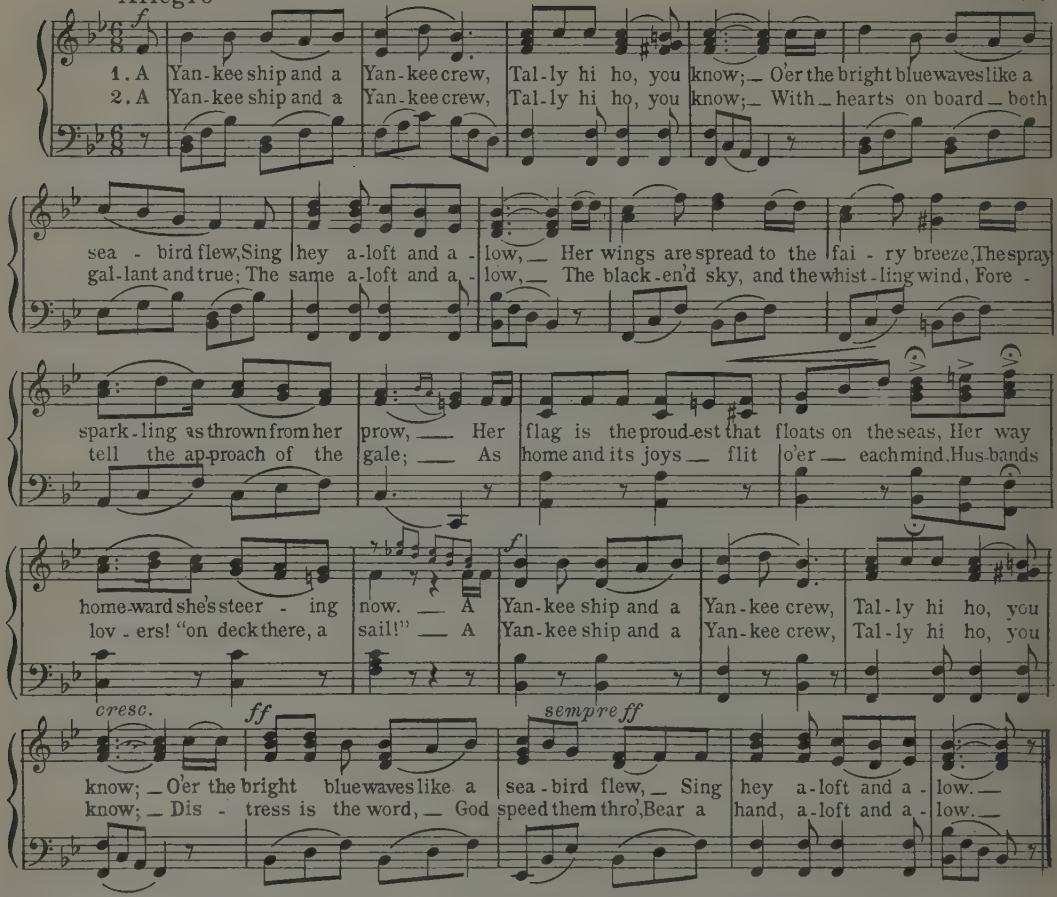
Allegretto


mf
1. Fa - ther and I went down to camp, A - long with Cap - tain Good - in', And
2.And there we see a thou - sand men, As rich as Squire Da - vid; And
Chorus
there we saw the men and boys As thick as hast - y pud - din'
what they wast - ed ev - 'ry day, I wish it could be saved.
Yan - kee Doo - dle keep it up, Yan -
kee Doo - dle dan - dy, Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be han - dy.

# A Yankee Ship And A Yankee Crew

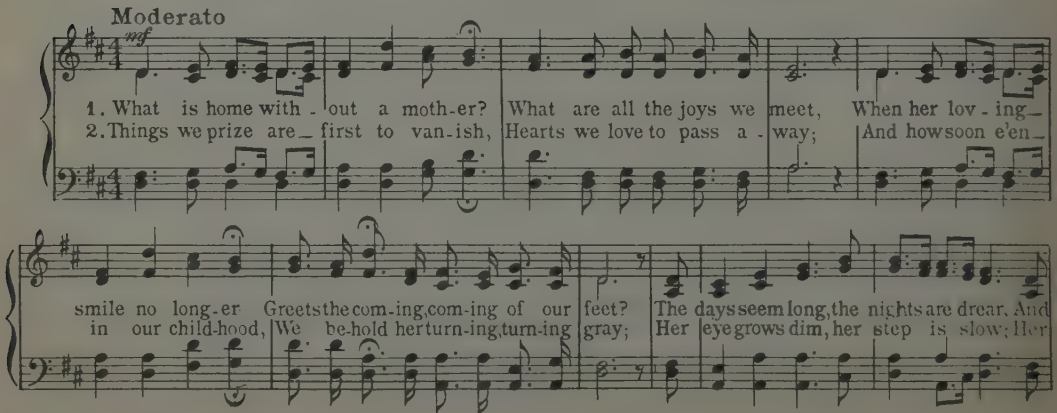
Allegro

C. M. KING


f
1. A Yan-kee ship and a Yan-kee crew, Tal-ly hi ho, you know; O'er the bright blue waves like a
2. A Yan-kee ship and a Yan-kee crew, Tal-ly hi ho, you know; With hearts on board both
sea - bird flew, Sing hey a-loft and a - low, Her wings are spread to the fai - ry breeze, The spray
gal-lant and true; The same a-loft and a - low, The black-en'd sky, and the whist-ling wind, Fore -
spark-ling as thrown from her prow, Her flag is the proud-est that floats on the seas, Her way
tell the ap-proach of the gale; As home and its joys flit o'er each mind. Hus-bands
home-ward she's steer - ing now. A Yan-kee ship and a Yan-kee crew, Tal-ly hi ho, you
lov - ers! "on deck there, a sail!" A Yan-kee ship and a Yan-kee crew, Tal-ly hi ho, you
cresc.
ff
sempre ff
know; O'er the bright blue waves like a sea - bird flew, Sing hey a-loft and a - low.
know; Dis - tress is the word, God speed them thro', Bear a hand, a-loft and a - low.

# What Is Home Without A Mother?

Moderato


mf
1. What is home with - out a moth-er? What are all the joys we meet, When her lov - ing
2. Things we prize are first to van-ish, Hearts we love to pass a - way; And how soon e'en
smile no long-er Greets the com-ing, com-ing of our feet? The days seem long, the nights are drear, And
in our child-hood, We be-hold her turn-ing, turn-ing gray; Her eye grows dim, her step is slow; Her

time rolls slow - ly on; And oh! how few are childhood's pleasures, When her gen - tle, gen - tle care is gone.
joys of earth are past; And some times ere we learn to know her, She has breath'd on earth, on earth her last.

## Where, O Where

Spirited

1. Where, Oh where are the ver-dant Fresh-men? Where, O where are the ver-dant Fresh-men? Where, O where are the
2. Where, Oh where are the gay young Soph-mores? Where, O where are the gay young Soph-mores? Where, O where are the

ver-dant Fresh-men? Safe now in the Soph'more Class. They've gone out from pre-scribed Eng-lish, They've gone
gay young Soph-mores? Safe now in the Jun-ior Class. They've gone out from their old Lat-in, They've gone

out from pre-scribed Eng-lish, They've gone out from pre-scribed Eng-lish, Safe now in the Soph'more Class.
out from their old Lat-in, They've gone out from their old Lat-in, Safe now in the Jun-ior Class.

## We Have Been Friends Together

Andante

H. RUSSELL

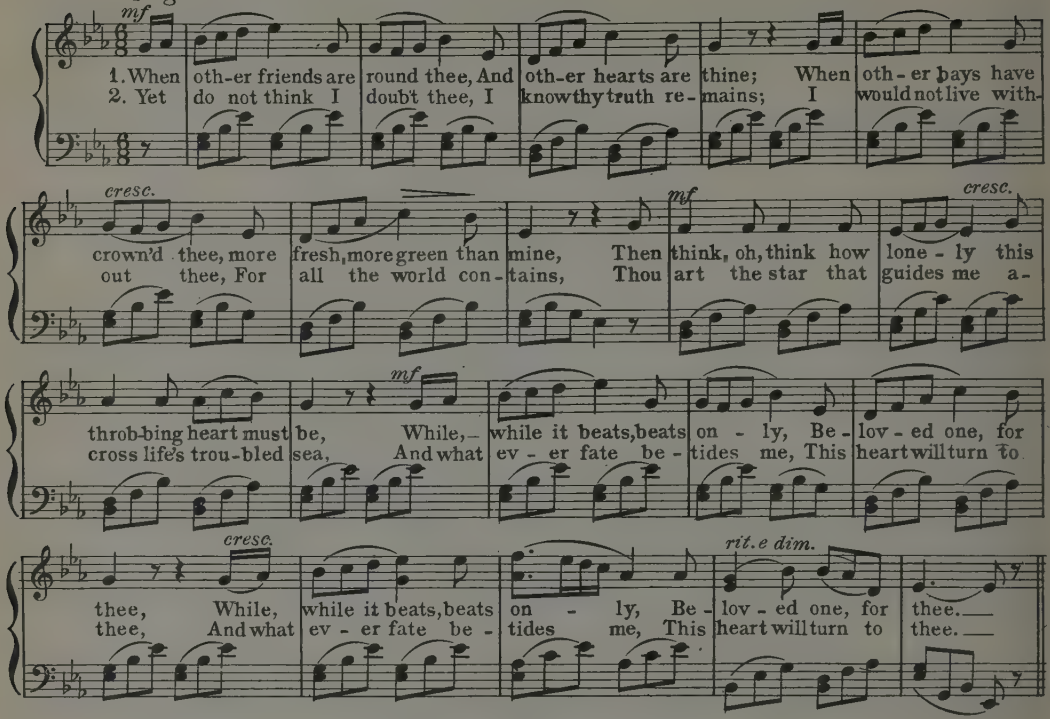
1. We have been friends to-geth-er, In sun-shine and in shade, Since first be-neath the
2. We have been gay to-geth-er; We laughed at lit-tle jests; For the fount of hope was

chest-nut tree, In — in-fan-cy we played. But cold-ness dwells with-in thy heart, A
gush-ing — Warm and joy-ous in our breasts; But laugh-ter now hath fled thy lip, And

cloud is on thy brow; We have been friends to-geth-er, Shall a light word part us now?
sul-len gloom sits thy brow; We have been gay to-geth-er, Shall a light word part us now?

## When Other Friends Are Round Thee

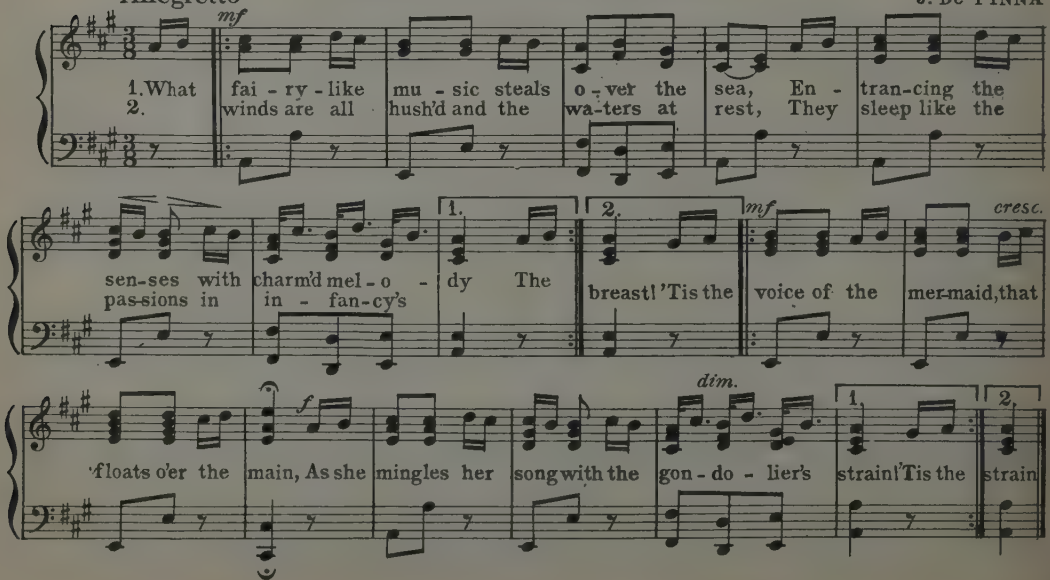
Allegretto


mf
1. When oth-er friends are round thee, And oth-er hearts are thine; When oth-er joys have
2. Yet do not think I doubt thee, I know thy truth re-mains; I would not live with-
cresc.
crown'd thee, more fresh, more green than mine, Then
out thee, For all the world con-tains, Thou
mf
think, oh, think how lone-ly this
art the star that guides me a-
throb-bing heart must be, While, while it beats, beats on-ly, Be-lov-ed one, for
cross life's trou-bled sea, And what ev-er fate be-tides me, This heart will turn to
cresc.
thee, While, while it beats, beats on-ly, Be-
thee, And what ev-er fate be-tides me, This
rit.e dim.
lov-ed one, for thee.
heart will turn to thee.

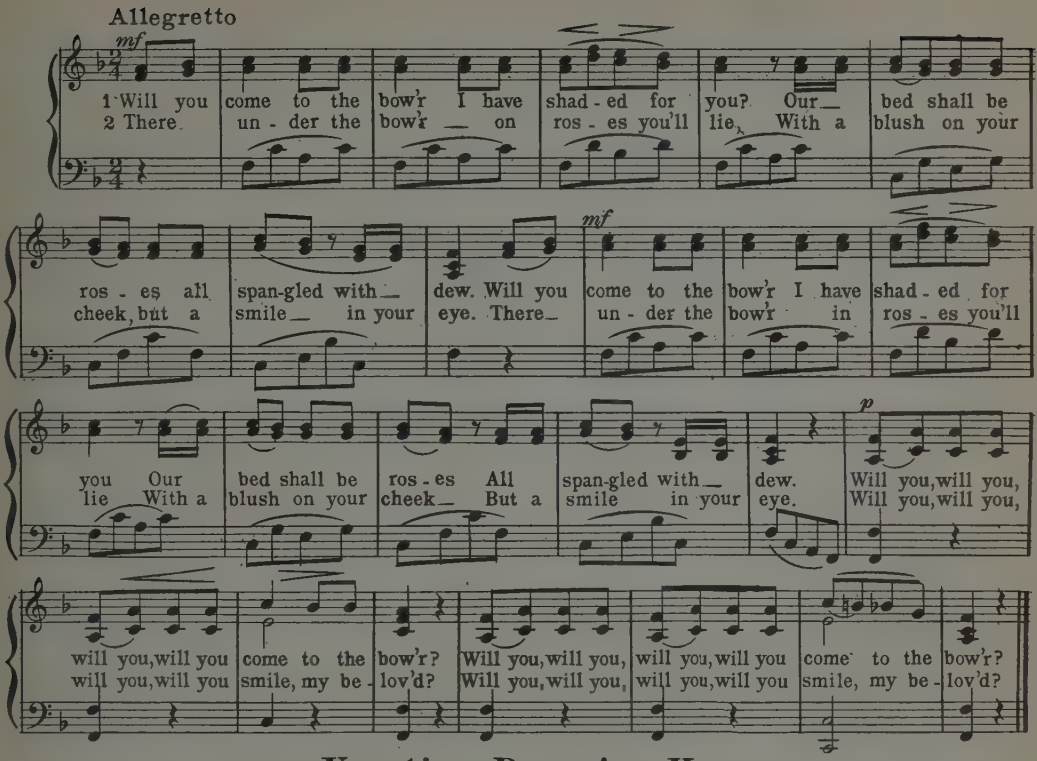
## What Fairy-like Music

Allegretto

J. De PINNA



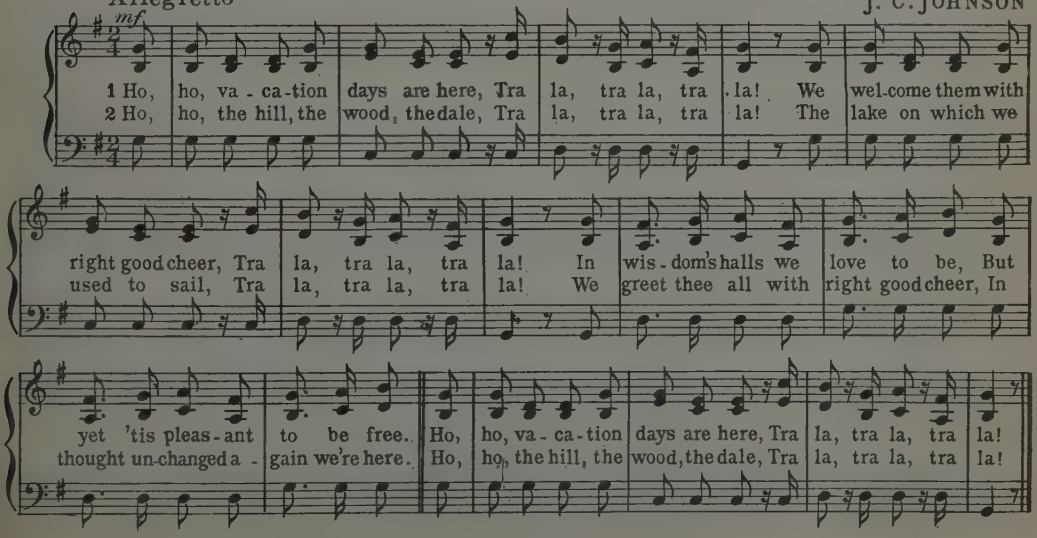
## Will You Come To The Bow'r?


Allegretto
mf
1 Will you come to the bow'r I have shad - ed for you? Our bed shall be
2 There un - der the bow'r on ros - es you'll lie, With a blush on your
ros - es all span-gled with dew. Will you come to the bow'r I have shad - ed for
cheek, but a smile in your eye. There un - der the bow'r in ros - es you'll
mf
you Our bed shall be ros - es All span-gled with dew.
lie With a blush on your cheek But a smile in your eye.
p
Will you, will you,
Will you, will you,
will you, will you come to the bow'r? Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the bow'r?
will you, will you smile, my be - lov'd? Will you, will you, will you, will you smile, my be - lov'd?

## Vacation Days Are Here

Allegretto

J. C. JOHNSON


mf
1 Ho, ho, va - ca - tion days are here, Tra la, tra la, tra - la! We wel-come them with
2 Ho, ho, the hill, the wood, the dale, Tra la, tra la, tra la! The lake on which we
right good cheer, Tra la, tra la, tra la! In wis - dom's halls we love to be, But
used to sail, Tra la, tra la, tra la! We greet thee all with right good cheer, In
yet 'tis pleas - ant to be free. Ho, ho, va - ca - tion days are here, Tra la, tra la, tra la!
thought un-changed a - gain we're here. Ho, ho, the hill, the wood, the dale, Tra la, tra la, tra la!

# When I Come.

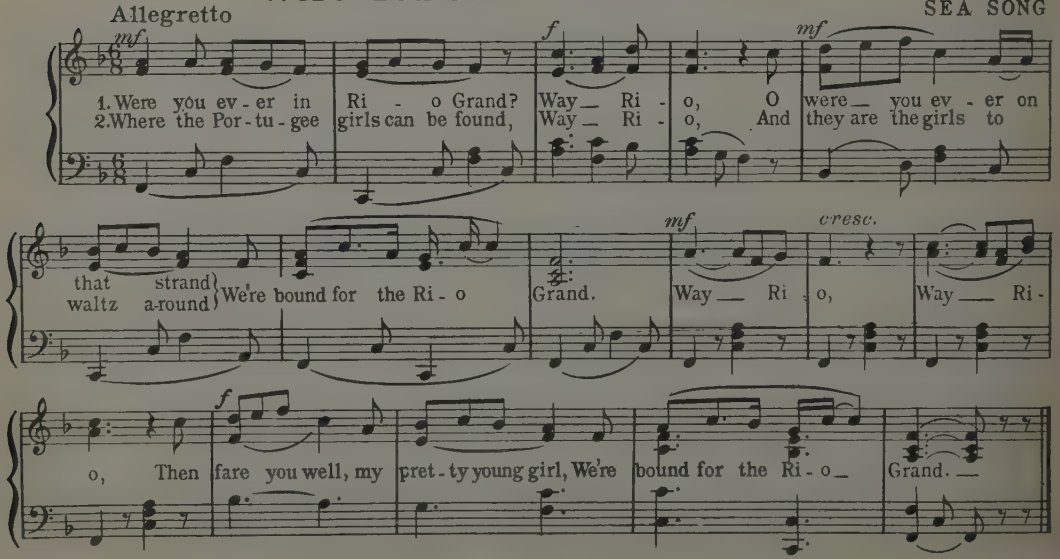
Allegretto

p
pp ad lib.
a tempo
1. Must I then, must I then leave my hap-py lit-tle town, hap-py lit-tle town, And
2. Ah, thy tears! ah, thy tears! they are fall-ing like the rain, fall-ing like the rain, Sweet
thou, my love, bide here? When I come, when I come, when I come back a-gain, come back a-gain, Then with
love, so dear to me; In the world, in the world, there are many fair be-side, ma-ny fair be-side, But
thee I'll stay, my dear. If now with thee I can-not re-main, My love for thee's the same. When I
I'll be true to thee! Think not an-oth-er when I see, This heart will faith-less be. In the
come, when I come, when I come back a-gain, come back a-gain, Then with thee I'll stay, my dear!
world, in the world, there are ma-ny fair be-side, ma-ny fair be-side, But I'll be true to thee.

# Were You Ever In Rio Grand?

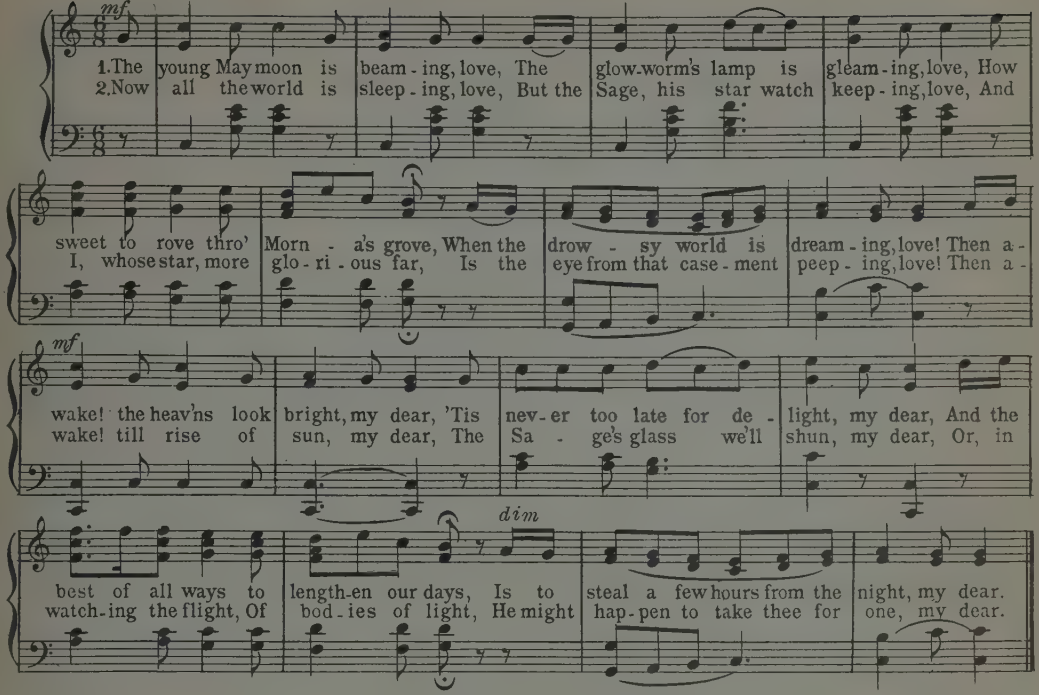
Allegretto

SEA SONG


mf
f
mf
1. Were you ev-er in Ri - o Grand? Way Ri - o, O were you ev - er on
2. Where the Por-tu-gee girls can be found, Way Ri - o, And they are the girls to
that strand
waltz a-round
We're bound for the Ri - o Grand.
mf
cresc.
Way Ri - o, Way Ri -
f
o, Then fare you well, my pret-ty young girl, We're bound for the Ri - o Grand.

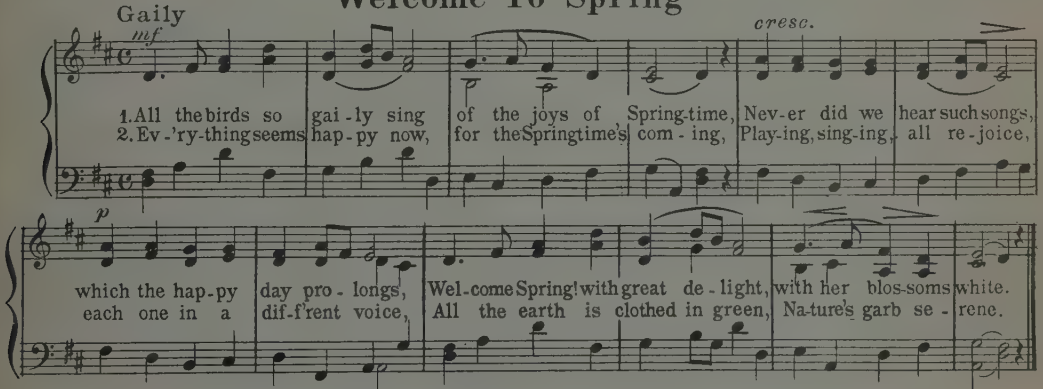
## The Young May Moon

Allegretto


mf
1.The young May moon is beam-ing, love, The glow-worm's lamp is gleam-ing, love, How
2.Now all the world is sleep-ing, love, But the Sage, his star watch keep-ing, love, And
sweet to rove thro' Morn-a's grove, When the drow-sy world is dream-ing, love! Then a-
I, whose star, more glo-ri-ous far, Is the eye from that case-ment peep-ing, love! Then a-
mf
wake! the heav'ns look bright, my dear, 'Tis nev-er too late for de-light, my dear, And the
wake! till rise of sun, my dear, The Sa-ge's glass we'll shun, my dear, Or, in
dim
best of all ways to length-en our days, Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear.
watch-ing the flight, Of bod-ies of light, He might hap-pen to take thee for one, my dear.

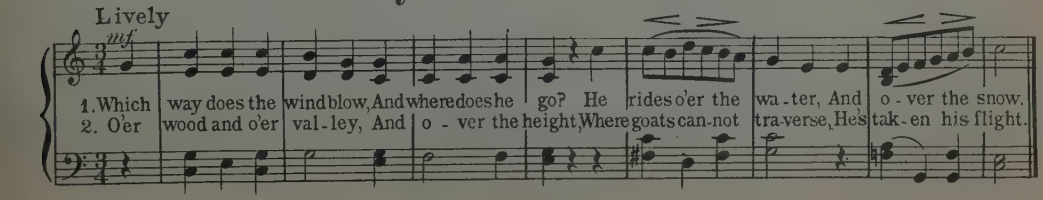
## Welcome To Spring

Gaily

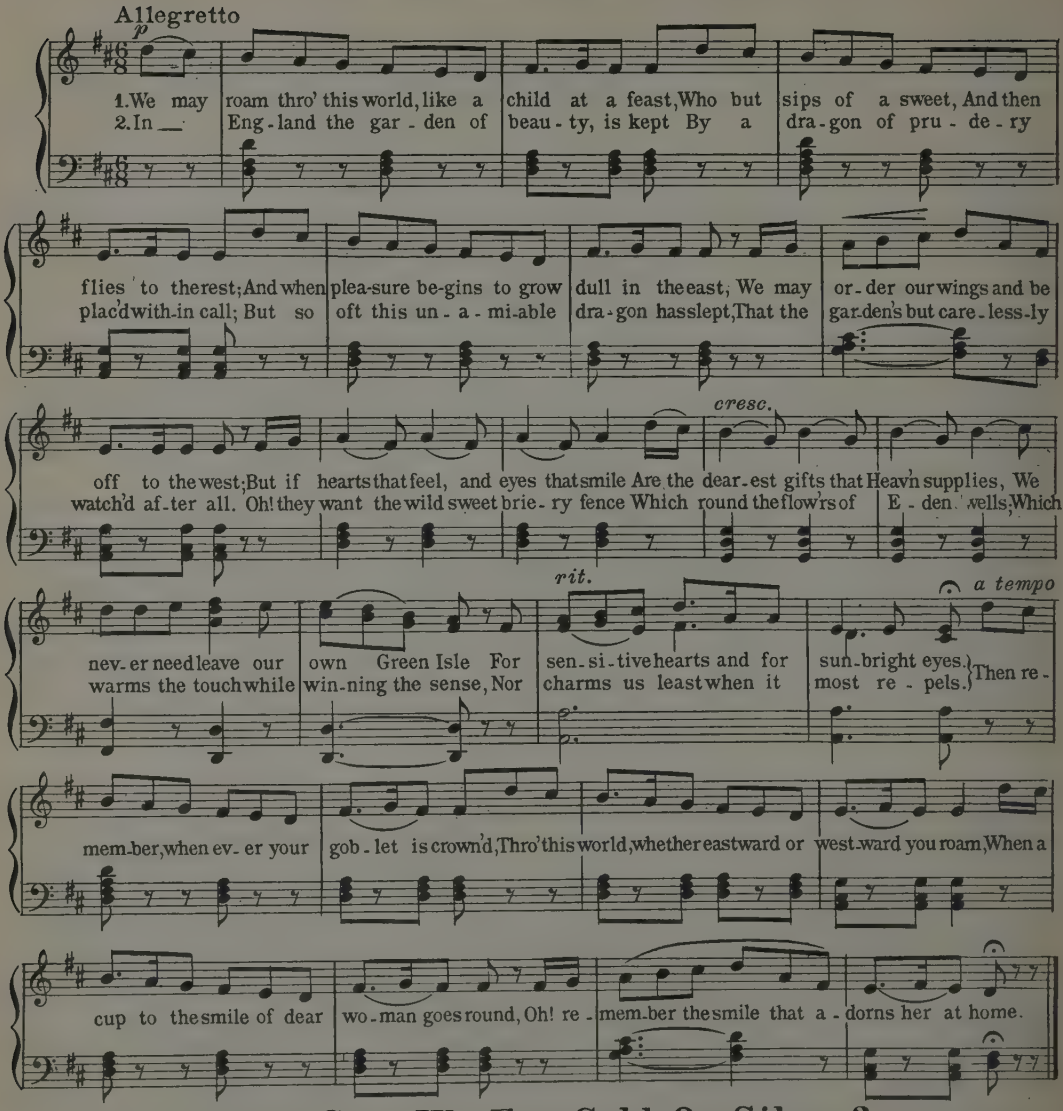

mf
cresc.
1.All the birds so gai-ly sing of the joys of Spring-time, Nev-er did we hear such songs,
2.Ev-'ry-thing seems hap-py now, for the Spring time's com-ing, Play-ing, sing-ing, all re-joice,
p
which the hap-py day pro-longs, Wel-come Spring! with great de-light, with her blos-soms white.
each one in a dif-f'rent voice, All the earth is clothed in green, Na-ture's garb se-rene.

## Which Way Does The Wind Blow?

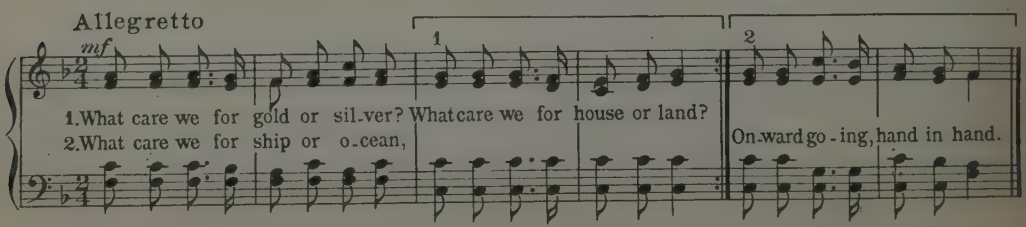
Lively


mf
1.Which way does the wind blow, And where does he go? He rides o'er the wa-ter, And o-ver the snow.
2. O'er wood and o'er val-ley, And o-ver the height, Where goats can-not tra-verse, He's tak-en his flight.

# We May Roam Thro' This World


Allegretto
p
1.We may roam thro' this world, like a child at a feast, Who but sips of a sweet, And then
2.In Eng-land the gar-den of beau-ty, is kept By a dra-gon of pru-de-ry
flies to the rest; And when plea-sure be-gins to grow dull in the east, We may or-der our wings and be
plac'd with-in call; But so oft this un-a-mi-able dra-gon has slept, That the gar-den's but care-less-ly
cresc.
off to the west; But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile Are the dear-est gifts that Heav'n supplies, We
watch'd af-ter all. Oh! they want the wild sweet brie-ry fence Which round the flow'rs of E-den wells; Which
rit.
a tempo
nev-er need leave our own Green Isle For sen-si-tive hearts and for sun-bright eyes.
warms the touch while win-ning the sense, Nor charms us least when it most re-pels.) Then re-
mem-ber, when ev-er your gob-let is crown'd, Thro' this world, whether eastward or west-ward you roam, When a
cup to the smile of dear wo-man goes round, Oh! re-mem-ber the smile that a-dorns her at home.

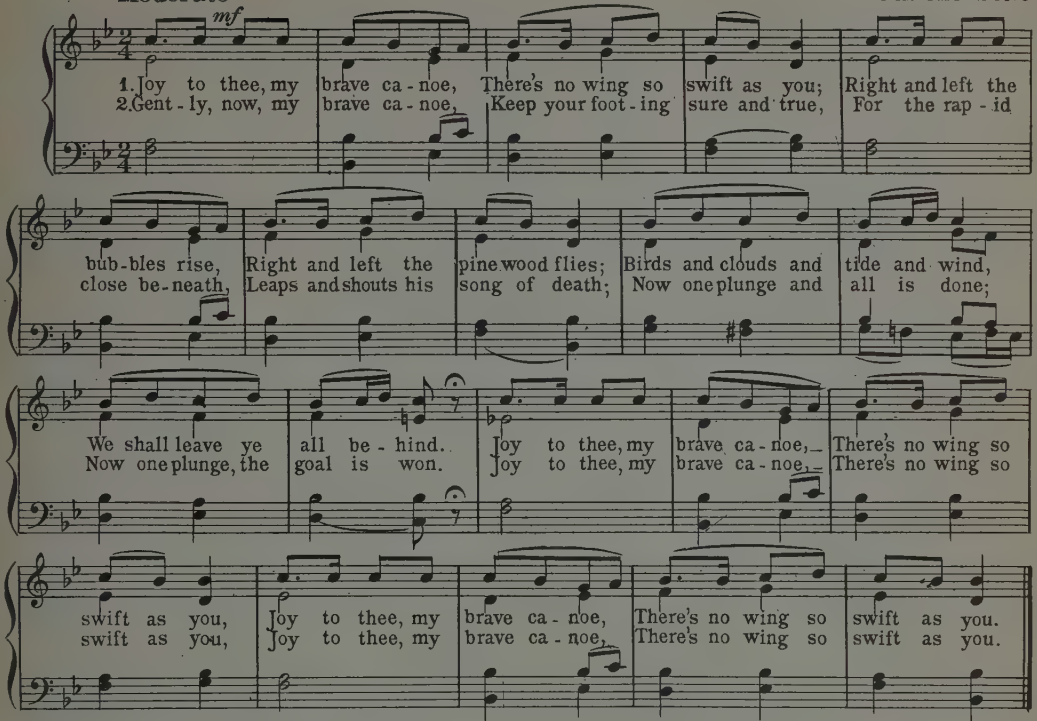
# What Care We For Gold Or Silver?


Allegretto
mf
1
2
1.What care we for gold or sil-ver? What care we for house or land?
2.What care we for ship or o-cean,
On-ward go-ing, hand in hand.

# Voyageur's Song

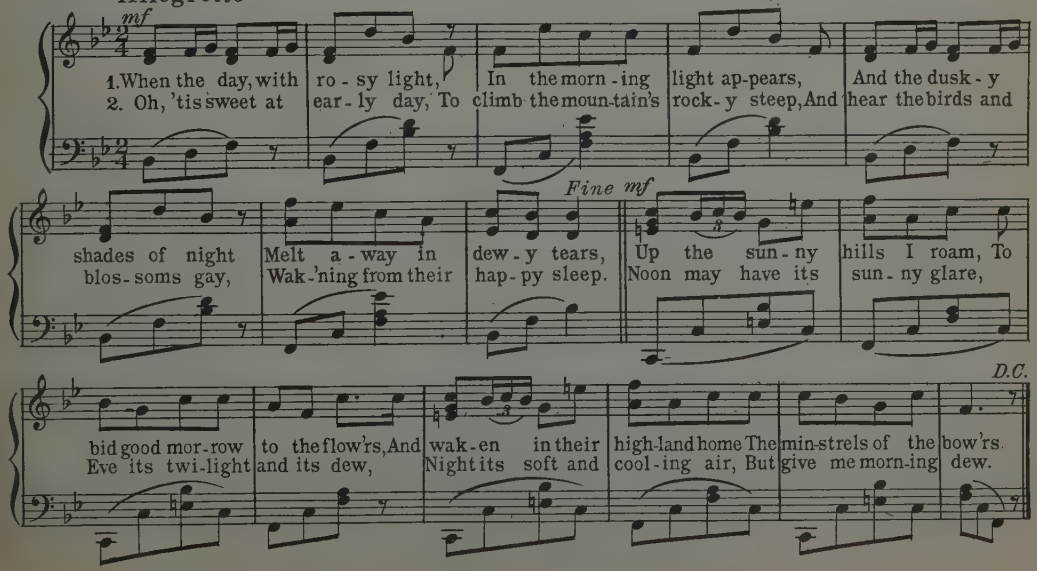
Moderato

FRENCH-CANADIAN SONG


mf
1. Joy to thee, my brave ca-noe, There's no wing so swift as you; Right and left the
2. Gent-ly, now, my brave ca-noe, Keep your foot-ing sure and true, For the rap-id
bub-bles rise, Right and left the pine wood flies; Birds and clouds and tide and wind,
close be-neath, Leaps and shouts his song of death; Now one plunge and all is done;
We shall leave ye all be-hind. Joy to thee, my brave ca-noe, There's no wing so
Now one plunge, the goal is won. Joy to thee, my brave ca-noe, There's no wing so
swift as you, Joy to thee, my brave ca-noe, There's no wing so swift as you.
swift as you, Joy to thee, my brave ca-noe, There's no wing so swift as you.

# When The Day With Rosy Light

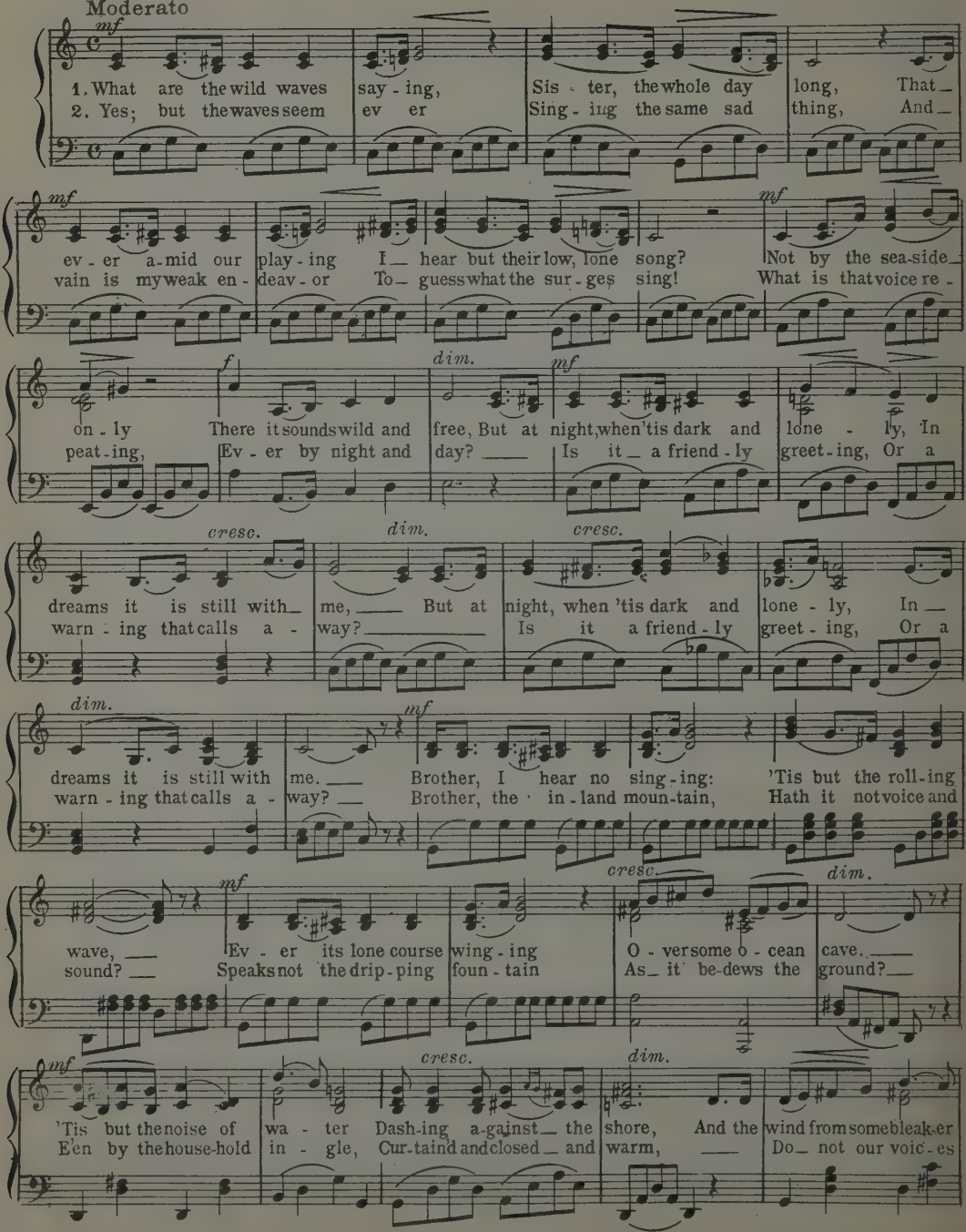
Allegretto

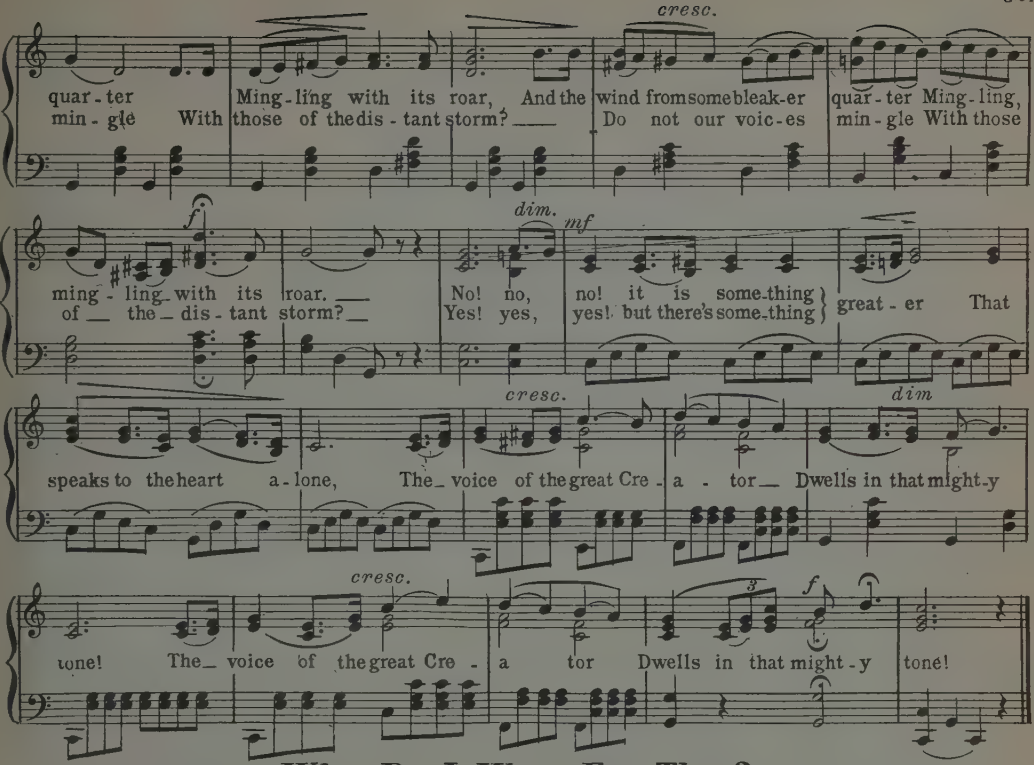

mf
1. When the day, with ro-sy light, In the morn-ing light ap-pears, And the dusk-y
2. Oh, 'tis sweet at ear-ly day, To climb the moun-tain's rock-y steep, And hear the birds and
Fine mf
shades of night Melt a-way in dew-y tears, Up the sun-ny hills I roam, To
blos-soms gay, Wak-'ning from their hap-py sleep. Noon may have its sun-ny glare,
D.C.
bid good mor-row to the flow'rs, And wak-en in their high-land home The min-strels of the bow'rs.
Eve its twi-light and its dew, Night its soft and cool-ing air, But give me morn-ing dew.

# What Are The Wild Waves Saying?

J. E. CARPENTER — STEPHEN GLOVER

Moderato

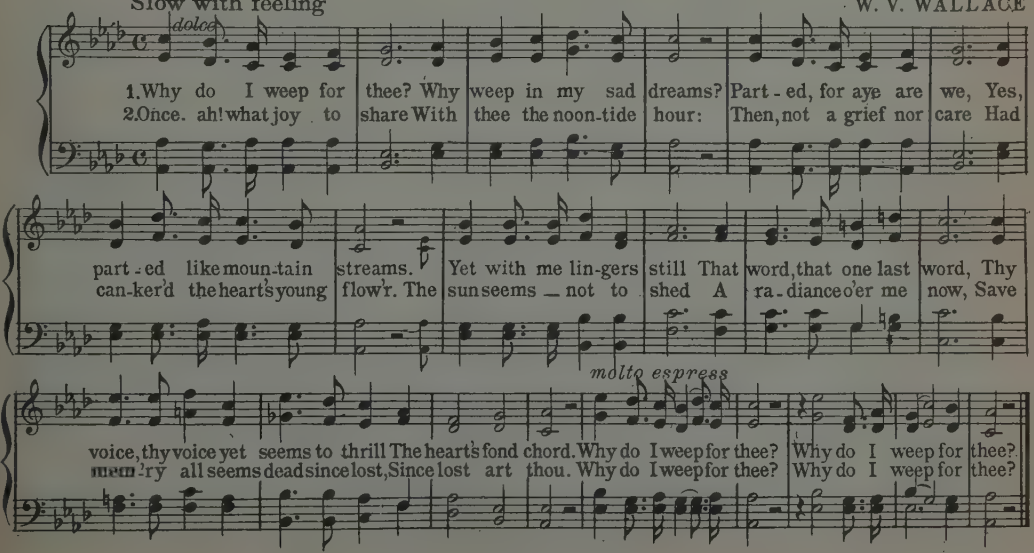

mf
1. What are the wild waves say - ing, Sis - ter, the whole day long, That
2. Yes; but the waves seem ev er Sing - ing the same sad thing, And
ev - er a-mid our play - ing I hear but their low, lone song? Not by the sea-side
vain is my weak en - deav - or To guess what the sur - ges sing! What is that voice re -
f
dim.
mf
on - ly There it sounds wild and free, But at night, when 'tis dark and lone - ly, In
peat - ing, Ev - er by night and day? Is it a friend - ly greet - ing, Or a
cresc.
dim.
cresc.
dreams it is still with me, But at night, when 'tis dark and lone - ly, In
warn - ing that calls a - way? Is it a friend - ly greet - ing, Or a
dim.
mf
dreams it is still with me. Brother, I hear no sing - ing: 'Tis but the roll - ing
warn - ing that calls a - way? Brother, the in - land moun - tain, Hath it not voice and
mf
cresc.
dim.
wave, Ev - er its lone course wing - ing O - ver some o - cean cave.
sound? Speaks not the drip - ping foun - tain As it be-dews the ground?
mf
cresc.
dim.
'Tis but the noise of wa - ter Dash - ing a-gainst the shore, And the wind from some bleak-er
E'en by the house-hold in - gle, Cur-tain'd and closed and warm, Do not our voic - es


cresc.
quar - ter Ming - ling with its roar, And the wind from some bleak - er quar - ter Ming - ling,
min - gle With those of the dis - tant storm? Do not our voic - es min - gle With those
f
dim.
mf
ming - ling with its roar. No! no, no! it is some - thing
of the dis - tant storm? Yes! yes, yes! but there's some - thing
great - er That
cresc.
dim
speaks to the heart a - lone, The voice of the great Cre - a - tor Dwells in that might - y
cresc.
f
tone! The voice of the great Cre - a tor Dwells in that might - y tone!

## Why Do I Weep For Thee?

Slow with feeling

W. V. WALLACE


dolce
1. Why do I weep for thee? Why weep in my sad dreams? Part - ed, for aye are we, Yes,
2. Once, ah! what joy to share With thee the noon - tide hour: Then, not a grief nor care Had
part - ed like moun - tain streams. Yet with me lin - gers still That word, that one last word, Thy
can - ker'd the heart's young flow'r. The sun seems not to shed A ra - diance o'er me now, Save
molto espress
voice, thy voice yet seems to thrill The heart's fond chord. Why do I weep for thee? Why do I weep for thee?
mem'ry all seems dead since lost, Since lost art thou. Why do I weep for thee? Why do I weep for thee?

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